

William died a few years ago, and was followed to the grave by many blessings.—The firm still survives, and supports its former character. Long may the merchant princes of England continue to furnish such beautiful specimens of humanity as the now famous Brother Cheyrie!—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

**Little Jane.**

A little girl who had always been remarkable for her obedience to her parents, refused one morning to go to school. Her mother expressed much surprise, and said, "My dear, why do you not wish to go? It is high time; the bell has rung, so put on your bonnet and get ready, or I fear you will be too late; and you know if you are, it will displease Mrs. West very much; for she, like all other teachers, dislikes to have her scholars late."

"I cannot go yet."

"What is the matter, Jane? don't you feel well?" said her mother.

"Yes, mother, but I have this morning neglected to go by myself. I have not thanked my heavenly Father for the kind care he has taken of me the past night, neither have I asked him to keep me from sin during the day—I am sure I cannot think of going to school until I do."

"Why, my child," replied the mother, "as it is getting late, perhaps you had better defer it until you come home—and when you are going along, you can raise your thoughts to God, and he will listen to you."

"No, mother," said little Jane, "this will not do, for I once tried it, and nothing went right with me all that day."

Her mother pressed her no longer, but bade her go and implore God's blessing to rest upon her. This dutiful child did so, and was happy and cheerful the remainder of the day.

May her example lead others to seek the Lord and trust in him.

**Short Sermon for Parents.**

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavoured to teach him three things: obedience, diligence, and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue.—Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to see their children to work. Play is a good thing; innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them early learn to be useful.

As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception.

**The Child and the Fireflies.**

The dimness of twilight fell upon a white cottage and its enclosure of trees and flowering shrubs. As the darkness increased fireflies came and swarmed in the air, a shower of living jewels. "Oh, how pretty!" cried a little blue-eyed girl, rushing from the cottage, and spreading out her small apron to capture the glittering insects. Two or three were imprisoned; and seating herself upon the soft grass beneath the high boughs, she carefully inspected her booty. Suddenly, her sunny face became clouded with disappointment, and throwing the dull brown creatures from her with disgust, she exclaimed, "they are not pretty any more!" "Ah, my little one!" said her mother, "this is but a symbol of the more bitter disappointments that await you in life.—Pleasures will flutter temptingly around your path, and you will grasp them but to fling them from you, and cry, 'they are beautiful no more.' But see, dearest your released fireflies, beautiful only upon the wing, sparkle now as gaily as ever. Such

are the enjoyments of earth. Learn neither to despise them, nor look to them for satisfying happiness. Fleeting and illusive as they are, they often illumine the darkness of our mortal pilgrimage, and point our immortal yearnings to Paradise, for the perfection of bliss."

**General Miscellany.**

**Reminiscence of Fulton's First Steam Voyage and the Reception of his First Passage Money.**

Communicated by R. W. Haskins.

Some twenty years since, more or less—I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a travelling acquaintance, upon a steamboat on the Hudson River, with a gentleman who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of FULTON, to Albany, in his steamboat, the *Clermont*, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have lost, but I urged him at the time, to publish what he related; which, however, so far as I know, he has never done. I have several times repeated the facts as they were told to me, and have often been requested to secure them from oblivion by giving them to the press.

I chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany on business, when Fulton arrived there, in his unheard of craft, which every body felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone and engaged in writing.

Mr. Fulton, I presume? Yes sir. Do you return to New York with this boat? We shall try to get back, sir. Can I have a passage down? You can take your chance with us sir.

I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars was named. The amount in coin, I laid in his open hand, and with his eyes fixed upon it he remained so long motionless, that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, is that right sir? This roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up at me, the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine, but really I am too poor for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.

Some four years after this, when the *Clermont* had been greatly improved, and her name changed to *The North River*, and when two other boats, namely, *The Car of Neptune*, and the *Paragon* had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage on one of these for the latter city. The cabin, in that day, was below; and as I walked its length, to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton, but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk, and waited the result. At length in passing his seat our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, I knew it must be you, for your features never have escaped me; and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle now. It was ordered, and during its discussion, Mr. Fulton ran rapidly but vividly, over his experience of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties that were scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived. And in reviewing all these, said he, I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview at Albany, and never have I done so without renewing in my mind the vivid emotions it originally caused, that seemed, and still does seem to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow men.

Such, then, were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recollected by many—and such as Fulton there related to me, were the early appreciations, by the world, of a discovery which has almost literally brought the ends of the earth in contact.—*Buff. Com. Jdc.*

**Encourage your own Mechanics.**

Do not send abroad for help if you have work to do, when it can be done in your own neighbourhood—perhaps at your next door. Encourage your own honest, industrious, faithful mechanics. They need all the work they can get. By such a course, you keep money at home, assist the worthy, and have just as good work performed. It is the only way to make a town prosper—to support your schools and churches.—Where there is a disposition to send a hundred miles for articles that, to say the least, could be manufactured as well at your own door, there will be always little or no business done in the place—the churches will be thinly attended, and all kinds of labour extremely dull. Wherever mechanics are the best employed, prosperity is seen—the social virtues predominate, travelling mountebanks and pedlars retire in disgust, and a kind brotherly feeling is experienced, which is the source of unspeakable happiness.

Whatever you have to be done, look around and see if your neighbours can do it. If you have a house to build or a shoe to tip, a harness to be made or a pump to be bored, a pack of business cards to be printed or a well to be dug just look among your neighbours; before you undertake to send abroad; and if you have none around you capable of the task, it will be time enough to look elsewhere. It is a wrong idea, to suppose nothing is serviceable that is made at home. We know of many instances where men have refused to purchase work made by their neighbours, and sent to a distant city for articles they needed, and paid a third more for them, when behold! they had been manufactured and sent away to sell by the very neighbours of whom they refused to purchase.

Let it be the motto of all—I will encourage my neighbours. In turn you will be encouraged also. A mutual feeling of good will and kindness will spring up in your midst, and prosperity will be observable in every street and in every dwelling."

**Diamond Dust.**

Now, bold, and aspiring ideas are born only of a clear head that stands over a glowing heart, as the most precious and juicy vines grow on the side of volcanoes.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

Politeness is the art of making a selection from what one thinks.

The present is a bright speck between the darkness of the future, and the twilight of the past.

Discontent—unhappiness at the non-possession of that, of which the possession would not make us happy.

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by the clouds of sorrow—as stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well.

Philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world.

The more honestly a man hys, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affection of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Praise—that which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others—even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves the less we deserve it, not reflecting that the breath of self eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

Some men are like unmanageable ships. They have every rope but the most needful of all, and that is the one which guides the rudder.

Let a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being and he will show that he is so.

The world always laughs at those failures which arise from weakness of judgment and defect of penetration.

Great men are generally so by one great act, or this is father to all the rest.

Nonsense—sense that happens to differ from our own.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon; and after it is digested, it comes too late; there is not a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

There needs but one wise man in a company and all are wise, so rapid is the contagion.

Industry needs not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

He who restrains himself in the use of things lawful will never encroach upon things forbidden.

The passions are warm friends to themselves, but bitter enemies to others.

Prudence is the mother of generosity and charity.

The excellence of aphorism consists, not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words.

Slanderer—a person of whom the Greeks showed a due appreciation, when they made the word synonymous with the devil.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

**Curious Facts in Natural History.**

It is little more than twenty years since the first crow crossed the Genesee River westwardly. They, with the fox, the hen-hawk, the swallow, and many other birds and insects, seem to follow civilization.

The locust-bore, is not of more than thirty years introduction into the United States, and has not yet reached the native groves of the locust tree at the south and west. It commenced its ravages on the east side of Genesee River in 1830, and it was seven years before it crossed to the west side.

The grain worm or weevil, began its career of destruction in Vermont, about the year 1800, and it progresses in the course it takes from ten to fifteen miles a year. It has not yet reached Western New York to any extent; but the destroyer is on its march, and desolation will follow its track in this great wheat growing region.

Rose bugs have been so common in some of the Eastern States, that on the sea-shore they have floated in winnows on the sands, having been driven into the sea by winds, and drowned. They have only made their appearance in this region, in any quantities, within two or three years.

The cedar or cherry bird was first noticed west of the Genesee River in 1809, and now it is so great a pest as to induce many to give up the cultivation of cherries, especially near woodland.

The plum-weevil, or curculio, which is indigenous to America, being unknown to Europe, was first discovered by Mr. Goodell, the first editor of the Genesee Farmer, since which time it has disseminated itself over the whole continent.—*Genesee Farmer.*

**Correspondence.**

**St. John's, Newfoundland.**

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

DEAR SIR,—As the readers of the Wesleyan in Newfoundland, are always glad to see those notices of their country, and of its churches, which you so thoughtfully and not infrequently insert in it, you will greatly thank by publishing the subjoined brief account of an interesting service which was held on the 2d inst.

Connected with St. John's Circuit are the following places, in which there is a class and a chapel, namely, the Ministers and Local Preachers, who with the world of life as often as they are able. The nearest place is Portugal Cove about 9 miles distant—the next is Topsail about 12 miles, and 5 miles beyond is Middle Bight, all these places are on Conception Bay. Also, in another direction, Pouch Cove about 18 miles, and Biscan Cove 3 miles further. These places are in general too far to be conveniently reached on foot by the Preachers of St. John's, nor can they easily get to them by boat; a horse is usually hired. The Society in St. John's most kindly defray this expense by a special effort each year. The means are the proceeds of a Tea meeting supplemented by subscriptions. The meeting for that purpose was held in the vestry on Wednesday last, gratefully to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Trays were gratuitously furnished by the ladies. The party was numerous and respectable. The addresses were exceedingly appropriate, and they were well received. The address of the Rev. E. Bretell would adorn the pages of your Journal. The other speakers were Messrs. Rogerson, Fox and Woods, whose donations and speeches augmented the subscriptions 50 per cent above that of last year. The services of the choir added not a little to the gratification of the evening. The good spirit of the meeting—the cordiality of all who had a share in the management and business of the evening—the agreement between the addresses, and the truly Wesleyan and Christian object sought to be promoted, combined to give the occasion a profitable and satisfactory character, from which future good may be expected to arise, both in the head of the Circuit and the outposts which it comprises. Admiring the improvements which you have effected in the present volume of The Wesleyan, and wishing it a patronage proportional to its growing merits,

I remain, truly yours, L. St. John's, Newfoundland, Oct. 8, 1850.