

POETRY.

MAY DAY.

"Mother, what makes you feel so sad?
The day is very fair—
And see how very, very glad,
Our little neighbors are.

Dear cousin Jane is May-day queen—
She has a new pink gown—
Mother, I wish you could have seen
Them weave the daisy crown.

I love to see them dancing so—
And they are very near—
But, mother dear, I cannot go,
While you sit weeping here.

What makes you feel so very sad?
TELL little Ann and I—
If you don't love to see us glad,
We'll sit down too and cry."

"My darling boy," the mother said,
"It gives me joy to see
So many happy forms arrayed
Around the May pole tree;

And you may go and dance, my dears,—
And be as glad as they;
I'll try to dry up all my tears
If you'll enjoy your play.

I thought of gentle sister Rose,
Who last year was their queen;
And now her little limbs repose
Beneath the church yard green.

Sweet little Anna's mild blue eye
Has just HER loving glance—
'Twas this, my son, that made me cry,
Amid the May day dance."

"But, mother, you have often said,
God took but what he'd given;
And that we must not mourn the dead,
Because she was in heaven."

"Oh, kiss me—kiss me, my dear boy!
No other tear I'll shed;
And I will share thy childish joy;
For happy is the dead."

BIOGRAPHY.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN—author of the well-known and valuable Concordance of the Old and New Testament, was a bookseller in London, as much distinguished for eccentricity as for learning. He opened a shop under the Royal Exchange in 1732, and it was here that he composed his Concordance. The work appeared in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who died, however, only a few days after receiving the presentation copy. Poor Cruden had formed very extravagant expectations from the patronage of his royal mistress, and this disappointment was too much for him. He had shown symptoms of insanity on former

occasions, and he was now reduced to such a state that his friends found it necessary to send him to a lunatic asylum. This interruption did not, however, terminate his literary career. Having made his escape from his place of confinement, he published a vehement remonstrance on the manner in which he had been treated; and at the same time brought an action against Dr. Monro and other persons who had been concerned in the affair, in which, however, he was non-suited. This new injustice as he conceived it to be, gave occasion to several more pamphlets. After this, he found employment for several years as a corrector of the press—the character in which he had first appeared in London, and for which he was well fitted by his education and acquirements. Very accurate editions of the Greek and Latin classics appeared at this time, printed under his superintendence. But, in the course of a few years, his malady returned, and he was again placed in confinement; on his liberation from which, he again tried his old expedient of prosecuting the persons who had presumed to offer him such an indignity, laying his damages, on this occasion at £10,000. Being again unsuccessful, he determined as before, to publish his case to the world; and accordingly forth came the statement, in four successive parts, under the title of the 'Adventures of Alexander the Corrector—a name which he now assumed, not as the reader might suppose, in reference to his occupation of inspector of proof sheets, but as expressive of his higher character of censor-general of the public. His favourite instrument and chief auxiliary in executing the duties of this office was a large sponge, which he carried constantly about with him in his walks through town, for the purpose of obliterating all offensive inscriptions which he observed on the walls, especially the famous 'No 45,' the mark of the partisans of Wilkes, to whose excesses he strenuously opposed himself, both in this way and by various admonitory pamphlets. On the publication of the second part of his adventures, he went to present it at court, in the expectation of being knighted; and soon after offered himself as a candidate to represent the city of London in Parliament. Giving out, too, that he had a commission from heaven to preach a general reformation of manners, he made the attempt first among the gownsmen at Oxford, and then among the prisoners at Newgate; but in both cases with very little effect. In the midst of these and many other extravagances, he both brought out a second and third enlarged edition of his Concordance, and pursued his labours as a corrector of the press, and a fabricator of indexes, with as much steadiness as if his intellect had been perfectly sound; and doubtless it was so when properly exercised. He ever managed his wordly af-

fairs with great prudence; and at his death which took place suddenly in 1770, he left behind him considerable property in bequests to his relations.—*Library Entertaining Knowledge.*

AFFECTION TO PARENTS REWARDED.

Frederick the late king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket.

Having the curiosity to know its contents he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

The king returned softly to his room, took a rouleau of Ducats and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door and entered. 'You have slept well,' said the king. The page made an apology, and in his embarrassment happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment the rouleau. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. 'What is the matter?' said the king. 'What ails you?' 'Ah! sire,' said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, 'somebody wishes to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket. My friend, said Frederick, 'God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother, salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and you.'

Parents have a natural claim on their offspring for support; and relieving aged parents, whose bodily strength decays, infirmities and wants increase, is not only an act of mercy and true benevolence, but also an act of justice,—an imperious duty—a repayment in kind what they did for their children in their tender helpless years, and to 'withhold from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hands to do it,' and 'shut up our bowels of compassion when we see them in need, argues no extreme hardness of heart. How dwelleth the love of God in such a one?' Can the merciless hope for mercy, who will show no mercy?

Printed and Published every FRIDAY, by
James Bowes, Marchington's Lane.

TERMS.

Five shillings per Annum, or Three shillings for six months, delivered in Town, and Six shillings and three pence, when sent to the country by mail, payable in advance.

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