



THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it went with a rattle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much louder shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about,
And the urebin that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field, it went blustering & humming,
And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;
It pluck'd by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And toss'd the colts' manes all about their brows,
'Till, offended at such a familiar saluto,
They all turn'd their backs, and stood sullenly mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried guilty "Now,
You sturdy old oaks I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if the poultry were free from mishaps:
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd.
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met, in a lane,
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain:
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and
he stood.
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

There was a poor man hoary and old,
Cutting the heath on the open wold:
The strokes of his bill were faint and few,
Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blow,
But behind him, before him, about him, it came,
And the breath seemed gone from his feeble frame;
So he sat him down, with a muttering tone,
Saying, "Plague on the wind! was the like ever
known?"

But now-a-days every wind that blows,
'Tells us how weak an old man grows!"

But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing, to think in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

Virtue shall live, when hope shall die,
Beauty fade, and all the charms of nature
disappear. It shall bloom when youth shall
change and stars and planets waste away.

THE TWO SOLILOQUIES:

OR, THE IDLE BOY, AND THE IDLE BOY:
BEFORE A MAN.

O DEAR me! what a terrible trouble
it is to learn lessons, and go to school!
Here I have one, two—no, not two, but a
whole column and a half of words with
meanings, to get by heart: I wish words
had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must
begin to learn them—p-r-i-s pris, o-n on,
prison, "a place where people are confined."
Why couldn't they say school at once?—
that's a prison I am sure. Well what comes
next? P-u-n pun, i-s-h ish, punish: I
know the meaning of that word without the
book, every body in our house is so fond of
using it. "Master Charles," says old cross
nurse, "if you will rampage out your clothes
in this manner, I shall ask your papa to
punish you." "Master Charles," cries
Betty housemaid, "you deserve punishing,
that you do, scrasing my chairs, and writing
on my tables so." Now, they are not your
chairs or tables, Mrs. Betty, they are papa's.
O, this nasty, ugly lesson, I never shall get
it! P-l-e-a-s pleas, u-r-e ure, pleasure,
"gratification of mind." Nay, but I am
sure pleasure means eating pies and tarts,
and playing at bat and ball with all our
scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had
heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a
new book. Read, read, read—I hate
reading. when I am a man, I'll never open
a book, and I'll never send my children to
school, and I'll have a black horse—no, it
shall be a gray one with a long tail, and I'll
ride up and down street all day long. O,
how I wish I were a man now!

Yes, I am a man; and wo is me for
having been such a little fool when I was a
boy! I hated my book, and took more
pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to
learn them. What a dunce I was even over
my spelling! always at the bottom of my
class, and my book thumbed and dog's-
eared, and cried over—the very emblem of
dunciness. "Do, Charles, learn your
lessons," said my father, "or you will be
fit for nothing when a man." "Do, dear
Charles, give your mind to your books, or
I shall be ashamed of owning you for my
boy," said my poor mother; but no, I must
give my mind to whipping tops, and eating
cakes; and a fine scholar they made me!
Now, there was Fred Jones; he liked play
well enough, but he liked reading better;
and he learnt more out of school hours than
ever he did in them. Fred Jones is now,
like myself, a man, but a very different kind
of man; he has made friends among the
wise, the honorable, and the learned. I
cannot be admitted to their acquaintance!
No can interest a whole company with
useful information: I am obliged either to
be silent, or talk about the weather and my
neighbors. I can make out bills of parcels,
but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I

see my error now, but now it is too late
I have no time to read, for I must work for
my daily bread; and if I had time, I
could not now turn my reading to profit!

Behold the bitter fruits of illiness in
childhood!

NEVER SAY YOU CANNOT.—There
never was an instance of a man of a shrinking
disposition having accomplished great things.
Drones, or stupid beings, who will not, or
possibly cannot, exert themselves, may be got
along with; but a person who is forever
tinkering about something, and will be
constantly delcinc at that and the other, with
desperate industry, and yet stinches when he
arrives at some difficulty he cannot see
through, such a one we desire no acquaintance
with; give us the man who having made up
his mind to arrive at a given point, daunt-
lessly pushes onward through every obstacle.
Resolution is the talis-man that forces the
foodgates of wealth, and unravels the mystery
of getting rich.

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