

but, though a *lame duck*, he is a great *better*, and still *lays*!"

"Do you hear that, my ducklings?" said my mother; "that fellow is a bad character. There is no doubt, from what our master's friend asserts, that *he* is a duck, and changed to a man for some sin he has committed. What a punishment! I dare say he would give something to be *afloat* again."

"He cannot provide for his bills—"

"Thank goodness, *we* can!" interjected my mother.

"And so," continued our master's friend, "he is at present on the wing."

"Feeding on the air, I suppose," said my mother.

"Having once lost his feet, he will never keep his head above water."

"No more should we!" sighed my mother. "Alas! he must have been a *wild duck*, indeed!"

"He used to take spirit with his water," continued the friend; but now he takes it neat, and he must sink!"

"There's a lesson!" said my moralizing mother. "I wish all my children to be of the 'temperance society.' Never abandon the water. Take to the water with spirit, but never spirit with the water! I shall call a meeting to-morrow while this water's in my head—this moral, I mean,—and I have no doubt my resolutions on the subject will be approved by an universal *quack*!—I shall conclude my address by proposing this appropriate sentiment:—May every duck die with *water on his chest*!"—*Bentley's Miscellany*.



THERE seems to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth; the first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbours—this is robbery; the second by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favour, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.—*Franklin*.

(From the Ladies' Companion.)

#### The Bucancer.—A Legend of olden time.

DURING a period of some six or seven years, succeeding the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England, that portion of the American seaboard, extending from Cape Cod to the shores of New Jersey, was infested by a set of daring rovers, outlawed from society, and familiar with every species of crime and piracy. The easy access to the harbour and inlets, the countless number of secure hiding places, along the coast, together with the great facilities afforded for escape in case of pursuit, made it a most advantageous rendezvous for those who had set at defiance all laws of right and justice. The inefficacy of the laws was also in their favour. Each rover boldly entered the harbours of New-York and Boston at mid-day, certain that if not welcomed, they would be allowed to dispose of their cargoes and retire unmolested; and as fearlessly landed and mingled with the quiet inhabitants. There were not a few of the wealthy traders whom public opinion had set down as having connection, although indirectly, with their lawless visitants.

At length Lord Bellamont succeeded Governor Fletcher in the administration of the government of New-York, and being a man of strong and determined mind, he resolved to use every means in his power to extirpate the league, and place an effectual check upon the licentious depravity, which had already begun to work its poisonous influence upon the little community which had been placed under his charge. Delay, he was well aware, was dangerous.—Every day, every hour, increased the evil. Gambling, carousing, and midnight brawls, were now to be witnessed in the public streets, which before had only teemed with the stirring, busy industry of the merchants of New Amsterdam. Wealth, originally obtained by violence, was pouring in fast.—Desperadoes and renegades of every clime, from pole to pole, fearlessly promenaded the streets, armed for resis-