

POETRY.

AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Is it not strange that every creature  
Should know the measure of its thirst  
(They drink but to support their nature,  
And give due moisture to their dust ;)

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind  
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,  
Drowns all the glories of his mind,  
And kills his soul to please his taste ?

O, what a hateful, shameful sight,  
Are drunkards reeling through the street ;  
Now they are fond, and now they fight,  
And pour their shame on all they meet.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure  
To troll down liquor through the throat,  
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,  
'Till sense and reason are forgot ?

Do they deserve the immortal name  
Of man who sinks so far below !  
Will God, the Maker of their frame,  
Endure to see them spoil it so ?

Can they e'er think of Heaven and grace,  
Or hope for glory when they die ?  
Can such vile ghosts expect a place  
Among the shining souls on high ?

The meanest seat is too refined  
To entertain a drunkard there,  
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,  
Repent, or perish in despair

VARIETIES.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Few parents are aware of the early period at which the child becomes fixed in the course of life which he ought to pursue ; or, to use a common expression, of the period when he exhibits his natural turn of mind—but, more properly speaking, of the period at which impressions are so deeply made on his own mind, as, with proper treatment and encouragement, to become with him a ruling passion.

In conversation, a short time since, the remark was made, by a very intelligent, yet self-instructed mechanic, that the character of a child may be, and in many cases is, *unchangeably* fixed by the time it is *three years* old. Doubts were expressed of the correctness of this opinion by some of the company, when instances and facts were cited, which went very far towards satisfying those who doubted of its general correctness.

There can be very little doubt that a boy, as well as a girl, may be amused with a *doll* ; or that a girl may take as much pleasure in playing with a hammer or a waggon, as a boy.

It is often a misfortune to society, that parents consult, father, their own wishes and prejudices, than the *bias*, or *turn*, which circumstances may have given to the mind of the child. This should not be so. The

parent may, and is in duty bound to use proper means to direct the mind in a channel which experience and judgement may dictate, as the most likely to ensure the happiness and prosperity of the child ; and those it may in turn influence. Yet a strongly *developed* character, if it be to promote general good, should never be trammelled, or diverted from its natural course : but every evidence of ability, or inclination to excel, should be cherished and applauded : and every aid rendered, which may stimulate it to excel.

The child, which, of its own choice, makes a mill, should not be compelled to work on a farm ; nor one that delights in planting and raising flowers or vegetables, to learn a trade ; or those who evince a desire for books, to do either ; but the ruling taste of each, after giving an opportunity for proper development, should be followed and cultivated, and *fostered* and *applauded*.—*Apprentices companion.*

REMINISCENCES.

AN EXTRACT.—The world is often beautiful.—In the soft shadowy season of autumn, in the rich glow of summer, in the brilliant variety of spring, and even in the desolation of winter, the lover of nature finds innumerable charms, unheeded by the worldling, and despised by the misanthropist. And yet there are times when the heart is sensible to them all—when the breathings stillness seems like a reproach for its own gloomy waters, and the gentle harmony of earth, air, and sky, in discordance with its own tempestuous feelings, heightens their darkness by the contrast. Where lies the secret of happiness ? It has always been a favorite topic for discussion, but none ever felt the question satisfactorily answered. And yet there is happiness even in this world ; but it is the happiness of moments only ; and they are given, to be enjoyed not merely in the short period of their existence, but to be cherished for memory to dwell on in lonely hours, and for hope to fix upon, as the most convincing proof that, in another and brighter sphere, we shall enjoy the pleasure sought here in vain. I can remember well when such moments came not seldom ; when many things which now oft passed unnoticed ; would steal upon my heart with gentle influence, and awake its every spring of joy. I thought not then the cause was in myself. The fresh breeze of morning—the perfume of flowers—the melody of birds—the soft voice and gentle smile of welcome from a friend—each and all of these were sources of pleasure, and I exulted in the thought that I had placed my happiness upon things that cannot fade.

Not many years have passed away, spring still brings its flowers and breezes, but the “ young free heart” that once bounded to meet and welcome them, sickens at the thought, that loved ones, who were wont to share with its joys and sorrows, now

moulder in the grave : or, worse still, live in the world, but are dead to me.

DISCOVERIES.

Such is the title of one of the rare pamphlets of Ben. Johnson, dated 1651 ; and which is among “ the last drops of his quill.” We culled from it some striking and solid observations on men and manners ; in the perusal of which the reader will no doubt be tempted to exclaim—Oh, rare Ben. Johnson.

“ Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counselled my friends, never to trust to the fair side, but so to place all things she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble.

“ A beggar suddenly rich, generally becomes a prodigal ; he puts on riot and excess to obscure his former obscurity.

“ No man is so foolish, but he may give another good counsel sometimes ; and no man so wise, but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself, had a tool for his master.

“ Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing, residing in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the uncture of truth. We labour with it more than with the truth.

“ Many men do not themselves believe what they would fain persuade others ; and less do they the thing which they would impose on others ;—but least of all, know they what they most confidentially boast.

“ What a deal of cold business doth a man mispend the better part of his life in ! in scattering complaints, tendering visits, gathering and vending news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner,

“ Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and contenance. A good life is a main argument.

“ I cannot think nature so decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years.—She is always the same, and like herself : and when she collects her strength, is able still.—Men and studies are decayed ; she is not.”

PAINTING, &c.

W. B. STEPHENSON,

Desires leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for their liberal support while in the Firm of Metzler & Stephenson, and to inform them that it is his intention to continue the business at the same stand, Mr. Foreman's Yard, head of Long Wharf ; and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of their support. January, 1836.

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