

head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you!' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying, 'Where is he, then?—Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me—come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering, the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight—Mr. W——, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—"Captain, we ask the honour of your acquaintance; we would gladly have given a hundred thousand to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honorable family; we request the honour of you and your's to dinner in this inn." The captain alive to this invitation, accepted it with politeness, but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and a very short time after, his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. "Gentlemen," said he, "to day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only a little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord C——, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and I was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honourably a stock of 30,000*l*. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of 200*l*. reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman who died upon his passage; but I hold his receipt and his heirs will account to me for it." After dinner the captain gave his father 200*l*., to support his most pressing wants, and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of 80*l*., reversible to his two brothers—promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory which he was about to establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented 500*l*. as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a

farmer in indifferent circumstances; and, after having distributed 50*l*. among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favours of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed, indeed, that he was worthy of the distinguished honours so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord C——.

Casket.

It is a certain truth, that a man, is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense. It costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

ANECDOTES.

REGARD FOR DUTY.

The 19th of May 1780 was remarkably dark at Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses: the birds were silent, and disappeared, and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned: the council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Devenport objected—"The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment: if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty: I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

Similar firmness was displayed by this venerable senator, when struck with the disease which in a few hours terminated fatally. He was sitting at that time as chief justice of the court of common pleas in Danbury. He heard the trial, gave the charge to the jury; pointed out an article in the testimony, which had escaped the notice of the council on both sides; and then retired from the bench to his bed, where he was soon after found dead.

ECONOMY.

A nephew of the celebrated Dr B. Franklin, who had yet to learn prudence, was rather taken unawares in a net he had unwittingly spread for himself. Being out on a party of pleasure at a distance from New England, he called on his uncle, but not before he had pecuniary reasons for so doing. After a friendly reception, he solicited the loan of a small sum of money, precluding his request, with stating, that he had loaded a vessel for B——, and that, as he did not deal on credit, he had purchased rather beyond his current cash, and could not easily procure a draft from home. The Doctor inquiring how much he wanted, he, with some hesitation, replied, fifty dollars. The benevolent old gentleman went to his escrutoire, and counted him one hundred. He received them with many promises of punctual payment, and was immediately proceeding to draft a note under his hand for cash. The Doctor, who saw into the nature of the borrower's embarrassments better than he was aware, and was possessed with the

improbability of ever recovering his cash again, stepped across the room, and, laying his hand gently on his cousin's arm, said, "Stop, cousin; we will save the paper: a quarter of a sheet is not of great value, but it is worth saving." Conveying at once a liberal gift, and a no less gentle reproof to the young spendthrift.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Custom is the plague of wise men; and the idol of fools.

We should not judge of a person's worth merely by his great abilities; but by the good use he makes of them.

It may be feared, those never truly grieve for their own sins, who can rejoice at other peoples'.

Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other; and scarce in that.

Those are twice murdered who murder themselves; said Seneca.

A master should be sometimes blind; and a server sometimes deaf.

When we leave this life, nothing of what we possessed here follows us into eternity; but the spirit, temper and views with which we sought, enjoyed, used and parted with it.

As they, who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, rather weaken it.

Prosperity procures friends; but adversity tries them. 'Tis better to be preserved in the brine of adversity than to rot in the honey of prosperity.

Be not too venturesome in exposing thyself to needless dangers, for—"He that courts perils, shall be the devil's martyr."

POETRY.

From the 'FOREST WREATH,'—Shortly to be Published.

Author—WILLIAM M. LEGGETT, of New Brunswick.

THE MINSTREL.

The Minstrel sat on the lone sea-shore,—
His lyre was strung to aerial numbers—
And pleasingly wild were the notes they bore,
As they sigh'd o'er its strings in broken slumbers.
Like pensive moonbeams pale repose
On the silvery bosom of the Ocean;
Or, like those dreams when our eyelids close
On the spirit of pray'r with calm devotion.—
For light was the whisper of wind and wave,
And Cynthia smiled with unusual splendor,
And sweet were the looks that Hesper gave,
As he march'd in front of the stars to attend her!
Then, rest thee Minstrel!—the lone sea shore,
The Hosts of the sky, and the wind's low whisper
Shall teach thee on pinions of faith to soar,
To Heaven's high Throne with thy ev'ning veep.

We have copied the foregoing very pretty lines, cause they are from the pen of a juvenile writer; should Mr Leggett continue to pay his addresses to the muses, he will doubtless arrive at a degree of perfection in Poetry far above Mediocrity. We have seen several of his productions which we consider more happily conceived than the above, and which certainly contain promise of future celebrity. The 'Forest Wreath' which he is shortly to favour us with, commences with the following lines:—

Oh! greet with a smile my rural muse
Tho' the wild-flow'rs of genius alone attend her;
Her brow is yet damp with the morning dew—
Unknown to the world and the world's gay spleen
She hold's in her hand the 'Forest Wreath,'
As it wears the shades of the woods and wilds;
And blushing asks of Fame to bequeath
One laurel sprig to reward her toils! &c.