

source of happiness do they not produce? framing their youthful minds to liberal and virtuous principles, and looking forward with the sanguine hopes of a parent, to the time when they may become useful and valuable members of society. . How different in general is the case with the bachelor, contracted in his views, selfish and capricious, he has no pleasure in any thing that is not immediately connected with the sordid feeling of self. He knows not, he feels not, he can not feel, the exquisite sensations of a husband and a father. Shut up, as it were, within himself, his views expand not, and he has no abstract idea of happiness, no conception of it, but as tending to his own gratification. . After having passed the greater part of his life, distrusting his fellow creatures, and adding every year to his unfavourable opinion of mankind; he seems to ask the author of his being in the tone of impiety, "for what purpose didst thou create me?"

In the hope that an abler pen than mine will advocate a cause dearer to me than life, I am, Sir,

A FRIEND TO MATRIMONY.

As my poetic contributors have likewise, and probably justly, complained of the delay they experience in the appearance of their effusions; I now select, from those of my ingenious Port Talbot friend, his lines

TO LAURA.

Now my muse is on the wing,
Wilt thou listen while I sing,
Any little, foolish thing?

Since for trifles I but live,
Trifles only I can give;
Such must Laura then receive.

Childhood was thy happy day,
Sportive, harmless, noisy, gay,
Getting toys soon thrown away.