

POETRY.

MARY DOW.

'Come in, little stranger,' I said
As she tapped at my half open door;
While the blanket pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, 'I have matches to sell;
And hope you are willing to buy.'

'A penny a bunch is the price;
I think you'll not find it too much;
They're tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch.'

I asked, 'what's your name little girl?'
'Tis Mary,' she said, 'Mary Dow.'
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played o'er her delicate brow.

'My father was lost in the deep,
The ship never got to the shore,
And mother is sad, and will weep,
When she hears the wind blow, and sea roar.'

'She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willie's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.'

'For every time that she tries,
Some things she'd be paid for, to make,
And lays down the baby it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.'

'I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad;
To see men there building ships,
And think they had made one so bud.'

'I've one other gown, and with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet that's put by to wear
To meeting and Sunday school class.'

'I love to go there, where I'm taught
Of One, who's so wise and so good,
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e'en the raven his food.'

'For he, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust to his word.'

'And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother'll rejoice at the pay.'

'Fly home, little bird,' then I thought,
'Fly home, full of joy to your nest?'
For I took all the matches she brought,—
And Mary may tell you the rest.

Faults in others.—Those who censure others, ought first to examine themselves; for great censoriousness is generally indicative of great hypocrisy.

BENJAMIN WEST.

The first display of talent in the infant mind of Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America contained scarcely a specimen of fine arts; and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a print. His pencil was of his own invention, his colours were given to him by an Indian, his whole progress was a series of invention, and painting to him was not the result of a lesson but an intuitive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left with the charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child. The motion of the fan made the child smile and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure he had never before experienced; and observing some paper on the table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait, although at that period he had never seen an engraving, or a picture.—Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing, but the old lady observing his confusion, asked what he had been about, and insisted on seeing the paper. He obeyed, entreated her not to be angry Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally;" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction.—This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make drawings of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened and he felt that he could imitate any thing that pleased his sight. In after life he used to say, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

Young West used pen and ink for his drawings, until hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year a cousin sent him a box of colors and pencils, with several pieces of canvass prepared for the easel, and six engravings.—The box was received with delight, and West now found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to the garret, where he spread the canvass, prepared his pallet, and began to imitate the figure in the engraving. Enchanted with his art, he forgot his school-hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to the garret; and for several days successively he withdrew in the same manner, and devoted himself to painting.—Mrs. West, suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went into the garret and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by a sight of

his performance. She kissed him with transports of affection, and promised that she would intercede with his father to pardon his absence from school. The piece finished in his eighth year was exhibited sixty-seven years afterwards, in the same room with his sublime picture of "Christ rejected;" and the artists declared that there were inventive touches in his first juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had never enabled him to surpass.

LAZY HABITS ABOUT BOOKS.

Rip, -rip—went the leaves of a book, as I sat in a mechanic's reading room, one day, and I started up to see what the matter was. Mr. L. had taken a book from the counter, and seated himself opposite to me, to peruse it; when finding some of the leaves uncut, without looking round for a paper-knife, he was forcing them open with the side of his hand. Sometimes, he was quite successful, but at others, the leaves were separated so irregularly that the jagged edges extended quite into the print, and injured the book.

The gentleman was a stranger to me, and I was unwilling to say any thing; but I dislike exceedingly, this careless, lazy habit of separating book leaves. It is bad enough when the book is our own; but it is much worse when it belongs to another;—worse still when it belongs to a public library.

RAINBOW.

Almost every one has heard the following ancient proverb.

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

We will give our young readers an explanation of this omen.

A rainbow can only occur, when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun; and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in the warm season are usually brought by a south-westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind to us; whereas, the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing away.—*Juv. Watchman.*

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