



ON WITNESSING MY CHILD AT PLAY.

Play on, my little child, play on !
I love to watch thy merry glee—
It brings before me scenes by-gone,
When like thy own my heart was free.

Play on, my little child ! 't is well—
For life with thee is bright and gay
But soon may come a chilling spell,
'To force thy careless laugh away.

'This lesson, child, thou'lt soon be taught—
How bright so e'er it now may seem,
'That life with care and wo is fraught—
And joy is but a fleeting dream.

A time may come when thou wilt gaze
Upon the past with moistened eye—
And dwell upon these happy days
With care-worn heart and bitter sigh.

The path of life may not as now
Seem strown thro' out with thornless flowers ;
And time may write upon thy brow
'The record of unhappy hours.

Forsay not this to check thy glee—
I would not stop thy playful sport—
For sorrow soon may visit thee—
And joy is brief, and life is short.

I would that thou should'st early know
What after years will surely bring ;
And school thy heart to meet the wo
Undreamed of in life's early spring.

But play thee on, my little child !
And let me hear thy laugh again :
'Thy heart is now by mirth beguiled—
O, may it ne'er be filled with pain.

V A R I E T I E S.

TOM CRINGLE'S ACCOUNT OF BERMDA.

Bermuda, as all the world knows, is a cluster of islands in the middle of the Atlantic. There are ever so many of them, but the beauty of the little straits and creeks which divide them, no man can describe who has not seen them. The town of St. George's, for instance, looks as if the houses were cut out of chalk ; and in one of our excursions to the main island, Hamilton, we had to cross three ferrics, although the distance was not above nine miles.

The second day of my sojourn was fine—the first fine day we had had since our arrival ; and with several young ladies of the family, I was prowling through the cedar wood above St. George's, when a dark, good-looking man passed us ; he was dressed in tight worsted net pantaloons and Hessian boots, and wore a blue frock coat, with two large epaulets, with rich French bullion, and a round hat. On passing, he touched his hat with much grace, and in the evening, I met him in society. It was Commodore Decatur. He was very much a Frenchman in manner, or, I should say, in looks.

The following day we spent in a pleasure cruise, amongst the 365 islands, many of them not above an acre in extent—fancy an island of an acre in extent!—with a solitary house, a small garden, a red skinned family, a piggery, and all around, clear, deep, pellucid water. None of the islands and islets rise to any great height certainly, but they shoot precipitously out of the water, as if the whole group had originally been a huge platform of rock, with numberless grooves subsequently chiselled out in it by art.

We had to wind our way amongst these manifold small channels for two hours, before we reached the gentleman's house where we had been invited to dine ; at length on turning a corner, with both latten sails drawing beautifully, we ran bump on a shoal ; there was no danger, and knowing that the 'Mudians were capital sailors, I sat still. Not so Captain K——, "Shove off, my boys," says he, "shove her off." She would not move, and thereupon, he in a fever of gallantry, jumped overboard up to the waist in full rig ; and one of the men following his example, we were soon afloat. The ladies applauded, and the captain sat in his wet clothes the rest of the voyage, in all the consciousness of being considered a hero.

EDUCATION.—The education of the present race of females is not very favorable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character—that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useful arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self denial, and more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions to the love and fear of God.

A certain class do not esteem things by their use but by their show. They estimate the value of their children's education by the money it costs, and not by the knowledge and goodness it bestows. People of this stamp often take a pride in the expenses of learning, instead of taking pleasure in the advantages of it.—Hannah Moore.

DISTRICT LIBRARIES.—The object of such institutions is to promote the general intelligence of the people : and the object in view is to be accomplished most effectually, not by confining the attention to one unvaried course of reading, but by extending it to as many and as various departments of knowledge as can be presented in a popular form. It is not in producing any one specific effect upon the mind, but in elevating the general character of intellect, in widening the views, in quickening the perceptions,

in multiplying the objects of thought and feeling, in detaching the spirit from the absorbing sway of the present and the sensible and thus forming it into an organ more capable of performing its office, on all subjects, and in all circumstances, that we expect such institutions to reap the harvest of their exertions, a harvest of the richest improvement and pleasure to the individual, and of growing order and comfort to the community.

PREVENTION.

Prevention is true wisdom—it imparts a double blessing, and is an evidence of vigor and soundness in the commonwealth ; whilst a reliance on punishment alone, is indicative of imbecile, short-sighted policy. This will be striking at the root, instead of lopping off the branches.

A child may be so educated as to shun alcohol as it does hot iron. Nearly all depends upon the education children receive.

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