



“GO AHEAD.”

In all the employments, in which we engage,  
While life's varied circle we tread,  
From childhood's gay pastimes to thoughtful old age,  
Our motto should be 'Go Ahead.'

If, while we are moving, we stop and look back,  
And view the far prospect with dread,  
'Twill surely discover of courage a lack,  
For all noble souls 'Go Ahead.'

The farmer who labours from morning till night,  
To furnish his table with bread,  
Will say to his servants, as soon as 'tis light,  
Come, rise, my brave lads, 'Go Ahead.'

The sailor, who driven o'er ocean's rough waves,  
Ne'er harbors a feeling of dread,  
The fury of tempests he manfully braves,  
And shouts all the while 'Go Ahead.'

The student, while o'er Homer or Locke  
Should not be too fond of his bed,  
Instead of a scholar he'll prove a mere block,  
Unless he exclaims 'Go Ahead.'

The wretch, who is active in hoarding up pelf,  
For others to spend when he's dead,  
Had better, far better, enjoy it himself,  
And say to his heirs 'Go Ahead.'

The female whose charms are beginning to fade,  
If ever she wishes to wed,  
Should think of neglect that attends an old maid,  
And then she will sure 'Go Ahead.'

The skilful physician, the advocate grave,  
By kindest intentions are led,  
They each have a client or patient to save,  
And this makes them all 'Go Ahead.'

The Christian, forgetting the things that are past,  
Looks forward without any dread:  
He knows 'twill be well with the righteous at last  
If they in strong faith 'Go Ahead.'

Above all, the printer, whose task is so great,  
Will verify what has been said;  
To gather advices "important and late,"  
He'll tell you he must 'Go Ahead.'

All, all, who have figured in life's busy stage,  
Wherever their fortunes have led,  
Have gained high distinction in manhood or age,  
By shouting through life 'Go Ahead.'

The warrior whose object is conquest and fame,  
The blood of ten thousands will shed  
And when he has filled half the world with his name,  
He still gives the word 'Go Ahead.'

Thus Bonaparte, Caesar and Xerxes the Great,  
Who all mighty armies once led,  
Would never have triumphed and lived in such state  
If they had not cried out 'Go Ahead.'

How full is the world of the worthless and vain  
Who doze out their lives on a bed,  
And seem in one posture, like clams to remain,  
Or creatures which ne'er 'Go Ahead.'

The thousands, who squander thus idly their time,  
To all useful purposes dead  
In nothing but wickedness, folly or crime,  
Do belong like these 'Go Ahead.'

All things are in motion, there's nothing stands still  
Not even the seemingly dead:  
And suns, worlds, and systems accomplish His will  
Who bade them at first 'Go Ahead.'

This maxim a volume of wisdom contains,  
Which cannot be too often read;  
The great art of living it quickly explains,  
Which lies in two words, 'Go Ahead.'

And now, gentle reader, whoever you be,  
To whatever calling you're bred  
Receive this brief counsel; from Crockett and mo  
When sure you are right, 'Go Ahead.'

VARIETIES.

A CONCEITED YOUNG MAN.

A young gentleman happened to fall into  
the company of a number of aged Christians,  
whom he thought to astonish by reciting  
sublime passages from the poets and orators  
of the age; and among other things of that  
description, he quoted, with great emphasis  
and effect, the well known lines of Shak-  
spere:

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."

Having finished the quotation, he began to  
pronounce an eulogium upon it, affirming  
that there was nothing to be found equal to  
it in sublimity and grandeur in ancient  
and modern literature.—An aged Christian  
who had attentively listened to the whole  
harangue, at length interposed and ventured  
to question the decision, affirming that he  
could produce a passage equally sublime.  
The young man startled with surprise,  
challenged the point, in which the old gen-  
tleman, in a grave and solemn tone, respon-  
ded—"And I saw a great white throne, and  
Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth  
and the heavens fled away; and there was  
found no place for them."

A SOBER CALCULATION.

A young man who earns from six to eight  
or ten dollars per week, and spends but  
three or four of it in boarding and what  
besides is necessary for comfort and conven-  
ience, may lay up from one to two hundred  
dollars yearly toward setting up for himself  
at a proper time. If the capital required be  
not large, in three or four years he may  
calculate upon being a master instead of a  
journeyman. This is one view—obvious to  
be sure, but not less important.

Another view is, and one which too often  
presents itself—if a young man, instead of  
thus laying up the chief part of his wages,  
spends it all, or nearly so in idle Sunday  
excursions and frivolous evening balls— or  
billiard playing, or any other vicious or  
imprudent pursuit, he may calculate upon  
remaining a journeyman for life; and if not  
brought through evil communication to a

Prison or the gallows, will in all pro-  
bability terminate his mortal career in some  
poor house, unpitied and despised. This is  
another view of the case equally obvious as  
the last;—and yet how often are both of  
them lost sight of to the ruin of youth.

To lure to the one, let the other be kept  
sight of. But from every vicious course  
youth will find no surer protection than  
religion. If they seek and find that, all  
temporal safety and prosperity will follow,  
and eternal happiness will be the glorious  
issue. Piety is the parent of every virtue,  
impiety of every vice.

DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.—The painter  
doth but draw the picture of his own ruin,  
who is not wise for eternity, and doth not  
represent to his mind the images of that day  
which is to be revealed so as to lead a life  
preparatory to it. The disputant is but a  
heretic in manners, who doth not reason him-  
self out of the snares of sin; and the logician,  
who resolves all knotty arguments, is himself  
but a "reductio ad absurdum," who knows  
not how to keep from the devil's wiles. The  
grammarian too, who rectifies the errors of  
his own life. The astronomer, who tells  
the stars, and calls them all by their names,  
is vain in his imagination, while he hath not  
his conversation in heaven. All optics are  
deceitful, which do not teach men to behold  
the Mighty God that made all things; and  
all geometry is but confusion, which leaves  
men utterly ignorant of the height and depth  
of the love of God.

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May 13, 1836.

SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.

RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from  
Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of  
the Subscriber, a large assortment of  
Flower and Garden Seeds  
These Seeds have been obtained from the  
same House in London, whose supplies for  
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