

* Unused to the luxuries or extravagancies of life, he contents himself with the simplest food, and such as the bountiful hand of nature supplies. The meats and intemperate liquors of social life, are unknown to him.

"But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast he brings;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the springs."

In summer he cultivates a small lot of land, which he is kindly allowed to possess, by the owner of the estate on which the hermitage is located; but he rarely allows the plants to arrive at maturity, before he plucks them from the earth, and throws them to the cattle that feed around his lonely mansion. What should induce him to thus destroy what he has often been to great labor to cultivate, he assigns no reason, nor can any one form a reasonable conjecture. His cell is decorated with various shells and bones, and is scarcely capable of accommodating himself alone; and the furniture with which it is supplied, consists of a stool and an oaken bench, on which he reposes, and two or three pieces of broken delf ware. It is as gloomy, as darkness and solitude can make it, and appears to be admirably fitted for a misanthrope and a recluse.

In winter he seldom emerges from his solitary mansion, but silently and patiently waits for time to introduce the vernal spring, and to bring about that joyful season when once more he can rove around the adjacent woodland and meads. The rays of the sun never enter the portals of his dwelling, and at midday it assumes all the darkness of midnight. Content with this situation, and at peace with all, he quietly looks forward for the arrival of that day, when he shall bid the waking world good night, and find in countries unexplored, that happiness which life has denied him.

His cell is surrounded with a thick set hedge, wrought of wild briars and hemlock, and displays much ingenuity and taste. It is in a most romantic situation and not often annoyed by the gaze of the curious, or the mischievous visits of the boys, for they all love poor Robert. It is well worth the trouble of those who are fond of the curious, and are pleased with noticing the eccentricities of frail mortality, to visit the abode of 'ROBERT THE HERMIT.'

GOD'S UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE.

Let it not be asserted that it is beneath the creator to care for individuals. The whole system of the universe, like the smallest atom, is nothing in comparison of the infinite God. This being the case, what is it that we can call little and contemptible? How much smaller is the difference between me and whole nations, than between the latter and those prodigious orbs, which appear so insignificant to uneducated man! The most superficial observation will be sufficient to convince us, that in the eyes of that God, to whom a thousand years are as one day, and the universe is as a drop in the wide ocean, no creature can be so mean, no circumstance so insignificant, as to be unworthy of his attention. If we take the smallest plant, the most diminutive insect that we are able to dissect, we discover the most profound wisdom in the structure of the minutest vessels, as in the whole which they contribute to form; and the smallest part of these apparently insignificant objects tends no less to the perfection of the whole, than the animal or the plant itself to the perfection of the whole species, and the latter to that of the universe. If God has not disdained to form creatures that appear so contemptible, why should it be thought beneath him to preserve them? Or how can a whole species be preserved, unless that preservation be extended to individuals?

ANECDOTES.

HOW TO OVERCOME EVIL TEMPER.
The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, being

asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocations, "Whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion?" He answered, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, "That he was naturally quick of resentment; but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself. But thus," he said, "was the work of God's grace: for he was too sensible of his own weakness, to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue passion, or withstand temptation, by his own natural power."

He never regarded calumnies, (for Boerhaave himself had enemies,) nor even thought it necessary to confute them.—"They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves. The surest remedy against scandal is to live it down, by perseverance in well-doing, and by praying to God that he would cure the dis-temper'd minds of those who traduce and injure us."

TRADITION OF THE DELUGE.

The tradition concerning this subject among the American Indians is curious.—The Great Hate, or Nanibojau, lived originally, toward the going down of the sun; when, being warned, in a dream, that the inhabitants would be drowned in a general flood, produced by heavy rains, he built a raft, on which he preserved his own family, and all the animal world, without exception. According to his dream, the rains fell, and a flood ensued. His raft drifted for many moons, during which no land was discovered. His family began to despair of a termination to their calamities; and the animals, who had the use of speech, murmured loudly against him. In the end he produced a new earth, placed the animals upon it, and created man.

RULES OF BEHAVIOUR.

Provoke no body.
Love your school fellows.
Please your master.
Let not play entice you.
Restrain your tongue.
Covet future honour, which only virtue and wisdom can procure.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

'Twas early in the month of June,
When flowers look fresh and gay,
Young Em'ly and Matilda walk'd
Along the garden way.

The rose was blushing in the dew,
The lark was mounting high;
And clouds, with threat'ning aspect, flew,
Along the Sombre sky.

Young Em'ly view'd the threat'ning storm,
With youthful fear and awe;
And terror shook her frame, when she
The thunders herald saw.

God speaks not only in the blast,
The mild Matilda cried,
The rose bud and the lightsome lark,
'Tho' little in our eyes,

His great and glorious wisdom mark,
Like the lightening of the skies.

ELIZA.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.—
I know a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eight came round, and call'd him on
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friend
And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest

Mother—I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd:
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand:
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death!
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head.
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

Father—I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the budding things and flowers
Forgot it not!

Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

Sister—my young rose-tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done:
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb!

Now—mother—sing the tune
You sang last night, I'm weary and must sleep.
Who was it called my name! Na, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!

Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer cold, and ivory-pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not: the laugh of passers by,
Jarred, like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worried not his slumbers. He was dead.