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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurea"

No. 18.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, November 30, 1831.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

AMERICUS VESPUCCIUS;

Properly, Amerigo Vespucci; born March 9, 1451, at Florence, of an ancient family. He truly made great progress in natural philosophy, astronomy and geography, at that time the three principal branches of science studied at Florence, in account of their importance in relation to commerce. In 1490, he went to Spain for the purpose of trading, and was at Seville when Columbus was making preparations for his second voyage. The success of Columbus's venturing excited Vespucci to give up trade, and explore those newly-discovered countries. According to his own account, in one of his letters, he entered on his first voyage, under the command of admiral Ojeda, May 20th, 1497, he left the harbor of Cadiz with 4 ships, and after a voyage of 37 days, reached the mainland of America, explored the bay of Paria, and sailed coast for several hundred miles, and, after several months, returned to Spain, and was received with distinction by the court at Seville. In May, 1499, he began his second voyage, the object of which was the discovery of a multitude of small islands. This is his own account. But he is fully proved, that no such voyage as the first mentioned was made, and that his first expedition to the new continent was made in 1499, under the command of Ojeda, a year after the discovery and examination of that part of the coast by Columbus. Other accounts of Vespucci are, also, inconsistent with the statement above given. After this, he entered the service of the king Emanuel of Portugal, and made 2 voyages in Portuguese ships; the first, May 10, 1501; the second, May 10, 1503. The object of this last voyage was to find a westerly passage to Malacca. Amerigo arrived at Brazil, and discovered the bay of All Saints. In 1505, he again entered the service of the king of Spain, but made no more voyages, as appears from memoranda, showing that he was at Seville till 1508, at which time he was appointed principal pilot. His duties were to prepare charts, and describe routes for vessels in their voyages to the new world, which soon received his name.

This honor certainly belonged to Columbus rather than to Amerigo, for the prior discovery of the continent by the former is not to be questioned. We have a chart of America laid down by Amerigo; a journal of 1 of his voyages, printed at Paris, 1532, in the Latin language, in 22 pages, 4to; and Amerigo's Letters, which appeared at Florence after his death, published by John Stephen di Carlo da Pavia. Vespucci died at Seville, in 1512. Emanuel, king of Portugal, caused the remains of the ship Victoria, in which he had made his last voyage to America, to be hung up in the cathedral at Lisbon, and Florence conferred marks of distinction on his family. The accounts of his life are full of contradictions and perplexities.

Encyclopædia Americana.

AMES FISHER,

One of the most eloquent of American statesmen and writers, was born at Dedham, in Massachusetts, April 9, 1753, of very respectable parents. Soon after the completion of his 12th year, he was admitted to Harvard college, with the reputation of uncommon talents and attainments. Diligence, regularity and success marked his collegiate course of four years. After receiving his degree, in 1774, the narrow circumstances of his widowed mother compelled him to postpone, for several years, the accomplishment of his original purpose of studying the law. In the interval, he acted as an assistant teacher in a public school, and continued to cultivate classical literature, to the signal improvement of his taste and fancy. At length, in 1781, he commenced the practice of the law, with the stock of knowledge which he had acquired in the office of a member of the profession, in Boston. Opportunity soon occurred for the display of his superior qualifications, both as a speaker and essay writer. The same which followed his early efforts conduces to place him in the Massachusetts convention for ratifying the constitution, in 1788. From this sphere, in which he made a deep impression by some of his speeches, particularly that on biennial elections, he passed to the house of representatives in the state legislature. Here, he soon became so eminent as an orator and man of business, that the voters of the Suffolk district elected him their first representative in the congress of the United States. He had not been long in that assembly before his friends and admirers were satisfied that they had not overrated his abilities. He won there the palm of eloquence, besides proving himself equal to the discussion of the deepest subjects of politics and finance, and the execution of the most arduous committee labors. He remained in congress during eight years, the whole of Washington's administration, which he constantly and zealously defended. "His speech on the British treaty," says his distinguished biographer, doctor Kirkland, "was the era of his political life. For many months, he had been sinking under weakness, and, though he had attended the long and interesting debate

on the question which involved the constitution and the peace of the United States, it was feared he would be unable to speak. But when the time came for taking a vote so big with consequences, his emotions would not suffer him to be silent. His appearance, his situation, the magnitude of his subject, the force and the pathos of his eloquence, gave this speech an extraordinary power over the feelings of the dignified and numerous assembly who heard it. When he had finished, a member in opposition moved to postpone the decision of the question, that they might not vote under the influence of a sensibility which their calm judgment might condemn."—On the retirement of Washington, Mr. Ames returned to his residence at Dedham, where he occupied himself with the management of his farm and the practice of the law. The latter he relinquished in a few years, owing to the decline of his health; but he felt too deep an interest in the welfare of his country to withdraw his mind and pen from politics. He published a considerable number of essays, relating chiefly to the contest between Great Britain and revolutionary France, as it might affect American liberty and prosperity. No writer evinced more ardor for the success of Britain, or more horror of the character and tendencies of the French despotism. In 1804, Mr. Ames was chosen president of Harvard college,—an honor which he declined. When Washington died Mr. Ames, then a member of the council of the commonwealth, was appointed to pronounce his funeral eulogy before the legislature of Massachusetts.—The injury which his constitution sustained in 1795 was never fully repaired. From that period his health declined, until, at length, after an extreme debility for two years, death ended his sufferings. He expired July 4, 1808; and, when the intelligence of this event was received a public meeting of citizens was held, in order to testify the general respect for his character. His remains were carried to Boston, where they were interred with honors such as had not been before paid to those of any private citizen.—In 1809, his works were issued in a large octavo volume, with prefatory notices of his life and character, from the pen of the reverend doctor Kirkland, president of Harvard college, who had enjoyed his personal friendship and intimacy. The volume is fraught with profound remarks, various historical lore, and eloquent declamation. Although the political interest of most of the topics is gone, there remains much to captivate and reward attention in the richness of fancy, warmth of feeling, beauty of language, and felicity of copious illustration, which distinguish almost every page.—Fisher Ames left seven children and a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. In person, he exceeded a little the middle stature, was well-proportioned and perfectly erect. His features and countenance were fine, and his manners easy and affable. Of his delivery as an orator, his biographer states, that he did not systematically study the exterior graces of speaking, but his attitude was

firm, his gesticulation natural and forcible, his voice clear and varied, and his whole manner earnest and expressive. According to the same authority, all the other efforts of his mind were probably surpassed by his powers of conversation.—*Ibid.*

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

RELIGION

The worship we owe to the Supreme Being ranks above every other duty. Religion is an intercourse established between God and man, by the benefits we receive from our common Father, and the gratitude which we return. Superior minds conceive far more enlargedly of the Deity, and worship him in a manner much superior to vulgar souls; their's is the unalloyed devotion of the heart. Moral virtues are more secure when supported by the influence of Christianity. I mean not to exact from you a devotion full of weakness, and superstition, I only require that you preserve so much humility as ever to subject your understanding and opinions to the will of God, that so a love of order may govern all your actions, and inspire you with the principle of justice, which forms the foundation and concentrates every other virtue.

Most young men of the present age imagine they distinguish themselves by assuming an air of libertinism, which however renders them contemptible to people of sense. So far is such a manner from discovering any kind of superiority, that it serves only to expose a weak and depraved understanding.

Whenever religion is attacked, it may be depended on that some private purpose lurks under the attempt. No influence renders a person more happy than that of religion, when the understanding and disposition are thoroughly directed by it; it is the essential balm of life. Even unbelievers have some respect for religion submitting themselves to that which is established, saying, as prejudice predominates in the world it must be respected.

Marchioness de Lambert

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

MOUNTAINS AND VALLIES

Have great and important uses. Is Health the greatest of all earthly blessings?—to one class of valetudinarians the mountain breeze is beneficial, while to another the genial warmth of the well sheltered vally produces the most salutary effects. Does the east-wind rage with fury, or cold, with its freezing particles, visit us from the north? the deep-sunk bosom of the valley, or the lee side of the mountain, defend us from the fury of the tempest, and shelter us from the raging storm.

By this happy diversity of towering mountain and sinking dale, we have a variety of soils in a small compass, and are furnished with the productions of different climates almost at our doors. These serve also for the harbour and lodgement of a variety of animals that would have been ill accommodated in the open plain. They are also so convenient not only for the generating of metals and minerals, but for digging them out with infinitely less trouble and expense than if they had been situate at considerable distances below a level surface; and mountains are the birth-place of many valuable Mines and precious

Stones.

In the burning regions of the torrid zone, ridges of mountains running from East to West, arrest with their towering heads the vapours in their flight, and condensed into rain, force back the fugitives in cooling and refreshing showers.

In places where Earthquakes prevail, mountains are converted into funnels, for the purpose of vomiting forth those volcanic eruptions of liquid fire, which, but for such vents, might have shaken kingdoms from their foundations, and sawlloved up provinces in one mighty gulph.

But the most general use to which providence seems to have applied mountains and vallies, and consequently, without doubt, the most important one for which they were designed, is the elevation of Springs, and convenient distribution of WATERS, agreeable to the language of the Royal Psalmist: "They go up by the mountains, they go down by the vallies, unto the place which thou had appointed for them." And this use alone would have afforded us abundant motives of gratitude and thankfulness, although there had been no other, that from mountains and vallies we are supplied with these inestimable blessings.

SPRINGS AND RIVERS.

Water is not only one of those necessary elements of which our very means of existence are composed, but it administers to our wants and conveniences on a variety of occasions, and in many different shapes.

With water our choicest bread is mixed, and it makes part of the composition of our favourite beverage. By water the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the heavens quench their thirst, and by means of it the lofty cedar of Libanon derives its nutriment, as well as the tender herb that creepeth against the wall. By this necessary and useful fluid we are satisfied in many a tedious and laborious operation:—Formed into canals it helps the deep laden barge forward in its progress,—confined into Dams it sets the ponderous mill wheel in motion;—or, evaporated into Steam it puts in play the massy arms of the huge engine.

But how does it come to pass that water is rendered thus servicable?—It is partly owing to the wise manner in which the great Creator distributes from his treasures, by causing Springs take their rise in elevated situations, and partly from the general law impressed upon fluids to regain their level, that water is impelled forward in its course, and made to surmount so many obstacles in its progress to the sea, while its suitable consistency fits it for being easily turned aside, and diverted into such channels as the necessities of men may require.

If, as might have been expected, Springs had been confined in general to the lower situations of the earth, extensive tracts must have been left unwatered, while plains in their immediate neighbourhood would have been deprived of their fertility by inundation, or rendered pestilential by stagnant waters pent up without the means of escape. Had water been deprived of that admirable property of rising to its level, how liable would it have been to be obstructed in its progress by every insignificant hillock, or trifling rise of the ground; and, with respect to its consistency, besides being rendered incapable of being converted to so many useful purposes, had

it been thinner how would it have answered the purpose of supporting so many burdens, or keeping within its bounds, had it been thicker how would it have been adapted for quenching thirst, or ascending the minute tubes of the vegetable tribe.

But by this wise and beneficial arrangement, Rivers being elevated at their head, in situations at a distance and remote from the sea, are necessitated to pass over a large tract of country before they lose themselves in the main, and following the course of those numerous sunken beds made for them in the vallies, they are at once confined within their proper limits, and made to wind in many a lengthened turn, to the more copious diffusion of their benefits, than would have otherwise been the case; while their pliable nature renders them easily turned aside as they glide along, to water those fields remote at a small distance from their banks, or for other purposes to which the ingenuity of man may make them subservient.

MINERAL AND MEDICINAL WATERS

Are also amply provided by nature, and dispense their salutary virtues in a variety of situations. These are not so numerous as the other, but are sufficiently so for the purposes to which they are adapted; for all men, and every living creature needs food, but we have reason to be thankful that all need not the aid of medicine. Many there are, however, who stand in need of their beneficial influences, and many invalid have they been the means of restoring, to renovated powers, and the blessings of health. Like the pool of Bethesda they may be said to be of a healing nature; but blessed be the adorable Physician who has opened up these fountains, that they have been found to be for the healing of multitudes who resort thither, and not for him alone who is fortunate enough to be first plunged into the troubled stream.

WIDE AND EXTENDED PLAINS

Also cover a considerable portion of the face of our globe, and these are not without their use.—Did nothing but huge mountainous districts, intercepted by deep vallies, present themselves, what room would be left for tillage? What incredible labour and fatigue in travelling! What insurmountable barriers to the purposes of trade and commerce!—But these facilitate the operations of agriculture, and cause the stubborn globe be broken up with ease.—Carriages, with immense burdens, glide along on the level of a rail-way;—the traveller on horseback enveloped in darkness, pursues his journey without danger of stumbling; the loaded waggon is wheeled onwards without interruption; and the swift messengers with astonishing celerity on the wings of business.

The last thing I shall touch upon in the general appearance of the surface of the dry-land is the

VERDANT COLOUR OF THE EARTH:

For whatever diversity of hue there may be in natural objects when viewed separately, there can be no doubt but this is the most general and prevailing colour, and as nature does nothing in vain, the circumstance certainly ought not to be overlooked. In this the wisdom and goodness of God will appear by attending to the following considerations.—Had the robe of nature assumed a more light or brilliant cast, and the generality of objects appeared of a white, yellow,

age, or red complexion, it would have been much for the strength of our nerves, and instead of being refreshed and delighted, would have been blinded and overpowered with dazzling splendour.

Had she put on a more sombre aspect, and clothed with a violet, purple, or blue mantle, the prospect must have been sad, dismal, and gloomy, and instead of imparting to the animal spirits the exhilarating draught to keep them in play, would have suffered them to subside in dejection and despondency. To prevent these two extremes, an all-wise and gracious God has clothed nature with a verdant mantle, giving that proper combination of light and shade, that neither dazzles nor darkens the prospect, which rather refreshes than fatigues the eye, strengthens and invigorates instead of weakens the vision, and creates in the soul that insatiable delight and lengthened rapture, which poet had in view when he penned the following lines.

"Gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe;
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever new delight!"

POETRY.

HOME.—Rev. J. Leavitt, in a letter to the editor of Vermont Chronicle, gives the following account of the origin of the piece bearing the above title, published under our poetic head thus week.—*Journal of Humanity.*

"Home" was written by a young lady in England under the following circumstances. She was addressed by a gentleman who was partial to the song of "Sweet Home," and often asked her to sing it, with her piano forte. Business called him to India for a number of years; and during his absence the lady became pious. She did not know how to meet her lover, and disclose the change in her feelings, as they had heretofore been engrossed together in all the gayeties of fashionable life. At length she composed this song, to be sung in his favourite music. On his return, as was expected, he soon called for "Sweet Home;" but the sentiment was so different, that he took it as an insult and went away. On reflecting, however, upon the cause of his offence, he saw his own wrong and ruin, and after embracing religion, returned to his love, and they were married. This statement I had with a manuscript copy of the hymn, from a gentleman in Bristol, England through a friend in this city. I notice that Dr. Alexander has a hymn written for the tune in his valuable hymn book just published. He therefore, does not think it wrong to use such a tune.

SWEET HOME.

As alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace.
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
O' God, alack! it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet home,
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay:
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O the way I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet home,
O Jesus conduct me to heaven, my home.

Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and Heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home!"
Home, home, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home!

Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more:
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.
Home, home, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

CATHERINE COCKBURN, whose poetical productions procured her the name of the Scotch Sappho, but who is better known to posterity by her able 'Defence of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding,' and other metaphysical lucubrations, was the youngest daughter of Capt. D. Trotter, a native of Scotland, and a naval officer in the reign of Charles II. On the death of her father, who fell a victim to the plague at Scanderoon, she was still a child. She had given an early indication of genius by some extemporary verses on an accident which, passing in the street, excited her attention. Catherine by application and industry, made herself mistress of the French language without any instructor, she also taught herself to write. In the study of the Latin grammar, and logic, she had some assistance; of the latter she drew up an abstract for her own use. In 1693, being then only fourteen years of age, she addressed some lines to Mr Bevil Higgons, on his recovery from sickness. In her seventeenth year she produced a tragedy, entitled, 'Agnes de Castro,' which was acted with applause in 1796, and published (but without her name) the following year, with a dedication to the Earl of Dorset. When she wrote her 'Defence of the Essay on the Human Understanding,' she was only 22 years of age.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

Boyhood of 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; & 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, and treated 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 opposed 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS, NOT BY AMBITION.—*Anecdote of Father Clark.*—The day light of the soul can be obscured only by guilt and ill humour while cheerfulness and joy are the constant attendants of innocence and contentment. These remarks are illustrated and confirmed by the following anecdote.

A few friends had met one evening to enjoy themselves in the freedom of Christian conversation; among these was Father Clark, with his snow-white locks, his primitive simplicity, and his long proven Christian integrity & worth. Some observations were made in the further corner of the room, on the ridiculous figure which some people make, and the inconveniences to which they expose themselves and their families, by living above their circumstances, and aspiring at a rank in society to which they are not entitled. "I wonder what Father Clark would say about them," said one. "I do not know," said another, "but we shall soon know, for I will ask him." Thus saying, he addressed him as follows. "Father Clark, some friends here are speaking of those who render themselves ridiculous by living above their circumstances, and they wish to know your mind of such persons; you must often have observed such, and made your remarks upon them." "Hout ay," said Father Clark, "and they always put me in mind of the man and the dry fish." The company looked at each other, for they knew nothing of "the man and the dry fish," till Father Clark was requested to explain, when

he resumed: "That I will. I was sent a message when a boy, and in going along the street I observed a man crying fish. He had an old white horse and the fish were in two creels slung at his sides. As he paced along, two young gentlemen rode past on fine horses. The man no sooner saw them getting before him than he began to run and whip his old horse. The poor animal cantered as fast as he could, but the motion was so violent as to make the fish fly from the creels and dispose themselves on the street. "Man, man," cried the people! "Stop, stop, you are losing all your fish." "Never mind that," cried the man, "Never mind that, if I keep up with the gentlemen."

This anecdote put all the company into very good humour; and as I am always pleased to see a number of happy human faces, I shall at present say no more of the guilt and folly of those who live above their income, but merely ask what they would have thought if they had seen as many people laughing at them as I did at the man with the dry fish.

APPRENTICES AND CLERKS.—All those that serve are bound to execute the duties they have engaged to perform with the greatest and most strict fidelity. I would consequently advise their doing too much, rather than too little, promoting the interests of masters as diligently as their own, acting always with such candour, and being so regular and exact in the execution of their task, as to be enabled at all times to give a cheerful and satisfactory account of their conduct to their employers; never to make an improper use of the confidence of their master, nor to disclose the errors and defects of those whose bread they eat, nor to suffer themselves to be tempted by their passions to violate the respect which they owe those to whom Providence has subject them.

ANECDOTES.

THE CAFFRE BOY.—A Caffre Boy, twelve years old, was asked, whether he did not repent having come to Gnadenhall?—the Missionary settlement of the Moravian brethren. On his answering in the negative the Missionary observed, "But in the Caffre country you had meat in plenty, and excellent milk, and here you can get neither." To this he replied, "It is very true; but I wish to become a child of God, and I hear in this place how I may attain it; whilst in my own country I hear nothing of it. I rejoice, therefore, that I am come hither, and am satisfied with any thing."

THE ORANGE.—A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked, by a dignified clergyman, "Where God was!" with the proffer of an orange.

"Tell me, sir, (replied the boy) where he is not and I will give you two."

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now, I've caught you."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversations of a well chosen friend.

A man of letters never knows the plague of

idleness. When the company of his friends fails him, he finds a remedy in reading or in composition.

He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest things yet of all others. He lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and the moderation of our passions, and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.

A wise man will dispose of time past, to observation and reflection; time present to duty; and time to come, to providence.

Epaminondas, prince of Thebes, had such hatred to idleness, that finding one of his captains asleep in the day time, he slew him. For which act being reproved by his nobles, he replied, I left him as I found him; comparing idle men to dead men.

The ruins of time are the monuments of mortality.

He that follows his recreation instead of his business shall in a little time have no business to follow.

None but a wise man can employ leisure well, and he that makes the best use of his time, hath none to spare.

It was a good saying of Philip II. of Spain, Time and I will challenge any other two.

Want is little to be dreaded, when a man has but a short time left to be miserable. Of all poverty, that of the mind is most deplorable.

Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst.

POETRY.

REMEMBRANCE.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he bends,
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms;
What then shall soothe his early woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.

From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes: the toils and cares of life,
Torment the restless mind:
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah! no: for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,

The fabled bliss destroy,
And he remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But with the baseless hopes of youth
Its generous warmth is gone
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eyes,
Remembering with an anxious sigh
Happy dreams of youth,

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow:
Now ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

TRULY THE LIGHT IS SWEET, &c.
EccL. xi. 7, 8.

When the sun looketh forth in his pride,
From yon far spreading regions of blue,
Pouring oceans of light on a wide,
And varied, and beautiful views;
It is sweet to move over the fields,
And waters, and hills that he brightens;
And the power that the loveliness yields,
The heart of the mourner enlightens.

But the sun, as a King from his throne
Comes down at his conqueror's word,
Shall descend from the heights, where he
The proud and beneficent lord;
And whoe'er is now blest in his beam,
Shall part from that giver of gladness;
We come forth, like an exquisite dream,
To sink in a bosom of sadness.

When the beams of Prosperity fall
On our head, all life's evil concealing,
Casting a brightness and beauty o'er all,
And waking the rapture of feeling;
It is sweet to rejoice in the boon,
And boast as if nothing could sever
The frail sons of Prosperity soon
From its sunshine for aye and forever.

But that bright star of rapture may set
To him who depends on its ray;
It may now glitter o'er us, and yet
To-morrow have vanished away;
And we go to the place of the dead,
Where ancients it lightened are sleeping,
Gone the glory that circled their head,
Her dark feast Mortality keeping.

But I know, O my God! of a Sun
That shall everlastingly shine,
And a land, when man's journey is done,
All bright for that creature of thine.
Yes, in heaven there is brightness, and Thou
Shalt there with thy sunbeam shine o'er us
Dark the days that are over us now!
The days of our light are before us!