

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

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BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY BALNAVES.

This promoter of the reformation in Scotland, was born at Kircaldy, in the county of Fife, in the reign of James V and educated at the university of St Andrew's. He afterwards went to France, in order to complete his studies, and returning to Scotland, was admitted into the family of the Earl of Arran, who at that time governed the kingdom; but in the year 1542, the Earl dismissed him, for having embraced the protestant religion. In 1546, he joined the adherents of Cardinal Beaton, although without having been concerned in that act, yet for this he was declared a traitor, and excommunicated. Whilst that party were besieged in the castle of St Andrew's, they sent Balnaves to England, who returned with a considerable supply of provisions and money, but, being at last obliged to surrender to the French, he was sent, with the rest of the garrison, to France. He returned to Scotland about the year 1559, and having joined the congregation, he was appointed one of the commissioners to treat with the Duke of Norfolk on the part of Queen Elizabeth. In 1563, he was made one of the lords of session, and appointed by the general assembly, with other learned men, to revise the book of discipline. The celebrated reformer Knox, his contemporary, gives him the character of a very learned and pious divine, and we learn from Calderwood's MS history, and from Sadler's State Papers, that he raised himself by his talents and probity, from an obscure station to the first honours of the state, and was justly regarded as one of the principal supporters of the reformed cause in Scotland. It is added, that when a boy, he travelled to the continent, and hearing of a free school at Cologne, procured admission to it, and received a liberal education.

He died at Edinburgh, in 1579. It was during his confinement at Rouen in France that he wrote a treatise on justification, and the works and conversation of a justified man, which was revised by Knox, who added a recommendatory dedication, and desired it might be printed. The MS however, was not discovered until after Knox's death, when it was published in

1584, 8vo with the title of "Confession of Faith, &c by Henry Balnaves, of Halhill, one of the lords of council, and lords of session"

HISTORY.

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

According to Josephus, Jerusalem was built in the year 2023 from the Creation, in a rocky and barren soil, by Melchizedeck, and was known anciently by several names. Its site occupied Mounts Moriah and Acra, and it was surrounded with mountains. Its territory and environs were watered by the springs of Gethon and Siloam, and by the torrent or brook of Kedron. David built a new city on Mount Zion opposite to the ancient one, being separated from it by the valley of Mills; he also augmented and embellished the old city; but Solomon, from the number and stateliness of the works which he erected, rendered Jerusalem one of the most beautiful cities of the East.

It was during the reign of Tiberius that Jerusalem was rendered memorable to all succeeding ages by the death and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who was crucified on Friday, April 3, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of 33, on Mount Calvary, a hill which was then without the walls on the north side of the city.

Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70. At the siege, according to Josephus, 97,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the conqueror, 11,000 perished with hunger, and the whole number slain and taken prisoners during the war was 1,460,000. In the year 130, Adrian undertook to rebuild the city, and gave it the name of *Ælia Capitolina*, which name it bore until the time of Constantine. It was taken in 614, by the Persians, 636 by the Saracens; and in 1099 by the Crusaders, who founded a kingdom which lasted till 1187, when it was taken down by Saladin, king of Egypt. In 1517 it was taken by the Turks, who have kept possession of it ever since.

The modern city of Jerusalem is built on Mount Moriah. The acents on every side are steep except to the north. It is almost surrounded by valleys, encompassed by mountains, so that it seems to be situated in the middle of an amphitheatre. The walls are about three miles in circumference. Dr. Clarke speaking of the appearance of the city, says, "We were not prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which it exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld as it were a flourishing and stately metropolis, presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendor." A more recent traveller, Sir Fredric Henniker, gives the following account of the present state of Jerusalem:—

The town is about a mile in length and half mile in width. The best view of it is from the Mount of Olives, It commands the exact shape, and

nearly every particular, viz the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Armenian Convent, the mosque of Omar, St Stephen's Gate, the round topped houses, and the barren vacancies of the city. Without the walls are a Turkish burial-ground, the tomb of David, a small grove near the tombs of the kings, and all the rest is a surface of rock, on which are a few numbered trees. The mosque of Omar is the Saint Peter's of Turkey, and the respective saints are held respectively by their own faithful, in equal veneration. The building itself has a light pagoda appearance; the garden in which it stands occupies a considerable part of the city, and, contrasted with the surrounding desert, is beautiful, but it is forbidden ground and Jew or Christian entering within its precinct, must, if discovered, forfeit either his religion or his life. Lately, as a traveller was entering the city, a man snatched part of his luggage from the camel, and fled here for shelter. A few days since a Greek Christian entered the mosque; he was a Turkish subject, and servant to a Turk, he was invited to change his religion, but refused and was immediately murdered by the mob. His body remained exposed in the street, and a passing Mussulman, kicking up the head, exclaimed—"That is the way I would serve all Christians."

The fountain of Siloam is so inconsiderable, & water altogether so scarce, that when my friend, Mr Grey inquired the way to it, the person refused to tell him, giving him as a reason—"You will write it in your book, and I vow that we shall have no water next year."

The tomb of David is held in great respect by the Turks, to swear by it is one of their most sacred oaths. The tomb of the Kings is an inconsiderable excavation in the rock: three small chambers, in which are receptacles for the coffins; the lid of a sarcophagus, of tolerable workmanship, remains yet unbroken, as also a stone door. In the Aceldama, or field of Blood, is a square building, into which are thrown the bones of strangers who may happen to die there. This side of the mountain is pecked marked with sepulchral caves, like the hills at Thebes: concerning these Dr Clarke has made mention. The burial place of the Jews is over the valley of Kedron, and the fees for breaking the soil afford a considerable revenue to the governor. The tomb of Jehosaphet is respected, but at the tomb of Absalom every Jew as he passes, throws a stone, not like the Arab custom in so doing to perpetuate a memory, but to overwhelm it with reproach among the tombs is one having an Egyptian torus and cornice, and another surmounted by a pyramid on a Grecian base, as if the geniuses of the two countries had met half-way.

As in Greece there is not a remarkable hill without a fable, so in Palestine there is not a cave nor a stone without some historical anecdote from the New Testament. The generality of pilgrims to Jerusalem are Greeks; and they bring acceptable offerings. The are probably unable to read, and therefore the method used

to make them acquainted with the life of our Saviour is commendable; even the Old Testament is not forgotten, though Titus is. The pool of Bethesda and David's Tower are still pointed out to believing pilgrims.

The population of Jerusalem has been variously estimated at from 14,000 to 30,000. The inhabitants derive their principal support from the visits of pilgrims, who, it is said, to leave behind them 60,000 annually.

POETRY.

LINES

On the Death of three Brothers, drowned in Providence River in 1825.

Had they died, one by one, like the fruit when it drops,
Full and ripe from the branch which its own glory tops;
But they went all at once like the fruit with a blast,
And left me all lonely and withered at last,
Great God! thou art just—even thus was thy will,
My eyes shall be stilled, my heart shall be still!

Had they died where mine eyes could have seen them
de, ri,

Had their pillow been wet with the tears of my heart;
But no, they have mournfully gone to their sleep,
Away and the merciless fountains of the deep,
Great God! thou art just—even thus was thy will,
My tongue shall be silent,—my heart shall be still!

Had I seen on their pale brows, in sickness or fit,
The mandate of Heaven all legibly writ,—
O no! in their life and their blood they were taken;
The fruit was all gone, ere the tree had been shaken!
Great God! thou art good,—even thus was thy will,
My tears shall be meek, and my heart shall be still!

THE GRAVE OF PARSONS.

Green as Macphelah's honored field
Where Jacob, and where Leah lie,
Where Sharon's shrubs their roses yield,
And Carmel's branches wave on high;
So honored, so adorned, so green,
Young Martyr! shall thy grave be seen.
Oh! how unlike the bloody bed
Where pride and passion seek to lie;
Where faith is not! where hope can shed
No holy tear of sympathy!
Where withering thoughts shall drop around,
In dimness on the lonely mound,
On Jordan's weeping willow trees,
Another holy harp is hung;
It murmurs in as soft a breeze,
As e'er from Gilead's balu was sung,
When Judah's tears in Babyl's stream
Dropt, and when "Zion was the theme."
So may the harp of Gabriel sound,
In the high heaven to welcome thee;
When, rising from the holy ground
Of Nazareth and Galilee,
The saints of God shall take their flight
In raptures to the realms of light.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

MR MILNE,

SIR—
The relation which subsists between a parent and child, is too sacred to be violated with impunity; and nothing presents a brighter prospect in the youthful character, than frequent displays of filial affection. No source of criminal conduct is more fertile, or ought to be more decidedly marked with the disapprobation of mankind, than the crime of disobedience. Occasioned by the evil suggestions of an obstinate disposition, and fostered by the caprices of a violent temper, it was against the social principles of our nature,

and renders us unfit for the enjoyment of society. In every situation of life, we universally find that the character of a young man, rises in the estimation of his virtuous acquaintances, in proportion as he exhibits an obliging temper, and an obedient attention to the commands of his superiors, or of those under whose charge he may be placed.

There is an apparently natural peevishness of temper, in the minds of many persons, which, though considered by some as totally invincible, is much more easily overcome than the most of people are aware. It arises from the habitual tendency of the human mind to view the dark side of things and to consider the evil attendant upon our existence, as seldom interrupted by good. To correct this perverted equilibrium of disposition, it is necessary therefore, to take an unprejudiced and candid estimate of events, and to consider all the occurrences of Providence, as the effects of the wisest and best arrangements.

In no period of human life, is petulance more easily eradicated from the disposition, than in the period of youth.—When allowed to pass unheeded and unchecked for years, it naturally increases, till, in old age, it becomes equally intolerable and invincible. Habit is found to possess so great an influence over the conduct of men, that it is justly denominated a second nature. The character of a man therefore, depends much, if not altogether upon the dispositions and habits, which he forms in the first stages of his existence. The story of James Saunders, often repeated to me by my Grandfather, when I was a boy, is still fresh in my memory. In infancy James displayed that violence of temper which characterizes this period of life; but he was often taught by his parents to check his rising passions, and to calm the unruly emotions of his breast. He was taught to view human life as a midtime of good and evil, from which, if properly considered, much enjoyment might be derived, and many calamities avoided; and he found by experience, that a great degree of happiness was attainable, from a proper exercise of the powers of his mind. At the age of fourteen, the uncommon sweetness of his temper, was remarked by all his acquaintances; and when he met with any misfortune, his companions wondered how he sustained it with so much cheerfulness. At this early period of his life, he was left an orphan, almost penniless though not friendless; for his amiable disposition had gained him many friends. This loss at first deeply affected a mind so sensitive as his—but he sustained the trial with wonderful fortitude, and even cheerfulness. At the death of his parents his sweet temper and obedient disposition, attracted the attention of a rich uncle, who became his protector, and almost a second father. This young man, now introduced into the wide circles of society, became more extensively known and beloved; and, according as he advanced in the good opinion of his acquaintance, he rose to a more honourable station in society. He was made heir to his uncle's great estate—Justice and benevolence marked his character while he lived, and it is not therefore wonderful that he died lamented.

AN OLD MAN.

AXIOM.

In eating, we must remember we have two guests to entertain (body and soul); let us then never so overload the former, as to starve, sink and ruin the latter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

Concluded.

The SABBATH SCHOOL, in the village—had long been a blessing to the church, and to the cause of righteousness. But for several seasons, since the death of Jane's father, who had been one of its most active promoters, it had languished. At this time, it appeared to many to be on the point of entirely declining. To renew it, and raise it up, soon became one of the highest objects of her pious ambition. She had, for some time, been in the habit of visiting it, and had, sometimes, for a few sabbaths, instructed a class; but the deep importance of such a work had never so fully impressed her mind, as it did at present.

No sooner had she assigned herself a duty, than she entered vigorously upon its performance. Her own class was soon the most attentive, prompt and best instructed, in the school. She did not suppose, as is too often the case, with the sabbath school teachers, that her work was done, when she had heard the recitation of her pupils. Religion now filled her whole soul. She, therefore, improved every opportunity, and made use of every means in her power, to inculcate on their minds, its holy doctrines, its precepts, and duties. Her explanations of scripture, and exhortations to piety, were always plain,—strikingly adapted to the capacity of her scholars; very effectual,—and calculated to reach their hearts. The week was passed under a continual solicitude, lest she should not be able to perform well, her duties on the sabbath. Hence she became constant in her endeavours, by reflection and study, to be herself prepared and perfectly able to comprehend what she was to teach. She did not suppose, that she could instruct her scholars in what she did not herself understand or appreciate. We record this as an instructive example to teachers of sabbath schools. If they are careful to search out the meaning of the scriptures which they are to explain to their classes,—if they feel on their own hearts, the sweet influence, and importance of sacred truths, they will find no difficulty in impressing it—also by the grace of God,—on the hearts of their pupils. But, without this, they can never be either useful or successful. The greatest and most frequent failures, have had their origin, in the neglect of this plain and simple course. She endeavoured also to inspire all her fellow teachers with the same views, and urged them on to the same measure of faithfulness.

At first, it is true, she did not meet with much success. God often throws difficulties in the way of duty to try our love to him, and our courage in braving obstacles. By perseverance and repeated solicitations, she at last saw that she was gaining her point. Some who had been irregular, became more punctual; others, who had been quite remiss, adopted her own plan of procedure. The school thus, at length, assumed a new and doubly interesting appearance. The teachers felt their hearts united and animated, in proportion as the interest of each one increased in the common cause.

At this time, a thought occurred to her mind, which in the end, had the effect, of accomplishing, for the school, all that her ardent zeal could have desired. She was no sooner herself con-

need of its importance, than she immediately ordered those of a flock of bringing the others to her view. It was this,—that the Teacher should meet in each others' houses, one evening in a week, for the purpose of humbly beseeching God to bless their labours of rest; and also for the purpose of conversing on the importance of the work, and devising the best means of rendering their instructions useful; in order that thus each one might enjoy the benefit of the *mutual observation, and experience* of the whole. In this little meeting, Jane was one of the most constant, useful, and efficient agents. Her natural talents were good. And being approved, as well by reading as by reflection, she brought the stores of a cultivated and cultivated mind, to the benefit of her youthful associates. And more than all, stimulated, she was, by her deep and ardent devotion to the work. There was no laxness in the performance of any portion of labour which fell to her lot. Thus borne up, and brought before God continually, it could not fail, that an unusual testimony in the sabbath school, should be the result; and a more than ordinary success crown the labours of its pious promoters. Its former prosperity was again restored, and indeed, increased. It increased in numbers. And together and more interesting token of God's presence was there—A few, both of teachers and scholars, were hopefully brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and the profession of their faith in him.

The summer, in which these exertions had been made, and crowned with such success, was drawing to a close. The roses, which had bloomed and faded in succession, in the garden Jane's protector, were all gone. The honeysuckle, which entwined its flexible branches with the walls of his mansion, and rose upon them a coronet of the richest and most various beauty, no more sent its fragrance through the elegant ornaments! But by the rustling of its faded dry leaves, as they were agitated by the sting of the autumnal wind, reminded all, in its soft tones of melancholy warning,—that the approach of winter—cold and cheerless winter, was at hand. The summer birds, which had croaked so sweetly their song among the branches of the poplars, and the merry locusts had, one by one, disappeared, until there remained only solitary robin. This had built its nest in one of the nearest locusts; and had been accustomed to receive its daily allowance, a few crumbs, from the hand of Jane; who threw them out on a green sward, and then sat at the window, to watch its sprightliness and grace, as it descended to pick them up. She had always been reared by its song, which was sometimes continued enough almost the whole day; and now, it appeared to linger behind;—after all its companions were gone, to testify its gratitude for her kindness.

At length it too had departed. And the faded leaves of autumn, falling thick upon the earth, under every passing breeze, changed the verdant beauty of summer, into the sombre aspect of winter. Perhaps, every heart of sensibility, has a feeling of solemnity at such a season. The fading and passing away of all the beauty of nature, reminds us forcibly and feelingly of our own. And if ever there is pleasure, painful but sweet, in the contemplation of the earth, and the grave, it is at this season of the year.

Such thoughts were not altogether estranged from the mind of the lovely orphan. She had felt nature's strange and mysterious energies, rising in her soul, and flowing through her veins, when the last spring opened up anew, all the delightful anticipations of summer joys. Her heart panting after happiness, had beat high with new emotions. And although she scarcely knew why, yet she felt an irresistible impulse to gaiety and light-heartedness. In the exhilaration of the season, she had forgotten, for some time, to visit (as she had always done at short intervals) the graves of her parents. But now when the cheerful spring, the smiling summer, and penurive autumn, had all passed away, their often come over her soul feelings undiminished, and dark forebodings of death. It was not untaught; for her natural disposition was gay and sprightly. It seemed to her some mysterious premonition of her end. She had dreamed that she was dead, and had already been united to her parents in a state of blessedness, in that far-off land, where they had found a home. All the workings of the dreadful moment, and the events which succeeded in her thoughts,—had been impressed upon her heart, and interwoven in her waking thoughts; and the consciousness of the objects around her could hardly dissipate them,—so vivid had been the impression which remained in deepest traces in her soul.

Those who knew her, and saw her most frequently, at this season, thought they perceived in unusual serenity, and beauty beaming in her countenance. And it was often remarked, that the lovely orphan was even more lovely than her sweet self. So the sun, on some calm but clouded day of summer, will sometimes come forth, just before he sets, in all his soft and mellow radiance, and shed a flood of glorious brightness over the earth, and heavens; and then sink behind the western hills, in the midst of an ocean of crimson and gold. It soon became evident to the orphan herself, that she should not long continue upon the earth; but must resign her body to the grave, and her spirit into the hands of God.

That deathlike lassitude, which overcame even her youthful spirits, and often subdued her buoyant sprightliness,—and those feelings, indescribable, but certain, which made her constantly so long for the grave—to close upon her heart and aching head,—warned her to be ready to lie down in the sleep of the grave.—It now also, appeared visible to her anxious friends, from that hectic flush on her soft cheek, and that pale and sickly hue upon her countenance, that she had inherited the fatal disease, which was in the blood of her father, and had brought him to an early grave; and that its rapid progress, would soon unite his lovely daughter with him in death. And they wept while they thought of the sweet orphan, whom they all loved,—being so soon, like her own roses and honey-suckles, in the last autumn about to fade away and die!

Nor did her beauty appear diminished by this change. True, her countenance had exchanged its charming sprightliness and vivacity, for a more serene and solemn look; and those smiles, once accustomed to play about her lips, and mantle her beautiful cheeks in the most delicate crimson, were now vanished away. But although she had lost the blushing fragrance of the rose, she still possessed all the chaste and purest loveliness of the lily. And the sweet orphan seemed, even in her last hours, to sit, in undecaying

beauty, within the vale of the shadow of death! The voice of her few friends was still pleasant to her ears; and their smiles, and the pressure of their affectionate hands, were as fondly received, and as gratefully responded to as ever. Though all saw that she was fast hastening to the cold grave, none could say that she was not contented,—resigned,—and happy.

Thus, week after week passed away. The cold blasts of winter moaned around her dwelling. She looked from the solitude of her chamber, upon the long withered grass which waved over the graves of her parents. And the poor orphan often considered, that before another winter had come, she would be then beside them, and its storms sweep harmless over her head and face. The thought was fearfully solemn. But it did not disturb the tranquility of her soul. For religion had shed its serene and holiest light on the grave. She made her peace with God, through the blessed Redeemer. And as for the world, it contained but a few, for whom she desired to live. Her kind protector and his lady—her sabbath scholars, and a few females of her own age,—these were all, towards whom her heart yearned with the melting tenderness of love, and they, she she knew, would soon disturb its emotions no more. She might go first. But they, too, would follow to the mansions of rest!

The spring was now again coming forth as the Queen of Beauty, in all her refreshing loveliness, and her inspiring presence, pouring a tide of life and animation through all creation. But that heart which had once beat highest with exultating joy at her approach, felt, now, no glow of animation: for the chills of death, were fast closing up its warm fountain. Still, however, there was an animation in those bright eyes, but not such as they shot forth, when they shone, in all the dewy light of health, while it was yet undecaying, but a fainter, softer, mellow brightness. The early flowers, again, began to mingle their sweetness with the evening breeze; the roses and honey-suckle put forth their bright green leaves; and, even her own Redbreast had returned from its winter habitation, to gladden her with a song,—and to receive its daily portion from her hand. It perched upon the green shady locust, where it had so often sat, and it poured forth its mellow wild wood notes, as if to call her forth from her chamber. This circumstance was mentioned to her on the morning when it occurred. She immediately desired to be brought to the window of her apartment, that she might once more see, "the little faithful creature," as she termed it. The simple request was granted. She looked forth and saw it perched on the green branch of a locust, and with a smile, faintly articulated, "happy creature." Then turning her eyes on the green fields, as they lay before her, decked in the sweetest loveliness of spring, she said, "what a bright and lovely day, is this! If I could but die on such a day! It seems, as if my soul would be happier, if it ascended to my God and Saviour—on such a sweet day, than if it passed thither, through storms, and clouds, and rushing winds." And she began to repeat a stanza of that beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber,

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die!"

She paused in the second line, and motioned to be laid on her bed. It was hardly done, when

her friends perceived that her spirit had fled. Her soul ascended to heaven, at the very moment when she desired it might,—without a struggle, or a single convulsion, as one resigning herself into the arms of sleep,—so she died. A sweet smile played on her pale lips, as she named her Saviour's name, and breathed out—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit."—And this smile became impressed on her features, when fixed in death.—The following day, she was laid beside her parents, in the village church yard. Her sabbath scholars were collected, and they followed as chief mourners at the bier. There were no relatives to weep over the grave, but many sincere hearts, bedewed it copiously with their tears.—The roses, and wild flowers grew,—and bloomed, through all that autumn, as sweetly, and as freshly as ever; but the fairest and sweetest end flower of the village had withered, and was buried in the cold grave. The sweet orphan had gone. Her footsteps were no more seen in the village, nor on the lawn.—*So passeth this world's glory away.*—I exclaimed, as I turned from her new made grave, and retired to my chamber, to meditate on the bright character, and happy death of the MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

REMARKABLE TREES.

The selection of a few remarkable trees and plants will serve to impress the reader with a sense of the wisdom and power of God, as displayed in the vegetable kingdom. As rivers and brooks are very seldom found in deserts and sandy places, many of the trees growing there distil water; and, by that means, afford great comfort both to man and beast. Thus the *Tillandsia*, which is a parasitical plant, growing on the tops of trees in the deserts of America, has its leaves turned at the base into the shape of a pitcher, with the extremity expanded; in these the rain is collected, and preserved for the use of men, beasts, and birds. The water-tree in Ceylon produces cylindrical bladders, covered with a lid; into these is secreted a most pure and refreshing water. There is a kind of cuckoo pint in New France, of which, if a person break a branch, it will afford him a pint of excellent water. How wise, how beneficial is the adaptation of plants to the inhabitants of those countries where they grow!

On the top of a rock, in one of the Canary Islands says Glass in his History, grows the *Fountain Tree*, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, *Garse*, (sacred or holy tree,) which for many years has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called *Til*. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself. The circumference of its trunk is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height from the ground to the top of the highest branch forty spans; the circumference of all the branches together, is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine apple, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and

more curved; they come forth in perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. On the north side of the trunk, are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants; and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff, so that the cloud having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock, which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches of the tree, from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant or easterly winds have prevailed for a continuance, for by these winds only the clouds or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near where this tree grows, who is appointed by the council to take care of it, and its water; and is allowed a house to live in, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district, seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people in the island.—*Wood's Mosaic History.*

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF DWIGHT AND DENNIE.

Some few years since, as Dr Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord, that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr Dwight.—Show me to his apartment exclaimed Dennie; although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings.—The landlord accordingly waited on Mr Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night gown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor, struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of distinguished and literary characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr Dwight chanced to mention Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio," says the Dr in a rhapsody, "is the Addison of the United States—the father of American belleslettres. But, sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years; and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir," says the Doctor, "you err. I have my information from a particular

friend; I am confident that I am right, and you are wrong." Pennie now ingeniously change the conversation to the clergy, remarking the Abercrombie and Mason were among our most distinguished divines: "nevertheless, he considered Dr Dwight president of Yale college, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America has produced. But, sir," continued Dennie, there are traits in his character, undeserving so wise and great a man, of the most detestable description: he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!" "Sir," says the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken, I am intimately acquainted with Dr Dwight, and I know to the contrary." "Sir," says Dennie, "you are mistaken, I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth." "No more slander!" says the Doctor, "I am Dr Dwight of whom you speak!" "And I too," exclaimed Mr Dennie, "am Mr Dennie, whom you spoke!" The astonishment of Dr Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance. The Visitor.

There is not any thing in religion, that excites gloom, melancholy or horror, it is "mild, gentle, and easy to be entreated," it should cloth the face with cheerfulness, it should fill the heart with gladness.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Nature is satisfied with little; grace, with less; lust, with nothing.
Willful waste makes woeful want.
He that hankers after dainties, must often feel displeas'd, and sometimes lie at the mercy of a dear market.

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.
TO MISS ———

Our separation has been long, since first we were
quaint,
And many scenes we have pass'd through betwixt
that time and this;
Tho' distant far the actors were, yet many times we
faint,
The thoughts of meeting once again afforded transient
bliss.

The happy period now has come, we see as faces
face—
To talk of things of former times will fill a painful
hour;
The hope of future joy will give unto our words a
grace,
That sorrow which beclouds our days will henceforth
cease to lour.

Remembrance of our youthful scenes has often cross'd
my mind;
It gave me pleasure oft to think of juv'nile sports and
glees.
These, though pleasant in themselves, I fully now
find
Had half their charms, and more than half, by be
shared with thee.

Such pure delights let's taste again, tho' now in yon
mature—
We'll find a relish for these joys much greater than
before;
If finer minds and better hearts can anywhere allure,
With virtue join'd enough we'll have of happy
adieu! adieu! no more.

April 30, 1832.