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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 40.

Pict., N. S. Wednesday Morning, May 2, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

Is Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, at the Colonial Patriot Office, by W. MILNE.

CONDITIONS.

Five shillings per Annum, delivered in Town, and Six shillings and three pence, when sent to the country by mail, half-yearly in advance.

When not paid half yearly in advance, seven shillings and six pence will be charged.

Any person ordering five copies will be reckoned an Agent, and shall receive a copy gratis.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EYE.

The following beautiful description of the eye was a part of the chapter upon light, in Arnot's *Physics*, a work of great interest and learning:

"But this miracle of light would have been wholly useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have been to man still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy, to perceive the light, viz. of the eye; in which there is a cornea of such perfect transparency, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball, and elsewhere it had been useless, were exact-ly behind this, the beautiful curtain, the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the density of the light—and exactly behind this again, the crystalline lens, having many qualities which complex structure only in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures and images of the objects in front, the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than it is, the whole eye had been useless, and the light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then, however, we find that the precious organ, the eye, is placed, not as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch-tower of the soul; and again, not so that to alter direction, the whole person must turn, but in the head, which on a pivot of admirable structure, revolves while the whole body is at rest; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished with muscles, which as well direct as turn it with the rapidity of lightning to sweep around the horizon, take in the whole heavenly concave; then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow a cushion to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode; then there is the soft pliant eyelid, with its beautiful lashes incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured by lachrymal glands above, of which mois-

ture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath still further, instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, least one by accident should be destroyed, but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act together only as one more perfect; then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth, from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying, the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is by the action of life, although its source be the thick red blood, gradually restored to transparency. The mind which can suppose or admit that with in any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident, or without design—and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth, all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident, or that the millions of millions in past ages were all accidents, and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident—must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received an unhappy bias in its education."

REMARKS ON GEN. WASHINGTON.

The following article is from the London New Monthly Magazine. The London Sun attributes it to the pen of Hazlitt, and calls it "A Sketch of W. Washington, one of the greatest men the modern world has ever seen."

I remember my father telling me he was introduced to Washington in 1790, by an American friend. A servant, well looking and well dressed, received the visitants at the door, and by him they were delivered over to an officer of the United States' service, who ushered them into the drawing room in which Mrs. Washington and several ladies were seated. There was nothing remarkable in the person of the lady of the president; she was matronly and kind, with perfect good breeding; she at once entered into easy conversation, asked how long he had been in America, how he liked the country, and such other familiar but general questions. In a few minutes the general entered the room; it was not necessary to announce his name, for his peculiar appearance, his firm forehead, Roman nose, and a projection of the lower jaw, his height and figure, could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full length picture of him, and yet no picture accurately resembled him, in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics, which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. He was remarkably dignified in his manner, and had an air of benignity over his features, which his visitant did not expect, being rather prepared for sternness of countenance. After an introduction by Mrs. Washington, without more form than common good manners prescribe, "he requested me," said my father, "to be seated; & taking a chair himself, entered at once into con-

versation. His manner was full of affability. He asked how I liked the country, the city of New York; talked of the infant institutions of America, and the advantages she offered, by her intercourse, for benefiting other nations. He was grave in manner, but perfectly easy. His dress was of purple satin. There was a commanding air in his appearance, which excited respect and forbade too great a freedom towards him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement too there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the most polished individuals in Europe, and his smile was extraordinarily attractive. It was observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking. It struck me no man could be better formed for command. A stature of six feet, a robust, but well proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength, and abates active exertion, displaying bodily powers of no mean standard. A light eye and full—the very eye of genius and reflection, rather than of blind passionate impulse. His nose appeared thick; and, though it befitted his other features, was too coarsely and strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other that I ever saw; the lips firm, and the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still. Neither with the general nor with Mrs. Washington was there the slightest restraint of ceremony. There was less of it than I ever recollect to have met with, where perfect good breeding and manners were at the same time observed. To many remarks Washington assented with a smile or inclination of the head, as if he were by nature sparing in his conversation and I am inclined to think this was the case. An allusion was made to a serious fit of illness he had recently suffered: but he took no notice of it. I could not help remarking, that America must have looked with anxiety to the termination of his indisposition. He made no reply to my compliment but by an inclination of the head. His bow at my taking leave I shall not forget. It was the last movement which I saw that illustrious character make, as my eyes took their leave of him for ever, and it hangs a perfect picture upon my recollection.—The house of Washington was in the Broadway, and the street front was handsome. The drawing room in which I sat was lofty and spacious; but the furniture was not beyond that found in dwellings of opulent Americans in general, and might be called plain for its situation. The upper end of the room had glass doors, which opened upon a balcony commanding an extensive view of the Hudson River. A grandson and daughter resided constantly in the house with the general, and a nephew of the general's, married to a niece of Mrs. Washington, resided at Mount Vernon, the general's family seat in Virginia, his residence as president, keeping with

at the seat of government"—The levees held by Washington, as president, were generally crowded, and held on Tuesday, between three and four o'clock. The president stood, and received the bow of the person presented, who retired to make way for another. At the drawing rooms, Mrs. Washington received the ladies, who curtsied and passed aside without exchanging a word. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds were laid in one part of the rooms, and before the individuals of the company retired, each lady was a second time led up to the lady president, made her second silent obeisance and departed—nothing could be more simple, yet it was enough.

LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

Twenty-eight years have passed away, since an interesting group were assembled in the death-room. So keen and unsparring hath been the scythe of time, that, of all those who watched over the patriarch's couch, on the 13th and 14th of Dec. 1799, but a single personage survives.

On the morning of the 13th, the General was engaged in making some improvements in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground.—The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wet before his return to the house. About one o'clock, he was seized with chillness and nausea, but having changed his clothes, he sat down to his *in-door work*—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night, on joining his family circle, the General complained of slight indisposition, and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the library door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well regulated mansion, she arose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well known step was heard upon the stair, and upon the General's entering his chamber, the lady kindly chided him for remaining up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply: "I came as soon as my business was accomplished. You know well, that, through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to day."

Having first covered up the fire with care, the mighty man of labors at last sought repose; but it came not as it had long been wont to do, to comfort and restore; after the many and earnest occupations of the well spent day. The night was passed in feverish restlessness and pain. Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest on his account and it was only at day break he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. Couriers were despatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family, and Doctors Dick and Brown, as consulting physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without

producing their healing effects; while the patient yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objection to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearyed endeavors to preserve this noblest work of nature.

Night approached—the last night of Washington—the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching with intense anxiety for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself? he answered, "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried, and bosom friend, he observed: "I am dying, Sir—but not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said: "Go to my escrutoir, and in the private drawer you find two papers;—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "They are my Wills; preserve this one, and burn the other." Which was immediately done. Calling to Col. Lear, he directed: "Let my corps be kept for the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that Washington was old fashioned in much of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on these accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days, is derived from remote antiquity, and arose, not from fear of premature interment, as in more modern times, but from motives of veneration toward the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corpse; and for the many sad, yet endearing ceremonies with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we have loved.

The patient bore his acute suffering with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the Divine will; while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that his "hour was nigh." He inquired the time; and was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more: the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self possession, he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his hands upon his bosom—without a sigh—without a groan—the Father of his Country expired, gently as though an infant died. No pang or struggle told when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benignant lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observances of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope. Yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give still farther

length of days to him whose "time-honored life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the Throne of Grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon the ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to bear her, from the chamber of the dead. SUCH WERE THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

INVENTIONS OF THE ARABIANS.

The following account of the "useful inventions of the Arabians," is taken from *Sismond's Literature of the South of Europe*, an interesting work recently republished in New-York:—

A great number of the inventions, which, at the present day, add to the comforts of life, and without which literature could never have flourished, are due to the Arabians. Thus paper, now so necessary to the progress of the intellect, the want of which plunged Europe, from the seventh to the tenth century, into such a state of ignorance and barbarism, is an Arabic invention. In China, indeed, from all antiquity, it had been manufactured from silk; about the year 30 of the Hegira, (A. D. 649.) this invention was introduced at Samarcand; and when that flourishing city was conquered by the Arabians, in the year 85 of the Hegira, an Arabian, of the name of Joseph Amrou, carried the process by which paper was made to Mecca, his native city. He employed cotton in the manufacture; and the first paper nearly resembling that which we now use, was made in the year 88 of the Hegira, A. D. 706. This invention spread with rapidity throughout all the dominions of the Arabians, and more especially in Spain, where the town of Sativa, in the kingdom of Valencia, now called San Felipe, was renowned from the 12th century for its beautiful manufactures of paper. It appears that at this time the Arabians had substituted in the fabrication of paper, flax which grew abundantly with them, for cotton, which was much more scarce and dear. It was not until the end of the 13th century, that at the instance of Alphonso X, king of Castile, paper mills were established in the Christian states of Spain, from whence the invention passed, in the 14th century only, to Trevisa and Padua. Gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed, a German chemist, was known to the Arabians at least a century before any traces of it appear in the European histories. In the 11th century it was frequently employed by the Moors in their wars in Spain; and some indications remain of its having been known in the 11th century. The compass, also, the invention of which has been given alternately to the Italians and French, in the 13th century, was already known by the Arabians in the 11th. The geographer of Nubia, who wrote in the 12th century, speaks of it as an instrument universally employed. The numerals which we call Arabic, but which ought rather to be called Indian, were undoubtedly at least communicated to us by the Arabians. Without them one of the sciences in which calculation is employed, could have been carried to the point which they have arrived in our day, and while the great mathematicians and astronomers among the Arabians very nearly approached. The number of Arabic inventions of which we en-

the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious. But they have been introduced into Europe slowly and imperceptibly; for those who imported them did not arrogate to themselves the fame of invention, meeting as they did, in every country, people, who like themselves, had seen them practised in the east. It is peculiarly characteristic of all the pretended discoveries of the middle ages, that when the historians mention them for the first time, they treat them as things in general use. Neither gunpowder, nor the compass, the Arabic numerals, nor paper, are any where spoken of as discoveries; and yet they must have wrought a total change in war, in navigation, in science, and in education. It cannot be doubted that the inventor, if he had lived at that time, would have had sufficient vanity to claim so important a discovery. Since that was not the case, it may reasonably be presumed that all these inventions were slowly supported by obscure individuals, and not by men of genius, and that they were brought from a country where they were already universally known.

ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH.

Man enters in the career of life, totally ignorant of the region through which his path will conduct him, and of the various dangers and obstacles, which he must necessarily encounter and surmount. In order, therefore, to pass on with ease and in safety, he is dependant, in a great degree, upon the information of those who have trod the ground before him, and who preserve a vivid recollection of the objects, which came within the sphere of their observation.

But alas! it is the misfortune of the impetuous and volatile youth, to dote on his self sufficiency; to be sadly ignorant of his destitution of knowledge. His daring mind looks down on the idea of dependance with supreme contempt. Not yet detected of imposture, his wayward fancy spreads out before him a smooth and level *terrafirma*, luxuriant in all the sweets of nature, without any mixture of the bitter and the poisonous; a vast and magnificent plain, which he may range at his pleasure, unmolested by the pitfalls and rugged elevations, the bogs and the torrents, with the sage experience of hoary hairs, foresees, may prove his ultimate destruction.

The wholesome advice and tender expostulations of a parent, a guardian, or a preceptor, are regarded by those who are in the height of youthful passions, as so many restraints, imposed on their lawful pleasures and gratifications, through the influence either of spleen or something worse.

If maternal solicitude attempt to whisper warning in the ear of a beloved daughter, she at once imagines herself regarded as an idiot, and indignantly replies she hopes she is capable of acting for herself. A young man, whose follies and imprudence have become the annoyers of his father's peace, and are blasting the fondest expectations of his friends, and threatening the disgrace and ruin of his family, is impatient of all reproof. He knows what he is doing, and needs not the whimsical advice of decayed intellect.

If the benevolence and assiduity of a preceptor are employed in attempting to mould the moral character of his pupil, the pert young tyro's object is, not to study precepts of morality, but literature and sciences. Thus the rashness of youth often wings them onward to des-

truction, while the counsels of age and experience, which would have conducted them to happiness and renown, pass unheeded, and the gray hairs of their fathers and friends, descend "with sorrow to the grave."



From Zion's Herald.
SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly, Prov. xvii, 12.

We have many striking comparisons the Scriptures to represent and set off the power and force of passion. It is worthy of remark that those of the wild beasts the most fierce and ferocious are as remarkable for their fondness for their young, and when bereaved of them become outrageous ferocious. A bear is by nature an exceeding fierce creature; the female is more fierce than the male, especially so, when she has young ones; but when robbed of them she becomes terrible, and regardless of her own safety she pursues her enemy with a madness which knows no bounds. To this Hushai alludes when he gave counsel to Absalom concerning his pursuing David. "Thou knowest thy father and his men that they are mighty men, and that they be chafed in their minds, as a bear robbed of her whelps in the field." They were bold and sanguinary warriors, and now being hunted and deprived of their houses, homes, children and dearest enjoyments, if attacked they would return upon their pursuers with terrible desperation & havoc, 2 Sam. xvii 8.

My young readers are too well acquainted with the story of the bear as related by a person on board of the Seahorse frigate or Carcass-bomb while she was locked in the ice to need to have it repeated here. It shows the force of affection, and the terribleness of her anger. Many stories of a similar kind are related by our own hunters which go to illustrate the propriety of the figure of comparison in the text. Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly. An overweening, shallow-pated man is the most irritable creature living. His pride, being only equalled by his ignorance and folly knows no bounds. He is jealous of provocations and insults that were never thought of but by his own foolish heart. His demands of concession and submission are unreasonable, and his resentments outrageous. If he does not rush instantly and recklessly to the commission of murderous deeds, his challenges and duels involve the most deplorable consequences. If an innocent man, a man of principle is grappling with a bear for life, he knows what he has to depend on, his all depends on the exertions of the moment; but who can escape the human brute? There is a double danger here—first, from the relentless fury of the fool himself; and secondly, there is a danger lest our own passions should be roused by provocation to do some unlawful and wicked thing.

Let youth learn from this to guard against the criminal indulgence of pride, arrogance, self conceit, resentment, and revenge; that they may not fall under the character of the fool in his folly. Let them also learn to avoid the company of such; especially avoid forming connexions in business or friendship with them. As you regard your peace, your reputation, your life or the comfort of your friends—avoid them.



EDUCATION.

It is education that pours light into the un-

derstanding, lies up its golden treasures in the memory, softens the asperities of the temper; checks the waywardness of passion and appetite and trains to habits of industry, temperance, and benevolence. It is this which qualifies men for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, the practice of medicine and the bench of justice. It is to education, to its domestic agents, its schools and colleges, its universities and literary societies, that the world is indebted for the thousand comforts and elegancies of civilized life, for almost every useful art, discovery and invention.

Education, moreover, is power, physical intellectual, and moral power. And to be convinced of this, we need only compare our own great republic with the myriads of pagan or savage men, in any part of the world. How astonishing the difference, in every important respect! For what can the ignorant hords of central Africa or Asia do, either in arts or in arms? What to make themselves happy at home, or respected abroad? And what on the other hand cannot civilized countries accomplish?

In a word, education, regarding man as a rational, accountable, and immortal being, elevates, expands, and enriches his mind, cultivates the best affections of his heart: pours a thousand sweet and gladdening streams around the dwellings of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich, and while it greatly multiplies and enhances the enjoyment of time, helps to train up the soul for the enjoyments of eternity.

As the body passes slowly through infancy and childhood, so does the mind. Feeble at first, it 'grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength' of the corporeal system. Destitute alike of knowledge at their birth, the children of one family, or generation, have in this respect, no advantage over those of another. All, the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, have everything to learn. No one was ever born a Newton or an Edwards. It is patient, vigorous, and long continued application that makes the great mind. All must begin with the simplest elements of knowledge, and advance from step to step in nearly the same manner. Thus native talent in a child may be compared to the small capital with which a young merchant begins in trade. It is not his fortune, but only the means of making it. Or it may be likened to a quarry of fine marble, or to a mine of the precious metals. The former never starts up spontaneously into Cyprian Venuses—or does the latter, of its own accord, assume the shape and value of a shinning currency. Much time, and labour, and skill, are requisite, to fashion the graceful statue, and to refine and stamp the yellow treasure.

Let every youth, therefore, early settle it in his mind, that if he would ever be anything, he has got to make himself; or in other words, to rise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try it effectually, before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. Put him first upon his own invention; send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind and make him feel, that their is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and steady to support him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged paths of science, difficulties which he cannot surmount impede his progress, let him be helped over them; but never let him

think of being led, when he has power to walk, without help, nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace when he can melt it down in his own. To excuse our young men from painful mental labour, in a course of liberal education, would be about as wise, as to invent easier cradle springs for the conveyance of our children to school, or softer cushions for them to sit on at home, in order to promote their growth and vigorous constitutions.

DONT BE DISCOURAGED.

Don't be Discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, & whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so, to our disappointment if we have built on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerful ness as possible—and to elbow our way as easily as we can through the great crowd, hoping for little yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan. But

Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen: mis calculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes cloudy and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency, when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And again,

Don't be discouraged, if you are deceived in the people of the world, they are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you must be made used; if you fare as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust men cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you.

Don't be discouraged, under any circumstances—Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience, than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious; be frugal; be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy

HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE.

We live in a world which has so many sharp points and critical stations, that our own comfort, as well as that of those with whom we live, is made to turn upon mutual kindness, forbearance, accommodation, and dependence; in want of these, we are condemned to bear the lash of continual discord, and are made our own tormentors. The least consideration will inform us how easy it is to put an ill-natured construction upon a word; and what perverse turns and expressions

spring from an evil temper. Nothing can be explained to him who will not understand, nor will any thing appear right to the unreasonable, able. "Every thing in life," says one of the ancients, "has two handles;" but it must be a bad disposition indeed which will be ever seizing the wrong one. I therefore repeat it, that if you would have comfort, you must give it. It is no uncommon thing to hear the very persons who throw a family into confusion complain that there is no peace in the family; but he that would escape the calamity of fire, must be careful not to strike the sparks which enkindle it. The only remedy for all these evils is true religion.—*Oecil*

VIRTUE.

Virtue sheds a lustre over the mind of its possessor, which none can appreciate but those who have tasted of its sweets. The calm and contented mind generally has it for its chief aim—the Christian holds it higher than his life—the wicked may scoff and deride, but their own actions bespeak its command in their hearts. In females it always shines brighter than any other ornament: it has a command over the heart of man which is always revered through life, it bespeaks a soul above all meanness, and while it is held, cares, and other vexations of life are lost in the sweet knowledge of doing right—yet why is it that we so often see it thrown aside as if worthless; and trouble, iniquity and sorrow, taken in its place; is it because they give man happiness? the lips may answer yes, but our actions eventually say no. There is a feeling in virtue which none but those who have tasted of its sweets can describe—How lovely, after the fatigues of a day to contemplate the going down of the sun, and say to ourselves, even as thou hast revived us by thy genial rays, so am I rejoiced in the knowledge of my having spent this day well.

ANECDOTES.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

The following curious circumstance occurred a few years ago at a country village near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, England. A boy, belonging to a chimney sweeper at Louth, taking his usual rounds in the country, called at a farm house in the above village, late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning following, the farmer informed him that he might if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed among the straw, and went to rest. Some time in the night, he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lantern and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposed they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn heap. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice, said, "I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly, they beheld the knight of the brush in his sable robes, and supposing him to be a messenger from the infernal regions, threw down their sacks and lanterns, and immediately disappeared.

PERSEVERANCE.

An ancient and distinguished individual used to say I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I used to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit to me, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studious; if to acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self-denial, would do it, (which will not always) I should certainly succeed, for I would not give up until I obtained my object. I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circumspect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me, that I was undeserving of such coldness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the

consolation of being conscious of not deceiving the haughty which was displayed over me.

THE CALIPH RECLAIMED.

During the dominion of the Moorish Caliph in Spain, Hakkam, the son and successor of Abdourahman III. waiting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase from a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it; and when she could not be prevailed on to part with the inheritance of her officers, Hakkam's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibu Bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous, and Bechir concluded that the ordinary legal methods of proceeding would be ineffectual if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the caliph. The prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden; Bechir with his sack in his hand advanced towards him, and after prostrating himself, desired the caliph would permit him to fill his sack with earth in that garden. Hakkam showed some surprise at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done the magistrate entreated the prince to assist him in laying the burden on his ass. This extraordinary request surprised Hakkam still more, but he only told the judge it was too heavy, he could not bear it. "Yet this sack," replied Bechir, "which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of the ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able at the day of judgment to support the weight of the whole?" The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakkam without delay restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to its former proprietor.

See 1 Kings, chap. xxi.

POETRY.

BEAUTY AND A FEELING HEART.

The rose on beauty's cheek is fair,
And sweet that lip of choral eemeth;
And yet unless there's pity there,
In vain the eye of beauty beameth;
A tear for others wo, by far,
Is fairer than those beauties are.

But when down beauty's cheek we see
A tear for sorrow gently stealing;
And when a sigh for misery,
Proclaims a heart of tender feeling,
We point to Heaven and declare,
Those beauties were imprinted there.

I saw an aged son of wo,
Whose journey here was nearly ended;
I saw his tears of sorrow flow,
While he his trembling hand extended—
Feeble, and old, and lame, and blind,
And shivering in the chilly wind.

I saw a beautiful form pass by,
And cast on him a look of sorrow:
I heard her say with tearful eye,
"Take this and call on me to-morrow."
I know her not, nor could I even
Learn whence she came: she's known in heaven.

DEPART D FRIENDS.

By W. L. Alexander, Esq.

'Tis sweet to muse, as o'er the gladden'd sea
The orient sun his youthful radiance flings,
On those fair scenes which Hope to Fancy brings,
And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be.
But oh! 'tis sweeter far when Memory,
At dewy eve, with ling'ring eye looks back
O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,
Which erst we trod with careless steps and feet.
There the fond heart o'er ancient visions stays,
And friends, once deeply loved but long since
Meet us again; and scenes of other days
Float o'er the mind like Music's dying tone,
Leaving a peace that's less of earth than heaven,
A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given.