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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus auræ."

No. 19.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, December 7, 1831.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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 Agent, and shall receive a copy gratis.

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All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF SARAH FULLER.

Her Father, the late Mr. ANDREW FULLER of Kettering.

Sarah Fuller was born at Soham, December 1779. At the time of her birth I committed her to God; as I have done many times since. In particular, viewing her as she lay smiling in the cradle, at the age of eight months, my heart was much affected: I took her up in my arms, retired, and in that position wrestled with God for a blessing; at the same time bringing her up, as it were, and solemnly presenting her to the Lord for acceptance. In this exercise I was greatly encouraged, by the conduct of Christ towards those who brought little children in their arms to him for his blessing. I have frequently, when carrying her in my arms, sung over her such lines as the following, with much affection:

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

Or this:

O may'st thou live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
There all his glories to behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

She was a child of great vivacity of spirits, nothing remarkably vicious. The only time in her life that I had any occasion to use a rod, was when she was about four years old, for telling a lie. Having one day a great inclination to go out, she asked leave, and then said she had sinned it, when she had not.

About Michaelmas, 1785, she was invited by kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Ryland and Miss Ler, to pay a visit to Northampton. She went, and stayed eleven or twelve weeks, during which time Mrs. Trinder kindly took her to her school. Her proficiency in reading, writing, &c. gave us much pleasure. But, alas

for us! how long will it be, ere we cease to set our eyes upon that which is not? Death was then preparing to blast our rising hopes! About December she was taken ill at Northampton; our friends thought her illness to be the measles; after a while she seemed to get better, and on December the sixteenth, I brought her home. From the time of her return, we perceived a remarkable seriousness in her, with an uncommon delight in reading; and in our apprehension, her faculties ripened much beyond her years. But still her illness hung about her. In the beginning of February, she had the measles of a certainty, and we hoped would have recovered her health after the turn of the disorder; but from that time she grew weaker and weaker, and her complaints grew more and more alarming. A hectic fever preyed upon her perpetually. At this time, however, she took great delight in reading accounts of the conversion of little children, and seemed to love those children for their godliness. She would read these narratives aloud, when she was obliged to pause at every few words to get breath, till indeed we were obliged to restrain her, lest it should overcome her. At the same time she discovered great tenderness of conscience in respect of speaking the truth, and keeping holy the Lord's day. She would chide her brother Robert, if he discovered any inclination to play on that day.

In March I took her to Northampton, for the advice of Dr. Kerr. This cheered her spirits, as she loved Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, and wanted to go to see them. She stayed there a fortnight, and her aunt with her. The doctor was very attentive and kind to her; and we still hoped she might recover. During this fortnight I went two or three times to see her: and one evening, being with her alone, she asked me to pray for her. 'What do you wish me to pray for, my dear?' said I. She answered, 'That God would bless me, and keep me, and save my soul.' 'Do you think then that you are a sinner?' 'Yes, father.' Fearing lest she did not understand what she said, I asked her, 'What is sin, my dear?' She answered, 'Telling a story.' I comprehended this, and it went to my heart, 'What then, (I said,) you remember, do you, my having corrected you once for telling a story?' 'Yes, father.' 'And are you grieved for having so offended God?' 'Yes, father.' I asked her if she did not try to pray herself. She answered, 'I sometimes try, but I do not know how to pray; I wish you would pray for me, till I can pray for myself.' As I continued to sit by her, she appeared much dejected. I asked her the reason. She said, 'I am afraid I should go to hell.' 'My dear, (said I) who told you so?' 'Nobody, (said she,) but I know if I do not pray to the Lord, I must go to hell.' I then went to prayer with her, with many tears.

After her return to Kettering, we soon saw, with heart-rending grief, evident symptoms of approaching dissolution. Her mind seemed to grow, however, in seriousness. She had some verses composed for her by our dear friend Mr.

Ryland. These, when we rode out for the air, she often requested me to say over to her. She several times requested me to pray with her. I asked her again if she tried to pray herself; I found by her answer that she did, and was used to pray over the hymn which Mr. Ryland composed for her. I used to carry her in my arms into the fields, and there talk with her upon the desirableness of dying and being with Christ, and with holy men and women, and with those holy children who cried, Hosanna to the son of David. Thus I tried to reconcile her, and myself with her, to death, without directly telling her she would soon die. One day, as she lay in bed, I read to her the last eight verses of Rev. vii. 'They shall hunger no more, nor thirst,' &c. I said nothing upon it, but wished to observe what effect the passage might have upon her; I should not have wondered if she had been a little cheered by it. She said nothing, however, but looked very dejected. I said, 'My dear you are very unhappy.' She was silent, I urged her to tell me what was the matter. Still she was silent. I then asked her, whether she was afraid she should not go to that blessed world of which I had been reading? She answered, 'Yes.' 'But what makes you afraid, my dear?' 'Because (said she, with a tone of grief that pierced me to the heart,) I have sinned against the Lord.' 'True my dear, (said I,) you have sinned against the Lord; but the Lord is more ready to forgive you, if you are grieved for offending him, than I can be to forgive you when you are grieved for offending me; and you know how ready I am to do that.' I then told her of the great grace of God, and the love of Christ to sinners. I told her of his mercy in forgiving a poor wicked thief, who when he was dying prayed to him to save his soul. At this she seemed cheered, but said nothing.

A few weeks before she died, she asked her aunt to read to her. 'What shall I read, my dear?' said her aunt. 'Read, (said she,) some book about Christ. Her aunt read part of the

* Lord, teach me a child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A helpless creature I was born,
And from the womb I stray'd;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face,
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus will guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

twenty-first chapter of Matthew, concerning the children who shouted Hosanna to the Son of David. As her death drew nigh, I was exceedingly affected, and very earnest in prayer for her soul, having now no hope of her life. I used frequently to anticipate her death, when I could think of nothing but the language of Rebekah—'The child is not, and I, whether shall I go?' I thought at that time, if any thing were said at her funeral, it must be from some such passage as this. In short I am sure I was affected to excess, and in a way that I ought not to have been, and I believe should not have been, if I had loved God better. About this time, I throw myself prostrate on the floor, and wept exceedingly, yet pleading with God for her. The agony of my spirit produced a most violent bilious complaint, which laid me quite aside for several days. I then reflected that I had sinned in being so inordinately anxious. From this time I felt a degree of calmness and resignation to God. On the morning of the 30th of May, I heard a whispering in an adjoining room. I suspected the cause, and upon inquiry found that the child had expired about six o'clock, with a slight convulsive motion, without a sigh or a groan. I called the family to me, and as well as I was able, attempted to bless a taking as well as a giving God, and to implore that those of us who were left behind might find grace in the wilderness. The words of the Shunammite were at that time much to me—"It is well." These words were preached from at her funeral by Mr Ryland. My affliction had prevented my seeing her the last few days of her life; but I just went and took leave of her body, before the coffin was fastened down; though that was almost too much for me in my weak and afflicted state. She was very patient under her afflictions, scarcely ever complaining, even when her bones penetrated through her skin. If ever we were obliged to force her medicines upon her, though she would cry a little at the moment, yet she would quickly leave off, and kiss us, saying, 'I love you, I love you all, I love you for making me take my medicines, for I know you do it for my good.' Her constitution was always rather delicate, her temper amiable, and her behaviour engaging.

Surely it will now be our concern to flee from idolatry, and hold all created comfort with a loose hand; remembering the counsel of the Apostle "The time is short: it remaineth that those who have wives be as though they have none; and those that weep as though they wept not; and those that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world, (or, this world, which is but a figure, fashion, or form, without substance,) passeth away."—She died May 30, 1786, aged six years and nearly six months.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BISON.

The Bison, which is another animal of the cow kind, differs from the rest in having a lump between its shoulders; and the size of these animals varies so completely, that it is difficult to give an idea of their height.

Upon taking a slight survey of this creature, he bears some resemblance to the lion's race; he has a thick long shaggy mane, and a beard extending from the throat to the chin, his head

is small; his eyes fiery and red, and so full of fury and ill nature, that they absolutely intimidate with their glare; the forehead is extremely wide, the horns large, and placed so far asunder that three men might easily sit in the space; on the middle of the back there rises a hump nearly as high as a camel's, and covered with hair; and those who hunt the animal for the sake of its food, consider it as a most delicate and luxurious treat. In a state of nature this creature is so wild, that the hunters are obliged to fly for safety to those trees where their thick foliage secures them from his sight; and he can only be taken by digging deep pits in the earth, and covering them over with grass and boughs of trees, when the noise of the hunters impels him forward, and he is suddenly precipitated into their snare.

Though this creature seems so untamable in its natural state, it may easily be made subservient to the will of man; and the Hottentots, in particular, have so completely subdued them, that they seem to consider them as domestic friends; they bend their knees to receive all burdens, and are completely gentle as the most docile of our steeds.

The Bisons, or cows with a hump, differ according to the parts of the world in which they are found, though it is generally allowed that the tame ones diminish very much in size, when compared with the wild. Some have horns, and some are without; some have them depressed, and other's raised, but all become docile and gentle when tamed, and many are furnished with lustrous and soft hair.

The Bisons of Malabar, Abyssinia, and Madagascar, are, from the luxuriance of their pastures, all of the large kind; but those of Arabia Petraea, and most parts of Africa, are small, and appear of the zebu kind.

From this it appears that Naturalists have given various names to creatures which in reality are the same, or differ in circumstances merely accidental; the wild cow and the tame, the animal belonging to Europe, and that of Asia, Africa, and America, the bonases and the urus, the bizon, and the zebu, are doubtless one and the same race; and were they allowed to mix with each other, in a few generations the distinction would cease.—New Preceptor.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

RELIGION NEVER TO BE TREATED WITH LEVITY.

IMPRESS your minds then with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliances with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert & shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a

native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful: far removed from that gloomy and illiberal supposition, which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, conduct preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed, but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world. Blair.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

Your contemplation farther yet pursue;
The wondrous world of VEGETABLES view!
See varied TREES their various fruits produce,
Some for delightful taste, and some for use.
See SPROUTING PLANTS enrich the plain and wood,
For Physic some, and some design'd for food.
See FRAGRANT FLOWERS, with different colors dy'd
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.

VEGETABLES.

From the verdant colour of creation the transition is natural to a consideration of the objects by which it is occasioned.—These are the numerous vegetable tribes which cover and adorn the surface of our globe in all that variety of TREES, SHRUBS, and HERBS, which we behold.

Here, Trees, like stately turrets raise their lofty heads; thro' the more pliant and humble thick-set Shrubs unite their foliage; while the herbaceous tribe in mingled profusion cling more closely to the earth, and cover the fields with their verdure.

THE STRUCTURE OF VEGETABLES

In all their varied forms is truly wonderful—How excellent adapted are the roots for taking hold of their parent earth, as well as for drawing nourishment for the support of the plant and imbibing moisture from the neighbouring soil! How commodiously are the various tubes and fibres which compose the trunk or stalk arranged, for the motion of the sap upwards to all the extremities of the leaves and branches? How nicely are the leaves formed for the important services they are made to yield in the economy of vegetation?—See how they serve to concoct and prepare the Sap—how they prevent by their shade the moisture at the root from being too speedily evaporated—how they embrace and defend the flower in the bud, and carefully conceal the fruit before it arrives at maturity, and by catching the undulations of the gentle breeze how they convey that motion to the trunk and branches, which, (for ought we know,) may be as essentially necessary to the vegetable life as exercise is to animal health. What an excellent clothing does the bark afford, not only for protecting the stem and branches from external injury, but from the hurtful extremes of heat and cold? What evident marks of wisdom and design do the Flowers evince in their beautiful and delicate construction—how nicely are they formed for the protection and nourishment of the first and tender rudiments of the fruit; and when it has attained more firmness and solidity how readily do they relinquish their charge, and drop off in decay when no longer necessary. How wonderfully does the fruit, in some cases envelope and protect the seed till it has arrived at maturity;—and lastly, what a passing strange piece of organized mechanism is the seed itself!

being necessary for the reproduction of its species, what a remarkable provision is made for its preservation and succession! What but the wisdom of a Deity could have devised that the seeds which are most exposed to the ravages of the inhabitants of the forest, should not only be doubly, but some of them trebly enclosed! that those most in request as articles of food, should be so hardy and abundantly produced; and, that seeds in general which are the sort of so many casualties, and exposed to injury from such a variety of accidents, are possessed of a principle of lasting vitality, which alters it indeed no easy matter to deprive them their fructifying power. Plants are also multiplied and propagated by a variety of ways, which strengthen the provision made for their succession.

Nor is the finger of providence less visible in the means of diffusing or spreading abroad the seed, than in the provision made for keeping up their succession. The earth may be said to be full of the goodness of the Lord; but it comes it to pass that, in parts untrod by man, and on the tops of ruinous buildings, so many varied specimens of the vegetable creation are to be found?—Is it not from the manner in which Nature's great husbandman scatters his seeds about? While the seeds of some plants are made sufficiently heavy to fall down and settle up their abode nigh the place of their nativity; and others, after having been swallowed by quadrupeds, are deposited in the neighbourhood of soil; some are carried by the fowls of the air to places more remote, or being furnished with a soft plumage, are borne on the winds of heaven to the situations allotted for them. To prevent some from pitching too near, they are kept up in elastic cases, which bursting when they are ripe, the prisoners fly abroad in all directions: to prevent others from straying too far, they are furnished with a kind of grappling-hooks that arrest them in their flight, and attach them to the spot most congenial to their growth.—These are some of the doings of the Lord, and are wondrous in our eyes!

In the construction of plants we observe a considerable difference in the consistence of the tree classes. Compared with the Shrubby tree, low hard, firm, and tenacious is the trunk of the majestic Oak; and compared with the herbaceous tribe, how woody, tough, and elastic is the hawthorn Twig;—but for this, how would the mighty monarch of the wood have been able to withstand the fury of the tempest;—and, while the more humble and lowly shrubs stand in need of such firmness of texture, their flexibility and elastic toughness, together with a prickly coat of mail by which they are enveloped, render them less susceptible of injury in their exposed situation.

Softness, united with a greater degree of flexibility, are the distinguishing characteristics of the herbaceous order; and has this been ordered for the various purposes for which they were created; with the firmness of trees, to support a prickly stubble must Nature's soft and downy carpet have given way? with the tenacity of Shrubs, how would it have answered for food for our cattle?

There are besides a number of other properties and peculiarities in the vegetable kingdom; which the wonderful working of Divinity makes pre-eminent.—How strange, for instance,

that if a seed is sown in a reversed position, the young root turns of itself downwards, while the stem refuses to sink deeper in the soil, and bends itself round to shoot up through the surface of the earth—How surprising, that when the roots of a tree or plant meet with a stone or other interruption in their progress underground they change their direction, and avoid it. How amazing, that the numerous shoots which branch out from the root in quest of moisture, pursue as it were by instinct the tract that leads to it,—will turn from a barren to a more fertile soil; and, that plants shut up in a darksome room, bend or creep to any aperture through which the rays of light may be admitted.

In these respects the vegetable tribes may be said to possess something analogous to animal life; but here the *resu blanco* does not drop—how surprising the phenomenon of what is called the sleep of plants, and the sexual system of Linnæus, founded on the discovery that there exists in the vegetable, as well as in the animal kingdom, a distinction of sexes.

What amazing variety of size, of shape, and of hue, do we discover among this multitudinous order of things!—What different properties do some possess from others!—and, what a near approach do a few make to that superior order immediately above them, in the scale of existence!—The *Sensitiva* plant, when slightly touched, evinces something like the timidity of our harmless animals—the *Hedysarum Gyranz*, or moving plant of the east, exhibits an incessant and spontaneous movement of its leaves during the day, in warm and clear weather; but in the night season, and in the absence of light and heat, its motions cease, and it remains as it were in a state of quiescence—and the American *Venus Flytrap*, like an animal of prey, seems to lie in wait to catch the unwary insect.—These are wonderful properties of vegetable creation, but these are necessary in the infinitude of the works of God, as links to connect it with the order of animals, and preserve unbroken the most minute gradations in Nature's universal chain!

POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

In last week's Publication, of your interesting JUVENILE ENTERTAINER, I saw some beautiful lines in the form of, or rather imitation of "SWEET HOME," which prompts me to send you the subsequent Lines, composed by a young Lady fifteen years old.

How vain are the pleasures this earth can afford,
No happiness here, but is found in the Lord,
In this valley of grief for a while I must roam,
Till Christ, my Redeemer shall bid me come Home
Home, home, Heaven my home,
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

When anguish has ta'en its sad hold on my mind,
O gracious Physician, still loving and kind,
Heal all my backslidings, don't leave me alone,
Lest I miss the path to sweet Heaven my home
Home, home, Heaven my home,
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

He loves me, though oft at his feet I complain
Of sorrow of heart, and of bodily pain;
He loves, for he's promised at Death he would come,
And take me from Earth to sweet Heaven my home.
Home, home, Heaven my home,
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

Away all dejection, all doubt and all fear,
The Saviour is mighty, and always is near;
A few painful hours and the message will come,
Now praise God for ever in Heaven your home.
Home, home, Heaven my home,
To Heaven my home, to Heaven my home.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.—This amiable poet was descended, on his father's side, from Lord Chancellor Cowper, and by his mother's side related to the witty and satirical poet, Dr. Donne. He was a child of a most meek and affectionate temper, and engaged the tender attentions of a fond mother, which her death upon receiving her portrait, which re-awakened all the tender feelings of his earliest years. Thus he describes her fond attentions.

"The nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere 't was left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum:
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd,
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that new no fall;
No'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
And this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee, as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,

Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little notice'd here.
When nine years old, he was sent to Westminster School, where his natural meekness and bashfulness exposed him to the wanton cruelty of one of the elder boys, which made such an impression on his tender nerves as never could be eradicated.

'One day,' says Mr. Cowper, 'as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and at last ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, those words of the Psalmist came into my mind: 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirits, and a cheerfulness, which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity.—His gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me, if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me; but, alas! it was the first and last instance of the kind between infancy and manhood. The cruelty of this boy, which he had long practised in so secret a manner that no person suspected it, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and I was taken from it.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

PICTURE OF A FIELD OF BATTLE.

From the Cheap Magazine.

Gentlemen.

It was indeed a horrible detail that appeared in your December number, under the head of "Fatal Ambition," but the following description renders the picture more complete,

as it conveys to the mind some idea of what those unfortunate victims of remorseless ambition must have suffered and felt, before the vital spark became extinct and their numerous corpses were left to swell the funeral pile.

It is said to be by a person who went over the field of battle after the defeat of the Russians by the King of Prussia at Saldin, and if any person can read it without being moved, he must have feelings very different from the writer.

"At one o'clock (says this gentleman) the cannonading ceased, and I went out on foot to Saldin, in order to learn to whose advantage the battle turned out towards evening, seven hundred of the Russian fugitives came to Saldin, a pitiful sight indeed! some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing; others praying, and praising the King of Prussia, without hats, without clothes; some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up, some dragging along by the stirrups, others by the horse-tails. When the battle was decisive, and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading was. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed towards me, I mounted him, and on my way for seven miles and a half, on this side, the field of battle, I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, sadly cut in pieces. The farther I advanced, the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another; this scene I shall never forget! the Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, 'Water, water, water. Righteous God, what a sight! men, women, children, Russians and Prussians, carriages, horses, oxen, chests, baggage, all lying ere upon another, to the height of a man, seven villages around me in flames, and the inhabitants massacred, or thrown into the fire.'

The poor wounded still firing one at another in the greatest exasperation. The field of battle two miles and a half long, and wholly covered with dead and wounded, there was not even room to set my foot without treading on some of them. Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that I do affirm it, they lay heaped up one upon another as high as two men, and appeared like hills to the even ground, I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy, pray show me that compassion which God has not for me, and dispatch me at once.

REFLECTION.

If there is a God who delights in acts of humanity and virtue, how must he detest the author of such calamities to his creatures! And if vengeance belongs to this God, what must that monster expect who, regardless of the groans of the wounded, the tears of the orphan, and the widow's cries, works his way to dominion through scenes like these, and whose adamant and callous heart, cares not how many victims bleed, providing his ambitious views are promoted.

The rapidity of his motions, or singular good fortune as he may be pleased to call it, may for a while save him from his merited fate, but a day of retribution sooner or later will come, when he may wish with regret that his had been the sentiments expressed by such a prince, can-

not be hailed but as happy prognostics of the happiness of nations, I shall conclude with an extract from this admirable letter, dated at Lubbock, on the 7th of December last: "How happy are we, my dear Son, when we can prevent the shedding of tears! How sound and quiet is our sleep! If all men could be convinced of this truth there would be no more conquerors, and nations would be ruled by just kings."

A LOVER OF PEACE.

A SELF-MADE MAN.—Rodger Sherman, of Connecticut, was the son of poor parents. His business marked out to him for his was the sedentary and laborious employment of a shoemaker. But while his hand wrought in this humble, though useful occupation, providential occurrence led him to aspire after a higher station in life. He was requested by a friend to seek for him legal advice in a neighbouring town. The precision and accuracy with which he made known the case to the attorney consulted, excited surprise, and led to the intimation that his mind was fitted to higher pursuits. But how could this hint be improved? The advantages of education were not in his reach. Even should he relax his daily toil, want and suffering were near to him and to those he loved.

"Alone the oar he pled, the rapid night—
To pause but for a moment, was to die,

Neither at that time were there kind, liberal patrons of generous associations to which he might look with the hope of assistance. He saw that all his resources were in himself, and he resolved that the power of these resources should be tried, and in the strength of this resolution he rose from the bench of the shoemaker, and seated himself in the halls of our Congress, and when there he took his place with the first. For powers of discrimination, and for solidity of judgment, he had not a superior in that mighty assembly of men. Yes, this was the man whom Fisher Ames, when he had been prevented from hearing a debate, felt it safe to follow in his vote; for he always voted right. This is the man too, of whom the late illustrious Jefferson declared that he never said a foolish thing in his life, and yet this same person was a self-made man.

Prof. Newman.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The most barren ground, by manuring, may be made to produce good fruits; the fiercest beasts, by art, are made tame; so are moral virtues acquired by custom.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

Most men judge according to their interests, and abound in their own sense. Let two be of a contrary opinion; yet each presumes to have right on his side. But reason, that hath always been faithful, never had two faces.

POETRY.

Addressed to the Mother and Sisters of ———,
of P——.

O grieve not for him, with the wildness of sorrow,
As those that in hopeless despondency weep,
From God's holy word consolation we borrow,

For souls that in Jesus confidently sleep.

Lament not your loved one, but triumph the
ther
To think of the promise, the prayer of the Law
"Your joy shall be full"—and, "I will, O
Father!
That those whom thou gav'st me may be wh
I am."

His own sacred lip the assurance hath given—
Believe in your God, in your Saviour believe;
"I go to prepare you a mansion in Heaven,
And quickly returning my own will receive."

And was it not so with your darling when
ing

The gate would unclose and the Saviour appe
Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus surveying,
He breathed out his spirit with "Lord I
here."

And where is that spirit? washed whae in
fountain,
Presented unblameably pure at the throne,
The love and the mercy of Jesus recounting
To souls that are dwelling in joy like his own

In rapture unsated, in glory unclouded,
He rests before God with the angels of light;
Till the form in corruption, and darkness a
shrouded,
Shall rise at the trump, with the soul to unite.

Refined from its grossness, and purged from
heaven,
Its sins blotted out, and its sorrows all fled,
Made meet for a bright habitation in Heaven!
O who would not rest with the justified dead!

Nay, weep not for him—for the flower of t
morning
So dear to your bosoms, so fair to your eyes,
But weep for the souls unbelievingly scorning
The counsel and truth of the "God only wise.

He came to the cross, while his young cheek w
blooming,
And raised to the Lord the bright glance of h
eye;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness w
glooming
The cross did uphold him—the Saviour w
nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended,
I wept—but they were not the tear-drops of wo
The prayer of my soul that in fervour ascende
Was, "Lord, when thou callest, like him may
I go."

"At present the way of Providence in gene
ral is dark and mysterious. There is a depth
in it for which we have no line. There are
many seals on it not fit as yet to be opened.
But when the Lamb who is in the midst of th
throne shall open the seals, and show the mean
ing of all the dark passages in that mysterio
book, and every one is made to view that pa
of it that related to the way in which they w
brought through manifold tribulation to th
kingdom; then they will all strike up on th
highest key, and sing, 'He hath done a
things well!'"