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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscantis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 12.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, October 19, 1831.

Vol. 1.

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

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All Letters and Communications must be post paid

BIOGRAPHY.

The Progress of Genius.

FROM OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMINENCE AND CELEBRITY.

Genius is that gift of God which learning cannot confer, which no disadvantages of birth or education can wholly obscure.

AMUEL RICHARDSON.—The ingenious inventor of a peculiar species of moral romance, and styled by Johnson, "an author from whom the age has received great favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature and taught the passions to move at command of virtue," was bred a printer, and led for some years as a compositor and corrector to press. Besides his three great works of Pamela, *issa* Haslowe, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, all of which have a fine moral tendency, Mr Richardson published several other things, which met with public approbation, and carried on a correspondence with many of the distinguished eminence.

GEORGE ROZNEV, was originally bred to his father's business of a cabinet maker; but his natural genius discovered itself, and he became such an eminent artist, that Sir Joshua Reynolds confessed him his rival, young in reputation; and Mr. Hayley made him the subject of his publication, entitled: *A poetical allusion to an eminent painter.*

PROFESSOR DU VAL.—M. du Val Professor of History and Geography in the academy of L. acivillo, was son of a peasant in Burgundy; and while a child, was employed as a shepherd at a village near Nancy, in France. His thirst after knowledge appeared in his childhood and having no other means of gratifying it, made a collection of snakes, toads, & other animals in his roach; and amused himself with examining, and asking every one he met with, questions respecting their structure, from which however he met with little satisfaction.

He once happened to see in the hands of another boy, *Æsop's Fables*, with cuts, which made him more desirous of acquiring learning. He could not, and the other boy, who was capable of gratifying his curiosity, was seldom in a humour to assist him in his dilemma he saved whatever monies he could get and gave it to the elder boys, for teaching him to read. Being attained his end, he happened to meet with an snake in which the twelve signs of the zodiac were painted. These he looked for so constantly, and such attention in the heavens, that at last he imagined that he actually traced such figures there; and

though he was mistaken in this, and several other particulars, yet many of his observations were such as few persons even of far more mature age and learning, are found capable of.

Passing a print-shop at Nancy, he observed in the window, a map of the world, which opened a new field for speculation. He purchased it, and devoted many hours every day in its perusal.

His inclination for retirement induced him to visit some hermits who had their cells in a wood, undertaking to wait on them, and tend six or eight cows which they kept. These hermits were grossly ignorant, but Du Val had an opportunity of reading several books he found in their cells, and all the money he could scrape together was now laid out in books and maps.

In this course of life, Du Val continued until he attained his one and twentieth year, when in the autumn of 1717, he was discovered by Baron Peutschner watching his charge in the wood, and sitting under a tree with his maps and books about him. This nobleman was then governor to the young Prince of Lorraine, who happened to hunt that way. The Baron thought a houndsman with sun-burnt face, and bristling hair, dressed in a coarse linen frock, and with a heap of maps and books about him, so extraordinary a sight, that he informed the Prince of it; who immediately rode towards the place, and put several questions to Du Val about his way of living, and the progress he had made in learning. Du Val showed by his answers, that he was already master of the grounds of several sciences. The Prince offered to take him into his service, and told him that he should go to court, but Du Val having read that the air of the court was infectious to virtue, frankly answered, "that he choose rather to look after his herd, and continue to lead a quiet life in the wood, with which he was thoroughly satisfied, than to wait on the Prince." But, he added, "that if his Highness would give him an opportunity of reading curious books and of making himself master of more learning and knowledge, he was ready to follow him or any body else." The Prince was much pleased with his answers, and prevailed on the Duke, his father, to send him to the Jesuit's College at Pont-a-Mausson. When he had finished his studies there, the Duke permitted him to take a journey into France for his farther improvement; and soon after his return, gave him a professorship in the Academy of Luneville, with a pension of 700 livres per annum, and also made him his own librarian, with a salary of 1000 more.

HISTORY.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF AFRICA.

In regard to the social aspect of this continent, the unimproved condition in which it appears may be regarded as that perhaps in which violence and wrong have the widest fields, and cause the most dreadful calamities to the human race. The original simplicity, founded on the absence of all objects calculated to excite turbulent desires and passions has disappeared, while its place is not yet supplied by the restraints of law and the refinements of civilized society. War, the favourite pursuit, is therefore carried on with the most unrelenting fury; and robbery on a great and national scale, is generally prevalent. Brilliant and costly articles already exist; but these are distributed with an inequality which the needy warrior seeks by his sword to redress. African robbery is perpetrated by concealed or proscribed ruffians, who shrink from the eye of man, and are the outcasts of social life. It is not even confined to the poor tribes of the desert who see cara-

vans laden with immense wealth pass along their borders. Princes, Kings, and the most distinguished warriors, consider it a glory to place themselves at the head of an expedition undertaken solely for the purposes of plunder.

Slavery seems also to belong to the barbarian state. Man has emerged from the limited wants of savage life, and sees in the productions of art, what he eagerly covets, without having acquired those habits of steady industry by which he might earn them for himself. His remedy is to compel those whom his superior strength, or any other advantage, enables him to bring under subjection, to labour in supplying his wants. Often the blind and spontaneous veneration of those tribes for their chiefs causes them to sink into voluntary slavery; many again are made captive in war; and generally a great part of the population of every barbarous society is placed in a state of bondage. From the two evils above described arises a third still darker,—the stealing of human beings in order to make them slaves. This is perpetrated widely thro' Africa, and attended with every circumstance of crime and horror. It is an enormity also in which the greatest sovereigns do not scruple to participate. Their troops surround a town in the dead of night, watching till the first dawn, when the gates are opened;—they then rush in, set fire to it, and while the victims, with shrieks and cries are seeking to escape, bind and carry them off into slavery. It must be confessed at the same time, that the unrelenting and atrocious spirit of this warfare has been in a great measure produced by foreign connexion either with European Powers, or with Northern Africa, Turkey, and other Mahomedan states.

Notwithstanding so many evils, however, we may again repeat, that an unvaried cloud of moral darkness does not hang over Africa. The Negro character appears to be distinguished by some features unusually amiable, by a peculiar warmth of the social affections, and by a close adherence to kindred ties. If some travellers have been ill-treated and plundered, others have been relieved with the most signal and generous hospitality. The negro, unless when under the influence of some violent excitement, is, on the whole, more mild, hospitable and liberal than the moor. It is by the latter race that the atrocities against European travellers have been chiefly perpetrated.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

DEATH OF PARK, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

It was on the 17th November, 1805, that Park set sail on his last fatal voyage a long interval elapsed without any tidings, which considering the great distance and the many causes of delay, did not, at first, excite alarm in his friends; as the following year, however, passed on, rumours of an unpleasant nature began to prevail. Alarmed by these, and feeling a deep interest in his fate, Governor Maxwell of Sierra Leone, soon engaged Isacco the guide, who had been sent to the Gambia with dis-

patches from the Niger, to undertake a fresh journey to enquire after him. At Sansanding, Isanco was so fortunate as to meet Amadi Fatouma, who had been engaged to succeed himself as interpreter. From him he received a journal purporting to be a narrative of the voyage down the river, and of its final issue. The party it would appear, had purchased three slaves, who with the five Europeans and Fatouma, increased their number to nine. They passed Silla & Jenne in a friendly manner, but at Rakbaru (Kabra) & Timbuctoo several armed parties came out to attack them, who were repelled only by a smart and destructive fire. No particulars are given of any of those unfortunate places; nor of Kaffu, Gotojogo, and others, which the discoverers are represented as having afterwards passed. At length they came to the village (more properly city) of Yaour when Amadi Fatouma left the party, his services having been engaged only to that point. He had, however, scarcely taken his leave, when he was summoned before the King, who bitterly complained that the white men, though they brought many valuable commodities with them, had passed without giving him any presents. He therefore ordered that Fatouma should be thrown into irons, and a body of troops sent in pursuit of the English. These men reached Boussa, and took possession of a pass, where rocks hemming in the river, allow only a narrow channel for vessels to descend. When Park arrived, he found the passage thus obstructed, but attempted, nevertheless, to push his way thro'. "The people began to attack him throwing lances, pikes arrows, and stones. He defended himself for a long time when two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed.

The crew threw every thing they had into the water, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep the canoe against the current, and seeing no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water. Martyn did the same, and they were all drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave who remained in the boat, seeing the natives persist throwing weapons into it without ceasing, stood up and said to them,—“Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me. They took possession of both, and carried them to the king.”

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NARRATIVE.

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE; OR, THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

[Extracted from an Alpine Tale.—Suggested by Fact.]

It was on a dismal evening in the month of December, when the various engagements of the day had been concluded, and the family were seated round a fire whose vivid blaze diffused a cheerful light through the room, that their attention was suddenly arrested by a tap at the window.

The snow had fallen in large flakes, with little intermission, since the morning; and the ravines, to which it was generally drifted, and through whose covert the road lay, were by this time supposed to be impassable. Situated as the mansion of Du Blesno was, and accessible only

by the path leading to the lake, and another that traversed the mountain in its rear, and conducted to the adjoining canton, it seldom happened that they were visited but when the weather was propitious, unless it was as we have related, by some traveller benighted in his way. At the first apprehension, therefore, that any one might require the service they were ever eager to render, an instinctive terror seized them, and every breath was instantaneously hushed.

Though the storm had in some degree abated the wind still howled angrily over the surrounding steeps, and had drawn from them the sigh of compassion for those who might be exposed to its inclemency, while it excited many a grateful smile through the little circle as they looked at the blaze, and thought of their own comfortable dwelling, and the numerous blessings that rested on its favoured inhabitants. It was when they were thus not unbecomingly employed in calling their mercies to remembrance, and in paying a deserved tribute to the Hand that bestowed them, that their conversation was interrupted in the manner we have mentioned.

While respiration was suspended by a mixture of doubt and alarm, and they were attentively listening for a repetition of the noise that had attracted their notice, a second tap not louder than the former, put an end to their painful uncertainty. Mary, whose gentle heart already pictured some scene of misery, flew to the door, and in a moment all were in motion. The unfortunate wanderer, whoever he might be, had sunk exhausted on the ground, and was lying stretched beneath the window in a state of insensibility, and almost buried in the snow. Each one vying with another in endeavours to relieve him, they carried him into the house, and promptly applying those restoratives which their intelligent benevolence knew so well how to administer, found their efforts, after a short but anxious interval, crowned with the desired success. He opened his eyes, and looking round on them with a smile of gratitude, said, with a voice tremulous from age, but in a tone that bespoke the fervour of his heart: “How gracious is my Heavenly Friend! How kind are you! I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.”

An hour or two elapsed, and his limbs, which had been benumbed from exposure to the cold, beginning to recover from their torpor, and the power of utterance again gradually returning he thus broke the long and solemn silence that had prevailed: “I am aware you must be solicitous to learn the circumstances which have thus mysteriously thrown me as an intruder on your generous hospitality, and to hear the particulars of my mournful story.” The tear slowly rolled along his cheek—he wiped it, and continued: “It is, indeed, too little interesting to merit narration, yet it may tend, under the blessing from on high, to awaken in all of us some profitable emotions, and lead us to set our affections on the things above.” The venerable aspect of the old man, the placidity of his countenance, the dignity of his manners, and the purity of his accent, denoting some other than an Alpine education, had, during these few words, already commanded the esteem and rivetted the attention of his hosts; when, fetching a deep sigh, he thus related his melancholy tale:

“Not unknown in the annals of my country, Do la Rocho is my name. It was in Alsaco that I first drew the vital air. Born to an estate which had descended to me through a long line of ancestors, I was instructed in such accomplishments as were considered suitable to my rank and expectations; and, being an only child, I met with every indulgence from my fond parents. Before I entered on my fifteenth year, I had the misfortune to lose my father. Entrusted to the guardianship of my mother, and having no control but her mild and gentle reproof, I quickly became impatient of restraint. The victim of an ardent imagination, and encouraged by my companions in crime, I was sooner the master of my own actions than I determined to disengage myself from the trammels of maternal intreaties, withdraw from the presence of one whose conduct was a continual rebuke and procure elsewhere that liberty of transgression which was denied me under her watchful care.

“Confirmed in this resolution by what I regarded as a laudable desire of acquainting myself with foreign nations, and the manners and customs of the world, I now sought a favourable opportunity for informing my mother of my intentions. Conscious of the anguish which the disclosure would occasion, I endeavoured to break the affair to her as gently as possible, for, though steered against every other sentiment of rectitude, the chord of filial affection was still unbroken in my heart. But scarcely had I made the first distant allusion, when her solicitude ever tremblingly alive to my welfare, pierced the veil I had wished to cast over my designs. Never shall I forget her agony! Afraid she would instantly have expired, so dreadful was the shock she had received, I told her that I would at last defer my departure, and perhaps indefinitely postpone it. But this was merely a disguise. I had laid my plans, and was not to be diverted from putting them in execution, even by the alarming agitation of a parent whom I loved and respected.

“I now commenced in secret the preparations for my journey. The day arrived, and all was in readiness. I could not, however, think of quitting the house without taking leave of my unhappy mother. It was a moment of indescribable emotion; but now I was to decide, or for ever abandon my projects. I ran hastily into her apartment—communicated my determination—and was hurrying away from the gaze of an eye where delirium was already depicted when she flew towards me and caught me in her arms. At first, incapable of utterance, she could only hang upon my neck, and bathe my cheek with her tears. At length, in a voice scarcely articulate, and interrupted by her sobs, she said—“O my son, my son! Will my Claude forsake his poor mother, who brought him forth in sorrow and fed him from her breast, who watched so anxiously over his helpless infancy, and spent so many a sleepless night beside his bed? O Claude! and shall I then behold the face of my ungrateful but still-beloved boy no more? Feeling my courage begin to fail me, and dreading least I should be unable to resist longer an interview of so affecting a nature, I tore myself from her embraces, and rushed to the carriage which I had previously ordered to be waiting to receive me. This is a scene to which memory has since recurred with many a bitter re-

Section. I never after saw her alive.

"For several years, I was leader in all the dissipation of a licentious court. Endowed from my birth with a robust constitution, I withstood excesses which carried many of my wretched companions to an untimely and awful grave. Buoyed up by the flattering anticipations of youth and inexperience, 'I gave my heart to know madness and folly,' and said, 'Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth.' I visited distant countries. I frequented every resort where pleasure was sought or reported to have been found. In a word, I passed my days as if there was no God that judgeth in the earth. At length my mother who had not ceased to follow me with the most tender expostulations, while compelled to blend with them the language of warning, wrote to inform me that my abandoned conduct (which had reached her ears through a thousand channels), united with my unkindness, had broken her heart and that she expected soon to be removed from a world where she had experienced many afflictions: 'most of all,' she added, 'in the behaviour of my still dear son. Freely I forgive you, Claude; may a Heavenly Father forgive you freely too! O how many an unutterable pang have I endured on your account! How many a painful hour have I spent in supplication for you, my ill-fated, unfortunate child. But I will yet trust, that my prayers for you will be answered, when the hand that now traces these lines is lifeless and mouldering, and when the heart that dictates them has ceased to beat. Yea, I will hope even against hope, that the goodness and long-suffering of that Saviour who has supported me under all my trials, will yet lead you, to repentance; and that I shall hereafter meet you in those abodes where you will no longer need reproof, and where your affectionate mother will for ever dry her tears.'

"Stung with remorse, I hurried home; and eagerly inquiring for my unhappy parent, was told that she had just expired, with her latest breath imploring the divine pardon on my head. I flew to 'the chamber of death'—I fell upon her face, and kissed her, and wept—till exhaustion gave way, and I was carried insensible to bed. Here I lay in the delirium of a fever, wavering on the borders of eternity for nearly three months. It pleased Him, however, who 'keepeth mercy for thousands,' to spare me a little. And, O how shall I sufficiently adore and magnify the gracious dispensation which still granted me leisure to 'call my sins to remembrance!' A pious aunt, the sister of my mother, who had come to attend her during her illness, watched over me through the whole of my sickness and convalescence, with the most tender assiduity, and seized every favourable opportunity to impress my mind with the value of the things invisible. And ever rified be His name whose 'eye saw and pitied' her labours were not in vain.

'By slow degrees my strength returned, and health was re-established. Often, now, would I go and sit beside my mother's grave, read her letters over and over, and weep and try to pray. My mind henceforward, through the efficacious influence of divine grace took a decidedly serious inclination which I fostered by the instruction of my aunt. From now I now looked upon as my parent in the place of her I had brought with sorrow to the grave.

"But a few years had elapsed from this time, when I married a lady by birth a Swiss, a native of the canton of Basle. She was, indeed, of the Lord's providing; and a help meet for me she proved. We had an only daughter, who grew up the lovely image of her mother. Of this dear pledge of our affection, we were possibly too enamoured; and He who lent it to us for a short and sweet season, early withdrew it from our view. It was a 'gourd of his own preparing,' and we sat beneath its shadow with inexpressible delight. But there was a worm at its root, and soon, O how soon! it withered and died.

"As we were unwilling to part with her even for a moment, and found it difficult to procure such instructors for her as we desired, my beloved wife, who was every way qualified for the office, undertook to be her preceptress. Our first care, however, was to endeavour, trusting that our little labour would be countenanced from above, to instil into her mind a love for that God who made and redeemed her. We taught her, and exemplified the mournful truth from the indications of it in herself, that we were all 'born in sin,' and by nature the children of wrath.' From this we led her, as her childish years could receive it, to the sacrifice once offered on the cross. We had nothing in ourselves, we told her, wherewith to propitiate our offended Creator; and he himself had provided in the person of his Son, a mean of reconciliation. We then showed her how the benefit of this oblation was to be appropriated, by 'believing the record which God hath given;' and that, as in herself dwelt 'no good thing, so she must pray that the Holy Spirit would regenerate and purify her infant heart. O how sweet it was to train up our beautiful babe! With her it was indeed an animating, a

Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind"

And how her bright blue eyes would sparkle, though suffused at intervals with tears, when we spoke of that 'good Shepherd,' who 'gathers the lambs with his arms and carries them in his bosom,' and who tends with such affectionate anxiety even 'the least of the little ones of his fold, lest it should go astray and be lost.' Thus as 'a vine brought indeed out of Egypt,' but with a gentle hand watered with the softest dews of heaven, and protected by the assiduous watchfulness of parental fondness, lest 'the bear out of the wood should waste it, or the wild beast of the field devour it, she grew, and 'sent forth her branches,' and our 'trees were covered with the 'pleasant shade.'

To be continued.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

KING ALFRED.—Alfred, more justly surnamed the GREAT than any of his predecessors, was born in an age of the most profound ignorance, when learning was considered rather as a reproach than an honour to a prince. He was not taught to know one letter from another till he was about twelve years of age, when a book was put into his hands, more by accident than by previous design. The queen, his mother, one day being present with her four sons, of whom Alfred was the youngest, and having a book of Saxon poems in her hand, beautifully written

and illuminated, observed that the royal youths were charmed with its external appearance; upon this she said, "I will make a present of this book to him who shall first learn to read it." Alfred immediately took fire, and applied his mind with such ardour, that in a very little time he both read and repeated the poem to the queen and received it for his reward. From that moment he felt an insatiable thirst for knowledge; and reading and study became his chief delight. Such was his proficiency that he composed various poems, and apt stories; and translated from the Greek the fables of Æsop. He also gave Saxon translations of Gregory on the Pastoral Office, of the histories of Orosius and Bede, and of the Consolation of Philosophy by Boethius. The last literary work in which he engaged, was a translation of the Psalms of David into Anglo-Saxon, which however he did not live to finish.

Alfred came to the crown young, but found affairs in that state that he was obliged to seek refuge, in disguise, in the cottage of one of his herdsmen, whose wife ignorant of the quality of her guest, and observing him one day by the fireside, employed in trimming his bows and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes which were toasting, while she was employed in other domestic affairs. But Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, neglected this injunction; and the good woman, on her return, finding her cakes burnt, rated the unknown king very severely; and upbraided him, that he was always ready enough to eat her warm cakes, though he was so negligent in toasting them.

AGESILAUS.—King of Sparta, while yet a boy, was present at some solemn spectacle; and being assigned a place not very honourable, he obeyed, though apparent successor to the kingdom; saying, 'It is well: I shall shew that the place does not honour the man, but the man the place.'

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—Ambition discovers itself at a very early period of life: Alexander (afterwards called the Great) when a boy, being very swift of foot, was persuaded to run in the Olympian races: 'So I will,' said he, 'if kings will run with me.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cheap Magazine.
THE ROAD TO RICHES.

Preliminary Address to my Young Readers.

MY YOUNG READERS,
Knowing, as I do, from sad experience, the many flighty sallies, or notions, which seize the juvenile mind, and the power that these fanciful ideas have over the actions of youth, by either actuating them to do that which is wrong, or prompting them to spend in idleness (the bane of happiness) that portion of life, when the foundation of the future man should be laid; for as PORE says:

"'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

And again, as king SOLOMON observes: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?" implying, that habits, though easily instilled when young, are hard to be erased when old.

Knowing as I have already stated, these things to be true, and having taken them into serious consideration; and viewing, with concern for youth, the vast extent of the baneful evils thus done, I am led to reduce the following excellent maxims into a regular form, being fully persuaded of the beneficial effects to be derived from a competent knowledge of those wise sayings and axioms, if regularly adhered to by those who pursue them.

Having proceeded thus far in explaining my motives for producing this work, I shall now enter into the subject to which I have alluded, and which is drawn up in the form of advice to young people, previous to their entering into any trade, or business, with instructions how to behave when once settled; as being in that shape well calculated to allure the juvenile reader, for whom it is purposely intended, and as it is written in imitation of Dr FRANKLIN'S most admirable *Way to Wealth*, and solely for the same purpose, of reforming, I have entitled it *The Road to Riches*.

1. "Idleness in youth, causes a painful and miserable old age."

This is a truth, obvious from the many distressing examples of poverty, that are daily before our eyes, and when you reflect that this poverty was brought on these objects of your compassion, by an idle and dissipated early life, it becomes you, my young friends, to "sieze, and make the best of the present moment, for no person knoweth what to-day or to-morrow, may bring forth?" also, knowing, as you do, that, "one to-day is worth two to-morrows, and that "time is money, and he that wastes his time wastes its worth," and again, "time and tide waits on no man." This being the case, I advise you to seek out some useful trade, or profession, to follow after, whereby you may gain an honest livelihood, and prevent yourselves from getting into trouble by doing evil, "Idleness being the mother of vice," and there is still another advantage to be derived from industry, that is the blessing of ending your lives in comfort and opulence, because, "the way to wealth depends on two things, industry and frugality," as "industry is the right hand, and frugality is the left hand of fortune; for "trade is the generator of money," because, you must recollect, that "without pains no gains; and again, "riches are the baggage of virtue and industry." As an illustration of which, I shall relate the following

FABLE.

A vinedresser had two sons, whom he loved affectionately; and being on his death-bed, he requested them to draw near to him, and addressed them in the following manner. "My dear children, perceiving my life is near its close, I take this the last opportunity left me, of giving you my advice, which, if strictly obeyed, will make you not only happy and comfortable, but in course of time will also render you great men. I regret much at never having had it in my power to do any thing for your future settlement. impute not the blame to me, my children, but rather attribute it to the ungratefulness of deceitful fortune, which would not second my endeavours, nor recompense the toils and labours of my long life, with successful prosperity. But, my children, there is one thing that assists to buoy me up, even in midst of my sufferings, and helps to console me for the situation in which I must leave you; namely, the pleasure of having it in my power to leave you *honour*, which is a gem

more precious than fortune can bestow, set always up to that, my dear children, and you will be respected by all around you. I also leave you a vineyard, in which, if you cultivate it with care, you will find all the treasure I have to give."—Here his voice failed him, and he expired.

The sons concluding from the latter words of their father, that he had some treasure hid in the vineyard, were comforted with the hopes of finding it. They, therefore, took their spades and ploughs, and ploughed, and dug the ground of their vineyard (in search of the treasure) so well, that never were there a vineyard better cultivated than theirs. After great labour, not being able to find the object of their searches, they began to think that their father had deceived them when he told them of the treasure in the vineyard, "for, (said they,) we have wrought hard, and in vain, having found no treasure." But the time of autumn arriving, their vineyard produced six times more fruit than usual, and when they saw what abundance of wine they had, they cried out. "O God! this exceeds our most sanguine expectations. Now have we discovered the treasure our good father meant, now do we taste the fruits of our industry, and plainly perceive, that no time is lost that is spent in labour. We must renew our labours every year, and thus we shall find an ever-flowing treasure, and end our days in opulence and happiness."

OBSERVATIONS.

My young readers, this fable ought to have a tendency towards promoting in you, in the first place, *obedience to your parents*, for when you see how these dutiful sons acquired riches, by following the dictates of their parent, even when he was no more, how much greater ought your obedience to be, who possess the blessing of an existing parent, to direct you in all your proceedings. And, in the second place, this should teach you to be *industrious*, seeing that "industry has its reward," and is the source from whence flows health, happiness, and wealth, while, on the other hand, idleness is the fountainhead from whence spring disease, penury, and misery. I would, therefore, my juvenile friends, request you to practise industry and avoid idleness, as being the true, **ROAD TO RICHES**

ANECDOTES.

THE PIOUS PHILOSOPHERS.—Mr. Robert Hooke, the mathematician and philosopher, seldom received any remarkable benefit in life, or made any considerable discovery in nature, or invented any useful contrivance, or found out any difficult problem, without setting down his acknowledgments to God.—How amiable is Philosophy when she walks by the side of her elder sister, Religion!

Abraham Moivre was born at Vitri, in Champagne, A. D. 1667. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he determined to flee into England, rather than abandon the religion of his fathers. Before he left France, he had begun the study of mathematics, and he perfected himself in that science in London. His success in such studies procured him a seat in the Royal Society in London, and in the Academy of Sciences at Paris. He could never endure any bold assertions or indecent witticisms against religion. A person one day thought to pay him a compliment, by observing, that mathe-

maticians were attached to no religion. If answered, "I show you, Sir, that I am a Christian, by forgiving the speech you have now made."

Religion is no enemy to sound philosophy and sound philosophy is no enemy to religion. It is pleasant when we see them both go hand in hand together; and that they can do so we need only bring to our remembrance such distinguished characters, as Bacon, Newton, Boyle, Locke, Selden, Grotius, Addison, Bæcon, haavo, Euler, &c &c &c.

THE PHILOSOPHER DESPISED—Alember at his leaving college, found himself alone, unconnected with the world, and sought an asylum in the house of his nurse. Here he lived and studied for the space of forty years. His good nurse perceived his ardent activity and heard him mentioned as the writer of many books, but never took it into her head that he was a great man, and rather beheld him with kind of compassion. "You will never," said she to him one day, "be any thing but a philosopher, and what is a philosopher?—a fool, with tools and plagues himself during his life, that people may talk of him when he is no more."

THE ARCH BOY.—A gentleman being at table, got to help his little boy; upon which the child said to him, "Sir will you please to give me some salt?"—"For what?" said the father. "For the meat you are going to give me," said the boy.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The ordinary manner of spending their time; the only way of judging of any one's inclination and genius.

No man can be provident of his time, that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

A wise man counts his minutes: He lets no time slip, for time is life, which he makes long, by the good husbandry of a right use and application of it.

This day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday and we are not yet born to the morrow.

POETRY.

From the Casket.

BEAUTY.

"The wind passeth over it, and it is gone."

I saw a dew drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray,
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
When showers and sunbeams play.
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorch'd the pearl away.

High on a slender polish'd stem
A fragrant lily grew,
On the pure petals, many a gem
Glitter'd a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew.
A blast of lingering winter came
And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Is beauty in its vernal year,
Gay, mollient, fascinating, clear,
And thoughtless of its doom!
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb!