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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 32.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, March 7, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCES MARIA.

Frances Maria, of Rochebeaucour, was born in Angoumois in France, in 1752.

Nature who has granted to man the gifts of genius and deep thinking ability to invent, and the power to execute, seems to have compensated his imperfections by gifts no less valuable; gentleness of disposition, patience, self command, courage, sensibility, prudence, activity, and regularity of conduct. This last quality is, above all, a prerogative which cannot be refused to a man worthy on so many accounts of love and respect.

With what aptness too is woman endowed from her tender years! Are not young girls daily seen conducting a house, to watch over the details of house-keeping, to manage their little brothers and sisters, to supply, in a word, the loss of their parents, at an age when great boys are capable of no service, and only think of amusing themselves? Frances Maria perfectly confirms these observations. She was the daughter of a gatherer of Rochebeaucour, in Angoumois. Her father was possessed of no fortune, but he was a worthy man, a good husband, and a good father. Though he had received only a common education, as he did not want good sense, he brought up his child much better than the children of the rich inhabitants of great cities are often educated. He had remarked that a man was of a gentle but decided temper, obdurate to all remonstrances delivered with severity; in consequence, he made use of no other methods of management than those of kindness, caresses, and sentiment, and he saw himself no less respected than beloved by her.

His wife was far from showing the sense and tender cares of her husband. She affected great love for her daughter, but this love was equal and unenlightened. Whimsical, capricious, hasty to excess, unreasonable in her demands, and ready to take offence, she was perpetually chiding Maria for mere trifles. On occasions when she ought to have reproved her daughter, she manifested a tenderness, of which the little girl could not divine the reason; when she would have been right to have encouraged

her, she overwhelmed with monacos and harsh treatment, which disgusted the good father, and soured the mind of the child. Thus thwarted in his dearest affections, but irresolute, and desirous of preserving peace in his house, the father concealed within his heart a secret grief. He fell ill, and died within the arms of his afflicted daughter. His wife did not long survive him; and left behind her a little boy of eighteen months old, with Frances, then aged eleven years.

The father of the young orphan was rich only in virtues; he left no inheritance to his daughter but some old furniture, and a little cottage, situated on the skirts of a wood. Frances returned with her little brother to this wild asylum. The wretched have neither relations nor friends! She saw herself deserted and was soon reduced to poverty. Some husbandman in the neighbourhood, however, wished her to keep their geese and sheep, but her attachment to her little brother prevented her from accepting the office, and she resolved to attempt and to suffer every thing rather than abandon him.

In this urgent necessity Maria sold some of her effects, and with the money she bought flax and cotton. From the age of seven years she had been able to make a pair of men's stockings in two days. This habit of employment was of great assistance to her; and she set herself to spinning, sewing, and knitting, alternately. As she was not less active than skilful, she thus provided for her subsistence, and preserved her independence.

Industry and virtue naturally command the esteem of men; and when we no longer stand in need of them, they offer us their services. A girl of twelve years old, living alone in a poor cottage, providing for herself, and taking care of an infant brother, as if he had been her child, was a sight equally unusual and affecting. Accordingly her reputation soon spread abroad. Every body ran from the neighbouring districts to see her, and work was eagerly brought to her. The mothers particularly made it a pleasure to bring their children thither. "Come," said they, "and see a girl of twelve years old, who conducts herself like a woman of thirty, and passes her time in providing food for her little brother."

Plenty, the fruit of industry, insensibly began to reign in the cottage of Frances; she was even enabled to take a good old woman to live with her, who kept the house, and took care of her brother whilst she went with her work to the neighbouring villages. Passing her days in innocence and peace, nothing would have been wanting to the happiness of this virtuous child, had her father still been with her.

Afflicting recollections continually offered themselves to her mind, and spread a gloom over her thoughts. During the hours of the night, and throughout the day, she felt a dreadful void around her. "Dear friend of my childhood," she repeated, "why are you not with your beloved daughter? With what pleasure

should I consecrate to you the product of my labours! O, how it would delight me to return the cares which you lavished on me in my childhood! No, no; never shall I be consoled for so cruel a loss; nothing can make me amends!"

Divided between her attention to her brother, and the tender recollection of her beloved father, the good Frances had already passed three years in her solitude.

Surpassing others no less in the advantages of person than those of the mind, she was of a size and strength much above her age, and her beauty was equal to the amiable qualities of her heart. Some of the richest farmers demanded her in marriage, and would have esteemed themselves happy to have obtained her without a dowry; but they were all very young, and Frances, with a prudence by no means common, dismissed them, preferring a tradesman of a middle age, with a moderate property, because, as she said, he might supply the place of a father to her brother and herself, and assist her in acquiring the experience that she stood in need of.

It was the middle of a severe winter, and the prudent girl waited for the spring, to unite her lot with that of the happy man for whom she destined her heart and her lovely person. But, alas! she was prevented in her design by a fatal accident. For five weeks the earth had been covered with snow; the wolves wandered through the fields in troops; they boldly entered the towns, and even men, when unarmed, became their victims. One morning, as Frances was drawing some bread from the oven, a wolf, followed by five whelps, burst into the room. She instantly seized a knotty stick, and defended herself with such courage, that she would certainly have saved her life had she thought only of herself; but whilst she was encountering the savage beast, she perceived a second enemy advancing towards her brother. Then, uttering a cry of terror, she seized the child by the middle, opened a closet, and there placed him out of danger; but whilst the courageous girl supported herself with one hand, and endeavoured with the other to repulse the voracious animals, the furious wolf sprung at her throat, and suffocated her instantly. The good old woman flying to implore assistance, was also seized and torn in pieces.

Thus died, in her fifteenth year, this young woman, who so well deserved a better fate. Who can refuse their tears? The true model of filial piety, of courage, and fraternal affection, inspired with virtue with sentiment, and grace; who better deserved to have lived and become the mother of a family than she, who fulfilled so well the sacred duties of one without the title? Her brother was living in 1796, and from him these interesting particulars were received.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS.

THE MOON.

Concluded.

Our juvenile readers may naturally expect, on such a subject, that eclipses, with which the moon has much to do, would not be overlooked. It is well known, that opaque bodies, when exposed to the light, must cast a shadow. An eclipse of the moon is therefore occasioned by the earth's shadow falling on the moon, when at full, as the earth passes between the sun and the moon. The orbit of the moon does not coincide with the plane of the earth's orbit, but intersects it, and at the remotest part, is elevated rather more than five degrees above it, and consequently, on the opposite part, depressed as much below it; these points of intersection are called nodes, and when the full moon happens within about 12 degrees of these nodes, it cannot escape the earth's shadow, and is said to be partially or totally eclipsed, according as a part or the whole of her is overshadowed. On the contrary, an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the moon passing between the earth and the sun, which can only take place when at her conjunction she is near one of the nodes. It is among the numerous benefits of philosophical information, that these necessary occurrences no longer affright us. There was a time when the words of our great poet were very applicable:

—“As when the sun,—
From behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarches.”

Every one is aware that the face of the moon is not equally fair and lucid in every part. Children are frequently heard indulging their imagination in its appearance. The telescope has enabled astronomers to observe those inequalities and parts of different colours, and from the analogy of many circumstances between the earth and its satellite, it is not surprising that the names of hills, valleys, and volcanoes should have been assigned to those irregularities. Indeed such has been the industry with which these observations have been pursued, that names have been given to its mountains &c. and maps drawn of its surface. That there is something more than conjecture in this, will increasingly appear as we candidly investigate the subjects. It is found there are elevated parts in the moon's surface, because shadows are cast, and, in all situations of the moon, these shadows are in a direction from the sun, and, on the contrary, the valleys are always dark next the sun, and illuminated on the opposite parts. From these analagous appearances, the inference that it is the seat of life is natural. Dr Herschel has very explicitly declared his opinion in the Philosophical Transactions: “It may be objected, that we perceive no large seas in the moon, that its atmosphere (the existence of which has even been doubted by many) is extremely rare, and unfit for the purposes of animal life, that its climates, its seasons, and the length of its days totally differ from ours, that without dense clouds, (which the moon has not,) there can be no rain; perhaps no rivers, no lakes. In short, notwithstanding the similarity which has been pointed out, there seems to be a decided difference in the two

planets we have compared. My answer to this will be, that the very difference which is now objected, will rather strengthen the force of my argument than lessen its value: we find, even upon our globe, that there is the most striking difference in the situation of the creatures that live upon it. While man walks upon the ground, the birds fly in the air, and fishes swim in the water: we certainly cannot object to the conveniences afforded by the moon, if those that are to inhabit its regions are fitted to their conditions, as well as we on this globe are to ours.”

These considerations, while they teach us the indescribable wisdom, power, and goodness of the almighty, show us what poor diminutive creatures we are, and in what a state of ignorance we are born. The little knowledge we have is the result of much observation and reflection, happily, if in the best sense we are children of God, “what we know not now we shall know hereafter.” The period will arrive, when our faculties shall be enlarged and sanctified, and the means of improvement be perfect and holy. May each of us share in such felicity.

NARRATIVE.

From the *New-England Review*.
THE WIFE.

“You know, dear, I am a spoiled child, I must have my own way *this time*,” said Mrs Finlay, a beautiful bride, to her adoring husband.

Finlay was a young lawyer of fine talents just getting into extensive practice; it was necessary that he should remain in the city, but a stronger necessity was upon him, his *cara sposa* would go into the country, to be present at the wedding of a friend.

“But, dearest you know I have several important cases upon the docket, which are just about to be tried; my clients will be dissatisfied,” said Finlay, in that tone of mild entreaty, which should find its instant way to a woman's heart.

“N'importe; let them go, you will have something besides clients to live upon, you know, one of these days.”

There was much pride, little sense, and a great want of feeling in this speech. Mrs Finlay's expectations all depended upon a kind indulgent father, during whose life time they could not be realised. Finlay felt it jar upon his heart strings and vibrate to the very core, but he excused it, or set it aside. “She is a beautiful thoughtless creature, she cannot be unfeeling.”

To the country they went. “Well,” thought Finlay, “I shall have exquisite pleasure, in pointing out to my Caroline, some favorite scenes, some striking views, which may have escaped her notice. We must sometimes make sacrifices to those we love, leaving town, after all was a matter of little consequence.”

The boat glided almost with the rapidity of light, over the smooth deep Hudson.

“Come upon deck, Caroline, we are nearing the Highlands, never did they look so splendidly.”

It was the momentary glow of radiant coloring which a happy heart gives to nature, that at this moment rested so gloriously upon the picturesque Highlands.

“Come, Mrs. F——,” said Finlay, carefully wrapping the shawl about the delicate form of his beautiful wife.

“Why George, do you think I had never been up the river before in my life,” said Caroline, who was in the midst of an animated discussion upon the merits of their respective milliners. “I have seen the Highlands a thousand times, all that romantic stuff is out of fashion; quite outre nobody talks of ‘the beauties of nature’ now, but hoarding schoni misses.”

Thus repulsed, Finlay left her, and took his seat upon the deck with a sigh.

“Out of fashion,” thought he, and his noble forehead was wrinkled with frowns, his proud lip curled, and a momentary flash illuminated his dark eyes with unwonted fire. “Out of fashion! These towering, frowning palisades, this dark river, yonder rising moon!” He fell into a reverie, long and deep, for now he could not enjoy these things, *alone*. At the end of it, all the world's consoler Hope, whispered kindly, “she certainly has sensibility, her mind is plastic, I can mould it into any form, and make it a complete reflection of my own.”

Conjugal affection is a delicate plant.—The first rude shake sometimes scatters its fair leaves to the four winds of heaven. If but one leaf be torn away, all the others are loosened. In poor Finlay's case, they followed one by one in rapid succession.

A few weeks in the country entirely dispelled the illusion which love had thrown around his idol—the celestial halo, which was only a hallucination of his own imagination, had departed forever. He had married a beautiful weak woman with whom his refined mind could hold no communion.

Finlay returned to town an altered man. His high ambition had been sanctified in his own estimation, because it was not, entirely, a selfish feeling. In all his visions of success, his honor were to be laid at the feet of his Caroline.

He entered again upon his laborious employment; he was for a time entirely devoted to business, and lost all care and reflection in the close attention which he gave to his professional duties. But soon, he needed relaxation; some place to which he could resort, to spend a few hours in pleasure. Home did not afford it. The spoiled, heartless Caroline was engaged in an endless round of fashionable amusements. When at home she was weary, vapid, peevish. She needed the excitement and admiration of a crowd to give her animation. It was not worth while to exert herself to please one, and he only her husband.

Thus driven from that home, which should have been the haven of rest and peace, Finlay fled to the society of the gay, dissipated young men.

Soon, his office and law books were forsaken. His clients' frequent knocks were unanswered; they became less and less frequent, and at length ceased entirely. They had lost their advocate, their counsellor. He had rendered himself unworthy of their confidence. The highly gifted, ambitious Finlay had become a drunkard.

After a few years, Caroline returned to her father's house because her husband was no longer able to support her; she returned a faded, disappointed, wretched woman. The viper sting of conscience, told her, that she had brought all her misery upon herself.

Why will not woman learn her own happiness? Can one whose every thought before marriage

is selfishness; can she ever sacrifice her own interest and pleasure to the will of another? Yet, submission, a dignified, affectionate, submission on her part, will alone insure domestic comfort. Pride lifts herself in opposition to this doctrine, crying out "equal rights." But down with the rebellious spirit; her suggestions amount to this:

"Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

Woman, too must be man's intellectual companion. Without this domestic life becomes so dull, so insipid, that to a man of refined taste and cultivated understanding it is intolerable.

The weak idolatry of a fool is valueless and disgusting to a man of sense; but the affection of a high-minded, virtuous woman, is a discriminating intelligent, deep affection, which it is an honor to gain, and pleasure to cherish

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRACT FROM THE MAHOMETAN STORY

Of the Moon's dividing itself into two.

Concluded.

His Majesty having finished his speech Abuah quickly stood up, and taking hold of the end of Januwamalik, he placed it on his head, and said, "O crown of all the Arabs, I am exceedingly delighted to hear his majesty speak thus; your words go to my heart. How can it be that the moon should hear the call of 'Muhammed?' Muhammed then replied to his majesty, saying, "I have no power to call the moon; that power belongs to none but God: he only is able to display his omnipotence on behalf of his servants." Now in the evening Muhammed went to make his ablutions before prayer, having performed his evening devotions, & gone thro' the stated forms of prayer, and offered up private requests to God, he conversed with king Januwamalik, and the great and rich men. While he was thus engaged, the whole family Hashim assembled in order to ascend the hill Ibalis. The prophet then prayed again, performing all the gestures of two prostrations; and, having done this he addressed king Januwamalik and all the Arabs, saying, "See now all of you the greatness of God, and how he displays his mighty power on behalf of his servants!" Muhammed then fixed his eyes upon the moon, and called out aloud, saying, "O Moon, come out by the power of God, according to the desire of his servant, and by the favour of my God, so is great and powerful." He having said the moon came and went round the Kabah seven times; after which it came in a direct course to the side of the prophet, where it stopped, and with a loud voice pronounced the confession of faith, while all those who did not believe on the prophet, were so terrified at hearing the moon pronounce the confession of faith, that they fell down and fainted. After this the moon entered the left sleeve of Muhammed's garment, and came out at the right sleeve. It

then divided itself into two parts, one part being towards the east and the other towards the west. And finally, it ascended into the sky, and united again just as before, without the least defect. Muhammed now descended from the hill Kebulis, attended by king Januwamalik, and Abbas, and Abutalib, and Ali, and Zubir, while all the great and rich men also followed the prophet to the plain of Abutalib. His majesty then addressed them all, saying, "O gentlemen who have you now to say to Muhammed. As to myself, I firmly believe that he is the prophet of the last times, and the consummation of all the prophets, and the crown of all the prophets, and the patron of all the prophets." Abujahal hearing his majesty speak thus, said, "Do you now believe on this sorcerer, and that the moon has obeyed his call?" His Majesty replied, "O Abujahal, do not thou be unbelieving; the deeds of Muhammed are by no means common. If you do not believe, do yourself what Muhammed has done." When Abujahal heard his Majesty say this, he ran from the plain with all his relations, through fear of his majesty. King Januwamalik then prostrated himself at the feet of Muhammed: also all the great and rich men came and embraced the feet of the prophet, with the greatest respect, professing themselves sincere converts to the religion of the faithful with joy of heart, while Muhammed taught them to pronounce the confession of faith.

This business being finished, Muhammed returned home, attended by all his relations and friends, and by king Januwamalik, with his military officers and ministers of state, together with all his subjects. These all followed the prophet, on his return to the village of Hatijah. As soon as they had arrived, Muhammed desired king Januwamalik, and all the great men, to be seated; and when all were seated, king Januwamalik said, "O my patron, I have now another proposal to make to you." Muhammed said: "What proposal have you to make to me?" His majesty replied, "My wife has been delivered of a child that is not of the proper shape; it has neither head feet nor hands. Now if you are the prophet of the last times, make him complete in all his limbs." Muhammed said to his majesty, I am not able to do this;—God is he who is able to perfect that which is defective." In an instant after Jibrail came with an order to the prophet to this effect, "O my beloved, go thou to the house of Januwamalik, and cover the child with a mantle. Afterwards pray, performing the gestures of two prostrations, and then, having pronounced the name of Muhammed, the prophet of the last times, deliver the child to its father." Muhammed being thus empowered to go, said to king Januwamalik, "Come let us all go to the house of king Januwamalik." The prophet then arose, and proceeded to his Majesty's house, attended by all his friends. They having arrived, his majesty said to the prophet, "Be seated sir," upon which Muhammed, and all his friends, seated themselves on chairs. As soon as all were seated, his majesty brought his child to the prophet, and the prophet took the child and covered it up; after which he pronounced the prescribed form of prayer over the child, and made his request to God. This done, he uncovered the child, and, by the help which God granted to his servant, the child was made complete in all his limbs, with most beautiful features, and

with a face as bright as the full moon. Muhammed then said to king Januwamalik, "O king, take thy child, and take great care of him." His majesty then prostrated himself before the prophet and said, "Of a truth you art the prophet of the last times; the crown of all the prophets, and the patron of all the prophets, and the consummation of all the prophets." When his majesty had arisen from his prostration, he ordered one of his servants to be called, to whom he gave directions to bring out gold, and silver, and beautiful garments, with ten men slaves, and as many female slaves, all of which the king presented to the prophet. After this, he feasted the prophet and all his friends and relatives, together with all the great and rich men. They all eat and drank very merrily, & when the entertainment was over, the prophet took leave of his majesty, and returned to the village of Hatijah.

FILIAL VIRTUE ILLUSTRATED.

This touching story, says the New York Atlas, is told in an Edinburgh paper, and deserves, as the relater expresses himself, to be handed down to the latest generations. It will, we think, engage the feelings and improve the heart of any ingenious reader.

Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention," said one of them, "we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced toward an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him, he took hold of the maiden, (the hammer,) struck some blows on the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at this adventure. 'This work seems to be very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labours, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, Sir, I have three sons, who inspired me with the brightest hopes; but the poor fellows are not within reach to assist their father.—'Where are they then?'—'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the honorable East India company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray, what has become of the third?'—'Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After thus giving vent to his feelings, he resumed his discourse. 'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—this captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah, call him not degenerate, my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father; he has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burthened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man passing his

* The Kabah is the temple at Mekkah, which the Mohammedans say was built by Abraham. Every pilgrim who goes to Mekkah, must circumambulate this place seven times.
† The Mohammedan confession of faith which the prophet is here said to have pronounced, runs thus. "I firmly believe with my heart, that there is no god but God; and I firmly believe with my heart, that Muhammed is the apostle of God."

head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you!' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying, 'Where is he, then?—Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me—come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering, the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight—Mr. W——, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—"Captain, we ask the honour of your acquaintance; we would gladly have given a hundred thousand to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honorable family; we request the honour of you and your's to dinner in this inn." The captain alive to this invitation, accepted it with politeness, but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and a very short time after, his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. "Gentlemen," said he, "to day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only a little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord C——, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and I was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honourably a stock of 30,000*l*. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of 200*l*. reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman who died upon his passage; but I hold his receipt and his heirs will account to me for it." After dinner the captain gave his father 200*l*., to support his most pressing wants, and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of 80*l*., reversible to his two brothers—promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory which he was about to establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented 500*l*. as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a

farmer in indifferent circumstances; and, after having distributed 50*l*. among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favours of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed, indeed, that he was worthy of the distinguished honours so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord C——.

Casket.

It is a certain truth, that a man, is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense. It costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

ANECDOTES.

REGARD FOR DUTY.

The 19th of May 1780 was remarkably dark at Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses: the birds were silent, and disappeared, and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned: the council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Devenport objected—"The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment: if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty: I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

Similar firmness was displayed by this venerable senator, when struck with the disease which in a few hours terminated fatally. He was sitting at that time as chief justice of the court of common pleas in Danbury. He heard the trial, gave the charge to the jury; pointed out an article in the testimony, which had escaped the notice of the council on both sides; and then retired from the bench to his bed, where he was soon after found dead.

ECONOMY.

A nephew of the celebrated Dr B. Franklin, who had yet to learn prudence, was rather taken unawares in a net he had unwittingly spread for himself. Being out on a party of pleasure at a distance from New England, he called on his uncle, but not before he had pecuniary reasons for so doing. After a friendly reception, he solicited the loan of a small sum of money, precluding his request, with stating, that he had loaded a vessel for B——, and that, as he did not deal on credit, he had purchased rather beyond his current cash, and could not easily procure a draft from home. The Doctor inquiring how much he wanted, he, with some hesitation, replied, fifty dollars. The benevolent old gentleman went to his escrutoire, and counted him one hundred. He received them with many promises of punctual payment, and was immediately proceeding to draught a note under his hand for cash. The Doctor, who saw into the nature of the borrower's embarrassments better than he was aware, and was possessed with the

improbability of ever recovering his cash again, stepped across the room, and, laying his hand gently on his cousin's arm, said, "Stop, cousin; we will save the paper: a quarter of a sheet is not of great value, but it is worth saving." Conveying at once a liberal gift, and a no less gentle reproof to the young spendthrift.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Custom is the plague of wise men; and the idol of fools.

We should not judge of a person's worth merely by his great abilities; but by the good use he makes of them.

It may be feared, those never truly grieve for their own sins, who can rejoice at other peoples'.

Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other; and scarce in that.

Those are twice murdered who murder themselves; said Seneca.

A master should be sometimes blind; and a server sometimes deaf.

When we leave this life, nothing of what we possessed here follows us into eternity; but the spirit, temper and views with which we sought, enjoyed, used and parted with it.

As they, who for every slight infirmity take phy to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, rather weaken it.

Prosperity procures friends; but adversity tries the. 'Tis better to be preserved in the brine of adversity than to rot in the honey of prosperity.

Be not too venturesome in exposing thyself to needless dangers, for—"He that courts perils, shall be the devil's martyr."

POETRY.

From the 'FOREST WREATH,'—Shortly to be Published.

Author—WILLIAM M. LEGGETT, of New Brunswick.

THE MINSTREL.

The Minstrel sat on the lone sea-shore,—
His lyre was strung to aerial numbers—
And pleasingly wild were the notes they bore,
As they sigh'd o'er its strings in broken slumbers.
Like pensive moonbeams pale repose
On the silvery bosom of the Ocean;
Or, like those dreams when our eyelids close
On the spirit of pray'r with calm devotion.—
For light was the whisper of wind and wave,
And Cynthia smiled with unusual splendor,
And sweet were the looks that Hesper gave,
As he march'd in front of the stars to attend her!
Then, rest thee Minstrel!—the lone sea shore,
The Hosts of the sky, and the wind's low whisper
Shall teach thee on pinions of faith to soar,
To Heaven's high Throne with thy ev'ning veep.

We have copied the foregoing very pretty lines, cause they are from the pen of a juvenile writer; should Mr Leggett continue to pay his addresses to the muses, he will doubtless arrive at a degree of perfection in Poetry far above Mediocrity. We have seen several of his productions which we consider more happily conceived than the above, and which certainly contain promise of future celebrity. The 'Forest Wreath' which he is shortly to favour us with, commences with the following lines:—

Oh! greet with a smile my rural muse
Tho' the wild-flow'rs of genius alone attend her;
Her brow is yet damp with the morning dew—
Unknown to the world and the world's gay spleen
She hold's in her hand the 'Forest Wreath,'
As it wears the shades of the woods and wilds;
And blushing asks of Fame to bequeath
One laurel sprig to reward her toils! &c.