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THE YOUTH'S PRECEPTOR.

Devoted to General Information, Tales, Sketches, Amusements, Poetry, Music, Anecdotes, &c.

Vol. I.—No. 8.

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The next Number of THE YOUTH'S PRECEPTOR will be published on Wednesday, 22d June.

The Youth's Preceptor.

PROFANE LANGUAGE.

Those who indulge in the use of profane language are dangerous companions, and deserve to be held in detestation by all who desire the esteem of their friends. The example they set has a baneful influence upon those with whom they associate, by leading the thoughtless and irresolute into the paths of error.

Whatever may be the temptations to induce the perpetration of other vices, no seemingly temporary advantage can be urged as an excuse for profane language; and although it is one of the most wanton and degrading vices, yet its indulgence is more general, and apparently excites less surprise.

Profane expressions are frequently employed on the most trivial occasions, not only by the ignorant and reckless, but even by those whose intelligence in other respects should induce them not only to avoid such an indiscretion in their own conduct, but to discountenance it in others. If profanity could be more generally viewed in its own peculiar character—as a crime without aim or object, as a habit as intolerable and degrading as it is uncalled for and absurd, and as a vice that is unanimously denounced by christians of every denomination—it ought certainly to be presented as a legitimate object of universal condem-

nation; and steps should be taken for the adoption of extensive and especial organizations for the suppression of a propensity so demoralizing.

Geographical.

LAKES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

(From Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia.)

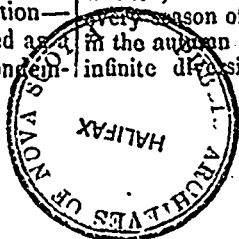
The great inequality in the surface of Nova Scotia is the cause of the existence of numerous lakes, which are scattered over it in every direction. Some of them are of very great extent, and in many places form almost a continued chain of water communication across the Province. The largest is "Rosignoll," situated to the westward of Liverpool.

The dimensions of this lake have never been ascertained by actual measurement, but it is said to exceed thirty miles in length. In the same neighborhood there are a number of others, extending from the head of Allan's River, near Annapolis, to within a short distance of the Liverpool river. This route is always adopted by the Indians, when passing between these towns, who affirm that there are but two short portages in the whole distance. In the township of Yarmouth there are eighty, besides Lake George, which is of nearly the same extent as Rosignoll, and although they are not to be found in equal number in every township, yet they are of frequent occurrence in all. From the head of the Shubenacadie river they almost reach the Harbor of Halifax, and afford such an extensive inland navigation, that a company has been formed to complete the junction by means of a Canal. Between Windsor and the Atlantic, there is similar connexion in two different places—one between the St. Croix and Margaret's Bay, and the other between the head of the Avon and Chester Bay. There is also a chain of lakes, situated between the source of the Gaspereaux in King's County, and that of Gold River, in the County of Lunenburg, which nearly unites them. Some of these lakes are extremely beautiful, containing in general one or more small islands, which are covered with a luxuriant growth of wood, and vary in every imaginable shape; while the hills, with which they are generally environed, are often undulated in the most romantic manner. These highlands are, with few exceptions, well wooded, and embellish the scenery at every season of the year. The first frost in the autumn invests the foliage with an infinite diversity of color, and in one

night alters the whole appearance of the forest. The leaves of the maple become red—those of the birch yellow, and the sumach pink; while the elm, the oak, the evergreens and others, by preserving their colors, add to the variety of the landscape. The aspect of the country is, however, in many places deformed. A large portion of the land on the Southern coast, for many miles in the interior is stony and barren, frequently devoid of trees, and presenting a dreary and desolate waste.

There are also some inconsiderable bogs, covered with peat and aquatic grasses. One of the largest of these is the Carriboo bog, situated in Aylesford, the source of both the Horton and Annapolis rivers, which flow from thence in opposite directions, one discharging itself into the Bay of Fundy. There are seldom any trees growing in these bogs, but in all are to be found the trunks of those which once stood there, and have been preserved by the waters that originally deprived them of existence. Although numerous, they are not very extensive, for the surface of the country is too uneven to admit of their covering much ground. In other places where fires have raged, the forest has been destroyed, and tall dead trees, stretching their naked limbs in the air, threaten the traveller with destruction. Where these "burnt lands" occur, nothing can exceed the desolation and dreariness of their appearance. The fire, while it burns the stem of the tree, seldom consumes it, but hardens and preserves it from decay, and it not unfrequently maintains its erect position for years after it has been stripped of its foliage. If the ground has been dried by a previous drought, the fire consumes the soil and the seeds of trees contained in it, and a long period elapses before it is again clothed with a new growth of wood, which in many instances is altogether of a different kind from that with which it was previously covered.

The soil of the country is so various, and the changes so frequent, that there is a constant succession of forest scenery. The birch, the spruce, beech and hemlock, constitute the most prominent classes of woodland. These are to be severally found in extent, according to the properties of the soil, sometimes distinctly, but often intermingled with each other. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, the appearance of the evergreen is peculiarly agreeable, and refreshes the eye when fatigued with the uniform glare of a white surface.



The arable lands bear as yet a small proportion to the wilderness parts of the country; and there, as in all other places in America, are chiefly confined to the neighborhood of the rivers, harbors, and coasts, though small scattered settlements are to be found in the interior, where the lands are of sufficient value to invite cultivation. But the appearance of the old townships will vie with any part of America for beauty. The extended and well cultivated valley of the Annapolis River, the diversified and picturesque country of Horton and Cornwallis; the richness, extent, and variety, of the views in the vicinity of Windsor; the unrivalled beauty of Mahone Bay, with its numerous Islands: the whole country bordering on the Shubenacadie; very many places in the Eastern parts of the Province, and the extensive townships of Newport and Yarmouth, cannot fail to excite the wonder of strangers, that they exist in a country which has always been represented as the most uninteresting part of America.

General Selections.

HOW THE EYE IS SWEEPED AND WASHED.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flow a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it.

It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass.

Along the edges of the eyelid there are a great number of little tubes, or glands, from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid.

There are also six little muscles attached to the eye, which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eyes, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object.

Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion—as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects—yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thou-

sands of little globules; and placing their eyes more in front of their head, so that these little insects can see almost all around them without turning their heads.

A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly, says, that the two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of an object! Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, he placed it before his microscope, and then looked through both, in the manner of the telescope, at a steeple which was 299 feet high and 750 feet distant, and he said he could plainly see through every little hemisphere, the whole steeple inverted or turned upside down.

"I WISH I WAS OLDER."

It makes me feel very sad to hear children wishing that they were older, and to see them impatient to have the time hurry away. I can remember when I felt just so, and thought the time very slow in coming when I would be a young lady.

I know, if those children live, the time will come when they will wish, (as I often do now,) that they could have back again some of those precious hours of youth; and they will think, oh, how differently they would spend them! How they would improve every moment, and every hour in gaining useful instruction, and in learning to live useful and happy lives! Do not wish to hurry away the time, dear children. Use it all diligently. Manhood and old age will come soon enough; and when you look back at your childhood then, it will seem as if the time had been almost nothing.

TWO WAYS OF BEING USEFUL.

There are some boys (and girls too) who are not exactly useless, but they have a way of doing proper things which is very troublesome. If they are asked to bring a pail of water from the well or pump, they will do it; but it will be in such a slovenly, "slouching" way, spilling it all along the floor, so as to make us wish we had done it ourselves. So if they are told to dust a room, they will do it; but in such a careless way as to break or bruise or scratch something at every turn they make.

It is our duty not only to try to be useful, but to be useful in the highest degree. Hence the manner of doing good is sometimes quite as important as the good done. Indeed, the good intended is often lost by an unhappy manner of doing it.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.

No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. He reflects honor upon his parents, for their wise management. He enjoys much ease and pleasure, to the utmost limit of what is fit. He promises excellency and usefulness; to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management! We pity orphans, who have neither father nor mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent; it is its own master—peevish, forward, headstrong, blind; born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable

himself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with him.

BOTANY.

There are few more agreeable studies for the young than the study of flowers and plants. Uniting recreation with utility, it leads us to the knowledge of some of the most exquisite forms of creative skill and benevolence, and opens to us inexhaustible sources of wonder and delight.

When we have seen school boys and girls roving through the meadows or the woods, in a bright summer day, we have often said in our heart what objects of grace and beauty these children continually pass without a thought! They seem like a blind man walking through a gallery of magnificent paintings. The walls of the gallery might as well have been bare for all the pleasure they confer on him.

The elementary principles of botany are very simple and easily learned, and, when once in the mind, they can be applied without study or labor. A solitary walk through the fields then brings us into silent communion with a thousand forms of life and beauty; and where there was before no voice nor sound, every plant and flower and blade of grass now seems to utter its tribute of praise to the great Creator.

LESSONS BEFORE PLAY; OR, THE CHECK AND THE SPUR.

There is nothing more natural than that children should love to play. They have a home, and food and lodgings provided for them. Their clothes are supplied without any care or expense to them, and they have good schools through the week and on Sunday, which cost them nothing, and where they can get good knowledge if they will supply themselves.

Now it is not wonderful (as we have said) that children with light hearts and warm blood and active limbs should love to play.

But while it is very right and natural that children should play, it does not follow that they should do nothing else, or that they should think of play more than of any thing else. The true way to enjoy play-hours is to improve all other hours. We have seen children completely "tired out" with play. This is a sort of intemperance. It is putting a thing good in itself to a hurtful end. It is like eating too much. In both these cases we indulge a natural appetite so as to make ourselves uncomfortable, when a temperate indulgence of it would have been pleasant and healthful.

We all know that the mind is of more than the body. Hence the improvement of the former is more important than the enjoyment of the latter. As it is very easy to play, and not very easy to study, we must have a check to the former and a spur to the latter. Lessons all well learned, duties all well done, with a light heart and a good conscience we can go to play, and make the most of it.

PEACE.

It is unpleasant to quarrel, even if we don't fight. Every child feels happier when friendly with his school-fellows than when at enmity with them. And so it is with nations. What enjoyment can there be in fighting? Ought it to please us to see men, strangers to each other, shoot and cut each other down? From the earnestness with which some read

of bat'les, it might be supposed there was something in them to please the mind, and make people happier. It may seem very fine to read of armies marching forth with flags and music, and the horses prancing, the cannons roaring, the bright swords glittering, and a "great victory" being won. But you cannot see the misery behind. You cannot see the mother's tears, who waits and waits for her son to return from the battle, and whose "gray hairs are brought down with sorrow to the grave," because he comes not. You cannot hear the voices of innocent children asking when their father will be home, but whose cold and mangled bodies lie on the bloody field! You may fancy you hear the beating of the drums, and the sounds of the trumpet; but you cannot hear the shrieks of the wounded, or the groans of the dying. Oh! there is nothing pleasant in war; all is painful enough. People may say it was a "famous victory;" but they cannot tell us why. Children do not say so when they hear of all the horrors of the battle.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But this, I like that you know must be,
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince Eugene.
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing.'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.'

"And every body praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win;
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

A TRUE LAWYER.

Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title-deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested to himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and the age he lived in.

WASH TO FIX BLACKLEAD PENCIL DR AWINGS.

1. Isinglass, 1 part; water, 50 parts. Dissolve with heat and filter. 2. Take skimmed milk, and strain. For use, pour the liquid on a surface sufficiently large, and take the drawing by the corners, lay it flat on the wash, then carefully remove it, and place it on a slanting surface to drain and dry. This will also answer for chalk drawings.

A SIMPLE BAROMETER.

Take a common phial, and cut off the rim and part of the neck, by means of a piece of cord passed round it, and moved rapidly to and fro, in a sawing direction; the one end being held in the left hand and the other fastened to any convenient object, while the right hand holds and moves the phial; when heated, dip it suddenly into cold water, and the part will crack off; or separate it with a file. Then nearly fill the phial with clear water, place your finger on the mouth and invert it; withdraw your finger and suspend it in this position with a piece of twine. In dry weather the under surface of the water will be level with the

neck of the bottle, or even concave; in damp weather, on the contrary, a drop will appear at the mouth and continue until it falls, and is then followed by another in the same way.

GENILE WORDS.

Who has not felt the influence of gentle words? what person have they not overcome with a greater power than harsh words or taunting remarks? Yet how few are in the habit of using them. Persons of the most trying dispositions, breaking forth in loud exclamations of anger, without any regard for the feelings of the individual for whom they were intended, become as calm as a summer's day when the answer in return was all gentleness—they become ashamed and humbled before their victim. Again, we see those who have met with others like themselves, answering each other tauntingly, and so keep up the controversy for hours, when a gentle word would have scuttled all difficulties. Why, then, should we not endeavor to smile sweetly upon all, and ever strive to use gentle words to those that surround us? They are words that require no exertion on our part to bestow.

(From the Child's Paper.)

THE BOY THAT, "DIDN'T CARE."

Ben Poor had a bad father, but a pious mother. She had a hard time, yet the faithful creature kept up a good heart, and the girls rewarded her for her pains. It was not so with Ben. One day the neighbors saw her in the little back bed-room talking to him, with tears in her eyes, about associating with bad boys; but the moment he was out of her sight, he was with them again—he "didn't care," he said.

He played truant, and the master and the school committee faithfully pictured to him the evils of idling away his time and growing up in ignorance. "I don't care," he cried, as soon as he was out of their hearing, and did no better than before. People who knew his mother wanted to employ him, that he might earn a little for the family; but he worked carelessly, or forgot his errands altogether, and when kindly or sternly reproved, he turned on his heel with a "don't care." At last he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, who, after giving him a fair trial, shipped him off, saying he would have nothing to do with so careless and stubborn a spirit as Ben Poor was. The last I have known of him, he was seen sprawling on the green grass by the road-side on a bright summer day, without either jacket or hat, but with a jug by his side.

Ben is looked upon as a hopeless case; for there is nothing so utterly hopeless as a "don't care" spirit. Think of that, boys. The "don't care" spirit defies authority; disobeys parents, disregards goodness, and hates all wholesome restraints. What ruin it works! The last report of the State Reform School of Massachusetts at Westborough, says a considerable portion of those committed "are children who defy all parental authority," and adds, "those are the most difficult cases to reform, and little can be done for their permanent good until they are taught to respect the authority of others."

Some boys seem to think it is manly not to care—that it is smart to cast off restraint. I will tell you it is a very bad sort of smartness—a very mistaken notion of manliness. True manliness is never rude and lawless; it submits to just restraints, and respects wise counsel. Cain "didn't care" when he slew his brother. The people of the old world "didn't care," though they saw Noah building the ark and heard his awful warnings of approaching ruin. Judas did not care, when he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver.

Boys, do care—do care to respect your parents, to mind your instructors, to be faithful to your employers, to reverence the Sabbath, and obey the Lord God. Do care how you spend

your time, what habits you form, what company you keep. Your parents care for you, your teachers care for you, God cares for you, angels care for you; and will you not care for yourselves? Remember, that as a man soweth, so shall he reap; and he that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

THE GARDEN.

Isabel had a little garden of her own. It was long and narrow, and separated by a path from the other ground. She worked in it morning and night; for she loved flowers, and was an industrious child, willing to work for what she had. She sowed a great many seeds in this precious bed, and watched eagerly to see them spring up: sweet-williams and pinks, fox-gloves and mignonette, the pretty little blue-bells and the yellow lilies, all were there, and many other little darling flowers. The weeds, "ugly, naughty old weeds," Isabel called them, would also come up all over the bed, right among her choicest flowers. It was very vexatious; for when she had pulled every one out, the next day they would thrust up their heads again as pert and vigorous as ever.

"Isabel," said her mother one evening, when they were sitting on a little board seat in the garden, "do you know I have a flower bed?" "No, mamma; where is it?" "I don't think you have ever seen it, Izzy, but it is one which is very dear to me, and in which I am trying to raise some very rare and valuable plants: I watch it as carefully as you do yours, and try as hard to keep the weeds out of it, but they will keep springing up." "What plants have you got in it? I want to see them."

"I have sowed the seeds of many; one of the choicest of these is called Benevolence, and a very fair and lovely plant it is, which diffuses fragrance all around it when it is in bloom. I think it is growing rather slowly in my garden, but the weeds sometimes grow so much faster that I can scarcely see it. Humility is a dear little flower, very fragrant also, but so low and delicate, that it makes little show, and is known by its exquisite perfume rather than its color. There is the beautiful Good-temper, so bright and lovely that all admire it; the pretty purple Industry, and the tall, snowy Truthfulness, never suited by a stain. They are all beautiful when well rooted and flourishing; but the weeds do trouble me so; they come up everywhere, right among my most precious flowers, and though I pull them up over and over again, still they show their ugly heads in the very same spot, till sometimes I am almost discouraged in attempting to destroy them. One grows very tall and rank, Pride we call it; and Vanity is very similar in shape and root, though the blossom has a different shade. But Selfishness troubles me more than all. It is a running vine, spreading in all directions, and twining itself around every stalk and leaf. I cut it up in one place, and it seems to gain new life in another. Do you think I shall ever get it out of my garden, Isabel?"

Isabel looked down; she knew her mother's garden was her own heart; she knew too how carefully her mother had sown precious seed in it, and how many, many weeds were choking them. She sighed, but said nothing. "I cannot tell you," said her mother, "how much I am rejoiced when I see these lovely plants growing, and, I trust, some of them are putting out strong shoots. Yesterday, when you stayed at home from Abbie's party to gratify poor Susan, I knew a large, ugly root of selfishness had been plucked up; and, I trust, a few more such vigorous efforts will lessen its growth materially. It is by constant effort you keep your flowers from being overrun, and you must never lose courage, nor cease to watch them. So in the garden of the heart, watch, labor, and pray, if you would behold precious flowers."

Natural History.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF QUADRUPEDS, OR OF THE CLASS MAMMALIA, ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES. ADAPTED FOR YOUTH.

MONKEYS OF THE OLD WORLD.

(Continued from No 7, page 64.)

We have already stated the race of Monkeys to be extremely numerous as to species. To a long list, however, already described and recorded in the annals of science, others are added from time to time, as our researches extend. We shall therefore not endeavor to present the reader with a complete arrangement either of genera or species, but exercise our judgment in making an illustrative selection.

To the genus *Cercopithecus*, characterized by a facial angle of 60° , cheek-pouches, and four tubercles on the last molar tooth below, belongs the **PATAS, or RED MONKEY.** (*Cercopithecus ruber*.) This pretty animal is a native of Senegal, and is rarely brought as a captive to England. In its temper it by no means offers a favorable specimen of its race, being violent and malicious. Of its curiosity, love of mischief, and determined spirit of retaliation, we may form some idea from the account of an intelligent traveller, who tells us that while he and his party passed along the river in boats these Monkeys descended from the tops of the trees to the extremities of the branches for the purpose of a closer investigation, and for a time appeared much amused by the novel spectacle; not, however being satisfied with remaining harmless spectators, they began a system of offensive operations, throwing pieces of wood and other missiles at the boats, and thus provoked an unequal contest. When fired upon they uttered frightful cries; and, although many fell, the courage of the survivors seemed in no way daunted; on the contrary, they redoubled their efforts, and persevered in the attack with the utmost zeal and resolution, displaying a degree of courage which among their fellow-tribes would secure them extensive privileges and rights of forest-denizenship.

The color of this animal is a lively yellowish red, becoming paler beneath; a black band surmounted with white crosses the forehead above the eyes.

The **COLLARED WHITE-EYELID Monkey.** (*Cercopithecus Ethiops*.) This species is a native of Africa, where Hasselquist mentions it as having been seen by him in his travels in Ethiopia; but, as it is imported from the western coast also, we may suppose it to be extensively distributed over the intertropical regions of that immense continent. Its general color is a dull sooty black, with a broad white collar passing round the neck, and including the large bushy moustaches which cover the cheeks; the

eyelids are white also; the crown of the head is of a fine rich chestnut, a circumstance which, with the white collar, alone distinguishes it from a closely-allied species (the common sooty or white-eyelid Monkey) brought from the same part of Africa, and agreeing in figure, manners, and disposition. The limbs are slender, but strong and vigorous; the tail is long, and thicker in proportion than is usually found to obtain in the group to which it belongs; the hair is long and soft; the two front teeth of the upper jaw are remarkable for their breadth, the canine for their prominence, circumstances which give an elongated form to the muzzle. Although curious and full of vivacity, the present species is less petulant and irascible than most, exhibiting a disposition, to a certain extent, docile and tractable; it is therefore much esteemed, and not the less so for the singular grinning expression, indicative of its feelings, which its countenance perpetually assumes, and by which it exposes its teeth, producing a most grotesque and ludicrous effect. Its bite is very severe. It must, however, be acknowledged that the general uniformity of its forbearing temper (at least if the specimens which have fallen under our notice may afford a criterion) entitles it to confidence.

Africa supplies us with the **DIANA and MONA MONKEYS**, two of the most beautiful of their race. Of their native manners we have no certain account, except that they are said to dwell in troops among the woods on the mountains, sending spies before them when about to enter a cultivated district for the purpose of plunder, and, if intercepted in their retreat, defending themselves by throwing dust and stones in the eyes of their assailants. From the specimens of these animals which we have seen in captivity, we should consider them to be lively, good tempered, and playful; but it may be doubted whether this favorable disposition long continues.

The Diana is distinguished by a crescent-shaped bar of long white hairs ornamenting the forehead, and which, from a fancied resemblance to Dian's fabled bow, the moon in her quarter, has given rise to the name. The back is of a dark chestnut color; the head, neck, sides, and under parts deep gray; the hands and ears black; the cheeks are tufted with white hairs, which end below the chin in a flat pointed beard; the chest is white also. The Mona is even more elegantly marked. The top of its head is dark olive; the neck, back, and sides are chestnut brown, merging at the shoulders and haunches into a dusky slate color, which prevails over the outside of the limbs and tail. The inside of the limbs and under surface of the body are pure white, separated from the darker color by an abrupt line; a narrow

crescent-shaped line of light gray surmounts the eyes; and the face is surrounded by bushy whiskers of a light straw color, intermingled with a few dark rings.

To Africa must be likewise referred the **GREEN MONKEY,** (*Cercopithecus sabaeus*.) a handsome species, and, as its name imports, of a general olive green, with black hands and face. It is a native of Senegal, where Adanson found it peopling the woods in immense numbers. From their color and silence it was some time before he noticed them, hid as they were in the obscurity of the forest branches. They, however, forced themselves into notice by throwing boughs at him; nor were they at all frightened by the discharge of fire-arms, with which he returned their salute. He states himself to have killed twenty-three in less than an hour; a murderous destruction of animal life, in which we are sorry to find travellers too ready to indulge, and which can never be justified save by its necessity. Of the necessity in this case, we do not presume to judge; but we would raise our voice indignantly against cruelty, a crime against which God has denounced his anger; a crime which the christian must abhor who remembers his Lord's assurance, that the works of His hand are all the objects of His care. Let not our young readers be guilty of ever injuring the meanest creature, nor by hardening their hearts, prepare themselves for guilt in their ripper age.

(To be continued.)

Biographical.

COLUMBUS.

(Continued from No. 7, page 65.)

Columbus arrived at Palos, a small seaport in Spain, towards the end of the year 1485, and, as it would appear, in a somewhat destitute condition. About half a league from Palos there was a convent of Franciscan friars. Columbus, with his little son, stopped one day at this convent, to ask for some bread and water. The prior of the monastery, Juan Perez de Marchena, was a man of intelligence and learning. Being struck with the appearance and demeanor of Columbus, he immediately entered into a conversation with him. It ended in an invitation to the stranger to become for a while a guest at the convent. Juan Perez talked with Columbus of his plans, and became exceedingly interested in them. He sent for a scientific friend, Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, with whom the matter was industriously examined. All became more and more zealous in their wishes and hopes for putting the project into execution. It happened that Juan Perez was an intimate friend of Fernando de Talavera, the confessor of Queen Isabella. Columbus being furnished with a letter of introduction to Talavera, in which his enterprise was strenuously recommended to the patronage of the crown, he left his son at the convent with his friend, and departed for the court of Castile, in the spring of 1486.

On arriving at Cordova, where the court at the time was residing, he found it almost impossible to obtain a hearing. This he at length accomplished; but it was long before he could make a sufficient impression on Ferdinand or his queen in order to second his views. They referred his suit to a body of learned professors, who laughed at his project, which they declared to be irreligious and impious.

Tired out with waiting on the pleasure of the court of Spain, and receiving a letter of encouragement from the court of France, Columbus departed on a journey to Paris, taking in his way the friendly convent at Palos, where he had left his son under the care of Juan Perez. When his old friend the prior saw Columbus once more at the gate of his monastery, after several years of vain solicitation at court, he was deeply affected. He entreated him by all means to remain in the country. He had been father confessor to the queen, and thought he might still exercise an influence over her mind. He accordingly proceeded to Santa Fe, where the sovereigns were in person superintending the siege of the capital of Granada. Perez obtained a ready access to the queen. He laid before her the propositions of Columbus with freedom and eloquence. Isabella was moved with the grandeur of the project. The principles upon which it was founded, the advantages that would result from its success, and the glory it would shed upon Spain, were for the first time represented to her in their true colors. She promised her patronage to the undertaking.

It was now only necessary to agree upon the terms. Columbus would listen only to princely conditions. A meaner spirit, after years of unsuccessful toil, poverty, and disappointment, would have been glad to secure the assistance of the sovereigns, on such arrangements as their own liberality might dictate. But Columbus proposed his own rewards and honors, and would consent to no other. He demanded them as if he were already successful, and aware of the extent and importance of his discoveries. The court were eventually obliged to grant that he should be admiral on the ocean, and enjoy all the privileges and honors allowed to the high admiral of Castile; that he should be governor over all the countries he might discover; and that he should reserve to himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, and articles of merchandise, in whatever manner obtained, within his admiralty. They also allowed that he should appoint judges in all parts of Spain trading to those countries; and that on this voyage, and at all other times, he should contribute an eighth part of the expense, and receive an eighth part of the profits. These articles of agreement were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, at the city of Santa Fe, on the 17th of April 1492. Three caravels, or very small vessels, little better than decked boats, were procured at Palos, and orders given that they should be manned and provided with all care and diligence. There were still difficulties before commencing the voyage, that it required all the perseverance of Columbus to overcome. It was almost impossible to prevail upon any seamen to engage in the undertaking. The royal order in respect to the fitting out of the caravels was peremptory; but weeks passed, and it still remained without any thing being done. The old sailors who had passed most of

their lives upon the water, shrunk from the enterprise with horror. It shocked all the notions that had been entertained so long in respect to the formation of the earth, and the extent of the ocean. New orders were issued by the court, and officers were appointed to press ships and seamen into the service of Columbus. This measure occasioned a great deal of disputing and confusion, but led to no important result. At length a rich and adventurous navigator, named Alonzo Pinzon, came forward, and interested himself very strenuously in the expedition. His assistance was effectual. He owned vessels, and had many seamen in his employ, and consequently possessed great influence. He and his brother Vicente Pinzon determined to take commands, and sail with Columbus. Their example had a great effect; they persuaded their relations and friends to embark with them, and the vessels were ready for sea within a month after they had thus engaged in their equipment.

We now find Columbus on the eve of his first grand expedition, which was to result in the discovery of the American continent and islands. The simple seaman of Genoa, whom the ignorant derided as a fool, and philosophers neglected as an impostor, after years of poverty and disappointment, had at length obtained the object of his unwearied solicitations; and was going forward with a calm and dignified assurance of success. What unspeakable joy must have filled his heart, as the little caravel in which he sailed was leaving the shores of Spain in the distance, stretching forward into that dim and unexplored ocean, from whose shadows he was to reveal new dominions for his country, and a new world for Europe!

Columbus and his companions sailed from the bar of Saltes, a small island in front of the town of Huelva, early on the morning of the 3d of August 1492. They directed their course in a south-westerly direction to the Canary Islands. These they reached; and after spending three or four weeks in repairing a damage in one of the vessels, and taking in fresh supplies of wood, water, and meat, set sail from the harbor of Gomera on the 6th of September. They steered their course directly west. In a few days they began to fall in with what Columbus considered signs of land; such as quantities of green weeds, a live crab, flocks of birds, and so forth; but all these signs of land continually failed, and the crews were daily more and more disposed to murmur against the admiral. The whole of the sailors in the little fleet were a set of cowardly wretches, who had by turns to be flattered and threatened with punishment, to keep them from open rebellion. Provisions at length were falling short, and some of the men proposed to throw Columbus into the sea, and give out on their return that he had accidentally fallen overboard.

The first land that Columbus expected to meet was Cipango, which had been placed by geographers at the eastern extremity of India. This was the name given to the island now called Japan, by Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller. The most extravagant accounts of the riches of this country were given by the writers of that age, and the admiral was anxious to proceed directly thither. At sunrise on Sunday the 7th of October, the Nina, which had out-sailed the other vessels, on account of her swiftness, hoisted a flag at her mast-head, and fired a gun as a signal of having

discovered land. There had been a reward promised by the king and queen to the man who should first make this discovery; and each of the vessels was striving very eagerly to get ahead, and obtain the promised recompense. As they found nothing of the land the Nina had made signals for, the admiral shifted his course, about evening, towards the west-south-west with a determination to sail two days in that direction. The reason for making this change was from watching the flight of the birds. The Portuguese had discovered most of their islands in this manner, and Columbus noticed that the flocks which passed them all flew from the north to the south-west. He inferred from this that land was situated in that quarter. After sailing a day or two, they found the air as soft as that of Seville, in April, and so fragrant that it was delicious to breathe it. The weeds appeared very fresh, and many land birds were taken. The men, however, had lost all faith in any signs of land. They did not cease to murmur and complain. The admiral encouraged them in the best manner he could, representing the riches they were about to acquire, and adding, that it was to no purpose to complain; for, having come so far, they had nothing to do but to continue, till, by the assistance of heaven, they should arrive at the Indies.

On the 11th of October, they met with signs of land that could not be mistaken, and all began to regain spirits and confidence. The crew of the Pinta saw a cane and a log. They also picked up a stick, which appeared to have been carved with an iron instrument, a small board, and abundance of weeds that had been newly washed from the banks. The crew of the Nina saw other similar signs, and found, besides, a branch of a thorn full of red berries. Convinced by these tokens of the neighborhood of land, Columbus, after evening prayers, made an address to his crew, reminding them of the mercy of God in bringing them so long a voyage with such fair weather, and encouraging them by signs that were every day plainer and plainer. He repeated the instructions he had given at the Canary Islands, that when they had sailed seven hundred leagues to the westward without discovering land, they should lie by from midnight till daybreak. He told them that, as they had strong hopes of finding land that night, every one should watch in his place; and besides the thirty crowns a-year which the Spanish sovereigns had promised to the first discoverer, he would give him a velvet doublet.

About ten o'clock that evening, while Columbus was keeping an anxious look-out from the top of the cabin, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing that his hopes might deceive him, he called two of his companions to confirm him. One of them came in season to observe it, but the other was too late. It had disappeared. From this they supposed it might be the torch of some fisherman, raised up and then suddenly dropped again. They were all confident of being near land. About two o'clock in the morning, the Pinta gave signal of land, which was first perceived by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana.

When the day appeared, they perceived before them a large island, quite level, full of green trees and delicious waters, and to all appearance thickly inhabited. Numbers of the people immediately collected together, and ran down to the shore. They were very

much astonished at the sight of the ships, which they believed to be living creatures. The ships immediately came to anchor. The admiral went ashore in his boat, well armed and bearing the royal standard. The other captains each took a banner of the Green Cross, containing the initials of the names of the king and queen on each side, and a crown over each letter. The admiral called upon the two captains, and the rest of the crew who landed, to bear witness that he took possession of that island for his sovereigns. They all gave thanks to God, kneeling upon the shore, shedding tears of joy for the great mercy received. The admiral rose, and called the island San Salvador. The Indians called it Guarihani, and it is now called Cat Island. It belongs to that group called the Bahamas.

(To be continued.)

The Story Teller.

(From Woodworth's American Miscellany.)

HUNTING HENS' NESTS.

A STORY OF MY BOYHOOD—BY UNCLE FRANK.

How much I used to enjoy myself, in the spring of the year, when I lived on a farm! Among all the different sports of the country during the months of April and May, I hardly know which gave me the most pleasure. Let me think. Making whistles out of the boughs of the willow and the chestnut, and serenading the good people of the neighborhood with them—that was fine sport. So it was to see the sheep take their annual baths, under the direction of my father. So was looking after water-cresses, and feeding the chickens, and playing ball, and seeing how nicely our hired men plowed the corn-field, and taking care of the cosset lamb. But I don't know, after all, if there was anything so pleasant, in the spring of the year, as hunting hens' nests. There was something exciting about the business of exploring the barn, the wood-house, and the entire premises, in fact, and being rewarded, after a noisy outburst of cackling, by a whole hatful of eggs.

In these explorations, I was generally attended by my brother, only a little younger than myself, who relished the sport quite as much as I did myself. There is a story of rather a tragic nature connected with one of these hunting excursions, which I have a mind to tell you. There is a little bit of wisdom wrapped up in the tale, which, when the tale is unfolded, I hope you will find and profit by. I say I hope you will profit by it; for, after all, what is wisdom worth, even if you should get your head as full of it as Solomon's was, if you do not make some use of it? Not much, I am sure. Dogs and cats, rats and mice, squirrels and rabbits, geese and ducks—all these animals, though they do not get hold of so much knowledge as we have, generally use what little knowledge they do get. They make the most of it. When they have learned a good lesson, they remember it. It is not necessary, in most cases, to keep teaching the same lesson, over and over again, to the same dog, for instance, after he has once got it by heart. Even the goose, whom we are in the habit of calling a very stupid creature, when she has learned a lesson, generally keeps it in mind, and practises it. I knew of a whole flock of geese once, who got as drunk as fools, eating cherries that had been soaked

in rum. But nobody could ever make a single goose in that flock eat such things after that. They had been drunk once. That was sufficient for them. What a pity that all the members of the human family do not profit by what they learn, as these geese did by their knowledge.

But I am getting off on this "wild goose chase" too far, and I must come straight back to the story.

The interior of our barn—and I am not sure but that the same could be said of all the barns in our neighborhood—had on each side of the wide open space, called the "barn floor," two high beams, running horizontally the whole length of the building. These beams were some twenty feet, perhaps, from the floor. When the hay was all in, the mows on each side of the barn floor reached as high as these great beams, though as the hay was generally taken away during the winter, of course the distance from the hay mow to the beams increased. In the middle of the winter, I recollect, it always seemed a great feat to jump from the high beam to the mow, as Peter, my father's hired man, used sometimes to do for the amusement, he said, of the "little shavers." Some loose pieces of timber were placed on the high beams, in the fall of the year, reaching across the barn floor, from one beam to the other. These timbers formed a temporary scaffold, on which they placed bundles of rye and oats, before they were thrashed.

You will readily see that this scaffold was not a safe place for boys. Besides the danger of sliding off, there was also danger that the timbers would spread apart, so as to let a person through. We boys were cautioned, again and again, of the danger of that scaffold, and forbidden to go there on any account whatever.

While hunting for hens' nests in the barn, it used, nevertheless, to seem a great pity to me, that we could not pursue our researches on that forbidden ground. "What a host of eggs there must be on the scaffold," I thought.

One day, when we were not so successful on our hunting excursion as usual, a very meagre collection of eggs having resulted from a search of a couple of hours, my thoughts were drawn so strongly towards the scaffold, that I could hardly turn them in any other direction.

"I wonder how many eggs there are on the scaffold?" I inquired of my brother.

"I guess about a hatful," was the answer.

"A hatful!" I exclaimed; "pooh! more likely half a bushel." I was rather a sanguine boy.

"But there is no use in talking about the scaffold," my brother said. "We couldn't go there, you know, if the whole scaffold was covered with eggs."

I thought otherwise. "I don't believe the folks know what lots of eggs there are among those bundles of rye," I said.

"But," said my brother, "I shouldn't wonder if they knew one thing about that scaffold better than we do."

"What's that?" I asked.

"They know that it is rather a dangerous place," was the reply.

"But Peter goes there," said I.

"Peter is a man," said my brother.

At that remark I remember I laughed: to think that Peter could perform any feat in the way of climbing, which I dared not attempt. Boys have often great confidence in themselves. As they grow older, and gra-

dually draw near the period of their manhood, they are apt to think less and less of themselves. My confidence in myself, on this occasion, was not courage. It was not heroism. It was nothing of the kind. It was something for which I deserved a great deal more censure than praise.

I finally renounced my brother into the conclusion, that, on the whole, it was best to climb up to the seatfold; or, rather, I talked to him till he had used up all his arguments, for I hardly think he was altogether convinced that I was right. We arranged everything in our own minds, so that our parents would never know that we had climbed the scaffold. They would wonder, we know, where we got such a large quantity of eggs. But we were going to deal out our information as physicians of a certain school deal out their medicines to their patients—in very small doses. That matter was all arranged.

The next step, to mount the ladder. It was thought best, by all means, to take up two hats. One hat, we thought, would be hardly sufficient to hold all the eggs. So up I started, holding on tight to the rounds of the ladder with both hands, and as tight to the brims of both hats with my teeth.

In spite of myself, somehow or other, I felt my courage o'zing out of my fingers and toes, as I went up the ladder. I trembled a little, I guess. But I went on. I had no notion of being scared out of an expedition which promised a peck of hens' eggs, at the least, and possibly half a bushel.

Yes, I went on. But when I got to the ladder, which rested on the great beam, I began to think that our Peter was a brave fellow, and that the feat I had undertaken was probably the greatest on record. I hesitated, and then climbed, as boldly as I could, in the circumstances, upon the great beam, from which I stepped to the scaffold.

I looked down. Oh, how high that scaffold seemed! What a distance to the barn floor! From the moment my eye fell upon the place where my brother was standing, fear took the entire control of me, and knocked every other thought and idea out of my head. The hats—so I was told afterwards, though I could not have been sensible of it at the time—fell to the floor at the moment that I turned to look downward.

My memory of what took place after I stepped upon the scaffold, is very confused and misty. I remember looking down. I remember, too, that I felt sick; that everything began to go round and round, and that I went round and round with everything; that sometimes I was on the floor, sometimes on the mow, sometimes on the scaffold, and sometimes among the wasps' nests, where the ratters came together; that I wondered how the barn came to tumble over, and how it came to stand up again, and how the bundles of rye could stay on the scaffold, and why I could stay on myself—and—

It was very hazy after that, very hazy indeed.

The next thing I remember now, the next thing I remembered then, was that I was lying on a bed, and a strange-looking man, with a strange-looking pen-knife, was sitting close to me and pinching my wrist. I don't know exactly how a cat in a strange garret feels. I don't know that anybody knows, though it is a very common thing to hear people talk about feeling "as queer as a cat

in a strange garret." I don't pretend to determine the precise nature of the sensations that fill Puss's bosom, when she suddenly finds herself in an upper apartment where she has never been before. But I can say, and I will say, that if she is any more bewildered at such a time than I was when I saw Dr. Windman—for it turned out that it was the Doctor—sitting there with his lancet in one hand and my wrist in the other—if she is any more bewildered than I was, I pity her from the bottom of my heart.

And my head ached, too. How happened that? And my arm was lame. What did that mean? Had I hurt it? I tried to turn over in the bed. I couldn't do anything of the kind. I seemed to have been put into a barrel and pounded, as Amanda Lounsbury pounded the clothes, in the process of washing. What did all this mean?

I found out what it all meant—not immediately, but after awhile. I found out that I had fallen from the scaffold down to the floor; that I was badly hurt by the fall; that my brother had alarmed the folks in the house; that they had carried me into the kitchen, and made up a bed for me there; that Doctor Windman had been sent for; that he had come and bled me; that everybody was alarmed; that the doctor had not said much, but that he looked as if he was a good deal worried about me—alas! I knew that; I saw that look—and had shaken his head when my father asked him how badly I was hurt; that Peter had gone to Northville for another doctor; and, in short, that I was likely to have a pretty severe time of it, before I got well.

I leave you to judge how I felt when I learned all this. The pain in my head and limbs was not all the pain that I suffered—no, not by a good deal. There was something in my breast which seemed to say: "This is what you get by disobedience. You deserve it all, and more." Oh, how that thought tortured me! It was an arrow in my breast.

It was a long time—I do not remember, but it seemed an age, and I believe it was some two or three months—before I could walk in the door yard; and for some time or that, I had to hobble about, like an old horse who has got the spring halt very badly, indeed.

From the day of that unfortunate fall, until I became almost as large as Peter, the territory in which I hunted for hens' nests, never embraced the high scaffold.

Origins and Inventions.

EARLIEST MANUFACTURE OF COTTON.

Though cotton is a native plant of India, the interior of Africa, and Mexico, and perhaps some other warm countries, and it has been spun into cloth, and furnished the principal clothing of the Hindoos from time immemorial, and of the natives of Mexico at the time of the discovery of America; yet its manufacture seems to have been unknown to the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and to have been first brought into Europe by the Moors, who introduced it into Spain in the ninth or tenth century. It was first introduced into Italy in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and into

Flanders and France at a still later period; and was not introduced into England until the sixteenth century. The fibres of cotton being shorter than those of flax, and more difficult to spin and weave by hand, the quantity manufactured in Europe was very small, until after the invention and general use of machinery for spinning and weaving it; and the Europeans were principally supplied with cotton cloths from India, and some from China, during the whole of the last century, and to a considerable extent, down to the close of the wars growing out of the French revolution in 1815.

POWER LOOMS.

The power loom was invented in 1787; but it was at first so imperfect, that it was not applied to any practical use until 1801; and so great was the prejudice of hand-loom weavers against it, that it was introduced very slowly. The estimated number of power-loom in use in Great Britain in 1813, was but 2400, and in 1820 only 14,150. In 1834 the number in the United Kingdom had increased to 116,891.

CANALS.

Some time previous to the Christian era a canal was made from the Red Sea to the river Nile in Egypt. The great canal of China is said to have been commenced as early as the ninth century. Some small canals were made in Flanders as early as the twelfth or thirteenth century; very many were made in Holland in the seventeenth century, though they were generally small; those made in the eighteenth century were much larger; but the largest canals in Holland, those of greatest depth and width, have been made during the nineteenth century.

MANUFACTURED SILK.

Though silk was made into cloth at a very early period in China, India, Persia, and some other countries of Asia, and its use became known to the Romans before the Christian era, yet the rearing of silkworms and the silk manufacture were not introduced into Europe until the time of the Emperor Justinian, about the year 530. But after the introduction of these arts at Constantinople, Thes, Corinth, and Argos, Greece continued to be the only European country in which they were practised until about the middle of the twelfth century, when they were introduced into the island of Sicily. From this island they spread into Italy: and Venice, Milan, Florence, and Lucca, were soon after distinguished for their success in raising silkworms, and for the extent and beauty of their manufactures of silk. The silk manufacture was introduced into Tours, in France, by some workmen from Italy, on the invitation of Louis XI., about the year 1480, and at Lyons in 1520; and into England about the same time, though it did

not make much progress in England until the age of Queen Elizabeth.

Varieties.

A schoolmaster, who was charged with using the birch rather too violently, declared that it was the only way to make a dull boy smart.

He who troubles himself more than he needs grieves also more than is necessary; for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

There are none or very few evils, but penury and guilt. The dignity of virtue makes everything else a trifle, or very tolerable. Penury itself may flatter one, for it may be inflicted on a man for his virtue.

An ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of assault and battery, to aggravate matters, gravely told the court that his client had been beaten by a certain wooden instrument, called an iron pestle.

Parents who are ignorant of their duty will be taught, by the misconduct of their children, what they ought to have done.

MILITARY ELOQUENCE.—An officer in the army of Henry IV, who commanded a regiment very ill-clothed, seeing a party of the enemy advancing, who appeared newly equipped, said to his soldiers, "There, my brave fellows, go, and clothe yourselves."

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

A distinguished teacher defines genius to be the power of making efforts.

"Where are you going?" asked an old gentleman of a little boy who had just completed his tenth year. "Why, into my eleventh year," he replied.

The Rev. Mr. Gannet reckons that each individual averages three hours of conversation daily, at the rate of a hundred words a minute, or twenty pages of an octavo volume in an hour. At this rate we talk a volume of 400 pages in a week, and fifty-two volumes in a year.

One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvest of glorious deeds.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—We're glad when he leaves.

"Boy, why don't you go to school?"—"Bekase, sir, daddy's afraid if I learns anything now, I shan't have anything to learn when I comes to go to the 'cademy."

Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing.—Locke.

There are more than 28 millions of acres of cultivated land in England and Wales, and there are four millions of families—upwards of seven acres for each family!

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censure of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be certainly neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applause of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes on his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.—Addison.

DISSIMULATION.—No man for any considerable period, can wear one face to the world, and another to himself, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the most true.

Poetry.

LITTLE CHILDREN. LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said,—and she looked at her smiling mother,—
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other."

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, "Little children, love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on that happy mother,
Whose little children loved each other.

THOUGHTS.

They come when the sunset
Is bright on the mountain;
They come when the moonlight
Is clear on the fountain,
At morn and at even,
By minutes and hours
They come from the forest,
From birds and from flowers.

They come when some token
Of days past will rise;
As a line to the present,
And then they bring sighs;
They come when some vision
Of hope and of fears,
Rushes on to the future,
And then they bring tears.

They come when the ripple
Is low on the lake,
And the plover is nesting
By fountain and brake—
And the twilight look out,
With gems on its breast,
And they whisper that all,
Save themselves, are at rest.

J. S. H.

The Riddler.

PUZZLES.

No. 1.—What is that which every one thinks of when asking a puzzling question, and every one thinks of when hearing it? G. B.

No. 2.—Four corners in a room, a cat in every corner; three cats before each cat; and a cat on every cat's tail. How many cats were there in the room? N. W.

CHARADES.

No. 18.—I am composed of two words, comprising seventeen letters. My 7, 4, 6, 5, 3, 14, 16, 1, is a common name for education. My 3, 4, 7, 17, 15, 16, is the name of one of the greatest naval commanders in the world. My 1, 2, 15, 5, 1, 11 is a male christian name. My 12, 10, 9, 6, 3, is what children ought always to be. My 8, 9, 7, 10, is what people do to get

money. My 12, 16, 10, 13, is the name of a young horse. My 8, 13, 4, 2, 7, is the name of a metal. My whole is found in The Youth's Preceptor. J. H.

No. 19.—My whole encircles my first, and my second encircles my whole. C.

THE RIDDLER'S SOLUTION OF 6th NO.

CHARADE, No. 18.—*Provincial Magazine*. Answered by Brenton Eaton, Cornwallis. H. U. S. Pictou. A. Boak, E. Kelly, A. M. Payne, Halifax.

No. 19.—*Princes Albert*. Answered by Brenton Eaton, Cornwallis. H. U. S. Pictou. A. Boak, E. Kelly, Thomas Hayer, Halifax.

RIDDLE, No. 6.—*A River*. Answered by H. U. S. Pictou. E. Kelly, J. Betcher, Halifax.

TRANSPOSITION, No. 2.—*Santa Anna*. Answered by A. Boak, E. Kelly, A. M. Payne, Halifax.

Anecdotes.

CARRYING BUNDLES.

Many people have a contemptible fear of being seen to carry any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most trifling as well as weighty packages must be sent to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of others. This arises from a low kind of pride. There is a pride that is higher, that arises from a consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents—worth and weight of character.—This latter pride was exhibited by the American son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in college, at Cambridge, he was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who, noticing the broom with surprise, exclaimed, "Why did you not have it sent home?" "I am not ashamed to carry home anything which belongs to me," was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte. Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother all the bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself.

TWO POETS TO ONE COUPLET.

A young student, walking with another round the Calton Hill, at Edinburgh, began to expatiate on the matchless beauties and infinite variety of the views which were to be obtained from that site; and he at length confessed that, inspired by the admirable prospect of the coast of Fife, on the opposite side of the Firth of Forth, he had commenced a poem in its praise;—but he had, somehow, failed to get beyond the first line,—

"Again we see upon the northern shore,"

"Why, man," answered his companion, "I think it would be so difficult matter to make that a couplet. Let me see,—

'Kinghorn still standing where it stood before' "

ALL OR NONE.

At the siege of Charleroi, the Duke of Marlborough ordered an officer to take twelve volunteers out of his regiment for an exploit of peculiar hazard. The officer signified the order to his regiment; all remained silent and motionless; three times the question was received in silence.

"How is this?" exclaimed the officer: "do you hear me?" "You are heard, sir," cried one in the ranks; "but why do you call for twelve volunteers? We are all so; you have only to choose."

A man, praising porter, said it was an excellent a beverage that, though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When, I should like to know?" said the eulogist. "Why, no longer since than last night—against the wall."

PLURALITIES.

When George I. landed at Greenwich, the inhabitants, after discussing the subject of what was the highest honor they could confer upon the newly-arrived sovereign, determined upon electing him church-warden, which was accordingly done. A dispute, however, afterwards took place in the vestry, as to whether he who was elected to serve the office of king could serve the office of church-warden at the same time.

LITERARY GUZZLEMENT.

Hume, Smith, and other literati of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in a low street in Edinburgh, called the Potterrow; where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had, at least, no cause to complain of the scantiness of their food. One day, as the landlady was bringing in a third supply of some particularly good dish, she thus addressed them: "They ca' ye the *literawts*, I believe; od, if they were to ca' ye the *eaterawts*, they would be nearer the mark."

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What," exclaimed the old lady, "d' ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we cannot find room for all the Charades, &c. which have been sent for insertion, we select only such as will give variety and amusement. Among those omitted are several that can only be appreciated by students in the highest departments of education, and consequently will not be generally understood.

Our correspondent at Ship Harbor will ascertain the price of the papers disposed of, by referring to the terms in our Prospectus. He will please return the papers that have not been called for, as, by the increase of our subscription list, they will probably be required very soon for new subscribers in other places.

W. B. W. We sent you the 2d No. and also the back numbers for new subscribers. If they have not yet been received please writ. again, and we will send other copies.

F. P. B. will receive the back numbers ordered for new subscribers. He has made a good beginning, and we think his future efforts will be as successful as he anticipates.

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