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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermionibus aures."

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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

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BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

His celebrated Latin poet and writer of his age, and perhaps inferior to none since the Augustan age, was born at Kilmarnock, in Dumbarshire, in February, 1506, of a family rather eminent than opulent, but Buchanan had no occasion for the splendour of ancestry. He wanted a reflected greatness, the equivocal, and when the only ornament of the rich and noble.

His father died of the stone in the flower of his age; his grandfather survived a short time; his affairs suffered a bankruptcy before his death. Buchanan's mother was left in circumstances of extreme distress; a widow with thirteen children, five of whom were sons. James Elliot, their maternal uncle, encouraged by the promise of George's childhood at school, at him to Paris to complete his education.

His younger students in that university being chiefly exercised in poetical composition, Buchanan tells us, that he spent much of his time in writing verses partly from duty, and partly from the impulse of nature. Compelled by the death of his uncle, by the bad state of his health, and by the want of resources, he returned home to his country in 1520, after a residence of about two years at Paris. He was yet under his twentieth year, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence. In this emergency he enlisted as a common soldier, under John Duke of Albany, who commanded the troops which France had sent to assist Scotland in the war it waged, at this period, against England. But nature had not destined him to be a military hero. He was disgusted with the fatigues of our campaign, and, fortunately John Stewart, then professor of philosophy at St. Andrews, hearing of his necessity and his merit, afforded him a temporary relief. The next year, however, whether from interest or literary attachment, he followed his tutor to Paris, where he became partial to the doctrines of Luther.

He now struggled with his adverse fortune for the space of two years; but was at length admitted into the college of St. Barbe at Paris, where he presided over the class of grammar till the year 1529.

We find him next under the protection of the Earl of Cassilis, who retained him five years, partly in France, and partly in his native country. During this connection he translated Linsencor's Rudiments of English Grammar, into Latin, and dedicated this performance to his patron. He next acted as preceptor to the Earl of Murray, the natural son of James V. Disgusted at the irregularities of the Franciscans, he had in some moment of leisure composed his "Somnium," a little elegy, in which he represents St Francis as soliciting him to enter into the fraternity, and himself as rejecting the proposal with a sarcastic disdain,—a piece of humour which greatly irritated the order against him, inasmuch that they are said to have accused him of atheism, a most serious charge in those days.

The last twelve years of his life he employed in composing, in Latin, his "History of Scotland." After having vied, with all the more eminent of the Latin poet, he contested with Livy and saluted the palm of eloquence and political sagacity. But it is to be remembered with pain, that like the former of these historians, he was not always careful to preserve himself from the charge of partiality. During the time of its composition he suffered much from bad health, and the infirmities of age. In a letter, dated August 25 1577, written in the old Scottish, and addressed to Master Randolph, Squire, Master of Postes to the Queen's Grace of England, he thus writes—"As for the present, I am occupied in writing of our History, being assured to content few, and to displease many that throw As to the end of it, yf ye gott it not or this winter he passit, lippen not for it, nor name other writings from me. The rest of my occupation is with the gout, quhilk halds me busy both day and nyte. And quhair ye say ye hauf not long to lyf, I trust to God to go before yow, albeit I be on fat, and ye ryd the post," &c. He had the satisfaction, however, of completing this, the greatest and the last of his mortal labours, but survived its publication scarcely a single month.

Broken by age and infirmities, he retired in 1581 from the court at Stirling to Edinburgh, resigning every public charge, and calmly composing himself for the approaches of death. In a pleasing and pathetic letter, written in the spring of that year on his only surviving friend in Portugal, he says, "I have for some time bidden adieu to letters. My sole concern now is, how I may quietly withdraw from my ill assorted companions; a dying man from the society of the living." Thus gracefully and deliberately quitting the scene of life, departed this extraordinary man, on the morning of Friday, the 28th of September, 1582, in the 76 year of his age.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF YOUNG RICHARD.

Concluded.

The first sabbath after we sailed was a gloomy one to me; the peace and quiet which reigned in

my father's house, I contrasted with the bustle and confusion on board this ship. I was comforted a good deal by observing one of the sailors reading a Bible about mid day. I made up to him, and begged him to give it me for a while, after he had read all that he intended at that time. He said he would; and added, that I was a great fool for choosing a seafaring life; that, could he gain support on shore, he would not remain an hour on shipboard after reaching a port; but, like me, he had run off from his friends when a boy, before he had acquired the knowledge of any trade; but, said he, I've only repented of my folly once, that is always; but now I am too old to begin any other business, and must therefore spend the remainder of my days in this irksome and dangerous occupation.

I listened with great attention to his story resolved to give up the sea on my return to my native country.

I read in his Bible with considerable avidity, and several texts struck me greatly. Still, however, pride and perverseness reigned in my heart, which soon discovered itself. A vessel hove in sight, which appeared to be making for Scotland. The Captain said if any of us wished to write to our friends, we were likely to have an opportunity of forwarding our letters. On receiving this information, I began a letter to my father. At first, I thought of telling him how much I regretted leaving home, and how unhappy I was become, but again I thought this would not do, for it would make me the derision of my brothers and sisters, but more especially of Timothy Prick. I therefore resolved to write as if I had been in high spirits, and expected to make an immense fortune in a few years, after which I would return home, purchase a fine estate, and make them all as happy as the day was long. To this effect I actually wrote; but ah! what a contrast between my heart and letter! I wrote with many sighs and many tears. Thinking of home harrowed up my keenest feelings, I could have crept into the letter. Indeed, when I put in the wafer, I involuntarily exclaimed, O wafer, I wish I were you! When the boat went off with the letters, I besought the Captain to permit me to return to Caledonia; but all he said was, put that young rascal into irons. Tough he spoke it rather in sport than otherwise, the sailor instantly fulfilled his mandate, and I remained a poor prisoner till next morning, without either meat or drink. Oh! how different from the treatment to which I had been accustomed! but all was needful to break my proud and perverse spirit.

About the latter end of July, we arrived at New York, when I was all eye to behold the wonders I expected to see in foreign climes; but I beheld nothing remarkable. The heaven was above and the earth below, the same as at home; the same sun ruled the day, and same moon the night; men, women, and children traversed the streets the same as at home; not a creature paid the smallest attention to poor me. Indeed, after our cargo was delivered, I seldom got on shore, being obliged to watch the vessel. One day,

while musing upon many things, with my eyes staring up the streets of New York, said I, What folly for the like of me to come out to a country like this, in hopes of making a fortune! they have plenty of boys here, as well as in Scotland; it is reasonable to suppose that the people will provide for their own children, in preference to those of strangers. This thought confirmed me that it was my wisdom to return home with all convenient speed; for I had once determined to desert the ship on our arrival at New York.

Having finished our lading, we bade farewell to America, about the beginning of October, and happy was I to see the vessel's bow bearing homewards. I began to pluck up spirit, and talk more briskly to the crew. When near the end of our voyage, I began to consider what kind of reception I was likely to meet with at home. I determined to prepare my way by writing a penitential letter to my father, soliciting his forgiveness, and that he would again permit me to enjoy his paternal care, promising to be an obedient son so long as breath was in my body, assuring him that I had never seen the value of home till I left it, that now his house appeared a palace, and the field behind, in which I used to play, a perfect paradise. On arriving at Greenock, I put my letter into the post-office, and longed for an answer. In about eight days it came, in which he expressed the greatest readiness to receive me home, provided I was sincere in my professions. Having obtained the captain's permission, I set off for home a happy man. When I arrived within a few miles of my native town, my heart was so full of joy, that I supposed every blade of grass was pleased at my return; but when I saw my mother, I burst out into tears, begged her forgiveness a thousand times over, fell down at my father's feet, doing the same to him, kissed all my brothers and sisters, then ran to the garden to see if the trees I had planted still remained; I was so transported to see my trees once more, that I actually kissed them too.

In the evening the family assembled to prayers. My father read Luke xv. from the 11th verse. After reading to the end of the chapter, he addressed us to the following purport:

"My dear friends and children, You have seen in the history of the prodigal, and also in that of my poor son Richard, a picture of us all by nature. Like lost sheep we ran away from God, and sought happiness from some other sources: but happiness cannot be found but in God. In him is life, light, peace, pardon, and every good. O therefore seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near. Let the wicked among you forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon. What a pity, yes, how dangerous to live without God a single day, for then you live without hope; to die in such circumstances would be dreadful. At death, the wicked are instantly turned into hell, and all who forget God, the sober as well as the profligate. O think of the love of Jesus to our perishing world. He left his Father's house to seek poor wandering sheep; he lived and died, the just for the unjust, to bring them back to God. It is not man, but God, who commands you to believe in the Saviour."

On this we all kneeled to prayer; my father

returned a thousand thanks to the God of heaven for preserving me during the months of my folly, and prayed earnestly to God that I might be born again: that I might see the sinfulness of my ways, and the glory of Jesus; and by a monument of the exceeding riches of saving sovereignty. I believe that while my father was yet speaking, God heard his prayers for me, because I then began for the first time to perceive my heart a fountain of wickedness. I saw my past conduct to be rebellion against God, as well as against my father. The prayer was no sooner ended than I cried out, Father, what shall I do to be saved? he instantly replied, My dear son, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Richard turned out to be an excellent young man, beloved by all who feared Jesus. He lived to a good old age, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Spirit. Indeed he held fast the beginning of his confidence in Christ, and rejoiced in hope of glory with him, so long as breath was in his body—and most cheerfully laid down his mortal life when the Lord's appointed time arrived.

May we who read this history, live by the same faith, and die depending on the same Saviour?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the prodigious Chestnut Trees on Mount Etna, with some other curious Particulars; from Mr. Brydone's Tour, &c.

Concluded

When we came near the sea, I was desirous to see what form it had assumed in meeting with the water. I went to examine it, and found it had drove back the waves far upwards of a mile, and had formed a large black high promontory, where before it was deep water. This lava, I imagined, from its barrenness, for it is as yet covered with a very scanty soil, had run from the mountain but a few ages ago; but was surprised to be informed by Signor Recupero, the historiographer of Etna, that this very lava is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus to have burst from Etna that this very lava is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus to have burst from Etna in the time of the second Punic war, when Syracuse was besieged by the Romans. A detachment was sent from Taurominum to the relief of the besieged. They were stopped on their march by this stream of lava, which had reached the sea before their arrival at the foot of the mountain, and entirely cut off their passage; and obliged them to return by the back of Etna, upwards of 100 miles about. His authority for this, he tells me, was taken from inscriptions on Roman monuments found on this lava, and that it was likewise well ascertained by many of the old Sicilian authors. Now as this is about 2000 years ago, one would have imagined, if lavas have a regular progress in becoming fertile fields, that this must long ago have become at least arable: this however is not the case, and it is as yet only covered with a very scanty vegetation, being incapable either of producing corn or vines. There are indeed pretty large trees growing in the crevices, which are full of a very rich earth; but in all probability it will be some hundred years yet, before there is enough of this to render it of any use to the proprietors.

In the lowest part of the first region of Etna, the harvest is almost over; but in the upper parts

of the same region, near the confines of the Regions Syvolta, it will not begin yet for several weeks.

As Recupero, who is a facetious and an agreeable companion, was kind enough to sit a good deal with me during my confinement, I have gathered many remarks from his conversation, that may perhaps be worthy of your attention.

The variety of waters about Etna, he tells me, is altogether astonishing. I have already mentioned the Fiume Freddo, or the river of Acid: Recupero confirms what I had been told of it. There is a lake on the north of the mountain, of about three miles in circumference, which receives several considerable rivers; yet, although there is no apparent outlet, it never overflows its banks. I suggested that there might probably be a subterraneous communication betwixt this and the Fiume Freddo. He said there was no resemblance in the quality of their waters; however, I think it is probable, that in the course of so many miles, through the caverns of Etna, full of salts and of minerals, it may both acquire its cold and its vitriolic qualities.

There is another lake on the top of a mountain to the west of Etna, the bottom of which could never be found. It is observed never either to rise or fall, but always preserves the same level. It is undoubtedly the crater of that mountain (which is all of burnt matter) converted into a lake. The river which supplies the baths of Catania is of a very different nature: it never continues the same, but is perpetually changing. Its current is for the most part confined under ground by the lavas; but sometimes it bursts out with such violence that the city has suffered greatly from it; and what is still more unfortunate, these eruptions are generally followed by some epidemical distemper. It has now been constantly diminishing for these two years past, and is at present almost reduced to nothing. They are in perpetual dread of its breaking out, and laying waste their fields, as it has so often done before. What is exceedingly singular, it generally bursts out after a long tract of the driest and warmest weather. The Etnean academy have never been able to account for this singular phenomenon. I think it is most probable that it arises from the melting of the snows on Etna, but I shall not pretend to say how. These perhaps, overflowing the caverns that usually receive their water, the surplus is carried off into this river.

The river of Alcantara certainly takes its rise from the melting of these snows. Its waters, I observed, are exactly of the same whitish colour as all the rivers are, that run from the Glaciers amongst the Alps. There are several periodical springs on Etna, that flow only during the day, and stop during the night. These too, are naturally and easily accounted for from the melting of the snow; for they melt only during the day, being hard froze every night, even in the hottest season. There are likewise a variety of poisonous springs, some of so deadly a quality, that birds and beasts have often been found lying dead on their banks, from having drank of their water. But (what is perhaps still more singular) Recupero told me, that about twenty years ago, there opened a rent in the mountain, that for a considerable time sent forth so strong a vapour, that like the lake Avernus, birds were absolutely suffocated in flying over it.

There are many caverns where the air is so

excessively cold, that it is impossible to support it for any time. These the peasants make use of as reservoirs for the snow; and indeed they make the finest ice houses in the world, preserving it hard frozen during the hottest summers. It would be endless to give an account of all the caverns, and other singular phenomena about Etna. Kircher speaks of one which he saw, capable, he says, of containing 30,000 men. Here, he adds, numbers of people have been lost from their temerity in going too far. One of these caverns still retains the name of Proserpine, from its being supposed by the ancients, that it was by this entry that Pluto conveyed her into his dominions; on which occasion Ovid describes Ceres, as searching for her daughter, with two trees which she had plucked from the mountain, by way of torches. These trees he calls Tuba, which is still the name of a tree, I have never seen any where but on Mount Etna. It produces great quantities of a kind of resin, and was the very properest tree Ceres could have pitched upon for her purpose. This resin is called *Catapana*, and is esteemed a cure for sores.

From the Friend of Youth.

Some time ago I was deprived of a near and valued friend, and my thoughts have dwelt much on the glory to which he has been exalted; for he gave the most decided evidence that he died in the faith. I have often imagined I heard him addressing me from the abodes of the blessed—earnestly entreating me to be a follower of him, as he was of Christ. Under these impressions, I wrote the following address, supposed to have been directed by a glorified saint to a beloved Sister. Believe me, Sir, yours truly,
T—T.

My Dear Sister,

When my speech had failed, and I was no longer able to tell you of the pleasing thoughts which calmed my soul as it was preparing for its heavenward flight—when the youthful blood, which used to flow so fast and animate in life my joyous spirit, had already begun to stagnate through my frame—when the cold sweat bedewed my emaciated body with the waters of death, and, as the separation drew nearer, when my extremities betrayed the coldness of decaying dust, and my eyes sparkled with a deceitful lustre, till the glassy film of unseen darkness cleared your world for ever from my view—then was I walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death, led by a kindly and heavenly hand.

For a moment my spirit hovered around you, and would still have wished to remain, till we both should set off on our journey to heaven. I heard you, when the last convulsive throw had declared the contest at an end, and a long suspended breath was pronounced to be the last, in all the affliction of one from whom her sister had been torn, exclaim with keenest bitterness—My sister! O my sister! is my sister gone? My sister! my sister! I saw my lifeless body laid out on that bed which had been the scene of sweet suffering to me. A smile still played on my lips—the joy of my departing soul had tranquillized my countenance—you looked on me, and said, 'She is happy!' My eyes, though they saw not, were open, but they bore the mark of death. My dear, dear mother, stretched forth her hand, which had yet remained closed in my last and cold embrace, to seal them for

ever. The effort was too great for her remaining strength, and shrieking, 'My child!' she lay still as death by the side of her much loved daughter. Others performed the duty for her; and my frail and exhausted tabernacle, wrapped in the dress of the grave, was reserved to the day when it would be sown in dishonour, in the faith of its being raised in glory. 1 Cor. xv. 43

But I was not allowed to linger beside you. The ministering hosts had received their command, and came to welcome me home. My little sister came first to meet me, and the long lost sound of my father's voice poured forth its melody to my willing ear. Their robes were of purest white, and crowns of gold glittered in kingly splendour on their heads. Palms were in their hands, and the magnificence of heaven shone around them. Behold me, lately a worm of the dust, now become an heir of glory!

An inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem, in all the splendour of never-fading glory, was I met by the hosts of the redeemed, praising and blessing Him who had washed them in his blood. Rev. i. 5, 6. On that blessed shore were standing Abraham, and Joseph, and David, and an innumerable company of Old Testament saints, with the spotless and martyrs, waiting for my safe arrival, to conduct me to the presence of the Lamb that was slain. The temple was full of his glory, and from ten thousand times ten thousand tongues ascended the praises of his name, while he came forth in the brightness of his power, and presented me faultless before his father's throne, ransom'd—redeemed, forgiven—and accepted! Behold me changed from an heir of glory to an inheritor of the promise! See Rev. vii. 9 &c.

Now I am clothed in the garments of salvation—the song of praise ceases not from my lips! My body sleeps in the dust till the morning of the resurrection—my soul ranges through the realms of boundless space, and angels lead my steps. Love reigns in every heart, and tunes the new-born spirit to the service of adoration. Angels, and cherubim and seraphim, send forth for ever hallelujahs of praise. No sin is here—no sorrow—no crying—no fears; but all is love and all is joy!

And now I beseech you, by the deathbed scene which you, my dear sister, have witnessed in me—by the love of Him who died and rose again—by the mercy which is held out to you—solely to consider the things which belong to your peace. Remember I your sister, am one of the cloud of witnesses, who look down on you from above, and wait for your coming unto Jesus that you may have life. Ask, and he will give you; for he waits to be gracious. O that I could tell you how he listens to the first prayer of every one who comes unto him—how the young disciple is hailed by the whole host above, when first he turns his eyes to Mount Zion, the City of our God; and how one continued song bursts from every tongue when another soul is redeemed from destruction. Need I tell you how earnestly your beloved father and sisters wish to join in that chorus of heaven, which shall proclaim that your iniquity is blotted out, and your sins are forgiven. Behold! the angels stand ready to begin the song. The spirits of the just will catch the sound, and joy shall be in heaven for you. (Luke xv. 7.) Come! a crown of glory awaits you—the joys of the redeemed—the presence of your Judge who con-

demns not, and of Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, are all before you. Come! add your song of praise, with the countless multitudes of every people, to Him, to whom all praise, and honour, and glory, are due for ever and for ever!

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and it is observable, that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

He that deceives his neighbour with lies, is unjust to him, and cheats him of the truth, to which he has a natural right.

POETICAL EXTRACTS.
No. 1.

Description of GUILT, from Cotton's Visions

Straight arose to sight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deformed his face,
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground—
From Hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his Sire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the Sov'reign's chair;
In robes of Terror dressed the King,
And armed him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the Tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh—
Diseases went, a hideous crowd!
Proclaimed their Master's empire loud;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew, in commissioned troops, to kill.
—* Death.

No. 2.

The following is a most masterly delineation of WASTE OF TIME, from the pen of the author of Night Thoughts. We wish our young readers would learn as well as read these lines.

We push time from us; and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; Death seek and shun;
Oh! the dark days of vanity! white here
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still.
The spirit walks of every day deceased;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

No. 3.

TRUE BRAVERY.—"Death," a poem, furnishes the following beautiful stanza.

The good alone are fearless; they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave.
Thrice happy who the blameless road along
Of honest prose, hath reach'd the vale of Death!
Around, like ministering cherubs, throng
His better actions, to the parting breath,
Bringing their sweet requiems.

No. 4.

VIRTUE—(Armstrong).

Virtue and sense are one; and, trust me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
That is the solid pomp of prosperous days—
The peace and shelter of adversity.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heav'n; a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor into baser hands,
Can be transferred:—it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

No. 5.

After having described FAITH, Spenser thus portrays her sister HOPE.
Her younger sister,
Was clad in blue, that her besom'd walk
Not all so cheerful seem'd she of sight
As was her sister. Whether dread did dwell

Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell;
Upon her arm, a silver anchor lay,
Wherewith she lenced ever, as befit;
And ever up to Heaven, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, nor sweeted other way.

THE WORLD.

Having felt the severe pains of disappointment, and being much depressed and weary, I laid down on my sofa and gently fell into a state of apparent apathy; but fancy was awake in all its vigour, and I fled on the wings of imagination to a large plain called the World, where I observed two rival queens disputing for the sovereignty of mankind. The one seemed arrayed in dark attire, with a melancholy sadness depicted on her haggard countenance. In that part of the plain where she presided, all was dark and gloomy; she concealed the splendor of the sun from her subjects by the impenetrable mists which she caused to arise from the numerous lakes of distress which were stagnated in her dominions. She held in her right hand the glass of futurity, which being of a dark color made every object which was seen through it appear gloomy. Her left supported a huge massive chain, which she rattled over her subjects and terrified them to obedience.

On the other side stood a virgin neatly adorned in flowing robes of the purest white, with a beautiful smile upon her lively cheek and an amiable vivacity in her penetrating eyes. The flowing streams of contentment meandered through her meadows and gave a pleasing diversity to her cheerful dominions, all her subjects seemed happy, and discontent, expelled from her domains, unwillingly skulked away to the regions of despair. In one hand she held present happiness, and in the other future felicity. Whilst I was looking on these two rivals I was accosted by a venerable Sage, and my curiosity prompted me to enquire of him how two beings so opposite in their nature could preside over the same race of mortals. "Man, said my aged instructor, is a chargeable creature; those pursuits which engaged his anxious attention to day are, perhaps to-morrow at least endeavouring to obtain possession of some other good which has started upon his novel and consequently to him, more interesting; the person whom he loved to day, is perhaps on some unexpected account, become the object of his hatred to-morrow; sometimes he is elevated with the most melancholy fears. The name of the first whom you observed is Despair, she is a cruel Tyrant and takes her chief delight in increasing the weight of those sorrows which were sufficiently oppressive before. Many who have been unfortunate in life seem determined to increase their misery by submitting themselves to her horrid sovereignty. Instead of endeavouring to soothe their minds with the healing balm of sympathy, her subjects only esteem those as friends who endeavour to fill their minds with melancholy ideas by painting their situations in the darkest colors. In the anticipation of future events they think that each will be unfortunate, and thus their imaginations make every future occurrence partake of the present gloom which envelopes their minds. They see not any consolation in future hopes, nor do they elevate their expectations to those eternal rewards which piety promises in that scene of un fading bliss to which their noblest anticipation should aspire. In lamenting their woe they forget the means of alleviating it, and present pain makes them lose sight of those glorious hopes which are full of immortality, and intended to console the mind of man amidst all his disappointments and distresses.

The other whom you observed is Hope, man's noblest friend; she enlivens the most gloomy prospect and diffuses a pleasing satisfaction over the most dejected mind.

She does not lead us to bury our souls in insensibility, but she directs our attention to scenes in futurity, which enlarge the joys and lessen the sorrows of life. She directs the immortal soul to wing its way to the regions of eternity, and not to content itself with the trivial and insecure enjoyments of this restricted state. Learn then my son, concluded this sage instructor, from the lips of experience, when you anticipate as future to confide in the Supreme power which controls every event, can disappoint our most sanguine hopes or disappoint our most melancholy fears."

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from because it is always in our own disposal.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we, in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "Oh, my mother," exclaimed I, burying my face in the grass of the grave—"Oh, that I were once more by your side;—sleeping, never to wake again, on the cares and troubles of this world."

REGULARITY.

There is in many people, especially in youth, a strange aversion to regularity; a desire to delay what ought to be done immediately in order to do something else, which might as well be done afterwards. Be assured it is of more consequence than you can conceive, to get the better of this idle procrastinating spirit, and to acquire habits of constancy and steadiness, even in the most trifling matters; without them there can be no regularity or consistency of action or character, no dependence on your best intentions, which a sudden humour may attempt to lay aside for a time, and which a thousand unforeseen accidents will afterwards render it more and more difficult to execute: no one can say what important consequences may follow a neglect of this kind. Mrs. Chapone.

ANECDOTES.

Never, perhaps, was the character of a Christian missionary carried higher than in the person of the late venerable Mr. Schwartz, who commenced his work under the sanction of the Danish Mission College in 1750, and closed his career in triumph in 1798, after having laboured almost half a century. Such was the esteem that he had acquired among the heathen, that, when amidst a barbarous and lawless banditti, he was suffered to pass with his catechumens unmolested, unsuspected, and through contending parties of them. They said, "Let him alone; let him pass; he is a man of God!" This apostle of the eighteenth century has saved the inhabitants of a fort from perishing by famine, when the neighbouring heathen have refused to supply it with provisions, on any other assurance than that of his word. Even that tyrant Hyder Ally, while he refused to negotiate in a certain treaty with others, said, "Send me Schwartz; send me the Christian missionary; I will treat with him, for him only can I trust."

Another fact, relative to this great man, is worth mentioning. When the late Rajah of Tanjore was dying, and desired to commit his adopted son, the present Rajah, to this missionary, and with him of course, the care of his dominions, the Christian, after the example of his Master, was not to be dazzled by the kingdoms of this world, nor the glory of them. He persuaded the dying prince to place the government of his son and of his affairs in other hands. But a

greater honour was reserved for him, which he could not refuse. At his death, the Hindoo Rajah shed a flood of tears over his body; and afterwards wrote to England for a monument, which was executed by Mr. Flaxman; conveyed to Tanjore at the expense of the East India Company, and erected in the church founded by Mr. Schwartz, and in which he preached.

At the funeral of Mr. Schwartz, the Rajah came to do honour to his memory in the presence of his Brahmical court. He covered the body with a gold cloth, and shed a flood of tears. He afterwards composed an epitaph for him, whom he called "his Father and his Friend," and caused it to be inscribed on the stone which covers Schwartz's grave, in one of the Christian churches of Tanjore.

The English also have pronounced a noble and affecting encomium on the character of this estimable missionary.

The Honourable the East India Company sent out to Madras a monument of marble, executed by Mr. Bacon, to be erected in the church of St. Mary at that place, to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Schwartz, with a suitable inscription; and they announced it, in their general letter, dated October 29, 1806, "as a testimony of the deep sense they entertained of his transcendent merit, of his unwearied labours in the cause of religion and piety, and of his public services at Tanjore, where the influence of his name and character was, for a long course of years, productive of important benefits to the Company." The honourable court further adds—"On no subject has the court of directors been more unanimous than in their anxious desire to perpetuate the memory of this eminent person, and to excite in others an emulation of his great example."

The ungrateful, says Xenophon, are neither fit to serve the gods, their country, nor their friends.

POETRY.

THE FADED ROSE.

I do remember in a lonely spot,
(Whose very beauty might be well forgot,)
There was a rose, of nature's choicest growth,
Such as the night-bird seeks, and makes her bow;
The breeze would sigh around it, as 'twere loth
To bear the perfume from so sweet a flower:
The dew of heaven lov'd it, and the ray
Of evening linger'd for its latest smile;
One would have deem'd that it could not decay,
So lov'd, so sweetly nurtur'd, but the gale
Of autumn night-winds stole its bloom away.
It died, and morning found a dewy gem,
Hung as in mockery on the wither'd stem.

And there was one, a lovely, lovely one,
Who faded like that rose; the worm of grief,
Of soul-kill sorrow that was told to none,
Of every bitterness that mock'd relief,
Pray'd on that lovely flower, and leaf by leaf
It fell to nothingness;

Some thought she strove
With that unslumbering serpent, blighted rose,

THE BATTLE SCENE.

When after battle I the field have seen,
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were men,
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave,
A realm of death, and on this side the grave,
Are there, said I, why from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart in indignation rise,
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes,
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade,
Of such materials, fame and triumph made.