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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Tarquet ab obscaenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 35

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, March 28, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT POLLOK,

Concluded.

At the south-east end of his father's house stand the trees which he celebrated in his verse,

Much of my native scenery appears,
and please forward to be in my song;
it must not now; for much behind awaits
higher note. Four trees I pass not by,
which o'er our house their evening shadow throw;
one ash, and one of elm: tall trees they were,
and had been old a century
before my day; none living could say aught
about their youth; but they were goodly trees:
and oft I wondered, as I sat and thought
beneath their summer shade, or in the night
winter heard the spirits of the wind
tossing amongst their boughs—how they had grown
so high, in such a rough tempestuous place.
and when a hapless branch torn by the blast
fell down, I mourned as if a friend had fallen."

It is said that many a time, retiring from the bustle of his father's house, he has been seen gazing upon them long and silently, and, at length, turning from them with an air of gladdened pensiveness, indicating exalted feelings which by some mysterious sympathy they had excited.

But while he drew largely from the works of nature, he seems also to have been deeply versed in the ancient classics, and in the works of our best English poets, though he has followed none of them as a model, it is conjectured that he occasionally plucked a useful flower from them all.

In his intercourse with his friends and familiar acquaintance, he was cheerful and light hearted, and his disposition he retained till disease had altogether organised his nervous system. When he came to bid farewell to his relatives and friends ere he set out on his last journey, he was obliged from weakness to recline in a carriage, and the slightest agitation drew him complaints. So that the act of taking him by the hand however gently, discomposed him. But the most men of studious habits, he wore an air of distance and reserve when in the company of strangers.

In reflecting on his obscure life and early death, it is surprising to be able to state, that the dissolution of a man was in no respect accelerated by neglect or indolence. He was rich in the esteem and affection of his family; and when other friends were required, the world body to which he belonged displayed a liberality which does them great honour.

As we have told, in a few words almost all that we know of the brief history of this eminent poet. The duration of his sojourning on earth was short, and he disappeared from among us without any strong event being

connected with his memory. But he has left behind him a mental fabric, the best evidence of a soul gifted with the noblest powers, and which will prove a lasting monument to perpetuate his fame.

NARRATIVE.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Concluded.

"Never be without a task of some sort, boy," said the Colonel: "let it be useful, if possible; but, at all events, let it be harmless. The mind and body both require exercise. Use them, work them both, boy. They'll both get stronger and make you a man sooner," (this was then a proud inducement,) "and a happier man. Habit is second nature. The habit of thinking and acting for yourself, sir," (the appellation "Sir" always indicated that our uncle was getting up on military ground,) "will produce decision of character, without which a man cannot be fit for any command. There is scarcely any sort of knowledge that may not be useful to a soldier. Perhaps this little work of yours may lead you to look into the nature of the channels of rivers, a matter of no small consequence sometimes in a campaign. But, at all events, one employment or one acquirement always paves the way for another, and enables a man to feel an interest in something or everything that is going on around him. And then he stands a fair chance of promotion and happiness; and there's little risk of his being reduced to the rank of those poor fellows, who saunter about with their hands in their pockets, looking very stupid, blinking and yawning and yawning "What's to be done?"

Between this period and that of our going forth into the world, five years had glided by; and during their progress, we had framed the rustic seat and planted the willow, and studied and read for many an hour beneath its shade; and we had never felt at a loss about "What was to be done."

The next morning we accompanied our uncle to London; and looked about us, and went into company; and saw such sights, and did such things, as all the people in "the world" have been seeing and doing there ever since, up to the present moment. We then proceeded to the Netherlands, and visited, and minutely inspected, all the fortresses and fields connected with Marlborough's campaigns. The delight and pride which the Colonel evinced in that progress we shall never forget. The days of his youth seemed to have returned upon him: his step was as the tread of a giant; and the hours we spent on horseback and on foot were unconscionable. But we feel the recollection of those days so strong upon us, that we will not trust our pen further—we remember that we are not now writing either his life or our own. Suffice it to say, that our wanderings far and wide upon the Continent occupied the space of three years; and then we once more found ourselves at home.

During our absence, poor Mrs. Smithers had

been gathered to her fathers. Her death was a sore bereavement for the poor Doctor.

The plan of steadily reading Latin and Greek with his son Charles, which the Doctor resolved upon, was necessarily procrastinated from time to time during his mother's illness; and after her death, the worthy widower's mind was certainly, for a considerable period, in a state very unfit for such an undertaking. Another year had thus slipped by, and then the long-talked of course of study was commenced, and the Doctor discovered, with some dismay, that Charles had retrograded sadly in his learning; inasmuch as that they were obliged to retrace, with toil and difficulty, the path which, two years back, had been comparatively easy. Let it not be supposed that this achievement was well performed; no—your "What's to be done?" man cannot long persevere in any one plan; he is ever wearily shifting his ground. The books were continually changed—sometimes a week passed without any reading; and that rousous day, "to morrow," was continually presenting itself as more fit for the surmounting of difficulties than that which was at the moment whunging its way into the past.

Another year had thus gone by, and Charles had imperceptibly stepped into manhood without being even entered at college; and then the question of, "What's to be done?" annoyed the Doctor on a subject that wounded his feelings excessively. He had made a discovery, which at first he was unwilling to acknowledge, though somewhat similar had occurred to many a fair scholar. He found that time in its course, had marvellously rusted his Greek and Latin. He could not discern the beauties of Sophocles; and there was a sad indistinctness in many parts of Herodotus. "What was to be done?" Cicero himself was obscure, though certainly his style appeared as beautiful as ever. Virgil had ever been his favorite, because of the aptitude of that author for quotation, in which the worthy Rector loved to indulge. Consequently he had frequently dived therein, and might be said to be nearly "up" in the *Æneid*. So, for the next six months, they employed themselves re-reading that beautiful poem, with a book or two of the New Testament, by way of variety. The Doctor, however, knew too well how little he was doing for his son, not to feel at times exceedingly uneasy. But he could not decide upon "What was to be done?" Now, as he was by no means what is commonly termed a fool, notwithstanding the apparent folly of his conduct, it is proper here to state, that he had long since discovered that his income was not proportioned to the style of living which he had deemed necessary to adopt when his clerical honors had been conferred on him. His parties were not frequent, nor was there any manifest extravagance in his habits. But there had ever been a lack of system in all his domestic arrangements; and since the death of his wife, matters appeared to be worse managed than before; and there seemed but little chance

of amendment, for his daughter Emma, with whom he consulted on the subject, was utterly ignorant of all household concerns, and candidly confessed she did not know "What was to be done?" So the decision rested with himself; and he gloomily poroed over his Christmas bills, wondering how it was that they could amount to so much and resolving to reduce his expenses, if not his establishment, but could not decide on the precise step most proper to be taken for the effecting of so desirable a purpose and was consequently content, *for the present*, to dwell over the old mental inquiry.

Thus much it was necessary to say, in order to account for his not having adopted the plain straightforward course of sending Charles to some one of the numerous respectable young clergymen, fresh from their reading, who would have been happy to receive him as a companion to cheer and employ their time in the retirement of a country village. There was, however, another plan which appeared likely to answer the purpose quite as well, and would not interfere with his domestic arrangements; and that was, to engage the son of an old friend, whose widowed mother had contrived to economize so well for many years, as to be enabled to send him to Oxford, where he was at this period "reading for his degree." Therefore young Blackwell came to the Rectory; and, after a visit of some few weeks during the vacation, it was settled that he should consider himself as one of the family and return and take up his abode with them immediately after his "great go." As the young man was thus secure of a title for orders from the Doctor when he should attain the age of three-and-twenty, besides other "considerations," the arrangement seemed perfectly to the taste of all parties. The good Rector was particularly delighted: for, during his late inquiries about "What was to be done?" he had been harassed with a sad conviction that it was absolutely necessary to do something in order to reduce his expenditure. Yet he could not part with his old servant Peter, because Thomas, they boy, was fit only to wait at table and do indoor work, and knew nothing about the garden; and there was not a better manager in the county than his cook; and as for parting with Martha, who had been his dear wife's own maid, and who was now transferred to Emma, —that was quite out of the question; and the services of the kitchen girl were absolutely necessary, —besides, her wages were so very trifling. For these reasons, therefore, was the Doctor, as usual, utterly at a loss. But now, as there would be an addition to the family, he resolved to make himself perfectly easy, and to feel convinced, magre some certain misgivings, that it was right and proper to let matters go on as usual until the time should arrive for Charles's departure for Oxford. And then, when his family would be reduced to only two persons, he might easily curtail his expenditure.

It was some months before our return that young Blackwell became an inmate of the Rectory. He was a strange fellow; alternately bashful and presuming; awkward and uncouth in his manners, yet sping every mincing dandy. As a certain grade, that fell in his way, and over talking of this, that, and the other thing, custom, and mode, being "gentlemanly." He had withal an exceeding good opinion of himself, and seemed to consider the situation in

which he stood as a tacit acknowledgment of his superior abilities, though it afterwards appeared that he had barely passed his examination.

During the progress of these events, poor Emma had been suffering from the effects of her parent's "What's to be done?" system. Left entirely to herself, her time was divided between the contents of the circulating library (then much more "trashy" than at present) and hearing and telling town "news;" and the latter occupation being more amusing, and perhaps rendering her more acceptable in society, soon engaged almost the whole of her time. The worthy Rector too, at first, listened with interest to her town and village gossip, inasmuch as it served to beguile the tedious progress of time, which ever marches heavily along with the man who has no pursuit or settled plan of action. But, it is due to the character of the Rector to add, that, when his daughter's news assumed the character of scandal, as, in due course, it inevitably did, he was exceedingly alarmed, and began to think seriously upon the manner in which the dear girl was spending her time. The result was, as usual, "What's to be done?" Divers plans, ay, and excellent plans too, flitted before him as he lay cogitating on his pillow, or "daundering" in his garden with his hands in his pockets. He would write to an accomplished lady whom he had formerly known, who resided at Bath, and received into her establishment a limited number of young ladies, who had the advantage of the best masters, and were introduced into the best society under her own eye. But then the state of his finances, considering that Charles must go to Oxford, compelled him to relinquish that idea for the present; and other schemes were abandoned for similar reasons.

It may perhaps appear that we are unworthily reflecting upon the Doctor for an indecision for which poverty were a sufficient excuse. But the fact is, that the state of his finances was the consequence of his want of decision. He knew that if his children lived, they must arrive at years of maturity, and he knew that unto him only could they look for support; and when he dared to think, he felt that he was not treading in a path that was likely to terminate in their happiness.

"At thirty men suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty blames his infamous delay;
Yet lingers on till sixty—and again,
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves and re-resolves. Then dies the same."

This was the state of the Doctor's mind. He spent his days in fruitless conviction of error, ever inquiring "What's to be done?"

The reason why we have chosen to speak of the worthy Doctor, rather than of some others of the class of "What's to be done," people who have come under our cognizances, is, that from the certainty of his resources he seemed to be in less danger of suffering from giving way to habitual procrastination. His duties were simple and specific: well understood and admitted even in the midst of neglect. When these are numerous and complicated, the abandonment of mind to that miserable state of weakness which we have endeavoured to describe, must be more speedily fatal to happiness. Besides, this one if such a mode of speaking of any mortal being

may be allowed, was the Doctor's *only* failing. All his other duties, wherein his master-vice did not interfere, were performed with the strictest and most conscientious exactness; and his name will not cease to be spoken of with respect, till the present generation shall be gathered to their fathers.

Never was the assertion, that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," more fully proved than in the case of Emma and Charles Smithers. The latter felt that he had lost much time, but, notwithstanding, lost much more time before he went to Oxford, and, when there, exhibited a complete counterpart of his father's conduct, neglecting, and ever bewailing the neglect of his duties. The extent was as might be expected. After putting off the evil day from time to time he went up for his examination, and was "plucked." He was then transferred to Cambridge, where, it was hoped, his classics might pass, but there, the mathematics started up as a bar in his way, and truly it might be said, that when poring, or rather dreaming, over what appeared a chaos of figures and problems, he knew not "What was to be done?"

From amid these difficulties, the poor fellow was summoned home to a scene of deep distress. His father was on his deathbed on his arrival, and a few weeks terminated his mortal career. Then was poor Charles left in the world, in his twenty-fourth year, without profession or property; for it appeared that the Doctor's estate was not even adequate to defray the expenses and disbursements which had been for years in progress at the Rectory, unheeded or neglected.

The Colonel, with his usual goodness of heart, resolved to uphold him at college, provided his pecuniary assistance was likely to be serviceable; but he never took a step without previously reconnoitering; and after exchanging some letters with Cambridge friends, was compelled to abandon the idea, as being little better than sending the poor youth on a "forlorn hope," in which his character afforded small chance of success; and where defeat, after past occurrences, would stamp him with irredeemable disgrace.

From that period, Charles Smithers's life has been of a very different nature from that which he might in his youth have fairly anticipated would have been his lot. His first useful occupation was that of an assistant at the grammar-school where we were both educated; but his worthy clergyman at its head was compelled to tell our uncle, that he could not retain him in that situation, consistently with the duty he owed to his pupils. Perhaps the painful feelings which must have been his lot, in the midst of those whom he had known and felt upon an equality with in happier days, might have rendered him unfit for his office. They must have been acute; for, till his parent's death, he had no idea of his circumstances, or perhaps he might, ere habit had grown to strong, have shaken off his hereditary apathy.

The next effort made by our uncle was, perhaps, injudicious, for he never reflected thereon with pleasure, and we have often thought was persuaded from it contrary to his better judgment; but he was not one of those who, when they have taken an active part in anything, that is unsuccessful, endeavour to throw the odium of defeat upon their colleagues. Among the intimate friends of the late Doctor, a

was raised, sufficient to purchase for poor Charles a share in an academy in the vicinity of London, where the higher classes were not read. This sum was to be considered as a loan, in order that feelings of gratitude and honor might stimulate him to exertion. All went on well apparently for some years; and Emilia went to live with her brother, having no other resource, in consequence of the very superficial nature of her education.

The next time we heard of Charles was when his partner died, and he became, in consequence of the proprietor of the establishment, and shortly afterwards, he took unto himself a wife, in no matter of course one of "What's to be done?" species. Thus left to himself, old and incurable habits assumed their ancient sway, if indeed, they had ever been conquered; and in a very short space of time, his school dwindled away, and left him, like his poor father, to lament over his darkening prospects, and saunter about, inquiring and wondering "What was to be done?" Nothing was done; or he might, even then, have repaid his friends, and retained their confidence and respect; but he lingered on, with the expenses of a large and useless establishment, till "poverty came upon him like an armed man."

The first intimation we received of his difficulties was from the London Gazette, where our uncle discovered his name in the list of bankrupts, when looking over its pages for military intelligence. It appeared afterwards that the poor fellow had been gradually sinking; that he paid his tradesmen's bills very honestly as long as his capital lasted, and then began to contrive excuses which answered the purpose very well for a certain length of time, at the end of which, as he had not even then quite made up his mind about "What was to be done?" his landlord settled the point for him by making a seizure for rent, whereupon the butcher, baker, grocer, cheesemonger, &c. "upon that hint, did speak," in terms by no means so respectful and polite as whilom they had used when "soliciting his favors," in their various respective "lines." This failure made a sad impression upon all of us. We had learned, from the best authority, that the late master of the academy left behind him no less a sum than seven thousand pounds, the whole of which he had accumulated in the house where Charles Smithers became a bankrupt, while his friends were congratulating themselves on the success of their endeavours in his behalf. It seems that, at the death of his partner, he might be said, after deducting the amount of his debts, and of the bond held by our uncle, (which the parties concerned agreed should never be demanded,) to have been worth fifteen hundred pounds, besides the "goodwill" of the school, which he might have retained, with all its advantages, to this day, had he taken a partner more competent than himself, to superintend the duties. To this course, divers friends had urged him in vain, although he acknowledged that he frequently felt his own deficiency. He could not be charged with extravagance nor inattention, if staying at home, and letting things go on in their old course, were an adequate defence against these imputations. His was an abandonment and sheer wreck of property, respectability, and future prospects, in the face of conviction, merely because he never could decide the question, "What's to be done?"

The exertions and interest of friends, after a while, procured for him a subordinate situation in one of the public offices, which he yet retains, and above which he is never likely to rise, unless he can overcome his habitual mania, of which there seems little probability. He is now the father of four children, who are brought up in such a manner as to render it too probable that the third generation of Smitherses, will pursue the steps of their forefathers, and go forth into the world without knowing "What's to be done?"

Emilia was kindly invited, from respect to her father, to spend a few months, after her brother's misfortunes, with several families in our neighborhood. It was a painful sight to see that poor girl. Many people thought her handsome, and she was herself of that opinion; and in the weakness of her poor untutored mind, deemed that, having lived near the metropolis, to her, synonymous with living among the "world" (therein,) she must be superior to the country ladies around her. She was at that critical age when the unmarried fair are said to change the question of, "I wonder whom I shall have?" into that of, "I wonder who will have me?" And truly she did seem determined to solve the question, and set about it with a spirit to which we had not supposed any of the family could have been roused. She made some desperate lunges, and, we really think, might have carried the point with a good tempered foxhunting squire, had it not happened that, one rainy morning, they were left *tele a tele* together accidentally, for two long hours. Determined to make the agreeable, the poor girl rattled on with town talk and gossiping nonsense and the squire laughed and seemed well pleased; for the learned and deep blue among the daughters of Eve found no favor in his eyes, and so far all went on well, but, alas! Emilia knew not where to stop, and thinking maybe of rivals, or having nothing else to say, she ventured upon divers of those evil reports, usually as false as malicious, which, ever and anon disgrace every petty gossiping circle in the united kingdoms. Squire Henchman, whose heart lay, as folks say, "in the right place," listened at first with surprise, then with pain, and took leave with pleasure; and thenceforth was no more seen dangling after the fair Emilia, who felt much at a loss about "What was to be done?" As time rolled on, matrimonial views gradually assumed the aspect of a forlorn hope. At our uncle's decease, he left her a small annuity, by the assistance of which she is enabled to live with two elderly maiden ladies of a somewhat similar mental calibre; and, though we may risk the chance of being accused of scandal for the avowal, we much fear that their time is not spent in such conversation as becomes Christians who are instructed to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them."

Much as we abominate such sort of discourse, truth, however, compels us to say, that we verily believe it hath not its rise so frequently from feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, as in the stagnant and noisome wilderness of an uncultivated mind, ever seeking, but apparently never knowing, "What is to be done?"

Men lose many excellent things, not because they want power to obtain them, but spirit and resolution to undertake them.

POETRY.

LINES.

Occasioned by the death of Mr. S. F. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, late student of Rutgers College, who died in his 19th year, greatly lamented.

"Thou art gone
A little while before me, oh my son!
Why should the traveler weep apart from those
Who scarce an hour will reach their promis'd land
Ere he, too, cast his pilgrim staff away
And spread his coat beside them."

Mrs. Hemans.

A mother stood beside the bed of death,
And struggled with her sorrow. There lay one
The cherished one, the first born, he whose lips
First breathed its infant whisper on her ear
And whose young eye unto her own hand turned.
The look of childish sorrow, or delight.
There lay he in his death hour, all the hopes
Of his unclouded life were broken now.

The wreath of fame that he had hoped to win
When science lur'd him on;—The aspiring drama
That the young heart is bless'd with; the proud thought
That serv'd him in the contest for renown,—
All these were nothing now. The death dew hung
Upon his marble forehead, and the light
That glanc'd from his young eye was clouded o'er,
And his life's sands were numbered—He had run
Rejoicing in the race from infancy.

To the first hours of manhood; and for him
The earth held many blessings. Fortune, friends,
The choicest gifts of heav'n were all his own
He was the day-star of admiring eyes,
The idoliz'd of many hearts, that sprung
In love to meet his love; and who for him
Were as a little world of cherished ones.—
And now the Lord hath sent his arrow forth
And he must die!

There came a murmur from his faded lips
And with his strength clasping his wan hands
He lifted up his dying eyes to Heaven,
And said, "CAN THIS BE DEATH?"—It was the last
Faint tone he ere might whisper; for the words
Scarce melted into air, before his soul
Had flown to meet his Maker in the sky.

"CAN THIS BE DEATH?"—It was a pangless dart
That laid him low, ev'n in the bloom of life:
And she who stood beside him mark'd no change
Upon that still and placid countenance.—
Thus pass'd he from this earth!

The scene how chang'd
Ho was within his coffin, and the shroud
Was wrapp'd around his young form—That very day
Was his most wretched father's natal day!
And he must bear his son to the cold grave.
He had not look'd for this—For who could dream
That one so bless'd with all youth's attributes
So full of life and health, would fade so soon,
And fall as falls the leaf—Yet thus doth death
Snatch the fair blossom from the bliss of life
And spare the parent tree to mourn his doom!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Magazine of the Reformed Dutch Church.

RECENT ANECDOTE OF SOME GLASGOW STUDENTS.

By the rules of the University of Glasgow, the Students must attend in the College Chapel for divine worship on each Sabbath day. The Students there, as in every institution of the kind were of all ranks as it regarded respectability and principle.—Some had drunk deep into infidelity, and these viewing religious worship as the rage of the age; and a loathsome contemptible thing—often found means—after answering to their names at roll call—to escape from the intolerable performance of religious service.

One sabbath day Mr. B and Mr. C. had already eloped. And getting to the college gate were contemplating the most pleasant way of killing a sabbath day, when Mr. A. a nobleman's son, and two others of the same infidel principles having also escaped, saluted them with, "How shall we spend the day; Let us hasten

from this spot, or we shall be clapt up again with these psalm singers, to growl lullubs or whine like Bedlamites till our heads are turned. Whither shall we direct our course?"

Mr. C. proposed that they should go and hear Dr. Chalmers preach.

"Chalmers! Chalmers!" said Mr. A. "the crazy man, whom the *mobile outgus* run after? Why he is a mad fanatic, seeking for the little mouthed popularity of weak minds. Poh! go and hear a religious fool, a knave, or perhaps both. No, no, let us go to the Green, and get a stroll, and a laugh at the high dressed weaver girls who will be there on a sabbath morning. Let me tell you, my hearties!—added this youth, "the sound of the classic Clyde is worth all the preachments of a bushel of Dr. Chalmers! And its beautiful banks have something so romantic, I never go but I immediately wish to write poetry. Come, chums, let us on."

"But Mr. A.," said C. "have you ever heard Dr. Chalmers?" "Never," was the reply; "but so much is said about him, I believe he is mad. They tell such ridiculous things about him, I would laugh all the time, if I were hearing him, by thinking of their fanaticism! Come, let us to the green, or to the country, or any where else, provided only it be away from those superstitious groatings," this he spoke mimicking the nasal sectarian twang.

"We may find as much amusement in hearing him, nevertheless," rejoined C. "as in going into the country. Besides, my friend, let us condemn no man unheard. And be it known to you, my comrades, that Dr. Chalmers stands as high as a scholar as he does a preacher. He is reported to be a profound mathematician; versed in all science, and withal really eloquent. Let us to hear him ourselves—and then for a laugh, a cry, or a jest. *ad libitum.*"

The party ultimately agreed to go and hear Dr. Chalmers preach. On arriving at his church, they found it crowded within, and a great multitude standing without. Our students, however, elbowed on, and just got within the door when they heard Dr. Chalmers announce this text, with peculiar emphasis—"I am not mad, most noble Festus!" This passage, so unexpected, and tendered so striking to their minds by their former conversation, arrested their attention.

They heard the conduct of Jesus Christ, and his most zealous Apostles powerfully delineated: the opposition, contempt, and sneers, of the ungodly and profane which they had to suffer, when labouring and striving to promote the holy cause of God; and the salvation of the souls of perishing sinners. The appeals which were afterwards made by the preacher to the consciences of his hearers, were irresistible. Amidst the weeping concourse, the hearts of our students were completely melted down. Their conduct appeared to each of their hearts, *black and hell-deserving.*

Stung with remorse, they withdrew at the close of public worship—and retired to pray. They hastened again to church in the afternoon, to unite in public worship. They became penitent. They were converted; and became members of the visible church of God, hoping and preparing for a better inheritance in the church triumphant.

Mr. Editor—The above is no fiction. The circumstances were well known, and commonly reported, when I was at Glasgow College a few years ago—This is at your service. J. K.

Trumbull, Con. July 29, 1827.

The versatility of Franklin's genius is best indicated in the variety of uses to which his head is put in every community. As a printer, his head adorns the printing press,—as a philosopher, the studio,—as a moralist, the hall of the theologian,—as a politician, the desk of a statesman,—as an industrious man, the shopboard of every good tradesman who minds his business. We have seen his head, made to adore these several offices and vocations, and one of the northern papers under our hand, employs it to recommend the spectacles of a shopkeeper, because the old patriot invariably wore them.

Charleston paper.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

ON LAUDABLE AMBITION.

Every body has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed. The difference is, that the ambition of silly people is a silly and mistaken ambition; and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. For instance; the ambition of a silly boy, would be to have fine clothes and money to throw away in idle follies; which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him the money to play the fool with. Whereas a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in showing good nature and compassion, in learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition, and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men as well as in boys, the ambition of a silly fellow will be to have fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes; things, which any body, that has as much money, may have as well as he; for they are all to be bought. But the ambition of a man of sense and honour is, to be distinguished by character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue; things that are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedaemonians and the ambition of the Romans, when they made the greatest figure; and such, I hope, yours will be.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF RICHARD BAXTER.—During Mr. Baxter's residence in Coventry, he, in company with several of the ejected ministers who resided there commenced preaching in a house by the side of a common, not many miles from the city. The time of service being rather early in the morning, Mr. Baxter set out for the place the preceding evening. The night being dark, he misred his way, and after wandering about for a considerable time, espied a light on a rising ground at some distance; to which he immediately bent his steps. On his arrival, he found that it emanated from the window of a gentleman's house. He called, and begged to be allowed to remain until the morning; at the same time stating that he had lost his way. The servant informed his master, that a person of very respectable appearance was at the door; and wished to be accommodated for the night. The gentleman ordered the servant to invite him in. The invitation was cordially accepted; and Mr. Baxter met with the greatest hospitality. At supper, the gentleman inquired what was the profession or employment of his guest. He from several things spoken by his host, saw it necessary to be upon his guard, and replied: "I am a *man-catcher*, sir." "A man-catcher (said the gentleman,) are you? You are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am determined to seize on Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a neighbouring cottage to-morrow morning, and you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr. Baxter no longer remained ignorant of the quality of his host, and consented to accompany him. After breakfast next morning, they accordingly set out in the magistrate's carriage for the place. When they arrived, the people were beginning to assemble outside of the house; but no Dick Baxter made his appearance to preach. The justice seemed to be considerably disappointed; and said to his companion, he supposed that Baxter had been apprised of his design, and would not fulfil his engagement. After waiting for some time in ardent expectation of the approach of the Nonconformist, but without effect, Mr. B. told the magistrate that it was a pity for so many people to be collected together, and on the Sabbath morning, too, without something being said to them respecting religion; and hoped he would deliver a short address to them on that subject. He replied, that as all religious services should begin with prayer, he could not perform that part of the duty, not having his prayer book in his pocket. "However," said the gentleman, "I am persuaded that a person of your

appearance and respect ability, would be able to pray with them as well as to talk to them. I beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to begin with prayer. After a few modest refusals, Mr. Baxter commenced the service with a prayer at once solemn and fervid for which he was so remarkable. The magistrate was soon melted into tears. The man of God then delivered a most impressive sermon; after which, the magistrate stopped up to him and said, he felt truly thankful that Baxter had not come, for he had never heard any thing which so much affected him in the whole course of his life. Baxter turning round to him, with pathos not to be imitated, said: "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit,—I am entirely at your disposal." But the justice having felt so much, during the service, he entirely laid aside all enmity and ever afterwards became one of the most decided friends of Nonconformity, and died, it is believed, a decided Christian.

The Rev. Mark Wilkes, is, I believe, still alive. He was and still is, well known in London. He is an eminent divine, a pious, and almost worthy man; and a considerable wit, with all God had placed him in very easy circumstances; and had also given him a warm and charitable heart. No deserving poor man went away sorrowfully from Mark Wilke's door. One day a poor man,—belonging to his Church who had something of Mark Wilke's manner, as to the matter of wit,—and who certainly was a very worthy and pious man, came to Mark's door, and told his minister, that "his poor wife had just been confined,—and that she had brought him another fine child. But, then, it is"—added he, "God has not given us, this day a morsel of food in the house.—" Ah! said Mark Wilkes, affecting great indifference "John! I have always understood, that when God sends a child into this world, he also sends bread with it." "Most true! your Reverence," cried John, "God's goodness always does a But, then, *he has sent the child to me,—and bread to you.* And therefore it is, that I have come for some of it." "Come in John," cried Mark Wilkes, as a tear coursed down his cheek.—"Come in, and take as much as you want."

AXIOM.
There is a time when we may say *nothing*; and a time when we may say *something*; but there never was a time when we should say *all things*.

POETRY.

Jesus appears to the Disciples.

The evening of that day which saw the Lord Rise from the chambers of the dead, was come. His faithful followers, assembled, sang A hymn, low breathed—a hymn of sorrow, blent With hope: when, in the midst, sudden he stood. The awe-struck circle backward shrunk: he looks Around with a benignant smile of love, And says, *peace be unto you!* faith and joy Spread o'er each face, amazed as when the moon, Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth, Silencing a circlet in the fleecy ranks. Graham.

Behold my mother and my Brethren.

Who is my mother, or my brethren? Heapake, and look'd on them who sat around, With a meek smile of pity blent with love, More melting than e'er gleamed from human face; As when a sun-beam through a summer shower, Shines mildly on a little hill-side flock; And with a look of love he said, Behold My mother and my brethren: for I say, That whoe'er shall do the will of God, He is my brother, sister, mother, all Thid.