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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 27.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, February 1, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIER

This wonderful youth, who was just exhibited by Providence upon the stage of life, to show the extensive powers of the human mind, and then disappeared, as if fitted for a higher sphere was born in 1721, at Schwobach, near Nuremberg Anspach. His father was minister of the French church at that place, having fled from France on account of his being a protestant, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He was a man of great piety and learning, and undertook himself the education of his son, who made so great a progress under his instructions, that at the age of five years he is said to have understood the Greek, Latin, German, and French languages. His father, surprised and delighted with his uncommon genius, next proceeded to teach him Hebrew, and in less than a year he was able to read the historical books of the Bible in that tongue. At the age of nine years he could translate any part of the Hebrew scriptures into Latin, even re-translate those versions into Hebrew, an attainment which is almost incredible. At the same age he could repeat by heart the Hebrew Psalter, without having taken any other pains to commit it to memory than by frequently reading it with his father. Before he had completed his tenth year he drew up a Hebrew lexicon, of uncommon and difficult words, to which he added many curious critical remarks.

In 1731 Baratier was admitted a member of the university of Altdorf. The same year he wrote in French a letter to M. Le Maitre, minister of the French church at Schwobach, on a new edition of the Bible, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Rabbinical, which letter was published in a German Literary Journal.

The Margrave of Anspach in 1734 settled upon him a pension of fifty florins a year, and allowed him the free use of the books in his library. The fruits of his industry appeared in a translation from the Hebrew, with historical and critical notes, and dissertations of the "Rabbi Benjamin's Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, containing an account of the state of the Jews in

the twelfth century." This work was published at Amsterdam, in two volumes octavo, in 1734, the author's thirteenth year; and the whole is said to have been finished by him in four months.

This wonderful youth, in the midst of his philosophical pursuits, found leisure for the study of the mathematics; and with such effect, that he invented a method of discovering the longitude at sea, which he laid before the academy of sciences at Berlin, in a long letter, dated January 21, 1735, the day in which he completed his fourteenth year. Finding that his letter was well received, he resolved to maintain and explain his project in person; and accordingly, in March, following, set out for Berlin. On his way thither, he passed, with his father, through Hall, the chancellor of which celebrated university offered him the honorary degree of master of arts. This flattering proposal induced Baratier, on the spot, and in the presence of several professors, to draw up fourteen theses in philology, ecclesiastical history, & philosophy, which he caused to be printed the same night, and supported them the next day for three hours with great applause, upon which he received his degree with marks of high distinction.

He arrived a few days afterwards at Berlin. On the 24th of March, the mathematical class being assembled, with all the heads of the university, and many members of other classes, Baratier was called in. M. de Vignoles, the rector suggested to him some difficulties respecting his project on the longitude; to which he replied with great readiness and ability. After this he presented in Latin the plan of an astronomical instrument, which he proposed to execute. The learned Jablonski, the president, reported that he had examined Baratier in the king's presence, and had found him well acquainted with the oriental languages, and various other branches of learning, on which he was unanimously admitted, with the customary formalities, a member of the society.

On his return to Hall with his father, whom the King of Prussia at this time appointed to the pastoral charge of the French church in that city, young Baratier directed his studies to theology, and with such success, that in 1735 he printed a work in Latin against Socinianism, under the title of Ante-Artemonius. To this book he added a dissertation on the Three Dialogues, commonly ascribed to Theodoret. This latter performance he afterwards defended in a German Journal against some French critics; and in the same journal he printed a Dissertation on two works attributed to St. Athanasius.

The King of Prussia, to whom he was introduced, by way of trying the extent of his knowledge, asked him whether he understood the public law of the empire. Baratier was obliged to confess he did not. "Then," said the King, "go and study it before you pretend to the character of a man of learning."

This roused the literary emulation of the youth. He renounced for a time all other studies, and

applied himself to this with so much ardour, that in fifteen months he was enabled to defend a thesis on law with great credit.

His intense application, however, and the continual exercise of his mental faculties, which he did not relieve by amusements, or a proper degree of relaxation, speedily destroyed a constitution which was naturally very delicate. A complication of complaints attacked him, and after a decline of some months, during which he employed himself in collecting materials for a voluminous work on the Antiquities and History of Egypt, he died at Hall, in 1740, aged nineteen years, eight months, and seven days.

The extensive learning of this surprising young man, neither made him proud nor ill-natured. He was affable and courteous in his behaviour, meek and contented in his disposition, frugal and abstemious in his mode of life. If his ardent thirst for wisdom and intellectual riches demands our admiration, his early end holds out a lesson for the due management even of literary pursuits, and warns us not to trifle with the means of prolonging our bodily health and strength, which are so necessary to render the highest mental talents honourable to ourselves, by being beneficial to society.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SALAMANDER.

Though the ancients have described a lizard bred by fire, and existing in flames, the moderns have discovered that it was a fabulous assertion, and that they have merely the offspring of a heated brain.

The salamander, which was once supposed to live upon that element which must inevitably prove the destruction of life, resembles a frog in the form of its body, though, like every species of the lizard, it has a long tail: like that animal its snout is rounded, and its eyes placed in the back of the head; the claws of its toes are short and feeble; and it is covered with a rough skin.

Not only the salamander, but every one of the lizard species are supposed to be of a venomous kind; but it appears to be the effect of prejudice or misconception, for they are destitute of fangs like the viper, and have very small teeth; as to the saliva, which has been supposed poisonous, no effects of that nature have ever been produced.

The salamander, which is best known in Europe, is generally from eight to eleven inches in length: when taken in the hands it imparts a chilling sensation, and appears to be incapable of supporting heat, as it always makes choice of a cool retreat. Like the frog, it seems to be a torpid animal, and in that instance differs from the rest of the lizard kind, as the generality of them are continually in motion, if we except the winter months, which are chiefly devoted to sleep; during that period the water lizard changes its skin every fortnight; but in the summer twice of thrice in that space.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

BIRDS—Continued.

How admirably fortified are the eyes of the birds of night for seeing better when the sun is below than above the horizon. Those of the Poultry kind are not furnished with hooked bills and formidable talons, or wings calculated for long flights; and while the solitary Eagle or Hawk pay us a transient visit, unaccompanied and alone, these surround our dwellings in numerous flocks. Those of the Grouse kind, who feed on moor-berries and the top of heath plants, have their habitations assigned them in the most barren and uncultivated tracts where their favorite food abounds. The hooked bill of the Parrot is well contrived to assist him in climbing. Ducks, Geese, and many others, have long broad bills to enable them to grope for their food in waters and mud; on the contrary a thick, short, and sharp edged bill, is as necessary to those who have occasion to husk and flay the grain they swallow. The Woodpecker's bill is sufficiently strong to dig holes; that of the Swallow is slender and sharp pointed, and he is also furnished with a very wide mouth, to enable him to catch the winged insect in its flight; and the one with which Sea-pies raise their favourite food from the rocks, by means of their long, narrow, and compressed bills, is astonishing.

The long legs and necks of birds of the Crane kind, together with their sharp pointed bills, are wonderfully adapted for the purpose of wading and picking up their food from the bottom of the shallows; and the webbed feet, oily feathers, and broad bills of those of the Swan kind, are equally so to enable them to swim along, and lay hold of their prey in the watery element.

The PELICAN of the wilderness is a most dexterous fisher, and nature has provided him with a prodigious pouch of a singular construction, under his bis bill, which, although scarcely perceptible when empty, enables him when full, to bear ashore as many fish at a time as would suffice 60 men to dinner.—The ALBATROSS, the most formidable of the Gull kind, preys not only on fish, but water-fowl of an inferior size; and his bill terminates in a crooked point, by which he is enabled to lay hold of them on the wing.—The PENGUIN seldom leaves the water; and while others of the feathery race only skim its surface pursues his prey to the greatest depth, and he approaches the finny tribe in his conformation as well as in his disposition and habits.

How wonderful the migration of birds! or that surprising instinct by which "the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times," and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." When Storks take their departure of Europe, it is said they all assemble on a particular day, decamp during the night, and leave not a single one of their company behind. Now what power unseen commands them to this general assembly, directs them in their course, orders them to halt as occasion requires, and then to renew their flight till they arrive at the exact point of their destination?

"Who bids the Stork, Columbus-like explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?"
"Where do the Cranes, or winding Swallows go,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snow?

If into rocks or hollow trees they creep,
In temporary death confined to sleep;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions and a southern sky?"

Birds in the torrid zone, where their nests otherwise situated, would be exposed to the assaults of the snake when he twines up the trunk, or the depredation of the ape, suspend them at the point of a bough, or the extreme branches of the trees; and some, as the Taylor-bird, not content with that precaution, attach their nests to the side of a leaf. The Eagle constructs her habitation among inaccessible rocks, where it is shielded by projecting crags;—and the Flamingo builds her nest in the middle of an extensive morass, beyond the reach of danger.

What sagacity does the Vulture display as he sits silent and unseen in the American forest, watching the operations of the monstrous Crocodile, while he deposits his eggs in the sand on the banks of the river? The little Butcher-bird, that attacks creatures four times bigger than himself, seizes its victims by the throat, and strangles them in an instant; and, as if conscious of its inability otherwise to separate the food it has so secured, contrives to spit it on a neighbouring thorn, and then pulls it to pieces by its bill. The solitary Owl takes up its station in a corner of the barn at the approach of night, & with inflexible perseverance watches its prey. The magpie is noted for its singular cunning.—Bustards are said to keep a sentinel on the outlook to apprise them of danger.—The Partridge acts with the greatest subtlety, in order to decoy away a dog or other animal when he apprehends her nest; and the affection of the Hen for her brood is such, that for their protection she will attack the hog or the mastiff, and even not hesitate to fly at the fox. What animal evinces more courage than the Cock, as he struts in sovereignty on his favourite dunghill? The facility with which Parrots are taught to speak, and retain and repeat a number of words is truly surprising.—Cormorants in China are trained for the purposes of fishing; and Hawks, in other countries for fowling; and the Carrier Pigeon performs his lengthened embassy with unerring precision, and with an astonishing celebrity: Even the stupid Ostrich, as it may be called in other respects, is not so destitute of natural affection and instinctive cunning as some are apt to imagine; for if she more frequently leaves her eggs than other birds, it is only in those hot climates where there is no necessity for constant incubation; and if she thrusts her head in the sand, when every chance of escape is at end, it is no less certain that she contrives to prolong the chase and distance her pursuer, by occasionally lowering one of her wings, and disappointing him with a mouthful of feathers.

POETRY.

THE FABLE OF THE YOUNG MOUSE.

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided.
So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.
But one day, the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden return'd, with such joy in her eyes,
That her grey, sedate parent, express'd some surprise.
"O Mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinc'd, have not any ill will to a mouse;

And those tales can't be true which you always art
telling.

For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to
fear,

If ten cats with their kittens should at once appear.
And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out, with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.
But the best of all is they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice, I had put my head in to get through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."
"Ah child," said her mother, "believe I entreat,
Both the cago and the chooso are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good,
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could.
As they've caught and kill'd scores; and I never could
learn

That a mouse, who once enter'd did ever return!"
Let the young people mind what the old people say
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

THE FLY'S REVENGE.

"So," said a fly, as he paused and thought
How he had just been brushed about,
"They think, perhaps, I am next to nought—
Put into the world to be put out!

"Just as if, when our maker planned
His mighty scheme, he had quite forgot
To grant the work of his skilful hand,
The peaceful fly, an abiding spot!

"They grudge me even a breath of air,
A speck of earth and a ray of sun!
This is more than a fly can bear—
Now I'll pay them for what they have done!"

First he lit on the idle thumb
Of a poet, and "Now for your thoughts," said
he,
"Wherever they soar, I'll make them come
Down from their towering flight, to me!"

He went and tickled the nasal l.,
Of the scholar, and over his eyebrow stung,
Till he raised his hand and his brain let slip
A chain of gems that had just been strung.

He washed his feet in the worthless tear
A belle in the theatre chanc'd to weep—
"Rouge in the bath!" he cried; "my dear,
Your cheek has a blush that is not skin deep!"

Off, to a crowded church he flew,
And over their faces boldly stepped,
Pointing out to the pastor's view
How many sheep in the pasture slept.

He buzzed about a lady's ear,
Just as a youth with piteous sigh,
Popped a question she would not hear,
And only answered, "a saucy fly!"

On the astronomer's painted glass
He leisurely stood and stretch'd his wing;
For here he knew he was sure to pass
For quite a great and important thing.

"Now is the time," said he, "my men,
To measure the fly from head to heel!
Number the miles, and if you can,
Name the planets that I conceal!

"What do you call the twinkling star

O'er the spot where you see me tread—
 And the beautiful cluster of lights afar,
 Ranged in the heavens above my head?

Ah! it is station which swells us all,
 At once to a size that were else unknown!
 And now, if ever I hear you call
 My race an order beneath your own—

I'll tell the world of this comic scene;
 And how will they laugh to hear that I,
 All as you think me, can stand between
 You and your view of the spacious sky!"

H. F. Gould.

A FABLE. By "the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."—Once on a time a nation was excited, that if all the people in the world would get out at once, it might be heard in the moon. The projectors agreed it should be done in ten years. Some thousand ship loads of locomotives were distributed to the select men and other great folks of all the different nations. A year beforehand, nothing else was talked of, but the awful noise that was to be made on the great occasion. When the time came every body had their ears so wide open, to hear a universal ejaculation of Boo, the word agreed on, that nobody spoke, except a deaf man in one of the Feejee Islands, and a woman in Peking, that the world was never so still since the creation. I was requested to give the moral of the fable. It is too obvious, I observed, to need explanation. The inquirer looked very indelicately.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY.

Youth is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temperate manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your early intercourse with the world, and even youthful amusements, let no unfairness be admitted. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, 'doing all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.' For this, impress yourself with a deep sense of the final and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. In the present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how soon to you are the vicissitudes of the world; how often they, whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down upon with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in a few years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Grace in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and negligence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the orphan. Never sport with pain and misery, in any of your amusements; never treat the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

A gentleman, just returned from a journey to London, was saluted by his children, eager, after the first salutations were over, to hear the news, and still more eager to see the contents of a small portmanteau, which were, one by one, carefully unfolded and displayed to view. After distributing amongst them a few small presents, the father took his seat again, saying, that he must confess he had brought from town, for his own use, something far more curious and valuable than any of the little gifts they had received.—It was, he said, too good to present to any of them; but he would, if they pleased, first give them a brief description of it, and then, perhaps, they might be allowed to inspect it.

The children were accordingly all attention, and the father thus proceeded: "This small instrument displays the most perfect ingenuity of construction, and exquisite nicety and beauty of workmanship; from its extreme delicacy it is so liable to injury, that a sort of light curtain, adorned with a beautiful fringe, is always provided, and so placed as to fall in a moment at the approach of the slightest danger. Its external appearance is always more or less beautiful; yet in this respect there is a great diversity in the different sorts:—but the internal contrivance is the same in all of them, and is so extremely curious, and its powers so truly astonishing, that no one who considers it can suppress his surprise and admiration. By a slight momentary movement, which is easily effected by the person it belongs to, you can ascertain with considerable accuracy the size, colour, shape, weight, and value, of any article whatever. A person possessed of one is thus saved from the necessity of asking a thousand questions, and trying a variety of troublesome experiments, which would otherwise be necessary; and such a slow and laborious process would, after all, not succeed half so well as a single application of this admirable instrument."

George.—"If they are such very useful things, I wonder that every body, that can at all afford it, does not have one."

Father.—"They are not so uncommon as you may suppose: I myself happen to know several individuals who are possessed of one or two of them."

Charles.—"How large is it, Father? could I hold it in my hand?"

Father.—"You might; but I should be very sorry to trust mine with you!"

George.—"You will be obliged to take very great care of it, then?"

Father.—"Indeed I must: I intend every night to enclose it within the small skreen I mentioned; and it must besides occasionally be washed in a certain colourless fluid kept for the purpose: but this is such a delicate operation, that persons, I find, are generally reluctant to perform it. But, notwithstanding the tenderness of this instrument, you will be surprised to hear that it may be darted to a great distance, without the least injury, and without any danger of losing it."

Charles.—"Indeed? and how high can you dart it?"

Father.—"I should be afraid of telling you to what a distance it will reach, lest you should think I am jesting with you."

George.—"Higher than this house, I suppose?"

Father.—"Much higher."

Charles.—"Then how do you get it again?"

Father.—"It is easily cast down by a gentle movement, that does it no injury."

George.—"But who can do this?"

Father.—"The person whose business it is to take care of it."

Charles.—"Well I cannot understand you at all; but do tell us, Father, what it is chiefly used for."

Father.—"Its uses are so various, that I know not which to specify. It has been found very serviceable in decyphering old manuscripts; and, indeed, has its use in modern prints. It will assist us greatly in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; and without it some of the most sublime parts of creation would have been matters of mere conjecture. It must be confessed, however, that very much depends on a proper application of it; being possessed by many persons who appear to have no adequate sense of its value, but who employ it only for the most low and common purposes, without ever thinking, apparently, of the noble uses for which it is designed, or of the exquisite gratifications it is capable of affording. It is, indeed, in order to excite in your minds some higher sense of its value, than you might otherwise have entertained, that I am giving you this previous description."

George.—"Well then, tell us something more about it."

Father.—"It is of a very penetrating quality, and can often discover secrets which could be detected by no other means. It must be owned, however, that it is equally prone to reveal them."

Charles.—"What can it speak then?"

Father.—"It is sometimes said to do so, especially when it happens to meet with one of its own species."

George.—"Of what colour are these instruments?"

Father.—"They vary considerably in this respect."

George.—"What colour is yours?"

Father.—"I believe of a darkish colour: but to confess the truth, I never saw it in my life."

Both.—"Never saw it in my life!"

Father.—"No, nor do I wish; but I have seen a representation of it, which is so exact that my curiosity is quite satisfied."

George.—"But why don't you look at the thing itself?"

Father.—"I should be in great danger of losing it if I did."

Charles.—"Then you could buy another."

Father.—"Nay, I believe I could not prevail upon any body to part with such a thing."

George.—"Then how did you get this one?"

Father.—"I am so fortunate as to be possessed of more than one; but how I got them, I really cannot recollect."

Charles.—"Not recollect! why you said you brought them from London to-night."

Father.—"So I did; I should be sorry if I had lost them behind me."

Charles.—"Tell, Father, do tell us the name of the curious instrument."

Father.—"It is called—an EYE."

He that will not hearken to the warnings of Conscience, shall feel the woundings of Conscience.

ANECDOTES.

FORBEARANCE, KINDNESS, &c.

"All that is great and good in the universe is on the side of clemency and mercy. If we look into the history of mankind, we shall find that, in every age, those who have been respected as worthy have been distinguished for this virtue. Revenge dwells in little minds: a noble and magnanimous spirit is superior to it. Collected within itself, it stands unmoved by the impotent assaults of our enemies; and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct. It has been truly said, that the greatest man on earth can no sooner commit an injury, than a good man can make himself greater by forgiving it."

Anger and revenge are uneasy passions; "hence," says Seod, "it appears that the command of *bring our enemies*, which has been thought a *hard saying*, and impossible to be fulfilled, is really no more, when resolved into its first principle, than bidding us to be at peace with ourselves, which we cannot be, so long as we continue at enmity with others."

The heathens themselves saw the reasonableness of the spirit which we are now inculcating, and approved of it. It is said concerning Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments, and also that he could forget nothing but wrongs, and remember nothing but benefits.

"It becomes a man," says Antonius "to love even those that offend him." "A man hurts himself," says Epictetus, "by injuring me: and what then? Shall I therefore hurt myself by him?" "In heat fits," says Seneca "it is a disgrace to be outdone; in injuries, to get the better." Another heathen, when he was angry with one by him, said, "I would beat thee; but I am angry."

Philip, the King of Macedon, discovered great moderation, even when he was spoken to in shocking and injurious terms. At the close of an audience which he gave to some Athenian ambassadors who were come to complain of some act of hostility, he asked whether he could do them any service. "The greatest service thou couldst do us," said Demochares, "will be to hang thyself." Philip, though he perceived all the persons present were highly offended at these words, made the following answer, with the utmost kindness of temper: "Go, tell your superiors, that those who dare make use of such insolent language are more haughty and less peaceable inclined than those who can forgive them."

ANAGRAM.—Every one has heard of the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson's name. The following, however, is superior, and is unquestionably the happiest in any language.—it is made from Pilate's question to our Saviour—"Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) These three words make the following anagrammatic sentence:—*est vir qui adest*—(The man whom you see before you.)

The only way for a rich man to be healthy, is by exercise and abstinence; to live as if he was poor,—which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

POETRY.

THE THUNDER STORM.

O'er evening's brownest shade!
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-encircled glade,
Round the hermitage of health:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the silk and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair:
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread;
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head;
Lo! the lightnings break from high,
God's coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled nature reels,
From the centre to the poles!
Tremble! ocean, earth, and sky!
Tremble! God is passing by!

Darkness wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding place;
Should He, from his ark of storms
Rend the veil, and show His face,
At the judgement of His eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain, tempestuous fall,
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling nature grasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of vengeance! from above
While Thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember Thou art love!
Spare! O spare a guilty world;
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of mercy still!
Now, ye winds proclaim aloud,
"Peace on earth, to man good will!"
Nature! God's repentant child,
See thy Parent reconcil'd!

Hark! the nightingale afar
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west,
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens paradise on high!

Cool and tranquil is the night
Nature's sore afflictions cease;
For the storm: that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace;
Vengeance drops her harmless rod,
Mercy is the power of God!

THE PASSENGER AND PILOT'S SON.—A Fable.

In books of voyages we find,
What much affects the feeling mind.
An incident from one of these,
I hope will both instruct and please.

A crowd of passengers there came,
Aboard a ship, I think her name
Was Providence; well built and mann'd,
Sufficient for the voyage plann'd:
What sea she plow'd, I have forgot,

Baltic or British, boots it not.
With pleasant gales they left the port,
Some days to sail seem'd only sport,
But adverse gusts pressage a storm,
Now dismal clouds the sky deform,
The thunders roar, the lightnings fly,
The foaming waves roll mountain-high,
Approaching night, with pitchy face,
The horrors of the scene increase,
While angry winds tremendous roar,
The passengers their fate deplore;
Bereft of hope, their helpless cries
Accent the tumult of the skies.
Now in the dark, their gloomy minds,
Create new woes of various kinds,
Fear hidden rocks, and fatal sands,
And shelly shores, and hostile lands:
Confusion reign'd among the crowd,
Some deeply groan'd, some cry'd aloud,
A leak! a leak! the mast is sprung,
The anchor's lost, the helm's unlung.

In vain the mariners proclaim,
The vessel's strength, her sainted name,
The storm will end, the harbour's near,
Their steady Pilot's skill and care.

Not one of all the crew was seen,
But one, a pretty boy serene,
Compos'd he pass'd the stormy night,
Now hum'd a tune, now struck a light,
Stood steady 'neath the billow spray,
Then smil'd to see it pass away.

Now when the wish'd-for morning shone,
The winds were hush'd, the tempest gone,
A passenger this boy address'd:—
"We all were equally distress'd,
"Pray, child, what is the reason now,
"That we were more afraid than thou?"
The youth reply'd, "The reason's clear,
"My FATHER is the Pilot here."

In life's short voyage the christian finds
The force of adverse waves and winds,
Bleak sorrows of incessant roar,
And clouds of woe his course obscure;
But let him not in storms despair,
His Father is the Pilot there.

Christian! thy bark thou needst not fear,
He will protect and wisely steer,
How'er the waves of trouble rage,
His presence may thy tears assuage,
Be like the Pilot's son serene,
Thy Father trust in every scene,
Ho weigh's the winds, ho rule's the storm,
Some sacred purpose to perform,
Now checks or fans the growing breeze,
Now swells or smooths Affliction's seas;
Just that his children may obtain
Some sovereign good, some lasting gain.

While passions base with noisy force,
Disturb thee in thy heav'nly course,
Refuse to hear, though fear suggest,
Thou ne'er shall reach the port of rest.
Distrust may doubt the faithful chart,
Thy Pilot's skill, or tender heart,
Tho' Sloth strike sail, his par resign,
Tho' discontent envious passions
Yet on thy Father's love depend,
He's wise to guide, great to defend,
O'er board each vexing Jonah cast,
Keep Hope thy anchor to the last,
By faith survey the farther shore,
Contented sing, tho' tempests roar;
With patience wait till they remove,
Thy Father will thy Pilot prove:
He'll waft thee safely through thy woes,
Unto the port of sweet repose.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA, PAGE 44.

"Go, if they call thee" "was the answer given
To BALAAM, when the heathen King besought:
They called not, yet he went—and slighted Heav'n
Stood in the way—endow'd his Ass with thought,
And Speech, and power—till he who had contem'd
The voice of God, stood by his beast condemn'd.