

"But where are the flowers? you did not throw them away?"

"Oh, no, no, no, how could I, uncle? they were so beautiful! shall I fetch them? they are in the alabaster vase you gave me, and that I love so dearly."

The old man smiled, shook his head, moved his foot; and the young girl scouted herself on the little Ottoman; he laid his hand on her glossy hair, and replied, "Mind not flowers now, love, but attend to the wisdom which seventy years and more have taught to one who has not been a listless observer of passing events. I remember well when my sister, your grandmother married. She was very young, and very beautiful. She was ambitious, and married for gold and rank. She never complained of unhappiness; but I saw it in her altered eye, heard it in her altered voice, and both blained and pined. At that time I had my own trials two;—but our loves are like faded flowers, only interesting to those who treasure them as memorials of by-gone days. Your mother, Emily, was gifted with an angels form; but her mind remained uncultivated, while accomplishments were heaped upon her without taste or judgment. She, too, was sacrificed upon the same shrine; but she wanted her mother's strength of mind. Her husband had but one maxim in common with herself—'To do as others do;—how do I hate that little sentence!' continued the old man, with strong acrimony and emotion; "it has caused," he continued, "the ruin of thousands. At that time our princes were jockeys, and Lord Morton, whose head was never cool, had the honour of losing thousands to the highest in the land—he did as others did; and in three years, poor fellow! he died of a broken heart, and almost a beggar. Your mother, from following the same plan; assisted in the destruction of their fortune. No parties were so gay, no woman so much admired, or consequently so much flattered as Lady Emily Morton! but the fashionable, true to their maxim, also did as others did, left the ruined widow to her solitude; and her creditors, who also pursued the same plan, seized upon every thing, even the couch on which she lay, with you, a new born infant, on her bosom. Her parents were dead, and she was too proud to accept assistance; though to confess the truth, I believe she was not much troubled by the benevolent feelings of others. She had always plagued me sadly, laughed at my feelings, & ridiculed my peculiarities; but an English heart beat in my bosom and I went up to town determined to bring her and hers to my house. I shall never forget it; your brother was sent home from the fashionable school to which he had been consigned, and, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, was playing about the room, gay & cheerful as a mountain-lark. She was lying on an old sofa, and her pale cheek and sunken eye spoke of the end of mortal sufferings; her spirits were gone, her heart was indeed broken. She withdrew the shawl that covered you, and my heart yearned towards you, Emily, as if you had been mine own—in a very unbachelor-like way I stooped to kiss you. 'Save them make them unlike their parents,' exclaimed your poor mother, as she endeavoured to raise you to me—that effort was her last; she fell back and expired."

"Emily sobbed bitterly; and, the old gentleman let fall—no, not fall, for he prevented it—but tears certainly escaped from his eyes.

"My own dear child," continued he, "it is not to pain you that I speak thus, but to warn you against the remotest danger of doing as others do.' It was a troublesome legacy though to an old fellow like me—a romping boy and a squealing baby; but I bless God for it now; it saved me from the selfishness of old age, gave me something to love and to think of besides gout and lumbago. Your brother, I trust, will be an ornament to human nature, for he does not do as others do. He has travelled to gain information, not zeal; he has entered the sacred profession, not because his uncle has a rich living in his gift, but because his mind is imbued with Gospel truth, and he is anxious to do good; he has chosen his friend not because of his rank or talents, although he is distinguished by both, but because he is a Christian—and, consequently, must be a good son, a kind landlord, a firm friend, and, in due time, an affectionate husband. I suspect the oriental flowers, Emmy, have spoken of love; and so would I have it, girl—he is one who will never follow the opinion of fools; and to you, dearest, he will be a safe-guiding star, protecting you through the thorny

path of the dangerous world, upon which you soon must enter; for you cannot be always an old man's darling. And now, child, you may fetch the flowers; they told their your secret—they were dear, and you put them in the vase you loved so dearly.—Yes; yes I can remember—bless, bless you my own child!" continued the venerable old man, folding his arms affectionately round his adopted, "thank God, though I am an old bachelor, I have trained up two creatures for immortality who will not do as others do."

COMMUNICATION.

We, this week, omit our own remarks to give place to the following communication.

MR. EDITOR,

You have previously mentioned that notwithstanding the natural vivacity of youth in general, that some through the tenacious influence of habit, contract a disinclination for mental improvement, & betray a total indifference, respecting the due appropriation of their leisure hours.

Indulgence of any description emanating from the foregoing source by frequent repetition ultimately become ingrained in our natures; and by the exertion of subsequent years, are often found capable of removal. As however that portion of their time is spent in dull and wearisome inaction, which ought to be dedicated to literary attainments, the primary source of natural enjoyments; such negligence must be extremely detrimental to the cultivation of the youthful mind. Its primitive resources from its very constitution, are exceedingly circumscribed; but by seasonable and judicious culture its powers are gradually developed, and by the natural connection of cause and effect finally arrive at maturity.

The mind itself undergoing this course of enlargement, may be assimilated to a splendid rivulet; and the various sources of information to tributary streams, which flow together, and communicate their waters into one principle in let, which through process of time terminates in the formation of a gigantic river. In the accomplishment of the object under contemplation two great points are necessary to be achieved. In the first place, a taste for reading may be generated: and, secondly, proper vigilance must be exercised, in procuring a selection of works for perusal. With regard to the former, the abundance of elementary treatises now used in several branches of education and science, in as far as they tend to facilitate the comprehension of what is abstruse and perplexing, must be acknowledged of eminent practical utility; but to beget that genuine taste for literature which is attended with salutary consequences, they of themselves are totally insufficient.

It is therefore necessary, that some other stimulus be restored to, whose attractive charms may operate as a competent incitement; and amply repay the reader, for the time expended in their perusal. To the attainment of this end, fictitious narrative as being a plain and comprehensive mode of composition; and capable of conveying much information with amusement, has with respect to others, a decided advantage. The singular, though pleasing impression produced on the mind, by such a variety of incidents is indescribable: yet it seems to remove all difficulties—to level all obstructions and to disclose to view, a straight smooth path for still more extensive and valuable intellectual acquisitions.

I must not, however, be understood to profess an unreserved attachment to all. Some fail in chastness of invention, others in their selec-

tion of occurrences exceed the bounds of probability, and delight in what is marvellous and incredible. But notwithstanding these occasional failings, they have several eminent qualities in common, they uniformly possess a lucid, smooth, and easy manner of relation, and like the flower that distills a richer perfume, the less it is figured before its fragrance is inhaled, they abound in a freshness of observation which is invariably connected with agreeable effects.

For such too as descend on fairy palaces, and scenes of enchantment, I do not entertain any invincible predilection, nor of those who represent their adventures, as volatile and unseated in his avocations, am I passionately fond: aware that the latent energies of the mind are enfeebled, by the endless variety of unconnected pursuits.

Such alone as succeed in describing human nature, and who cherishing correct conceptions of our firmities, draw unprejudiced conclusions of men and morals, and even whose failings lean to virtue's side, should receive our countenance and support. Such remarks have been elicited by the unwarranted prepossessions, which many entertain against the blending of truth and fiction, and by the desire which they betray of withhold an acknowledgment of the effects not unfrequently gained by such an alliance.

The mind once habituated to habits of reflection and indefatigable in the pursuits of literature seems afterwards to be dissatisfied with a desultory exercise of its powers, and fails to resume its wonted self employment unless when engaged in these occupations whence their gratification was previously derived. J.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORALS OF SUMMER.—The season of flowers, is not necessarily that of animation and lightheartedness. It has its tone of sentiment and grave reproach, and every fruit and bud of its creation, is at once an emblem and a commentary. The four seasons, united, have been made to image forth, a grand division, into corresponding parts of the life of man; and each, in turn, embodies a series of reflections, pointing at the same time, the knowledge of the vanities of their own as well as of his existence. Summer among these, has been made to do her share. She is one of the largest contributors to the store of homily and reproof, and all the flowers of her kingdom, and all the odors of her breath, have been converted by an oriental indulgence, into stern and warning lessons of a rigid morality. These sights with which she would gladden, the sweets with which she would refresh the colors with which she would give cheer, and give variety to the subjects of our contemplations are coupled with thoughts and associations of gloom and rebuke. The wild vine, which, left to itself, would gad at will in fantastic mazes through the copse is bent studiously into a shelter of some new made grave. The tree to which she has imparted greenness and luxuriance, forms its head's tone; and the destructions of the sweetest flowers of her store to cast upon decay and corruption; is made by the morbid imagination of man himself to his own gloom—to feed his misanthropy and to contribute to that feeble and childish melancholy, which springs, not from that which is unavoidably so incident of his own existence.