

for one moment, and just consider what you are about. Writing is a bad trade, at least so they tell me. You ought to be steadily engaged in some honourable profession, which will not allow your head at any time to go woolgathering; else, Paul, you will get connected with some profligate adventurer, who will make a prey and booty of your simple enthusiasm, by stripping you of your fleece, and then leaving you to take care of your carcase. Within a year I suppose you will have schemed yourself into the King's Bench; Paul, I will not hold out a helping hand to your ruin, by lending you a farthing. You have heard my determination; I am busy with my accounts, and so good morning to you."

Paul, in whose composition, although there was much which was speculative, was nothing which was dishonest, immediately desisted from his scheme, when he found that he could not obtain the necessary supply of money from his uncle. He therefore changed his plan of operations, and wrote to the existing administration, proposing a variety of schemes for the employment of the poor, the establishment of colonies, the liquidation of the national debt, the eradication of diseases, the prevention of crime, and sundry other projects, equally philanthropic and impracticable. Truth, however, compels the statement, that he met with very little success in his application to the ministers; he never received from them a letter of thanks, a letter even of acknowledgment, or perceived that they had made any use of any of his suggestions.

This disappointment was a grievous blow: and he endeavoured to banish the recollection of it, by devoting himself more entirely than ever to the mediation of mighty projects. But Paul was poor; his uncle was tired and disgusted with his follies; and the miraculous anticipations of that worthy relation seemed about to be fulfilled. Paul was involved in debt, and sometimes, as he was rapt and absorbed in his brightest dreams of reforming the universe, and diffusing plenty and happiness among nations he had never beheld, a single loud, determined rap at the door would at once awaken him from his trance, recal him to a sense of his real situation, and his real wants—not his soul was depressed and sickened by that benumbing anxiety, with which low petty cares, daily and unavoidable distress, must weigh at last, upon an ardent and visionary spirit. Often, when he had caught a glimpse of some new project for the improvement of society, and the regeneration of millions, his reverie was disturbed, the charm broken, the illusion destroyed, by the appearance of one stern, importunate creditor, whom he was thoughtlessly defrauding, and perhaps contributing to ruin.

These things, however, could not again and again occur, without at length opening his eyes, and compelling him to perceive the error of his ways. Paul has, therefore, retired upon a small annuity to a remote part of the country, where he weans himself by degrees from the earth and its concerns; where he reflects, with a sigh, that men of the best intentions may become useless and even mischievous, for want of sober views and temperate discretion;—where he laments over the vanity of human projects; and where he declares the utter decay of all his hopes, that the world will ever be better than it is, or that any beneficial change can be effected in the moral, political, or social condition of mankind,

Such is a true account of a few passages of the life of my friend, Paul the Projector

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOOD MEMORY.—Violent passions spoil the memory; such as anger, grief, love, fear. Passions we must have, but constitution and education allay them in some, reason moderates them in others and grace regulates them in all. Where these bridle are wanting they shake all the faculties as an earthquake doth a country. For example, anger, when it rages, manifestly influences the blood, and, consequently, the spirits, and melts off the impression in the brain just as the fire melts the wax and the impressions that were fixed upon it.

A multitude of undigested notions hurt the memory. If a man have a stock of methodical and digested knowledge, it is admirable how much the memory will contain; as you know how many images may be discerned at once in a glass. But when these notions are heaped incoherently in the memory, without order or dependence, they confound and overthrow the memory. Thus many hear or read much, too much perhaps for their capacities; they have not storage for it; and so they are ever learning and never come to the knowledge of the truth. Therefore, look that you understand and digest things by meditation; run not on too fast; he that rides post can never draw maps of the country.

Custom, or using your memories, is an excellent way of improving them. Thus, many wise persons charge their memories at the present, and thereby strengthen them, and then commit what they have remembered to writing, when they come home, that no time may wear it away. We say, *Use legs, and have legs* and so, *Use the memory, and have a memory.*

If you oblige your children and your servants to bring you away an account of a sermon, you will see use and custom will make it easy. I have seen an old man's girdle, who could not read a word, yet by the only help of the girdle which he wore, and which was hung about with some knotted points, he could bring home every particular of a sermon.

Due estimation is a help to the memory; the more we love and admire any thing, the better we remember it. This is the reason given of children remembering things so well, because they admire every thing as being new to them. And of old people the saying is known, that they remember all such things as they care for: for when we esteem any thing, the affections work upon the spirits, which are the instruments of the memory, and so seal things upon it. Why is it that a woman cannot forget her sucking child! Because she doth vehemently love it: and the like affection in us to good things would keep us from forgetting them.

A NIGHT SCENE IN BRAZIL.—He who has not personally experienced the enchantment of tranquil moonlight nights in these happy latitudes, can never be inspired, even by the most faithful description, with those feelings which scenes of such wondrous beauty excite in the mind of the beholder. A delicate transparent mist hangs over the country; the moon shines bright amid heavy and singularly grouped clouds; the outlines of the object which are illuminated by it are clear and well defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in shade. Scarcely a breath of air is stirring, and the neighbouring mimosa, that have folded up their leaves to sleep,

stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mango the jacar, and the othercain jambos. Or sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaya (*Anacardium occidentale*) wattle, the richly flowered granijama and pit. nza (two kinds of Brazilian myrtle) let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshadow, like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shriill cries of the cicada or grasshopper, and the tree-fog, make an incessant hum, and produce, by their monotony, a pleasing melancholy. A stream gently murmuring descends from the mountains, and the *Perdiz guayanensis*, with its almost human voice, seems to call for help from a distance. Every quarter of an hour, diffident balsamic odours fill the air, and other flowers alternately unfold their leaves to the night, and almost overpower the senses with their perfume. Now, it is the bowers of *paulistina* or the neighbouring orange grove; then, the thick tufts of the *cupatia*, or the bunches of the flowers of the palms suddenly bursting, which disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance. While the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fire-flies, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious effluvia, brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which glowing in solemn silence in the firmament above the continent and ocean, fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders. In the enjoyment of the peaceful and magic influence of such nights, the newly arrived European remembers with tender longings his native home, till the luxuriant scenery of the tropics has become to him a second country.—*Von Spix's Travels.*—*Time's Telecop.*

ONE HOUR A DAY.—Spending one hour more in bed seems, at the time, but a small matter, and so it may be—yet in the course of a year it makes a material difference. The person who rises at five o'clock, will have 365 more in a year than the one who sleeps till six. This is equal to five weeks pure day light, [allowing 12 hours per day] so that his year will number 13 months. Is not this too great of a morning nap, which makes us feel "nothing better but rather worse?" Whereas, if we can summon sufficient strength of mind for the first effort, the deed is done—the hour gained—consequence satisfied—and, business will go better all day.

ANECDOTES.

DR. JOHN GILL.—In 1752 the Doctor had a memorable escape from being killed in his study. On Lord's day, March 15, in the morning, a violent hurricane much damaged many houses in London and Westminster. Soon after he had left his study to go to preach, a stack of chimnies forced their way into it through the roof of the house, broke his writing table to pieces, and would have killed him had the accident happened a little sooner. One of the Doctor's friends had some time before mentioned to him a saying of Dr. Halley, the celebrated astronomer, "that close study preserves a man's life, by keeping him out of harm's way." Speaking of this remarkable deliverance to his friends, Dr. Gill, impressed with gratitude to God for his wonderful preservation, remarked, "What becomes of Dr. Halley's words now, since a man may come to danger and harm in the closet, as well as in the highway, if not protected by the special care of Divine providence?"

Judge Bernet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn, being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom," said the bishop, "What are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's history of the Reformation," answered the son.—"Ay! what is that?" said the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son.