

grandeur in the creation. Without the other, it would have been all monotonous. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation. The least of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends every thing, and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. Bring together, then, in thought the most beautiful accidents of nature.—Suppose that you see at the same time the hours of day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn, a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms; plains covered with springing corn, and glided with harvest. You will then have a just idea of the universe.

It is not astonishing, that while you admire the sun, sinking under the arches of the west, another observer beholds him springing from the regions of the morning? But what inconceivable magic is it, that this ancient luminary that reposes, burning and fatigued in the dust of evening, in the same youthful planet, that awakens, humid with dew under the whitening curtains of the dawn? At every moment in the day the sun is rising, in the zenith, or sitting in some portion of the world; or rather, our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian; nor west.

Can we conceive, what would be the spectacle of nature, if it were abandoned to simple movements of matter? The clouds, obeying the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly on the earth; or would mount in pyramids into the upper regions of the air. The moment after, the air would become too gross, or too much rarefied for the organs of respiration.—The moon, too near, or too distant from us, would be at one time invisible, and at another would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would either move upon the line of the eclipse, or, changing her side, would at length discover to us a face, which the earth has not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforward become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter.—Bootes would lead the Phœnix; and the Lion would roar in Aquarius. There, the stars, would fleet away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Something crowding into groups, they would form a new milky way. Again, disappearing altogether, and rending asunder the curtain of the worlds, they would open to view the abysses of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men, before that day, when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means of destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself.—*Chateaubriand.*

NARRATIVE.

PAUL THE PROJECTOR.

Our readers may implicitly rely upon the authenticity of the following narrative; although the individual to whom the events happened, may have good reasons for wishing his full name to be withheld. We will, therefore, be content to call him by the style and title of Paul the Projector.

To go back to the nursery adventures of the

unhappy Paul, would scarcely (whatever discoveries we might make), repay us for the trouble of the search. And the fact is, that the history of his infancy, like that of many other great men, is involved in almost impenetrable obscurity. Even the anecdotes which were, doubtless, delivered with regard to him by his mother and his nurse, have long been forgotten. At school, however, it is certain that Paul began to display his incurable propensity to projecting. He was constantly making experiments for the invention of a new bird trap, or a new cross-bow, or some other extraordinary employment, for every boyish purpose under heaven. At every possible game he was practically the worst player in the school: but then, upon the theoretical principles, he had, (as he conceived), formed some very wise notions of his own. Cricket was his peculiar study; it is true, that he could never defend his wicket for a minute; but then he could always suggest some indisputable improvement in the shape of a bat.

As Paul entered upon the career of youth, his projecting propensities "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." He never saw a carriage without having some improvement to propose as to its construction, its colour, or its springs; although no wise person, who set the slightest value on his life, would ever trust himself to the guidance of Paul, in any vehicle, for a moment. Moreover, in the "history" and "philosophy" of dancing—for in this age of refinement we must use grand terms upon every occasion—he was a perfect adept; of the same-ness and want of inventive genius displayed in our English dances, he bitterly complained; he would even talk of introducing the Pyrrhic dance, the Romanic dance, and a thousand other dances, ancient and modern, with all sorts of steps, from all sorts of places: he had, beside, a magnificent project of making a kind of composite order of dancing out of them all. In the mean time, the common dances which were practised in his youth, were quite beyond him: he never went through a countrydance without a mistake, or performed the evolutions of a reel without being in every body's way.

These are trifling things; but trifling things, the wise know, not only make up the sum of life, but are the best index of character. Paul proceeded in his career—every art and science supplied him with matter for cogitation, and for a scheme. He laboured at a new style in architecture, sculpture, and painting; he wished to improve their principles, and to enlarge their boundaries.

It was fortunate that the reign of alchemy had passed away before the birth of Paul the projector, otherwise, his existence would assuredly have been wasted in search of the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life. The time, however, was now arrived, when his various petty projects were either abandoned and forgotten, or concentrated and absorbed in vast and splendid schemes of political and moral regeneration; a thousand plans, one after another, crossed his soul, like the meteoric flashes of a northern sky, beautiful and bright—but unpalpable, unsubstantial, and fugitive. His friends were naturally anxious for him to apply himself to a particular profession; for it was evident to them, that if the talents which he certainly possessed, were steadily employed upon any single subject, he might raise himself, with comparative ease, to emi-

nence and wealth. But Paul, alas! had other views,—he became a mere drudge, and plod onwards along a beaten track with the common herd! They who gave him such advice might have excellent intentions, but they could comprehend neither the grasp of his intellect, nor the magnitude of his designs.

Paul was an orphan; and among the friends on whom he principally depends was a rich uncle, who had gained his fortune by trade. Now it happened, in the course of time, that the tide of Paul's finances was at its lowest ebb, and that at the same identical period he was in a fever of agitation to commence a most magnificent scheme, which required, at the outset, the moving power of certain funds, which he was unfortunately conscious could not be drawn, by any imaginable device, from his own pocket. He determined, therefore, to make an application, in the first instance, to the said uncle; but Paul felt at the moment, that the most sublime projector who ever schemed himself into poverty, cuts but a sorry figure when he appears in the shape of a petitioner. He, however, introduced himself to his relation, as he sat writing at his desk, and began the conversation as follows:—"My dear uncle, you have often promised to assist me, and I feel assured from your uniform kindness,—"—"Stop, Paul,—no mummery, —I have promised to assist you, and I will, as soon as you prove to me that I can be of real and essential service. What is it that you want?"—"You would confer an eternal obligation upon me, if you would just lend me a few hundred pounds."—"For what purpose, Paul?"—"I have a scheme in my head."—"Umph! I suspect that you will not get a farthing from me in furtherance of your scheme; you have had too many schemes in your head,—but what is it?"—"I wish to buy a piece of land, for the purpose of forming an establishment somewhat similar to Mr. Owen's at Lanark, where I may introduce a new state of society, and a new system of education."—"God bless the boy! How old are you Paul?"

"Three and twenty."—"A pretty modest age! and pray how do you expect to subsist in your new establishment?"—"Oh, by farming and manufactures, and by disseminating my opinions through the medium of the press."—"What do you know of farming?"—"Not much."—"Of manufactures?"—"About as little."—"So I thought. You cannot buy land for nothing, Paul."—"No, Sir,—not good land: but we wish to get some waste land, and put it into cultivation; so we shall confer a benefit on the country, by adding to the quantity of wholesome food."—"Even that point is doubtful, Paul, the time may come when we shall hear of the necessity of throwing lands out of cultivation. But Paul, what capital security do you offer me for the repayment of my money?"—"Oh, you might have any share of the profits of the speculation."—"Indeed! profits of the speculation! Now listen to me, Paul. A certain loss, or what is equivalent to a certain loss, a loan of money to you, is something; but to be made a partner in one of your speculations, by consenting to have a share in the profits, is nothing more or less than ruin complete and final. The largest fortune upon earth could not stand it; Paul, let me give you a little wholesome advice, once for all. Be a lawyer, be a parson, be a physician, be anything, only be something. Descend from the clouds,