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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscuris jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 6.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, September 7, 1831.

Vol. 1.

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## CONDITIONS.

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Any person ordering five copies will be reckoned an Agent, and shall receive a copy gratis.

The names of subscribers residing at a distance will not be required at the Office; they shall be accountable to the Agent through whom they receive the paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—according to the foregoing terms.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### The Progress of Genius.

FROM OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMINENCE AND CELEBRITY.

Genius is that gift of God which learning cannot confer, which no disadvantages of birth or education can wholly obscure.

**HENRY KIRK WHITE.**—He was born in 1785, at Nottingham, where his father followed the business of a butcher. He was sent to school at three years of age, and soon became so fond of reading, that when he had got his book in his hand, it was difficult to get him even to leave it for a few minutes, that he might take his meals. When no more than seven, he began to attempt to express his ideas on paper; his first composition being a tale, which ashamed to show it to any one else, he communicated to the servant, to whom he had for some time been secretly giving instructions in writing. His school acquisitions, before he was the age of 11, in addition to reading, were arithmetic and French; in both of which he had already distinguished himself above all his school-fellows. Soon after this he began to write verse.

His father, however, who was anxious to bring him up to his own business, although very much against his own wish and that of his mother, now insisted that he should be employed one whole day in the week, and during his leisure hours on others, in carrying the butcher's meat. But he expressed so much dislike to this occupation, that it was at last arranged that he should be sent to the hosiery trade, and at the age of 12, accordingly, he began to work as a stocking weaver. To a heart like his, full of the love of literature, and all whose young visions were already those of a student, this destination was a very cheerless one. Yet he hardly dared to complain, for he knew that his family could scarcely afford to educate him to any higher employment. His mother, however, moved by his evident wretchedness, contrived, after he had been about a year at the loom, to prevail upon his father to have him placed in the office of Messrs. Colclough and Endfield, attorneys in

Nottingham, who agreed to take him without a pension, on condition of his serving two years before being articled.

He now felt himself in something like his proper sphere, and his whole mind assumed new alacrity. Although nearly the whole day was necessarily given to the study of his profession, for he attended in the office, as he informs us in one of his letters, from 8 in the morning to 8 at night, he still found time to apply himself to the Greek and Latin languages; in the latter of which, with very little assistance, he enabled himself, in 10 months, to read Horace with tolerable ease. This progress, however, was obtained at the cost of most incessant application. He read during his walks, and at his meals; and not a moment indeed of his leisure hours was given to any thing except the improvement of his mind. In this manner it was surprising how much he accomplished. The papers he left behind him shewed, Mr. Southey tells us, that he had applied himself to his legal studies with extraordinary industry. Besides the knowledge which he acquired of Greek and Latin, he also made considerable progress at this time in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Chemistry, electricity, and astronomy, all shared largely in his attention. While pursuing these several studies, he contrived to accomplish himself to a considerable extent in drawing and music; and he found an occasional amusement in practical mechanics, in which he shewed much ingenuity and neatness of hand. Another accomplishment which he wished to acquire was the art of extempore speaking; and with this view he got himself elected a member of a debating society. Here he very soon distanced all his competitors.

But this was not the only mode in which he had already begun to seek distinction. So early as the first year after his emancipation from the stocking loom he had sent a translation from Horace to a periodical work then existing, called the 'Monthly Preceptor,' the proprietors of which were in the habit of offering prizes for the best contributions on subjects which they proposed; and a silver medal had been awarded to him for his performance. This honour seems to have kindled his literary ambition to greater fervour than ever. He began to sigh for the advantage of a University education. After having thus frequently tried his powers in the 'Preceptor,' he became a correspondent to another Magazine, called the 'Monthly Mirror.' Some of the essays which he sent to this publication, were of distinguished merit, and attracted considerable notice. Among others whose attention they excited, was Mr. Capel Loft, whose patronage of Bloomfield we recorded a few pages back; and the encouragement of this gentleman, whose exertions had recently been so fortunate in the case of another poet, determined Henry to commit a volume of his verses to press. This was about the close of the year 1802.

The volume made its appearance in the end of 1803 or beginning of 1804. It was published by subscription, and dedicated by permission to

the Duchess of Devonshire. What pecuniary return it brought the author is not stated; but the sale probably did not do a great deal more than defray the expenses of publication. Although favourably noticed in some of the periodicals of the day, it was made the subject of a very harsh article in the 'Monthly Review.' This so stung the sensibility of the young poet, that he sent a remonstrance to the editors, which produced from them, in their next number, an expression of their regret, that Mr W. should have been so much hurt by the severity of their criticism; but no acknowledgement was paid of the poetical merit of the publication which they had condemned. This treatment distressed Henry exceedingly. In one of his letters he says, 'This review goes before me whereever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly; and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hand of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham.' Fortunately however, the poems had fallen into the hands of Mr Southey, who, bringing to their perusal both a better judgement and a kinder heart than the writer in the 'Monthly Review,' considered them to discover strong marks of genius. On afterwards seeing the Review, this gentleman's indignation was so strongly excited by what he deemed its cruelty and injustice, that he immediately wrote to H. a letter of encouragement and advice, with an offer to do anything in his power to forward his views. This generous and reasonable interference contributed greatly to heal the poet's wounded feelings; and enabled him in a short time to forget the sneers of his anonymous critic.

No prospect, however, had yet opened of his desire of going to the University being gratified; while the desire itself was every day growing stronger. The reading of some religious books about this time had made a deep impression upon him; and his feelings had been ardently devotional. He determined to give up his life to the preaching of Christianity. His friends exerted themselves in vain to shake his resolution, he had made up his mind, if he could not obtain admission at Oxford or Cambridge, to join some dissenting communion, and to endeavour to find the means of pursuing his studies at an Academy, or at one of the Scotch Universities. But at last through the influence of the Rev. Mr. Simeon, of Kings Colledge, Cambridge, to whom he had been recommended, a sizarship was procured for him at St. Johns. His mother who had for some time kept a boarding school, and his elder brother, engaged each to allow him £15 or £20 yearly; and Mr Simeon generously undertook to afford him £30 more, with the aid of a friend, who is stated to have been Mr. Wilberforce, a name made venerable by a life spent in doing good. Accordingly, in October, 1804, he quitted his employers at Nottingham, who had most kindly agreed to give him up the remainder of his time, although his services were every day becoming more valuable to them. He did not, however, immediately proceed to Cambridge, but, by Mr. Simeon's

advice, placed himself for the first year in the house of the Rev. Mr. Grantor, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire. While residing with this gentleman, he applied himself to classical learning with an ardour to which every thing gave way, devoting often 14 hours a day to hard study; & though his unremitting toils soon laid him on a sick bed, convalescence came only to send him back with as much zeal as ever. When he went to Cambridge, says Mr. Southey, "the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had long looked with hope, served unhappily as a hot house to ripen them."

The exertions of this extraordinary young man at the University, were such as might have been expected from his previous career. A scholarship having become vacant during his first term, he was advised to offer himself a competitor for it; but after having studied for this purpose, with his usual immoderate application, till within a fortnight of the close of the term, he found himself so ill, that he was obliged to decline coming forward. To add to his misfortune, he had now the general college examination before him; and, although far from well, he was urged, if it was at all possible, to persevere in preparing himself for this occasion. He followed this counsel, and having by the aid of strong medicines been enabled to hold out during the six days of the examination, he was at its close declared the first man of his year. Immediately after this he went to London, with the view of benefiting his health by a temporary relaxation from study. But he did not much progress in recovering his health during this short excursion. Still, when he returned, his application continued unabated. It is mentioned as an instance of the manner in which he used to turn every moment to account—in his own phrase, to coin time—that he committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides, during his walks. At the end of this term he was again pronounced first man, & also one of the three best theme writers. By exhibitions, too, which were procured for him, he was now enabled to live without the assistance of his friends. At the end of the term, a tutor in mathematics for the long vacation was provided for him by his college; but this unfortunately only induced him to continue his studies at a period when relaxation was become absolutely necessary to preserve his health. Finding himself very ill, he again proceeded to London; where, however, as before, he got no better. He returned to the University, worn out both in body and in mind, and, after a short attack of delirium, died on Sunday the 19th October, aged about 21.

A monument has been erected to the memory of Henry Kirk White, in the Church of all Saints, Cambridge, at the expense of Mr. Booth, a native of the United States of America.

#### Lib. Entertaining Knowledge

#### LITERATURE.

#### LEIGH RICHMOND'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

(As a variety of subjects for the practical government of their Lives.)

(Concluded.)

#### MUSIC.

Shun all the wretched folly and corruption of light, airy, and amorous songs, on the same principle that you would shun books of the same nature. Sacred music is the true refuge of the christian musician. I wish

your ears, your hearts, and your tongues were often turned to such melodies. The playhouse, the opera, and the concert-room have deluged the world with the abuses of the heavenly art of music. Music was designed to lead the soul to heaven, but the corruption of man has greatly perverted the merciful intention. Do not you belong to such perverters, nor seem to take pleasure in those who do.

#### DRESS.

"Aim at great neatness and simplicity. Shun finery and show.

"Be not in haste to follow new fashions.

"Remember, that with regard to dress, christians ought to be decidedly plainer and less showy than the people of the world."

#### BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

"Be cheerful, but not gurglers.

"Be serious, but not dull.

"Be communicative, but not forward.

"Be kind but not servile.

"Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches although you may forget them, others will not.

"Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every company.

"Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path—grace is needful here; ask for it; you know where.

#### JOURNEYS.

"Cultivate knowledge as you travel:—

"History, antiquities,—in cities, towns, churches, castles, ruins, &c.

"Natural history,—in plants, earths, stones, minerals, animals, &c.

"Picturesque taste,—in landscape scenery, and all its boundless combinations.

"Cultivate good-humoured contentment, in all the little inconveniences incident to inns, roads, weather, &c.

"Cultivate a deep and grateful sense of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, in creation and providence, as successively presented to your notice from place to place.

"Keep diaries and memoranda of daily events, places, persons, objects, conversations, sermons, public meetings, beauties, wonders, and mercies, as you travel. Be minute and faithful.

"Ask many questions of such as can afford useful information, & to what you see.

"Write your diary daily;—delays are very prejudicial. You owe a diary to yourself, to your friends left at home, and to your father, who gives you the pleasure and profit of the journey.

#### PRAYER.

"Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated periods, but every where and at all times, and in all companies. This is your preservative against error, weakness, and sin.

"Always thank yourselves in the midst of temptations, and never more so, than when most pleased with outward objects and intercourse.

"Pray and watch; for if the spirit be willing, yet the flesh is deplorably weak.

#### RELIGION.

"Keep ever in mind that you have a religious profession to sustain; and this both in serious and worldly company. Be firm and consistent in them both. Many eyes and ears are open to observe what my children say and do, and will be, wherever we go. Pray to be preserved from errors, follies, and follies which bring an evil name upon the ways of God. You may sometimes hear ridicule, prejudice, and censure assail the friends of true religion—it ever was, and will be so; but blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for thus is the kingdom of heaven." Be not ashamed of Christ here, and he will not be ashamed of you hereafter.

"Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; and do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

"Ever show the interest which you take in the subjects of schools for the poor, the distribution of tracts, the Bible and Missionary Societies, and all those important topics which so deeply occupy the people of

God, and when you can find a congenial friend, talk of heaven and eternity, and your soul and your saviour. This will be as a shield to your head and your heart.

#### ESTIMATE OF CHARACTERS.

"Look first for grace. Do not distrust good people on account of their follies, or deficiencies in matters of little importance. Gold unpolished is far more valuable than the brightest brass. Never form unfavourable opinions of religious people hastily.—'Charity hopeth all things.' Prize those families where you find constant family prayer; and suspect evil and danger, where it is avowedly unknown and unpractised. Always remember the astonishing difference between the true followers of Jesus, and the yet unconverted world, and prize them accordingly, whatever be their rank in society.

"Gentility and piety form a happy union; but poverty and piety are quite as acceptable in the eyes of God,—and so they ought to be in ours. Not only are the poor far more in actual number than the rich, but experience proves that the proportionate number of the truly serious amongst the poor is much greater than the corresponding proportion of numbers amongst the rich. Take 1000 poor and 100 rich; you will probably find 10 of the latter serious; but 200 of the former shall be so at the same time.

"Beware of critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing as a message sent you from heaven. For all the sermons you have heard, you will have to render an account at the last day.

#### PARENTS.

"Seek to make them happy in you.  
"If you perceive that any thing in your ways make them otherwise, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love them, keep their commandments; otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little: trust them, therefore, when they differ from you and refuse compliance with your desires,—they watch over you for God, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents, by misconduct, bad temper, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.  
"I shall add no more at present, than that I am—  
Your affectionate father,

LEIGH RICHMOND."

#### GENERAL SPECTACLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

"There is a God. The grass of the valley and the cedars of the mountains bless him. The insects hum his praises. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. It is men alone, who hath said there is no God!"

It may be said, that man is the manifest thought of God, and that the universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance, which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is that movement and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the march of the stars, with diverse decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and in reality are permanent. The scene, which is effaced for us, is repainted for another people. It is not the spectacle, but only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way, in which to unite absolute and progressive duration in his work. The first is placed in time; the second in space. By the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, always the same. By the other, they are multiplied, finished and renewed. Without the one, there would have been no

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 forest robbed of their foliage by storms; plains covered with springing corn, and glided with harvest. You will thus 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, is 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 scarce (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 nature 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 impalpable, 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,

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 jacaranda, and the other tropical jambos. Or sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juicy leaves of the acaya (*Anacardium occidentale*) wattle, the richly flowered granijama and pitanga (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-frog, 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 *paulownia* or the neighbouring orange grove; then, the thick tufts of the *eupatoria*, 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.