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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 25.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, January 18, 1832.

Vol. 1.

## THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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### CONDITIONS.

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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.

#### ABRAHAM COWLEY.

This ingenious poet was born in St. Dunstons parish, London in the year 1618. His father died before the birth of this son, who was left to the care of his mother. This excellent woman struggled hard to procure for her child a literary education; and, as she lived to the age of eighty, had her solicitude rewarded, by seeing her son eminent; and it is to be hoped by seeing him fortunate, partook of his prosperity. We know, at least, from his earliest biography, that he always acknowledged her care, and justly paid the dues of filial gratitude.

In the window of his mother's apartment lay a pensive's poem of the Fairy Queen, in which young Cowley very early took delight: to read ill, by felling the charms of verse; he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such says Dr. Johnson in his Life of Cowley, are the accidents which sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a kind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise on Painting.

By his mother's solicitation Cowley was admitted a king's scholar of Westminster school, where he is stated as having been so deficient in memory, as to be incapable of retaining the ordinary rules of the Latin grammar. But Dr. Johnson treats this assertion with just contempt, or as Cowley became an elegant classical scholar, and wrote the Latin language with purity, both in prose and verse, he could not be ig-

norant of its rules, though he was such an enemy to all constraint, that his master could never prevail on him to learn the rules without book.

His literary attainments, however, were most honourable both to his genius and his application; for at the early age of fifteen, a volume of his poems, under the appropriate title of "Poetical Blossoms," was printed, containing, among other compositions, "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was only ten years old; and "Constantia and Philetus," written two years after.

While he was yet at school, he also produced a comedy, called "Love's Kiddle," but it was not published till he had been some time at the university.

In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which favourable situation a genius like his could not fail of obtaining distinction. While a young student he produced a Latin comedy entitled "Naufragium Jocularis," which was acted before the university by the members of his college. He also wrote at this time a great part of his "Davideis," or a poem on the History of David. This, says Dr. Johnson, is a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years, but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.

Cowley continued at Cambridge, where he took his degree of master of arts, till the rebellion in 1643, and the visitation of that university by the puritanical visitors, occasioned him to retire to Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his loyalty, and gained the kindness and confidence of those who attended on the king, particularly the accomplished Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland,

When the events of that calamitous war obliged the queen of Charles I. to leave the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France.

At the restoration of Charles the Second, he became a member of the Royal Society; and having obtained a farm at Chertsey, in Surry, he lived there retired from the political world, and died at the age of 49, July 28 1667. His remains were interred amidst a honourable attendance of persons of distinction, in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. So excellent was his moral character, that the king, on being informed of his death, declared, "Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

The poetry of Cowley is too metaphysical and affected for the taste of the present age, and therefore is seldom read. There are, however, numerous beauties scattered throughout his works, of which the following is a happy specimen:

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers this work from day to day,  
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,  
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,  
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.

It is a high commendation of Cowley, that in a period marked by great licentiousness, and when all the leading wits and poets fell into the

corrupt taste, his works are distinguished by the love and praise of virtue and religion.

Juvenile Plutarch.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

From the New Preceptor.

### THE SOLDIER-CRAB.

The soldier-crab bears some resemblance to a lobster, though it is not more than four inches in length: the hinder part is covered with a rough skin; and the tail terminates in a point. Though Nature has denied this little animal a callous defence against its enemies, and the nippers alone are covered with a shell, yet it artfully contrives to supply the deficiency, by taking possession of some deserted shell, and remains in security, in this acquired habitation, until it grows too large for its size, when it changes its abode for one more commodious, which it frequently does three or four times.

The soldier-crab is a native of the West India Islands, and, like the former, makes an annual excursion to the sea for the purpose of depositing its spawn upon the shore, when it again returns to its abode upon the mountains, where it remains until the following year.

When this animal is taken, it sends forth a feeble cry, and endeavours to seize its enemy with its claws; and, as they are capable of inflicting a very painful wound, the danger attending the taking them is too great for the treat; therefore they are generally suffered to make their excursions unmolested either to the sea or their mountainous retreat.

## THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

### MODESTY AND DOCILITY.

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments, and has ever been esteemed a preface of rising merit. When entering on career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hand; but to commit yourself to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wiser by wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity, and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitate indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. Positive as you now are in your opinions, and confident in your assertions, be assured, that the time approaches when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will, by and by, sink in your esteem, and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Distrust, therefore, that glare of youthful presumption, which dazzles your eyes. Abound not in

your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness, nor imagine, that by the impetuosity of juvenile ardour, you can overturn systems which have been long established, and change the face of the world. By patient and gradual progression is improvement, you may, in due time, command lasting esteem. But by assuming, at present, a tone of superiority, to which you have no good title, you will disgust those, whose approbation it is most important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to be the companion of an idle hour; but more solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance and consideration in subsequent life. *Blair.*

DAWN OF GENIUS.

GEORGE III.

It is certain that his majesty received a religious as well as a literary education, under Dr. Ayscough, who gives this character of his pupil, before he was 6 years old, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, "I thank God, I have one great encouragement to quicken me in my duty, which is the good disposition of the children entrusted to me: as an instance of it, I must tell you, that prince George, to his honour and my shame, had learnt several pages in your little book of verses, without any directions from me." It was thought necessary, however, to inculcate other virtues beside those strictly Christian, and especially the principles of Heroism and Patriotism.

Prince George was but a twelvemonth old when his Royal Parents attempted to amuse him with a Lilliputian company of soldiers, under twelve years of age, who marched into the drawing-room at Norfolk-house, with drums beating, and colours flying, and did his Royal Highness the honour to choose him colonel, an honour with which he was perhaps less delighted than with the military cap and feathers, with which he was adorned on this occasion. Next year his Royal Parents gave a fête in the gardens of Clifden-house, in Buckinghamshire, when they amused themselves and children with a dramatic performance, *The Masque of Alfred*, which was written expressly for this occasion by Thompson and Mallet. The principal part was sustained by Quin, and the drama was followed by pantomime and dancing, — very suitable amusement, no doubt, for children of two or three years of age. When the prince was about ten years old, private theatricals became very popular at Leicester-house, and Prince George and his brother Edward, and his sisters Augusta and Elizabeth, were taught to take parts in them. In the beginning of 1749, Addison's *Cato* was thus rehearsed, and Prince George, then in his eleventh year, performed the part of Porcius, and delivered the prologue, before a numerous assembly of fashionables, with very great applause. From this prologue we shall extract a few lines, explanatory of the design of these juvenile exhibitions.

To speak with freedom, dignity and ease,  
To learn those arts which may hereafter please,  
Who authors say—Let youth in earliest age  
Rehearse the poet's labours on the stage.  
Nay, more—a nobler end is still behind,  
The poet's labours elevate the mind,  
Teach our young hearts with generous fire to burn;  
And feel the virtuous sentiments we learn.  
To attain these glorious ends, what play so fit  
As that, where all the powers of human wit  
Combine to dignify great *Cato's* name,  
To deck his tomb, and consecrate his fame?  
Where liberty—O name for ever dear!  
Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear  
Nor pains, nor death, to guard her sacred laws,  
But bravely perish in our country's cause.  
Should this superior to my years be thought,  
Know, 'Twas the first great lesson I was taught  
What, though a boy! it may with pride be said,  
A boy in *England's* born, in *England* bred;  
Where freedom well becomes the earliest state,  
For there the love of liberty's innate."

When this prince was very young, his father, Frederick, prince of Wales, employed one Goupy, an ingenious artist, to paint a picture. George was then in some disgrace, imprisoned behind a chair, which, being observed by the painter, he solicited his liberty. "Come out, George," said his father, "Goupy has released you." Many years after this event, the prince having

ascended the throne, and Goupy being aged and very poor, the latter put himself in the way of his majesty, as he was passing through Kensington. "How do you do, Goupy?" said the King, "What have you to live upon?"—"Little enough," replied Goupy, "and as I once liberated your majesty from confinement, I hope you will not let me go to prison." Upon this his Majesty allowed him a pension for the short remainder of his life.

P O E T R Y.

D I R G E.

"The summer winds sing lullaby  
O'er Mary's little grave;  
And the summer flowers spring tenderly  
O'er her their buds to wave.  
For oh! her life was short and sweet,  
As the flowers which blossom at her feet!

A little while the beauteous gem  
Bloomed on the parent's breast;  
Ah! then it withered on the stem,  
And sought a deeper rest;  
And we laid on her gentle frame the sod.  
But we know that her spirit was fled to God!

The birds she loved so well to hear,  
Her parting requiem sing.  
And her memory lives in the silent tear  
Which the heart to the eye will bring;  
For her kind little feelings will ne'er be forgot  
By those who have mourned her early lot."

T H E R A I N B O W.

'Behold on death's bewildering wave,  
The rainbow hops arise,  
A bridge of glory o'er the grave  
That bends beyond the skies.

"From earth to heaven it swells and shines  
The pledge of bliss to man,  
Time with eternity combines,  
And grasps them in a span."

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

From the Youth's Friend.

COMMERCE OF THE JEWS.

The Reader is recommended to refer to the Texts.

We have seen that it was not forbidden by the law of Moses, nor by our Lord, when carried on fairly and honestly, and not so as to break the commands of God. But it was an offence of this sort that our Lord reproved, when he drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple. As you may read in the Gospels, John 2. Matt. 21. Mark 11. Luke 19. Observe, it is related by all the Evangelists. Although this does not take place in our days, how many there are who make the Lord's day a day of merchandise, and buy and sell thereon for their own pleasure or profit, without the least necessity! Mar, alas! are not taught how sinful this is; but, I am sorry to say, I have heard even of Sunday scholars who bought and sold on this day!

Ah! my child, though it may be only a trifle, yet, you break the fourth commandment for an apple, a cake, or something of that sort, which are not necessary to be got. I do not mean that there may not be a case when it is requisite to buy medicine or even food, (if for instance, you were in a strange place,) on the sabbath; but

such cases very seldom occur, perhaps not once in a person's life. Beware that you do not deceive yourselves like the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who thought it necessary to buy fish and other things on the Sabbath, Neh 13: 16; but when Nehemiah shut the gates on the sabbath and kept out the dealers, the people found that they could manage without buying on that day.

These merchants and traders were men of Tyre, which was the most famous for trade amongst all the cities in or near Judea. In Ezekiel 27, we have a full account of the vast trade of this wealthy city. On reading this chapter we are struck with the great wealth and extensive commerce of this city, which appears to have traded with all countries, and to have dealt in all the articles which are the principal objects of trade at the present day. Wealth increased until "her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth" Isa. 23: 8. "The people of Tyre became proud, and in the anxiety to get more riches they dealt unjustly and became "defiled by the iniquity of the traffic." At length God, by his prophet Ezekiel declared the downfall of that proud and wealthy city, and in a few years it was accomplished, foretold by the prophet. See Ezekiel, the 26, 27th, and 28th chapters. This strongly shows the uncertainty of riches, the danger of having our hearts occupied and led astray by worldly wealth, and the certain consequences of ungodly gain. In Ezek. 26: 4, 5, we read, "They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord." Modern travellers have told us that completely this has been fulfilled. The present situation of ancient Tyre is not exactly known so utterly has it been destroyed; but a place pointed out where it probably stood. Mr. Brue passed by and was a witness of the fulfilment of the prophecy, that Tyre should be a place for fishers to dry their nets. Two miserable fishermen had just returned from their labours, and were about to spread their nets upon the rock.

Yet awful as the case of Tyre was, our Lord said it should be more tolerable for the inhabitants of Tyre in the day of judgment than for the inhabitants of Ghorazin and Bethsaida, who he had so often preached the Gospel, and who had the glad tidings of salvation, confirming words by his miracles, yet the inhabitants attended not to his words! Oh, may not this be our case? we have the Scriptures in our hands, the Gospel is preached throughout our land; yet how many neglect the concerns of their souls. Will not many poor Indians and Negroes at the last day, appear to have profited by such multitudes among us have despised? They will in that day be found rejoicing in the Lord with the poor woman of Tyre, (see Matt. 23: 35, &c.) having listened to the glad tidings which many amongst us reject. Like her they have feasted upon the crumbs of the bread of life which we have neglected!

My dear young friends, especially you who are in Sunday schools, or have pious parents and teachers, seek to improve the opportunities you enjoy. The blessed Saviour is set before you. He called himself the bread of life. John 6: 35, &c. Large portions of this bread, if I do so speak, are set before you, for you are

much about Christ, and how he suffered to save poor sinners. Pray that you may be enabled to feast thereon, to love him and to serve him. If you enjoy this glad news; which is spoken of us a feast, Isa 25: 6, surely you will not forget the poor heathen; but you will be anxious "to send port-ona unto them for whom nothing is prepared." Neh. 8: 10. Help the Bible, the Tract, and the Missionary Societies, by whom the Gospel is sent to the heathen.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In the environs of Inspruck, are many spots presenting legendary or romantic interest, to visit all of which would require a separate tour. Among these is Martin's-wand, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, about two miles from the city, near to the old castle of Fergenstein on the road to Zul, famous for the Chamois Chase of the Emperor Maximilian. Near the centre of the cliff called after the Emperor, in which is fixed a large crucifix looking down at the frightful precipice, where he encountered his perilous adventure. The Emperor in the ardent pursuit of a chamois, which he had wounded, ventured too far on the ledge of a rock, when suddenly the staff slipped from his hand. The tremendous depth made him tremble, and he sought by a violent effort to leap to a more secure position; but of his six Iron crampons, five were broken, and he found himself held only by a single one from being precipitated in to the gulf below. Despairing of human aid, he recommended himself to God, and contemplated the alternatives of being starved to death or dashed to pieces. His suit having in the meantime discovered the emperor by his cries, used every effort to rescue him, but found it impossible to render him any succour. To preserve his mortal part from destruction being beyond their power, he was considered a dying man, and they prepared in the mournful extremity to afford him the last consolations of religion.

Already had the plaintiff bell of the village church, summoned the people to pray before the holy sacrament which was conveying to the foot of a rock, to be solemnized in the presence of the unfortunate monarch, when a chamois hunter, of the name of Zips, reached the spot where the emperor was suspended between life and death. Surprised to see a man where only the pressed chamois ventured his foot he cried out, "Halloa, what are you doing there below?" And the Emperor answered calmly, "I am on the watch," (en laure,) and pointed to him the awful ceremonial which was performing. "Well," rejoined the hunter, "must not I attempt a descent?" "Come with me." Then giving the Emperor fresh crampons for his feet, he assisted with his arm, and conducted him safely to the bottom. "Henceforth," said the emperor to his deliverer, "you shall no longer be called Zips, but Hollaner, in eternal commemoration of my deliverance, that this day may preserve forever the remembrance of your Halloa, and of my answer in German, Ich Laure; and as this high rock would have been my place of sepulture without your aid, the title of Lord Hohenfelsan [of the high rock,] Hellaner de Hohenfelsan with suitable arms, shall be granted to you in perpetuity."

JUVENILE COURAGE AND HUMANITY.—When the frigate La Tribune, was wrecked off Hali-

fax, in November, 1747, the whole ship's crew perished, with the exception of four men, who escaped in the jolly boat, and eight others, who clung to the main and fore tops. The inhabitants of the place came down in the night opposite the point where the ship struck, and approached so near as to converse with the people on the wreck. The first exertion that was made for their relief, was by a boy of no more than thirteen years of age, from Herring Cove, who ventured off in a small skiff by himself, about eleven o'clock the next day. With great exertions, and at extreme risk to himself, he ventured to approach the wreck, and backed in his little boat so near to the fore top as to take off two of the men, for the boat could not with safety hold any more. He rowed them triumphantly to the Cove, and had them instantly conveyed to a comfortable habitation. After shaming, by his example, older persons who had longer boats, the manly boy put off again in his little skiff, out with all his efforts he was unable to reach the wreck a second time. His example, however, was soon followed by other boats of the cove, and by their joint exertions the whole of the remaining survivors were saved.

THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening, a dead body was stolen from a house in Sovereign-mews, Sovereign street, Paddington, under the following disgraceful circumstances:—On the day preceding, died an old man, who, for several years previously had supported himself by sweeping the crossing at the top of Sovereign street. Application was made by his wife to the parish authorities to bury him, to which they assented—but about half past eight on Thursday evening a lad called at the house, and stated that he came from a lady in Grosvenor square, who having known the old man some years ago, and hearing of his death, wished to contribute a small trifle towards defraying the expenses of his funeral, and requesting the wife of the deceased to wait upon her for that purpose; the lad, at the same time, gave her the name and address of her supposed benefactress. The old woman, as may be expected, lost as little time as possible in setting off for Grosvenor Square, leaving the house and corpse to the care of a little boy, a son of hers. She had not been five minutes gone, when two men entered, for the purpose, as they alleged, of conveying the body to the work-house, by order of the parish officers, previous to interment; but the boy declined letting them take it until his mother returned, and they consented to wait for her. One of them proposed to have some beer in the interim, and took the boy out with him for it. When they returned, after the lapse of a minute or two, they sent the boy out alone for some tobacco, and availed themselves of that opportunity to put the body into, it is supposed, a sack, and decamped with their sacrilegious booty. The poor woman went to Grosvenor square, but no such person as the lady to whom she had been directed could be found there; and her disappointment was turned into a more painful feeling, when, on coming home, she discovered the outrage which had been committed in her absence. The circumstances under which the body was taken, leaves no doubt but that the ruffians who stole it are professional caterers

for the hospitals, and as soon as information was given to the police, every search was made after them but hitherto without success.

MOUNT ARRARAT.

On the side of Arrarat is a hermitage, supposed to be Noah's habitation on his descent, and the first in the world. This venerable mountain has a most imposing appearance; in addition to its peculiar form, it rises from a champagne country, and appears to much greater effect, from their being no other eminence in the vicinity of it. On leaving Erivan we had intended to visit the seven churches of Guerni, cut out of solid rock; but on this occasion our first disaster befel us, and we failed in the object of our expedition.—Having set out night overtook us before we could expect to arrive at the village, and as it snowed the whole of the day, our guide had every excuse for mistaking the road. We had observed him for some time looking from right to left, as if he was out of his latitude, and he at length acknowledged he had lost his way. For many long hours we had endeavoured by loudly hallooing to make ourselves heard, but our vociferations were vain; we were creeping into a chimney in despair of a shelter, when about one o'clock in the morning, we thought we discerned the bark of a watch dog; having advanced toward the sound, we found in a ruined church our baggage, for the men with the mules had fortunately found their way there also,—and an immense flock of sheep; and we began now to understand the cause of our misfortune.

The poor guide, whom we abused for stupidity had directed his course properly enough, but the village had been demolished when the Russians passed through in pursuit of the Persians in the late war, and nothing remained but the stone walls of this welcome church, which now formed an asylum for sheep, and which from the darkness of the night, we should not have discovered but for the shepherd's dog. No hotel, however, well provided and sumptuous, was ever so welcome as this old church, which afforded at least a shelter against a fall of snow. We soon made a fire, and an attack upon the provision basket made amends for previous cold and hunger.—We congratulated ourselves that we had gained experience, which might afterwards be of use to us, not to place too much reliance upon the existence of villages and towns, and run the risk of being benighted in a similar manner. As the villages are universally built of earth, they disappear altogether from time to time and so complete is the destruction, that it is no exaggeration to say that the mud walls once fallen, soon unite with the ground, and the plough goes over them leaving not a vestige to be seen. There seems to be nothing to remind the traveller in Armenia of its ancient kingdom, and like Poland and several other states, now under the dominion of Russia, (the crowns of most of which are deposited among the regalia of Moscow,) it is scarcely known to exist.

From Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.

Examine first with attention the natural powers and faculties of man; invention, reason, judgment, memory; a mind of "large discourse," "looking before and after," reviewing the past, thence determining for the present, and anticipating the future; discerning, collecting, combining, comparing; capable not merely of apprehending, but of admiring the beauty of moral excellence: with fear and hope to warn and animate; with joy and sorrow to solace and soften, with love to attach, with sympathy to harmonize, with courage to attempt, with patience to endure, and with the power of conscience, that faithful monitor within the breast, to enforce the conclusions of reason, and direct and regulate the passions of the soul.

Truly we must pronounce him "majestic, though in ruin." "Happy, happy world!" would be the exclamation of the inhabitant of some other planet, on being told of a globe like ours, peopled with such creatures as these, and abounding with situations and occasions to call

forth the multiplied excellencies of their name. "Happy, happy world! with what delight must your Creator and Governor witness your conduct, and what a glorious recompense awaits you when your term of probation shall have expired!"

But we have indulged too long in these delightful speculations,—a sad reverse presents itself on our survey of the actual state of man; when, from viewing his natural powers, we follow him into practice, and see the uses to which he applies them. Take in the whole of the prospect, viewing him in every age, and climate, and nation, in every condition and period of society. Where now do you discover the characters of his exalted nature! "How is the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed!" How is his reason clouded, his affections perverted, his conscience stupified! How do anger, and envy, and hatred, and revenge, spring up in his wretched bosom! How is he a slave to the meanest of his appetites! What fatal propensities does he discover to evil! What inaptitude to good!

### ANECDOTES.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.

The powerful influence of the passions and affections upon the human frame is astonishing. How many instances are there upon record of sudden death having been occasioned by the hasty communication of joyful tidings! "Like a stroke of electricity," says Dr. Cogan, "indiscreetly directed, the violent percussion has probably produced a paralysis of the heart, by the excess of its stimulus."

Pliny informs us that Chilo, the Lacedemonian, died upon hearing that his son had gained a prize in the Olympic games.

Valerius Maximus tells us that Sophocles, in a contest of honour, died in consequence of a decision being pronounced in his favor.

Aulus Gellius mentions a remarkable instance of the effect of accumulated joy. Diagoras had three sons, who were all crowned on the same day as victors; the one as a pugilist, the other as a wrestler, and the third in both capacities. The sons carried their father on their shoulders through an incredible number of spectators, who threw flowers by handfuls on him, and applauded his glory and good fortune. But, in the midst of all the congratulations of the populace, he died in the arms and embraces of his sons.

Livy also mentions an instance of an aged matron, who, while she was in the depth of distress, from the tidings of her son's having been slain in battle, died in his arms, in the excess of joy, upon his safe return.

The Italian historian, Guicciarddini, tells us that Leo X died of a fever, occasioned by the agitation of his spirits on receiving the joyful news of the capture of Milan, concerning which he had entertained much anxiety.

It is said of a nobleman in the reign of Henry the Eighth, that when a pardon was sent him a few hours before the time which was fixed for his execution, not expecting it, it so transported him, that he died for joy.

What an effect has grief also produced on the body! Excessive sorrow has been the cause of sudden death, of confirmed melancholy, loss of memory, imbecility of mind, of nervous fevers, of hypochondriac complaints, and the loss of appetite.

### POETRY.

From Summer and Winter Hours; by H. G. Bell.

#### THE UNCLE.

I had an uncle once—a man  
Of threescore years and three—  
And when my reason's dawn began,  
He'd take me on his knee,  
And often talked on winter nights,  
Things that seem'd strange to me

He was a man of gloomy mood,  
And few his converse sought;  
But it was said, in solitude  
His conscience with him wrought,  
And there, before his mortal eye,  
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house  
Who did not fear his frown,  
Save I, a little careless child,  
Who gambol'd up and down,  
And often peep'd into his room,  
And pluck'd him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—  
My father was his brother,  
And all their lives I knew that they  
Had fondly loved each other;  
And in my uncle's room there hung  
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it;  
'Twas in a darken'd place,  
And few or none had ever look'd  
Upon my mother's face,  
Or seen her pale, expressive smile  
Of melancholy grace.

One night I do remember well—  
The wind was howling high,  
And through the ancient corridors  
It sounded drearily—  
I sat and read in that old hall,  
My uncle sat close by.

I read but little understood  
The words upon the book,  
For with a sidelong glance I mark'd  
My uncle's fearful look,  
And how all his quivering frame  
With strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,  
A strange, unusual dread,  
His lips were white as bone, his eyes  
Sunk far down in his head;  
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze  
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turn'd him round,  
And drew aside the veil  
That hung before my mother's face—  
Perchance my eyes might fail,  
But ne'er before that face to me  
Had seem'd so ghastly pale.

"Come hither boy!" my uncle said—  
I started at the sound,  
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,  
And hardly utterance found—  
"Come hither, boy!"  
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,  
Thou wert her only child—  
O God! I've seen her when she hold  
Thee in her arms and smiled;  
She smiled upon thy father, boy,  
'Twas that which drove me wild!"

"He was my brother, but his form  
Was fairer far than mine;  
I grudged not that,—he was the prop

Of our ancestral line,  
And manly beauty was to him  
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay more,  
'Twas I that loved her first;  
For months—for years—the golden thought  
Within my soul was nursed,  
He came,—he conquer'd,—they were wed—  
My airy bubble burst!"

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,  
And evil thoughts grew rife,  
The damning thought stuck in my heart,  
And cut me like a knife,  
That she, whom all my days I loved,  
Should be another's wife!"

"In truth, it was a fearful thing  
To see my brother now,  
And mark the placid calm which sat  
Forever on his brow,  
That seem'd in bitter scorn to say,  
'I am more loved than thou!'"

"I left my home—I left the land,—  
I crossed the raging sea;  
In vain, in vain—where'er I turned,  
My memory went with me;  
My whole existence night and day  
In memory seem'd to be.

"I came again, I found them bare—  
Thou'rt like thy father boy,—  
He doated on that pale face there;  
I've seen him kiss and toy,  
I've seen him lock'd in her fond arms  
Wrapt in delirious joy.

"He disappear'd, draw nearer, child,—  
He died, no one knew how;  
The murder'd body ne'er was found,  
The tale was hushed up now;  
But there was one who rightly guess'd  
The hand that struck the blow.

It drove her mad; yet not his death—  
No—not his death alone,  
For she had clung to hope when all  
Knew well that there was none;  
No, boy! it was a sight she saw  
That froze her into stone.

"I am thy uncle, child;—why stare  
So frightfully aghast?  
The arras moves, but know'st thou not  
Tis nothing but the blast:  
I too have had my fears like these,  
But such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,  
I feel 'twill ease my breast,  
And this wild tempest-laden night  
Suits with the purpose best.  
Come hither—thou hast often sought  
To open this old chest:

"It has a secret spring, the touch  
Is known to me alone;"  
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—  
"What see'st thou that you groan  
So heavily;—that thing is but  
A bare ribb'd skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—  
Three strides he backwards gave,  
"O God! it is my brother's self  
Returning from the grave!  
His grasp of lead is on my throat  
Will no one help or save!"

That night they laid him on his bed,  
In raving madness toss'd;  
He knash'd his teeth, and with wild oaths  
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;  
And, ere the light of morning broke,  
A sinner's soul was lost.