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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 4.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, August 24, 1831.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER
Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning
at the Colonial Patriot Office, by W. MILNE

CONDITIONS.

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When not paid half-yearly in advance, seven
pence and six pence will be charged.

Every person ordering five copies will be reckoned
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The names of subscribers residing at a distance
shall not be required at the Office; they shall be ac-
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the paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—accord-
ing to the foregoing terms.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Progress of Genius

FROM OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMI-
NENCE AND CELEBRITY.

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

EMMANUEL KANT.—The celebrated Prussian
father of the *Kant Philosophy*, received his
education at the parish charity school. In
progress of time he obtained the degree of M.A.
Upon commencing public lecturer, he was at-
tended by a number of pupils. He now became
most prolific writer in Natural Philosophy and
Metaphysics, in the latter of which he chiefly
excelled.

He published a prodigious number of works,
his principles made considerable noise in
Germany.

MARTIN LUTHER.—The great Reformer, was
son of mean parentage, and was designed for
a civilian; but walking in the fields one day his
companion was struck dead by lightning, which
made such an impression on his mind, that he
retired from the world, and went unto a monas-
tery of the order of St. Augustine.

In this seclusion the rays of Truth beamed on
his soul; for happening to meet with a Latin
book, he read it with care and avidity, and his
penetrating mind soon discovered the manifest
difference betwixt the doctrines of the Gospel
and the practices of the church of Rome. The
impression became deeper and deeper, till at
last the iniquitous sale of indulgences, roused
his indignation to such a pitch, as made him bid
adieu to the world, and throw off all allegiance to the
papacy.

JAMES HAY BEATTIE.—This was a youth of
great eminence, both from his genius and ap-
plication. Unhappily he was cut off in the spring
of his life, before the maturity of that fruit which
he was every reason to expect. He was the
son of the celebrated Dr. Beattie, and was
born Nov. 6th 1768, and was named James
Hay, in compliment to the patronage of the earl
Errol. He was educated at the grammar-

school of Aberdeen, and afterwards at the Ma-
rischal college, and his progress was such as
might be expected from his great endowments,
unremitted attention, and extraordinary advan-
tages. He took the degree of M. A. in 1786,
being then in his eighteenth year, and such was
the estimation in which he was held, that in
June 1787, he was recommended by the Uni-
versity to the crown, to be appointed assistant
to his father in the professorship of moral phi-
losophy and logic. The two following winters he
acquitted himself in a manner which gave uni-
versal satisfaction and excited high Expectation
that his fame would not fall short of that of his
father; but those hopes were too soon doomed to
suffer disappointment. In the night of No-
vember 30, 1789, he was seized with a violent
fever, and although before morning such a per-
spiration ensued as carried the fever off, yet he
was left in such an extreme debility: that his life
was in eminent hazard. From this he never
recovered, although he still languished for near-
ly a year, till Nov. 19th, 1798, when he died
with the universal regret of all who valued dis-
tinguished talent, and extraordinary moral ex-
cellence. He was buried in St Nicholas' church-
yard. His father had fortitude enough to pub-
lish a small volume of his compositions in prose
and verse, with a short account of his life.

Much praise was due to Dr. Beattie for the
unremitted care, and extraordinary skill with
which he cultivated the promising talents of his
son, and the following account which he gives of
the manner which he took to impress upon his
infant mind the truth of the existence of a deity
will no doubt be acceptable to the reader.

"He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew
the alphabet: and could read a little, but had re-
ceived no particular information with respect to
the author of his being, because I thought he
could not yet understand such information, and
because I had learned, from my own experience,
that to be made to repeat words not understood,
is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a
young mind. In a corner of a little garden, with-
out informing any person of the circumstance,
I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three
initial letters of his name, and sowing garden
cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed and
smoothed the ground. Ten days after he came
running up to me, and with astonishment in his
countenance told me that his name was growing
in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seem-
ed inclined to disregard it, but he insisted on
my going to see what had happened. 'Yes,' said
I, carelessly, 'I see it is so, but there is nothing
in this worth notice, it is mere chance,' and I
went away. He followed me, and taking hold
of my coat said with some earnestness, it could
not be mere chance for that somebody must have
contrived matters so as to produce it. 'So you
think,' I said, 'that what appears so regular as
the letters of your name. cannot be by chance?'
'Yes,' said he with firmness, 'I think so.' Look
at yourself,' I replied, 'and consider your
hands and fingers, your legs and feet and other

limbs, are they not regular in their appearance
and useful to you?' He said they were. 'Come
you not hither,' said I, 'by chance?' 'No, the
cannot be,' he answered, 'something must have
made me.' 'And who is that something?' I
asked, he said he did not know. I had not
gained the point I had aimed at, and saw that
his reason taught him, though he could not ex-
press it, that what begins to be must have a
cause, and that what is formed with regularity
must have an intelligent cause. I therefore
told him the name of the Great being who made
him, and all the world, concerning whose ador-
able nature I gave him such information as I
thought he could in some measure comprehend.
The lesson affected him greatly, and he never
forgot either it, or the circumstances which in-
troduced it."

NATURAL HISTORY.

MICROSCOPIC OBSERVATIONS.

Nature is the same in the smallest objects as
in those of the greatest magnitude, and displays
as much order and harmony in the structure of
the elephant as in the production of the mite.
The only difference consists in this, that the
weakness of our sight prevents us from pene-
trating into the nature and organization of the
most diminutive bodies, and that many things,
concealed from the naked eye, cannot be dis-
covered but by other means. The microscope
exhibits to us a new world, both of vegetables
and animals; it shows that even such bodies as
are invisible to the naked eye must be composed
of various parts, and have extension and a pec-
uliar figure. Let us now, for the glorification
of the Creator, produce some examples of his
wonders on a small scale.

Every grain of sand appears round, when ex-
amined with the naked eye, but by the aid of
a microscope we can discover that each differs
from the others both in figure and in size. One
is perfectly spherical, another square, a third
conical; but the greatest number are of an ir-
regular figure. The most astonishing circum-
stance is, that, by the aid of a glass which mag-
nifies a million times, we discover in a grain of
sand a new world of insects, for the cavities are
found to be the dwelling places of those crea-
tures. A species of diminutive animals, called
mites, is found in cheese. To the naked eye
they appear like specks; but the microscope
proves that they are insects of a very singular
figure. They have not only eyes, mouth, and
legs, but also transparent bodies, provided with
long hair, like bristles—in the vegetable king-
dom, the mould which generally collects on damp
bodies exhibits the resemblance of a thick for-
est of trees and plants. The branches, leaves,
blossom, and fruit may be clearly distinguished.
The flowers have long, white, transparent stems:
before they open, they appear like small green
buds, which become white when they are blown
As little as we should have expected to discover
this in mould, so little should we imagine that
the dust which covers the wings of the butterfly,

is a collection of small feathers, had not the microscope convinced us that this is the case. But, reader you have no occasion to extend your researches to remote objects. Go no farther than yourself. Observe the surface of your skin through a microscope, it resembles the scaly armour of a fish. It has been calculated that one single grain of sand can cover two hundred and fifty of these scales, that one scale covers five hundred pores, and that consequently a space equivalent to a gram of sand contains one hundred and twenty five thousand pores.

Thus you see how great your Creator is, even in those things which prejudice has taught us to consider as trifles, and how innumerable are the creatures which he has distributed over the earth. What you behold is the smallest, and perhaps only the meanest of the works of God. How many objects in nature are wholly concealed from our senses. We are already acquainted with more than thirty thousand different plants, and several thousand species of insects: but all these are nothing in comparison of the whole. Were the bottom of the sea and the beds of rivers uncovered to our view; could we transport ourselves to other planets, how would our astonishment at the immense number of the creatures of God be increased! and this could not fail to appear to us the most wonderful of all, that God should have employed as much wisdom in the production of the smallest, as he has manifested in the greatest of his works. Nature is as regular and as exact in diminutive objects, as in those immense bodies, the circumference of which we are obliged to calculate by millions of miles. The Creator extends the same beneficent care to the worm that creeps in the dust, as to the whale that towers above the waves. Strive, O reader, to imitate him in this respect. The meanest of created beings deserves thy kindness, as our common Author does not disdain to preserve its existence.

LITERATURE.

"DOING AS OTHERS DO,"

[We do not consider the following article the most suitable for our columns: the scene is laid in too high life for the generality of our young readers to form correct ideas of it. However, the moral which may be deduced from it, will apply to every rank in society, from the highest to the lowest individual; and may, if reflected upon, be of benefit, especially to the young. At the request of a friend we therefore give it publicity, hoping with him, that none of our juvenile readers will allow themselves to be led into extravagance, merely for the sake of "doing as others do."

"My dear there is little use in talking about the matter: now I put it to you as a woman of sense (and that is what can seldom be said of a pretty woman,) would you have me sacrifice my reputation as a sportsman or a man of honour? I am certain I shall make by the transaction. But whether or not I pledged myself to Gythorne to support the Filly, and nobody ever heard of a young man of family, fortune, and fashion, being absent at this time from Doncaster; the fact is, Emily, I must, to support my station in society, 'Do as others do.'"

"You play a dangerous game my love," replied Lady Morton to her young and headstrong husband, "I cannot see what fame is to be acquired by horse racing; it destroys every thing like domestic society; and the vile men you bring here, their loud laughter,

their strange phrases, their strange boots—Apropos! my dear, did you think of the pounce-palmet when you passed Le Grand's to day? The saloon is absolutely unfit to receive a creature until the new draperies are hung; and I have made up my mind to have Catalani only one night, love and I will be content with one Catana, only one, which she will sing for a hundred guineas; you know that odious lady Grimby has had her; and indeed, my dear, it is necessary for me to 'Do as others do.'" Lady Emily turned her profile towards her husband (she knew he admired it,) and bent her swan like neck to ascertain if the sparkling bracelet was securely fastened to her polished arm.

I beg it to be understood that this was not a mere *tele-a-tele* conversation! Sir James Grumbleton, of Hampshire Lady Emily's uncle, was present, and listened with much interest to the dialogue between the two fools of fashion, to whom he had the honour of being so nearly related. He was a rosy, good tempered looking country gentleman; but an expression of quiet, yet sarcastic humour occasionally curled his firm-set lips, and deepened the ample bloom on his healthful cheek; he wore a yellow bob-wig, and, to add to his niece's mortification, a blue spencer that just reached the flapping pockets of his large body coat.

He saw the thunder cloud gathering over Lord Morton's white forehead, and waited quietly as wise men always do, for its burst; he knew that the Catalani question of come or not come to the concert, which in newspaper parlance "was expected to outrival every thing that had been given during the season," had been before debated in the honourable house; and his old bachelor feelings were anxious to remark the result of the struggle.

"Emily, you would ruin the Bank of England. Any thing—any thing in reason; but it is impossible to meet your extravagance.—I do not wish to thwart you, but your horrible foreign squallers—your opera box—your concert your dresses—your jewels—your—"

"Stop my Lord," interrupted the lady, "your race horses—your hunters—your hounds—your clubs—your carnivals—is not likely to add to your rot-roll."

"Very well, madam, go on, go on; but let me tell you that it is not the mode by which you will obtain your own way. Pray, madam, be so kind as to inform me who was so very communicative as to my proceedings?—but you need not trouble yourself, you need not, you are an ungrateful woman: ay, you may smile, madam—smile on, but it won't do, you may depend on't."

"But it will do, though," said Sir James Grumbleton, coming forward, his hands crossed behind, and his face exhibiting all the tokens of bitter feeling: "I will say it will do; you are both doing as others of the precious set of London and Parisian fashionables do, for the follies of both are now blended in our nobility. When a fine lady is ashamed of speaking her own language, and a fine gentleman will not wear good home made woolen, I repeat, it will do."

Both looked with astonishment at the old gentleman. "You cannot surely mean, sir, that your niece's extravagance is pardonable?"

"Dear uncle, you cannot mean to call my little expenses improper, or to approve the thousands he spends in his odious gambles?"

"You are doing as others do—you are spending your money upon those who will call you extravagant fools when you can spend no longer."

"Exactly what I told his Lordship," said Lady Emily.

"Exactly what I have told her Ladyship a thousand times," echoed the husband.

What I say to one, I say to the other," continued the old gentleman, "you are both wrong—you are both extravagant, and you must both alter—'doing as others do,' must end in ruin, because your world consists of those who are more rich and powerful than yourselves."

"If you would sell your racers," said Lady Emily.

"If you would give up your opera box," said my Lord.

"If you would forswear gambling."

"If you would stay at home."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the Lady.

"Out of the question!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"The world would say we are ruined," said both together.

"The world would say the truth, then, I believe,

for once," muttered the old gentleman as he left the room; and the young couple, each annoyed because he had found fault with them both, agreed in pronouncing him vastly disagreeable and absurd.

Time passes over the world and it grows old, and over the heads of fools but they never grow wise.

About twenty years after the above smart debate, which was, alas! followed by too many others of a similar character, and with a like result, Sir James

Grumbleton, wig, spencer, and all, was one fine spruce young man seated in his great cushion chair at the window of an elegant conservatory which opened on a bright green lawn. The sun was sinking with calm dignity, and shedding his last rays over the tower and tree—

and like the Almighty Spirit of which he is so beautiful an emblem, over every little bud and flower that gemmed the hill side; the baronet was still a bachelor, and a very old one too, yet around him there was much that told of woman's tenderness. I always speak with due reverence of the lords of the creation, great, mighty and magnificent, they are most certainly, but unless they are a good deal in female society, and that too, of the best kind, they grow some how or other very *beastish*; I beg of them not to be offended at the word, but I cannot find either an English or a French one, to express my precise meaning; however, all my lady reader will understand me. A certain something in their habits and manners makes its appearance if they pass thirty in what they sarcastically call "*single blessedness*."

If they present you with refreshments, they look as if they thought it a trouble; you must tell them to sing, they are slow at removing their hats; soil your carpet with dirty boots, and even put their feet on the fender. If you sing they are first to talk, and whatever you say they love to contradict. They call politeness hypocrisy—and dignity rindiness; the appellation of sincerity. From such old bachelors, good fortune shield me! they are the very brambles of society. There are some exceptions, however; Sir James did not appear to be one of this class; if there had been bitterness it was past, and the lip appeared to have forgotten its scornful curl; there was a harp near his chair, some loose music, a portfolia, and a drawing stand; a little white spaniel nestled close to his foot stool, and a small bouquet of rare flowers refreshed the old gentleman by their perfume. After calmly gazing upon the departing sun, he wrung a little silver bell, and almost on the instant a young girl of mild and tranquil beauty was at his side; she was indeed lovely to look upon, particularly to those who prize the gentle light of a soft blue eye, which so truly tells of constancy and tenderness; her figure was pliant as a willow wand, her silken silver hair curled around her white and slender throat, and imparted warmth and beauty to her delicate cheek; there was a delicate simplicity in her whole deportment, and purity sat upon her brow.

"My own Emily," said the old gentleman, "did you think my summons long delayed, or did it come too soon?"

"I was with my brother—and his friend, sir; your summons to me is always happiness."

"Thank you, my own girl, thanks: I wanted to speak, Emmy, on a matter of much moment to you, and to me also, because I love you—bless you, child, can't you stand still, and let the dog alone! don't fidget so, there's a colour! why your little violet, you surely have been deceiving, and known all about it before I thought proper to tell you?—No answer!"

"No sir—yes sir—I don't know sir."

"No sir—yes sir—I don't know sir! Emily, you never told me a falsehood, do not now begin to 'do as other's do,' and deceive your old guardian!"

"Deceive you mine own uncle, my more than father! why, O why should you suspect me?" and tears filled her eyes as her blushes deepened.

"No Emmy, no love, I believe you have not; but all women have a kind of second sight in love matters.—I dare say, now you have a kind of a sort of an idea, that your brother's friend, as you call him, has an affection for you—oh, Emmy"

"I hope—I hardly know, sir—"

"Honour! bright, young lady. In the green house, when I saw him pulling some of my finest, exotics, what said he to you then?"

"He was only forming and explaining an oriental letter—love letter sir," replied the maiden, at the same time hiding her face in the damask pillow of her uncle's chair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMMUNICATION.

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

MR. EDITOR,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Why should this be so? Why should that season; with all its loveliness and fragrance—of which, life and animation are the chief ingredients, and about, and with which, Nature seems studiously to have sought the conception of all that is sweet and innocent and lovely—why should this season be made to minister to depression and gloom. It is peculiarly fitting that life and death form an our contemplation, but parts of the same existence and destiny they should be perpetually coupled in all our surveys of objects common to either? Must we always be reminded of the certainties which belong to life, and must it hold the lamp for decay—to facilitate and contribute to the triumphs of its antagonistic principle of death? It would so from the inviolable union and uninterrupted communication which man has assigned them.

The morals of summer should be of a more gentle and generous description. In our view she is the handmaid of nature, the thoughtless perpetually glad, gay gull, embodying forth new and renovated creation. She is the minister of hope and teaches lessons of consolation. To the mourner she brings the sweets of her wilds and her gardens, laden on the fresh and odoriferous breathings of the south, her own especial province. To her courts she calls the desolate. In her places she feasts the gentle and the young. Her voice is the very spirit of music, and every sound she utters is fragrance.

Whether upon the hills among the valleys, in the depths of the forest, or in the more cultured, but less luxuriant gardens of man, she flings her flowers lavishly about us, takes no task in return. She calls us to no labour, but as if, rather to enforce the knowledge of her bounties she throws us that profusion of silence and that languor of repose which enables us to hear the very breathings of the flowers—to detect the gentle heavings of each folded leaf and almost to believe, that like our own, their powers of contemplation are susceptible of the graces of that noiseless influence which is so attractive to ourselves. Where in this are the germs of that morbidity from which the misanthrope has gathered so many emblems of mortality. With him, the German has rightly conjectured, that the colour of the flower and its scent alike, is in the sense that receives them—and not in themselves. To such all nature carries a similar aspect, and all the phases of glory, are dim and lusterless alike. Like the bee of Trebizond, they extract poison from the innocent flowers, yet complain of that doom which they gather of themselves.

“Now summer weaves,

Her gentle chains around us—”

“Go forth into her kingdom, and be glad.”

GREENLAND PHILOSOPHY.—The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark when Aninga behaved rudely to his sister Malina, she rubbed her hand in the soot about the extinguishing lamp, and smeared his face, that she might discover by day-light who was her tormentor, and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin, for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never

been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her with the same hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry in his last quarter he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten, and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and Malina in revenge rejoices when the men die, therefore the men keep at home during an eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, Aninga prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods, and the men carry kettles and chests to the tops of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels, to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of the dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come, for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenlandic logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand. —) See Crantz.

PANDORA'S BOX.—The Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, Cardinal (then Father) Fleudel, explained to him the fable of Pandora's Box. He told him that all evils which afflicted the human race were shut up in that fatal box, which Pandora, tempted by curiosity, opened, when they flew out and spread themselves over the face of the earth. “What, Father!” said the young prince, “were all the evils shut up in that box?” “Yes answered the preceptor. “That cannot be,” replied the Prince, “since curiosity tempted Pandora; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all.”

BONES OF RATS IN CAVERNS FORMERLY INHABITED BY HYÆNAS.—The greater number of the bones found in the celebrated Cavern at Kirkdale, in the North of England, bear marks of teeth having apparently been gnawed; the bones of the rat bearing solitary exception. Dr. Buchland the well known professor of Geology at Oxford, was the first to explain this apparently anomaly, which had puzzled many acute philosophers. He supposed the hyæna had swallowed the rats entire; but none had seen a hyæna devour a rat. Attended by his class and numerous spectators he visited menagerie, and having caused a live rat to be put into the den of the hyæna, his hypothesis was confirmed by the hyæna, extending its jaws and the rat apparently fascinated, darted into its mouth and was devoured without mastication. The experiment was successfully repeated several times, and is probably one of the most conclusive evidences of accurate theoretical conclusions recorded in the annals of science.

ANECDOTES.

HUMAN NATURE.—Man without motives to exertion, is as a beast: with them, he can become an Alfred or a Paul. The presence of

these is the chief cause of human distinction.—Where nothing prompts to action, nothing can be done.

BEAUTIFUL AND PERTINENT REPLY.—Not many Months since, while a number of young people were discoursing upon the easiest mode of leaving the world, whether drowning, freezing, &c. were the least, painful a Miss of sixteen was asked how she chose to die, who replied, “I wish to die the death of the righteous.”

EMINENT EARLY RISERS.

Dr. Adam, the celebrated rector of the high school of Edinburgh, whose long life, to its very close, was spent in unremitting course of labour for the public good, was an early riser. It was his constant practice, for the whole summer, to rise at the hour of five, and not unfrequently when excited by any particular object, or any formidable difficulty, even at four in the morning. As a proof however favourable the morning hours are for study, it may be mentioned that Dr. Adam frequently felt his practice worn out by the harassing exertions he made in the completion of his work on Roman Antiquities and would rise from his desk, in the after part of the day, half determined to relinquish his task yet notwithstanding these sallies, he would rise with the sun next morning, to prosecute his task with renewed vigour.

A volume might, indeed, be filled with notice of early risers. Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four, Dr. Franklin was an early riser; Priestly was an early riser; the great and learned lawyer and pious Christian, Sir Matthew Hale studied sixteen hours a day, and was an early riser; Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose regularly at five in the summer and six in the winter and in the latter season always made his own fire.—It is to the hours gained by early rising that the world is indebted for the numerous volumes which within a few years, have issued from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. Among the ancients, the names of Homer, Horace, Virgil and of numerous other poets may be ascribed upon the list of early risers.

POETRY.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

“As leaves but flourish to decay
So men but live to fade away.”
To many is this truth expressed,
But few have sealed it in their breast.
For hope to young and old is near
To drive away such visions drear.
While the loved flowers of youth remain,
They many a plan devise in vain.
Old age and death but phantoms seem,
They nought, in health, of sickness dream,
Fools that they are, who do not know,
How short the time to men below.
Of youth and life; bear those in mind
The span of mortals how confined;
And use with freedom while you live
Such pleasures as the world can give.

Thus spoke a heathen;—Christian learn
From him your interest to discern.
Like him reflect, how short the span
Of life's vain circle is to man;
But not like him devote your days,
To pleasures found in worldly ways
Remember that sun, so grand, so bright,
Which brings forth life and bliss to light
Think of that world beyond the grave,
Where Jesus reigns who died to save;
And strive to live, while life is given,
So as to dwell with Him in heaven.