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YOUTH'S



MONITOR



AND

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TO THE YOUTH OF UPPER CANADA.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

At the commencement of a work of this nature, it is natural to expect that the Publisher will fearlessly and undisguisedly make known to his readers his design in bringing it before the Public, and more fully explain the character which he intends it shall sustain. This he now would attempt to do; and he does it the more cheerfully, that his readers may have some grounds on which to build their expectations; and he hopes by a strict attention to the wants of the youthful portion of the population of this country, as regards their general improvement, to conduct the work in such a manner as to prevent a disappointment.

Although the Publisher has previously intimated his design in the Prospectus of this work, still he would again remind his readers, that he is "determined that nothing shall ever enter the pages of the *YOUTH'S MONITOR* but that which is calculated to instruct, and generally improve, his Juvenile Readers." He intends, therefore, to adhere to this determination most tenaciously, and present to the young people of this Province such subjects as will tend to produce that effect—as will serve to expand the mind, and lead it to relish that, and that only, which is truly noble and dignifying to human nature. It is to be regretted that the improvement of the Youth of this portion of the British Empire has been so long neglected by the generality of the conductors of Public Journals. The enquiry is, How shall we account for this neglect? Is it because the human intellect here is not as good and as susceptible of mental culture as in other climes? We answer, No. We say positively we need only to bring it to an equal state of improvement and its products will be just as luxuriant. The mind if dormant should have something presented to it as will call all its energies into a voluntary and actual operation. The chain of thought should be brought to run in a proper channel and pursue a correct course of reflection, and when once it is loosed from the shackles of ignorance, the element in which it then seems to delight becomes congenial to its nature and proves to be an essential principal in the mental machinery, so that when it is brought to bear upon any subject it searches to the very bottom and carefully investigates all its parts.

The *design* of this work therefore is to help the intellect—to pour light into the understanding—to inform the judgment—to improve the morals and to correct the taste. Where this is experienced the soul receives nutriment, health and vigour, without which it sickens and dies, and presents to view nothing other than a dreary waste infected with poisonous vapors and inhabited with ravenous beasts.

The character of the Monitor will be—First, **RELIGIOUS**, but not devoted to any particular sect or party, or advocate the peculiar sentiments of any one denomination, but shall be decidedly opposed to all infidelity in whatever shape it may appear among men.

Secondly. A considerable portion of each number is to be **SCIENTIFIC**. The Publisher intends to present under this head, such literary matter as shall advance his young readers to a more general knowledge of the different branches of learning. For this purpose he intends to open the pages of the Youth's Monitor, to the Communications of Literary individuals in this Province, who no doubt will contribute largely to the defusing of useful information among its readers.

Thirdly. This work will also advocate **MORALITY**. The Publisher intends under this head, to be very particular in pointing out the many vices to which young persons are exposed—their pernicious tendency, and the consequences which must unavoidably result in persisting in them. In short, every thing that is at all conducive to the general improvement of the rising generation shall find a place in the Youth's Monitor and Monthly Magazine. The Publisher therefore requests that those who wish well to such a periodical will be active in endeavouring to sustain it. He is aware that should he not be borne out in the expenses which will be necessarily incurred in publishing the Monitor, it must cease to exist. But shall it be said, that the desire for improvement is so small in Upper Canada, that a periodical of such importance to the country cannot be sustained? We hope not, although it may not in its commencement vie with works of the like nature in other parts of the globe. The Publisher expects there will be an interest taken, on the part of his youthful friends, to promote the circulation of the Youth's Monitor, in different sections of the country. He at least looks to them for their united support. He begs pardon for occupying so much room in this number in making known his intentions, and in giving at such length the character of this work in the form of an address. But in doing so he feels he has not only discharged a duty he owes to the public, but he hopes he has also answered the enquiries of many.

RELIGIOUS.

From Rev. R. Hall's Sermon on a National Fast.

ALARMING SYMPTONS OF NATIONAL DEGENERACY.

Among the most alarming symptoms of national degeneracy, I mention a gradual departure from the peculiar truths, maxims and spirit, of Christianity.

Christianity, issuing perfect and entire from the hands of its Author, will admit of no mutilations nor improvements; it stands most secure on its own basis; and without being indebted to foreign aids, supports itself best by its own internal vigor.

When under the pretence of simplifying it, we attempt to force it into a closer alliance with the most approved systems of philosophy, we are sure to contract its bounds, and to diminish its force and authority over the consciences of men. It is dogmatic; not capable of being advanced with the progress of science, but fixed and immutable.

We may not be able to perceive the use or necessity of some of its discoveries, but they are not on this account the less binding on our faith; just as there are many parts of nature, whose purposes we are at a loss to explore, of which, if any person were bold enough to arraign the propriety, it would be sufficient to reply that God made them. They are both equally the works of God, and both equally partake of the mysteriousness of their author.

This *integrity* of the Christian faith has been insensibly impaired; and the simplicity of mind with which it should be embraced, gradually diminished. While the outworks of the sanctuary have been defended with the utmost ability, its interior has been too much neglected, and the fire upon the altar suffered to languish and decay.

The truths and mysteries which distinguished the Christian from all other religions, have been little attended to by some, totally denied by others; and while infinite efforts have been made, by the utmost subtlety of argumentation, to establish the truth and authenticity of revelation, few have exerted in comparison to show what it really contains.

The doctrines of the fall and of redemption, which are the two grand points on which the Christian dispensation hinges, have been too much neglected. Though it has not yet become the fashion (God forbid it ever should) to deny them, we have been too much accustomed to confine the mention of them to oblique hints, and distant allusions.

They are too often reluctantly conceded, rather than warmly inculcated, as though they were the weaker or less honourable parts of Christianity, from which we were in haste to turn away our eyes, although it is in reality these very truths, which have in every age inspired the devotion of the church, and the rapture of the redeemed.

This alienation from the distinguished truths of our holy religion accounts for a portentous peculiarity among Christians, their being ashamed of a book which they profess to receive as the word of God.

The votaries of all other religions regard their supposed sacred books with a devotion, which consecrates their errors, and makes their very absurdities venerable in their eyes. They glory in that which is their shame: we are ashamed of that which is our glory.

Indifference and inattention to the truths and mysteries of revelation, have led, by an easy transition, to a dislike and neglect of the book which contains them; so that, in a Christian country, nothing is thought so vulgar as a serious appeal to the Scriptures; and the candidate for fashionable distinction would rather betray a familiar acquaintance with the most impure writers, than with the words of Christ and his apostles.

Yet we complain of the growth of infidelity, when nothing less could be expected than that some should declare themselves infidels, where so many had so completely forgot they were Christians. They who sow the seed can with very ill grace complain of the abundance of the crop; and when we have ourselves ceased to abide in the words, and to maintain the honour, of a Saviour, we must not be surprised at seeing some advance a step further, by openly declaring they are none of his. The consequence has been such as might be expected.—an increase of profaneness, immorality, and irreligion.

*The traces of piety have been wearing out more and more, from our conversation, from our manners, from our popular publications, from the current literature of the age. In proportion as the maxims and spirit of Christianity have declined, infidelity has prevailed in their room; for infidelity is, in reality, nothing more than a noxious spawn (pardon the metaphor) bred in the stagnant marshes of corrupted Christianity.*

A LAX theology is the natural parent of a lax morality. The peculiar motives, accordingly, by which the inspired writers enforce their moral lessons, the love of God and the Redeemer, concern for the honour of religion, and gratitude for the inestimable benefits of the Christian redemption, have no place in the fashionable systems of moral instruction.

The motives almost exclusively urged are such as take their rise from the present state, founded on reputation, on honour, on health, or on the tendency of the things recommended to promote, under some form or other, the acquisition of worldly advantages. Thus even morality itself, by dissociating it from religion, is made to cherish the love of the world, and to bar the heart more effectually against the approaches of piety.

Here I cannot forbear remarking a great change which has taken place in the whole manner of reasoning on the topics of morality and religion, from what prevailed in the last century, and, as far as my information extends, in any preceeding age. This, which is an age of revolutions, has also produced a strange revolution in the method of viewing these subjects, the most important by far that can engage the attention of man. The simplicity of our ancestors, nourished by the sincere milk of the word rather than by the tenets of a disputatious philosophy, was content to let morality remain on the firm basis of the dictates of conscience and the will of God. They

considered virtue as something *ultimate*, as bounding the mental prospect. They never supposed for a moment there was any thing to which it stood merely in relation of *means*, or that within the narrow confines of this momentary state any thing great enough could be found to be its *end* or *object*.

It never occurred to their imagination, that that religion, which professes to render us superior to the world, is really nothing more than an instrument to procure the temporal, the physical good of individuals, or of society. In their view, it had a nobler destination; it looked forward to eternity: and if ever they appear to have assigned it any end or object beyond itself, it was an union with its Author, in the perpetual fruition of God.

They arranged these things in the following order: religion, comprehending the love, fear, and service of the Author of our being, they placed first; social morality, founded on its dictates, confirmed by its sanctions, next; and the mere physical good of society they contemplated as subordinate to both.

Every thing is now reversed. The pyramid is inverted: the first is last, and the last first. Religion is degraded from its pre-eminence, into the mere handmaid of social morality; social morality into an instrument for advancing the welfare of society; and the world is all in all.

### THE FOLLY OF INFIDELITY.

EDUCATED infidels covet the character of men of good taste; and boast of possessing it in a superior degree. The primary objects of taste are novelty, grandeur, beauty and benevolence. the three former are extensively diffused over the natural world; the moral world is replenished with them all.

The beauty and grandeur of the natural world: the beauty of the landscape, and of the sky; the grandeur of the storm, the torrent, the thunder, the volcano, the magnificence of the mountains, and the ocean, the sublimities of the heavens; may undoubtedly be relished by the mind of an infidel, as really as by that of a Christian. But how insignificant are even these splendid scenes of nature, if the universe is only a lifeless mass; a corpse devoid of an animating principle?

How changed is the scene; how enhanced the sublimity; when our thoughts discern, that an infinite Mind formed, preserves, controuls, and quickens, the whole; that this mind is every where present; lives, sees, acts; directs, and blesses the beings, whom it has made; that, *if we ascend into heaven, God is there; if we go down into hell; lo, He is there! if we take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there his hand will lead us, and his right hand hold us.* At the same time, how infinitely more sublime is such a Mind, than all the works, which it has created!

In the moral world the loss of the infidel is entire. Of the beauty and greatness of that world they form no conceptions. For these objects their taste is not begun. The pleasures, derived from this source, are the privilege only of minds, which are invested with moral beauty, and adornaed with the loveliness of the Gospel.

In the field of *intellectual enjoyment* they are not more happy. Their learning is usually mischievous to them; and their science, of no value: for both serve only to inflate them with pride, and estrange them from their Maker.

What is this world in the eye of an infidel? A product of fate, chance, or necessity; without design; without government; without a God: its inhabitants born, none knows why; and destined to go, none knows whither.

Of duty, virtue, worship, acceptance with God, and the rewards of obedience, they know, and chose to know, nothing. To them the moral universo is a chaos. The Gospel, looking on this mass of confusion, has said, "*Let there be light : and there is light.*"—*Dr. Dwight's Sermons.*

## M O R A L.

*To the Editor of the Youth's Monitor.*

Sir,—It is with feelings of no small delight I have observed a prospectus of yours, purporting the instruction, benefit and advantage of youth. Your attempt I hail with pleasure in the furtherance of so noble a cause; it is a publication that has long been wanting in this country, and I sincerely trust your exertions will be commensurate with your laudable designs. The following subject on **YOUTH**, I have taken the liberty to send you, as copied from an old work that contains many excellent essays and themes for the rising generation. If it will be considered worthy of publication, I may send you others equally instructive; and wishing you success, remain your obedient servant.

E. G.

## ON YOUTH.

1. *Definition.*—Youth has ever been looked upon as the happiest part of human life. It is to the early stage of our existence that age looks back with regret and contemplates the thousand satisfactions that are now no more.

2. *Cause.*—In youth, the world is new, every object has the recommendation of novelty. The perfidy of the world is then unknown; and all things but our parents and teachers seem to wear an agreeable aspect, and to invite us to the indulgence of our desires.

3. *Advantages.*—But youth has not only a thousand imaginary pleasures, it has many real advantages which are denied to almost every other stage of life. Youth is the season for improving in knowledge, for forming the mind, for gaining such accomplishments as make us agreeable or useful to others, and consequently for forming our fortune. What a golden age is that which affords us such opportunities of laying up happiness for riper years! and how ought we to prize that part of our existence on which so much of our future happiness depends!

4. *Disadvantages.*—But with all the advantages and pleasures of youth, it is certainly the most critical period of our lives. A thousand dangers surround it on every side. The inexperience of youth is liable to be deceived to its ruin. Its fondness of pleasure is apt to beget a dislike to study, and its hatred of restraint often leads it to the indulgences of bad habits, which can never be eradicated. An improper tutor, a bad book, or a vicious companion, may often lay the foundation of the greatest misfortunes in life. If such be the critical situation of youth, how necessary is it for parents to be careful of the education of their children; and how incumbent is it on children to be attentive to the instructions of their parents and teachers. If those things are the dearest to us, which, when once lost, can never be recovered; how superlatively dear to us ought to be the time of our youth which is so soon gone, and when gone, is so irretrievable, to which we may add, that those who misspend their youth, by wasting their time, and neglecting to cultivate good habits, give sure signs that as they advance in life, they will be guilty of the same neglect and dissipation, in every future stage of it.

## THUS I THINK.

[From Locke's Miscellaneous Papers.]

It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery. Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind; misery is what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it.

I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and avoid uneasiness and disquiet; to have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be.

But here I must have a care I mistake not; for if I prefer a *short* pleasure to a *lasting* one, it is plain I cross my own happiness.

Let me see wherein consists the most lasting pleasure of this life, and that, as far as I can observe, is in three things:—

1st. Health,—without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish.

2nd. Reputation—for *that* I find every body is pleased with, and the want of it is a constant torment.

3rd. Knowledge—for the little knowledge I have, I find I would not sell at any rate, nor part with for any other pleasure.

4th. Doing good,—for I find the well-cooked meat I eat to-day does now no more delight me, nay, I am diseased after a full meal;—the perfumes I *smelt* yesterday now no more affect me with any pleasure; but the *good turn* I did yesterday, a year, seven years since, continues *still* to please and delight me as often as I reflect on it.

5th. The expectation of eternal and incomprehensible happiness in another world is that also which carries a constant pleasure with it.

If then, I will faithfully pursue that happiness I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me, I must carefully look that it cross not any of those five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love; but if it endanger my health, I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest.

Innocent diversions delight me: if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business, they preserve my health, restore the vigour of my mind, and increase my pleasure; but if I spend all or the greater part of my time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance, and contempt, in which I cannot but be very unhappy. Drinking, gaming, and vicious delights will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by positive injury endanger my health, impair my parts, imprint ill habits, lessen my esteem, and leave a constant lasting torment on my conscience; therefore all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passions will afford me a constant pleasure greater than any such enjoyments, and also *deliver me* from the certain evil of several kinds, that by indulging myself in a present temptation I shall certainly afterwards suffer.

All innocent diversions and delights, as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no farther and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater.



## THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

It is an old saying, that "a pin a day is a groat a year," by which homely expression some wise man has intended to teach thoughtless people the value of small savings. We shall endeavour to show the value of a somewhat higher article, though a much despised one,—we mean a penny.

Pennies, like minutes, are often thrown away because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are economists of time, and all the great men on record have been so, take care of the minutes, for they know that a few minutes well applied each day will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life they will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man may by perseverance have accomplished some work, useful to his fellow-creatures and honourable to himself.

Large fortunes when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first; and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving man, therefore, while he is adding to the general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have no one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking; but we may remark that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful fellow when dead. He has been compared to a tree, which while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift, a mere consumer and waster, who, after he has spent all his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

Suppose a young man just beginning to work for himself, could save one penny a day; and we believe there are few unmarried young workmen who could not do this. At the end of a year he would have £1 10s. 5d. which he could safely deposit in a savings bank where it would lie safely with some small addition for interest till he might want it. After five years savings, at the rate of a penny a day he would have between 8 and £9 which it is very possible he might find some opportunity of laying out to such advantage as to establish the foundation of his future fortune. Who has not had the opportunity of feeling some time in his life how advantageously he could have laid out such a sum of money, and how readily such a sum might have been saved by keeping all the pennies and sixpences that had been thrown away? Such a sum as 8 or £9 would enable a man to emigrate to Canada, where he might by persevering industry acquire enough to purchase a piece of land; and if blessed with moderate length of life, he might be the happy cultivator of his own estate.

Eight pounds would enable a mechanic, who had acquired a good character for sobriety and skill to furnish himself on credit with goods and tools to five or six times the amount of his capital; and this might form the foundation of his future fortune.

It often happens that a clever and industrious man may have the opportunity of bettering his condition by removing to another place, or accepting some situation of trust; but the want of a little money to carry him from one place to another, the want of a better suit of cloths, or some difficulty of that kind, often stands in the way. Eight pounds would conquer all those obstacles.

It may be said that five years is too long a time to look forward to. We think not. This country is full of examples of men who have risen from beginnings hardly more than the savings of a penny, through a long course of persevering industry, to wealth and respectability. And we believe here is hardly a condition,

however low, from which a young man of good principles and unceasing industry may not elevate himself.

But suppose the penny only saved during one year; at the end of it the young man finds he has got £1 10s. 5d. Will he squander this at the ale-house, or in idle dissipation, after having had the virtue to resist temptation all through the year? We think not. This £1 10s. 5d. may perform a number of useful offices. It may purchase some necessary implement, some good substantial article of dress, some useful books, or, if well laid out, some useful instruction in the branch of industry which is his calling. It may relieve him in sickness, it may contribute to the comfort of an aged father, it may assist the young man in paying back some part of that boundless debt which he owes to the care and tender anxiety of a mother, who has lived long enough to feel the want of a son's solicitude. Finally, however disposed of at the end of the year, if well disposed of, the penny saved will be a source of genuine satisfaction. The saving of it during the year has been a daily repetition of a virtuous act, which near the end of the year we have little doubt will be confirmed into a virtuous habit.

Suppose a dozen young men, who are fond of reading, were to contribute a penny week to a common stock: at the end of the year they would have £2 12s. This sum judiciously laid out, would purchase at least twelve volumes of really useful books, varying in price from three to four shillings, besides allowing some small sum for the person who took care of them and kept the accounts. Another year's saving would add another twelve volumes; and in five years the library might contain sixty volumes, including a few useful books of reference, such as dictionaries, &c.—an amount of books, if well chosen, quite as much as any one of them would be able to study well in his leisure hours.

But suppose the number of contributors were doubled or trebled, the annual income would then amount to £5 4s. or £7 16s. for which sum they could certainly procure as many useful books as they could possibly want. There might be some difficulty in the choice of books, as it is not always easy to know what are good and what are bad. We propose to meet this difficulty by occasional notices of particular books under the head of 'The Library.' At present we will merely suggest what classes of books might gradually find admission into such a library. There are now good practical and cheap treatises on the principles of many of the branches of industry which are followed by mechanics—such as books on the elements of geometry and measuring of surfaces and solids; on arithmetic; on chemistry, and its application to the useful arts, &c; lives of persons distinguished for industry and knowledge; descriptions of foreign countries, compiled from the best travels; maps on a pretty large scale, both of the heaven and of different parts of the earth; such books as these, with an English dictionary, a gazetteer, and some periodical work, would form a useful library, such as in a few years might be got together.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the good things that a penny will purchase; and as to all the bad things they are not worth enumerating. But there is one which we cannot omit mentioning. A penny will buy a pennyworth of gin, and a man may spend it daily without thinking himself the worse for it. But as every penny saved tends to give a man the habit of saving pennies, so every penny spent in gin, tends to cause him to spend more. Thus the saver of the penny may at the end of the year be a healthy reputable person, and confirmed economist, with £1 10s. 5d. in his pocket: the spender may be an unhealthy ill-looking, worthless fellow; a confirmed gin-drinker, with nothing in his pocket except unpaid bills.

We wish it were in our power to impress strongly on the working people of this province, how much happiness they may have at their command by small savings. They are by far the most numerous part of the community; and it is by their condition that the real prosperity of the country should be estimated; not by the few who live in affluence and splendour. Hard as the condition of the working class often is, are they not yet aware that by industry, and a judicious combination of their small resources they can do more to make themselves happy, than any body else can do for them?—*Penny Magazine*.

### DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and a happier man:—

- Temperance . . . Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.  
 Silence . . . Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling, conversation.  
 Order . . . Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.  
 Resolution . . . Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.  
 Frugality . . . Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.  
 Industry . . . Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.  
 Sincerity . . . Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.  
 Justice . . . Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.  
 Moderation . . . Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.  
 Cleanliness . . . Suffer no uncleanness in body, cloths, or habitation.  
 Tranquility . . . Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.  
 Humility . . . Imitate Jesus Christ

The same great man likewise drew up the following plan for the regular employment of his time; examining himself each morning and evening as to what he had to do, what he had done, or left undone; by which practice he was better able to improve his future conduct:—

MORNING.	HOURS.		
The question, what good shall I do to-day?	6	Rise, wash, and address Almighty God! contrive the day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study; and breakfast.	
	7		
	8		
		9	Work.
		10	
		11	
		12	
		1	Read or look over my accounts, and dine.
		2	

3	}	Work.
4		
5		
6		
7		

EVENING.

HOURS.

The question, What good have I done to-day? what have I left undone which I ought to have done?

8	}	Put things in their places; amusement; supper; examination of the day; address the Almighty.
9		
10		

11	}	Sleep
12		
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		

A steady perseverance in *some plan* for the arrangement of our time, adapted to circumstances, cannot fail improving our general conduct in life, and rendering us better members of society, and better christians.—*Ib.*

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## SCIENTIFIC.

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### COTTON.

THERE are many species of the cotton plant, and their number is being constantly increased by the researches of botanists, while their varieties appear scarcely to have any limit. To the cotton planter it is a matter of much interest to become acquainted with all these distinctive varieties as some are incomparably more valuable than others, in the quantity and quality of their produce.

The *Gossypium herbaceum*, or common herbaceous cotton plant, is the species most generally cultivated. This species divides itself into annual and perennial plants. The first is herbaceous, rising scarcely to the height of eighteen or twenty inches. It bears a large yellow flower with a purple centre, which produces a pod about the size of a walnut. This, when ripe, bursts, and exhibits to view the fleecy cotton, in which the seeds are securely imbedded. It is sown and reaped like corn; and the cotton harvest in hot countries are twice,—in colder climates, once, in the year. This species, is a native of Persia, and is the same which is grown so largely in the United States of America, in Sicily, and in Malta. There is another species of herbaceous cotton which forms a shrub of from four to six feet high.

The *Gossypium arboreum*, or tree cotton, is of much larger growth. If left without being pruned to luxuriate to its full height, it has sometimes attained to fifteen or twenty feet. The leaves grow upon long hairy foot-stalks, and are divided into five deep spear-shaped lobes. This shrub is a native of India, Arabia, and Egypt.

Another species is distinguished by the name of *Gossypium religiosum*. No reason is assigned why Linnæus should have bestowed on it so singular a title. It is cultivated in the Mauritius. There are two varieties of this species, in the

one the cotton is extremely white, in the other it is of a yellowish brown, and is the material of which the stuff called nankeen is made; it may therefore be presumed that this species is a native of China, whence nankeen cloths are obtained.

Of all the species the annual herbaceous plant yields the most valuable produce. The "sea-island cotton," imported into England from Georgia, bears a price double to that imported from any other country.

The quantity of cotton which each plant yields is as various as its quantity. Accordingly there are scarcely two concurrent opinions to be collected on this subject. The average produce per English acre is reckoned by different writers at various quantities, varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy pounds of picked cotton.

The cotton plant will grow in most situations and soils, and is cultivated with very little trouble or expence. According to Humboldt, the larger species which attain to the magnitude of trees require a mean annual temperature of 68 Fahrenheit; the shrubby kind may be cultivated with success under a mean temperature of 60 to 64. The plant is propagated by seed.

When the season has been favourable, the cotton is in general fit for pulling seven or eight months after it has been sown. This period is however well indicated by the spontaneous bursting of the capsule or seed-pod. The plantations at this time present a very pleasing appearance. The glossy dark green leaves finely contrast with the white globular forms profusely scattered over the tree. In the East the produce is gathered by taking off the whole of the pod. In other parts, and this is the most general practice, the seeds and cotton are taken away leaving the empty husks. The first is of course much the most expeditious method, but is a very serious disadvantage. The outer part breaks in minute pieces and thus mixes with the cotton, which cannot be freed from it without much time and difficulty. Whichever method is pursued this work is always performed in the morning before sunrise, as soon as possible after the cotton displays itself, because long exposure to the sun injures its colour. The cotton shrub does not in general last more than five or six years in full or productive bearing; the plantation is therefore generally after that period renewed.

The separation of the cotton from the seeds is a very long and troublesome operation, when performed by the hand; for the fibres of the cotton adhere tenaciously to the seed, and some time is consumed in cleansing even a small weight of so light a material. In the greater part of India, the use of machinery for this purpose is unknown, and the cotton is picked by hand. A man can in this manner separate from the seeds scarcely more than one pound of cotton in a day. The use of the machine called a gin very much facilitates the process. This machine in general consists of two or three fluted rollers set in motion by the foot in the manner of a turning-lathe, and by its means one person may separate and cleanse sixty-five pounds per day, and thus, by the use of a simple piece of machinery, increase his effective power sixty-five times. But a still greater increase may be obtained by the employment of more complex engines. In the United States of America mills are constructed on a large scale, and which are impelled by horses, steam, or other power. Eight or nine hundred pounds of cotton are cleansed in a day by one of these machines, which requires the attendance of very few persons.

Entirely to cleanse the cotton from any remaining fragment of seed, it is subjected to another process. This consists in whisking it about in a light wheel, through which a current of air is made to pass. As it is tossed out of this win-

nowing machine, it is gathered up and conveyed to the packing-house, where, by means of screws, it is forced into bags, each when filled weighing about three hundred pounds. These are then sewed up and sent to the place of shipment, where they are again pressed and reduced to half their original size.

Before the invention of spinning machinery in 1787, the demand for cotton-wool in England was comparatively small. In the 17th century we obtained our trifling supply wholly from Smyrna and Cyprus, and when we were even receiving it from our own colonies, we find that from 1763 to 1787 the average annual import was barely four millions of pounds. In 1786 we imported 19,900,000 pounds: viz. 5,800,000 pounds from the British West Indies; 9,100,000 from the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch Colonies; and 5,000,000 from Smyrna and Turkey.

The average annual import for the last six years has been 777,372 packages—each bale weighing about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 cwt.

Of 227,760,000 lbs. of cotton-wool imported into the United Kingdom in 1828; 151,752,000 lbs. were from the United States; 29,143,000 lbs. from Brazil; 32,187,000 lbs. from the East Indies; 6,454,000 lbs. from Egypt; 5,893,000 lbs. from the British West Indies; 726,000 lbs. from Columbia; and 471,000 lbs. from Turkey and Continental Greece.—*ib.*

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### THE FLUTE PLAYER;

#### A TALE.

“ Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!  
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
 Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys.”—*Pope.*

HARRY JONES was one of the smartest young men of the village in which he was born. His parents were industrious and contented; and he himself was of that active and cheerful disposition which derives a pleasure from habitual employment, and requires no excitement of vice or folly in the hours of leasure. Harry Jones was by trade a cabinet maker. He was a skilful and ingenious workman, and his master delighted to exhibit the tables and drawers which Harry manufactured as the best specimens of his workshop. He lived in a small town to which the refinement of large societies were almost entirely unknown. On a summer evening he might be distinguished on a neighbouring green as the best bowler at cricket; and at the annual revel he could try a fall with any lad of the surrounding villages. But his chief delight was his proficiency as a flute player. He made himself master of the newest country dances; and occasionally astonish his friends with some more elaborate piece of harmony, which required considerable science and taste in its execution. He was a distinguished member of the band of volunteer performers at his parish church; and had several times received the praises of the clergyman for the skill with which he regulated the less practised abilities of his companions. All these recreations were in themselves innocent; and Harry Jones had sufficient sense and virtue not to permit them to

divert his attention from the duties of his occupation, nor to make him forget that life had more important objects than the pursuit even of sinless amusement.

By his industry and frugality, Harry, at the age of five and twenty, had saved a little money. His master was kind and liberal towards him and having himself other occupations to attend to, resigned his little business as a cabinet-maker to the hero of our story. Harry became if possible, more assiduous; he did not want friends and customers, and there was a particular object which gave an additional spur to his industry; he naturally and properly desired a wife as soon as he had acquired the means of maintaining one. In a neighbouring village he had formed acquaintance with a young woman, who possessed those excellencies which strongly recommend themselves to the prudential part of his character. Her parents were honest and pious people, who had brought up their daughter with the strictest attention to economy, and with those habits of regularity which assign to every duty an exact time and place for its fulfilment. These habits of order and punctuality had become a second nature to Martha. She would not allow herself to deviate from the prescribed path, nor could she endure any deviation in those by whom she was surrounded. She had a sincere and affectionate heart; but this precision had given something of coldness and formality to her character. Harry with the fondness of a lover's eye, saw every thing to admire; he considered that her seriousness would properly regulate his cheerfulness, and that the strict discipline which she exercised over her own actions would control his inclination for hasty and various modes of occupation. He was satisfied that he could not make a more prudent choice, and the world thought so also. They married.

At the end of the first fortnight after their union, Harry sat down by his evening fireside exceedingly fatigued; he felt incapable of exertion, and remained for some time listless and dispirited. Martha began to read aloud from a serious book;—but she did not choose the most favourable moment for making a proper impression; Harry yawned and almost fell asleep. Martha laid down her book and recommended him to look over his accounts; with every disposition to do right and oblige his wife, Harry felt that the labours of the day were past. He thought of his flute. The sense of fatigue was at once forgotten, as he again placed his old book of tunes before him. He played his briskest jigs—but Martha did not beat time: he tried his most pathetic airs—but Martha remained unmoved. He discovered to his mortification that his wife did not love music.

The next evening Harry did not forget the recreation of his flute; he played in his very best style, and he appealed to Martha for encouragement and approbation. Her praise was of a very negative quality. Sunday came, and Harry, as usual, took his place in the music gallery; he put forth all his powers, and exercised no common address to make his associates play in tune. As they walked home he ventured to ask Martha what she thought of the little band. She answered in a tone between indifference and contempt. His pride was hurt, and he determined to say no more upon the subject.

The flute continued to be produced every evening and Harry ceased to expect the praise, or ask the attention of his wife. But even this indifference did not long continue. On one occasion he observed something like a frown upon her brow; on another, he heard a pettish expression pronounced in a whispered and hurried tone. At length hostility was openly declared against the flute; and Martha wondered how a man of any sense could waste his time, and annoy his family by such a stupid pursuit.

Harry bore this exceedingly well ; for the love of his wife came to the aid of his natural good temper. He locked up the flute. But he was disappointed in expecting Martha would offer him any substitute for his favorite amusement after his hours of labour. Her notions were those of rigid and unsparing industry. She was never tired of her domestic occupations, and she could not understand how a man who had his living to get could ever tire in the pursuit of his calling. When the hour of work was over, Harry sat down in his little parlour,—but his wife was seldom with him. It was true that the boards of his house were cleaner than the flour of any of his neighbours ;—that the saucepans of his kitchen shone with a brightness which all the good housewives of the parish envied ;—and that not a cinder deformed the neatness of his hearth without calling forth the brush and the shovel for its instant removal. But then it was also true that he sometimes caught cold at his dinner hour, from the wetness which the floor acquired from the indefatigable cleanliness of his mate ; that he sometimes made a fatal error when he forgot to clean his shoes before he crossed the sanded threshold ; He was debarred, too, of his favourite flute ; and it cannot then be wondered that he sometimes said in his heart, “Why did I marry ?”

It was at this juncture that Harry met with an old companion who had something of the vivacity but nothing of the goodness which he himself possessed. Harry appeared uneasy and dispirited ;—the cause of his discomfort was at length communicated. His companion told him with the common cant of libertines, that the way to make wives amiable was to neglect them ;—that his home was uncomfortable because he appeared too fond of it ;—and that he might find society where his merits would be properly rated. Harry was persuaded to fetch his flute, to spend the evening at a neighbouring ale-house.

The harmless vanity which had been so long pent up now broke forth beyond its natural boundaries. Harry played well, and he played till a late hour for he was flattered and carressed. On his return home, Martha was angry, and he was sullen.

The next night brought with it the same temptation. What was intended to be a rare indulgence at length became a confirmed habit. The public-house could not be frequented without expense ; and late hours could not be kept without diminishing the capacity for the performance of ordinary duties. Harry, too, acquired the practice of drinking freely ; and, as his mind was ill at ease, the morning draught often succeeded the evening's intoxication. He was not ; as before, seen constantly at his workshop, to receive orders with good temper, and to execute them with alacrity. He was not distinguished for the brightest shoes and the cleanest apron of any mechanic in the town : his habits were idle, and his garb was slovenly. He slunk away from public observation to bury himself in the haunts of drunkenness and profligacy. As his business failed, he made to himself pretences for employment in vagabond parties of anglers or lark-shooters. One by one every article of furniture was pawned for present support. The fatal flute was the last thing consigned to the grasp of the money-lender.

Martha did not want sense. She reflected deeply upon the causes of their misery ; and she at length perceived the error which she had committed in opposing her own fixed habits to the equally confirmed inclinations of her husband. She took her resolution. Honestly and impartially she stated her distresses, and the cause of them, to the vicar of the parish. He was a pious, a sensible, and a charitable pastor. He pointed out to her, what she herself at length acknowledged, that a small portion of time devoted to an innocent amusement is not incompatible with the more serious duties of a citizen and a christian ; that the en-



agements even of the most lowly might afford some leisure for cheerful relaxation; and that religion did not require a course of intense exertion and unbending gravity. The worthy clergyman furnished Martha the means of realizing a plan which her own judgment had devised.

Martha expended the good pastor's friendly loan in procuring the restoration of their furniture; but she did not as yet bring it home. Her husband had one evening returned without intoxication, and in a temper which promised the succeeding day would be one of industry. She exerted herself to accomplish her plan at this favourable moment. Before the next evening arrived her cottage was once more neat and comfortable; and the flute, which she had also redeemed, lay upon the table. Harry came in dejected, but his dejection became astonishment as Martha threw her arms around him and pointed to the indications of their future happiness. She confessed the error which had been the original cause of their misery. He felt her generosity, and with bitter tears made a vow of amendment.

He was too much affected to take up his flute that evening; but on the next, his wife pressed it upon him. She listened to his performances; she strove to fancy that she had a taste for music; she praised him. By this effort of kindness on one part, mutual kindness took the place of mutual discomfort. The hour of flute-playing was succeeded by the hour of serious meditation on the divine commands, and of humble prayer before the Throne of Grace. Their tastes and their pursuits gradually became assimilated. A timely concession saved Martha from hopeless misery, and a timely reformation saved Harry from the wretched life and the miserable death of a vagabond and a drunkard.—*Ib.*

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

BY JOHN BYRON, M. A.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a grot,  
And the way to be happy, they said he had got,  
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,  
And when I came there, the old hermit said,  
"Well,

Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see;  
Now tell me the business that brings you to me?"

"The way to be happy, they say you have got,  
And as I want to learn it, I've come to your grot,  
Now I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,  
That you'll write it me down, as plain as you can,"

Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,  
And brought me this note when he came back again,

"'Tis *being*, and *doing* and *having*, that make  
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake,  
To be what God pleases,—to *do* a man's best,  
And to *have* a good heart—*is the way to be best.*

### RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasures vanish fast;  
They melt in time's destroying tide,  
And cold are while they last:—  
But joys that from religion flow,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,  
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure—  
But o'er the Christian's soul  
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,  
Though tempests round him roll;  
His heart may break 'neath sorrows stroke;  
But to its latest thrill,  
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,  
That ray will light it still.



### AN ACROSTIC.

VIRTUE, be thou to every bosom known;  
In every breast do thou erect thy throne,  
Reign, reign triumphant with resistless sway,  
Teach us thy God-like counsels to obey,  
Undaunted then may we each vice defy,  
Ever defended, virtue being nigh.