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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Forquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, May 30, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

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

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

BLAISE PASCAL.

Blaise Pascal, one of the sublimest geniuses the world ever produced, was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1623. He never had any preceptor but his father.—So great a turn had he for the mathematics, that he learned, or rather invented, geometry when he was but twelve years old; for his father was unwilling to initiate him in that science early, for fear of its diverting him from the study of the languages. At sixteen, he composed a curious mathematical piece. About seventeen, he invented his machine of arithmetic which has been much admired by the learned. He afterwards employed himself assiduously in making experiments, according to the new philosophy, and particularly improved upon those of Toricellius. At the age of twenty-four, his mind took a different turn; for, all at once, he became as great a devotee as any age has ever produced, and gave himself up entirely to prayer and mortification.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WOODPECKER.

The woodpecker certainly does not injure the great trees by boring them full of holes. Those trees which are in a state of decay, chiefly from their old age, are the only ones which are paid attention to by the woodpecker; for these are the same in which its insect food is bred. The green thriving trees will not produce it a meal; indeed, it is too knowing ever to bother itself by alighting on such. It knows the trees that are likely to produce food even when on the wing—an excellent judge of timber infected with the dry rot. Now this bird not only selects trees infected by the worms, but by doing so promotes their decomposition, and so succeeds in clearing the forest of incumbrances. Without this bird, the trees running to decay, would not moulder so soon, for the rain gets into the holes, made by the bird. It is very voracious, eats away the whole day, and never seems to weary. Where it finds a fertile scump of worms, it will not leave it, but continue to dig in, until it is buried out of sight. Often have I witnessed its greediness carrying

it thus far, and cautiously creeping up, having succeeded in covering it with my hat, if it was too high up the tree, as it generally was. When inspecting a tree it hops down the trunk in perpendicular leaps of about four inches each. In this work it is much assisted by the feathers of the tail, which are kept turned into the tree, by which the feathers have all their soft down at the top worn off, and the stems left very sharp. They act as sliding props, assist its holding by the sharp claws of the toes, and steady the bird in its laborious operations, where the standing ground does not afford a platform. This bird makes two distinct noises with its beak on the trees, the meaning of which is perfectly different, the one may be called tapping, the other drumming. The intention of the tapping is to bore through the bark of the trees, where the bark partly adheres to the tree; the other is beating or drumming furiously on the hollow bark, so that the insects behind are frightened, or fall down to where the bark adheres to the tree, where they are received by the bird. Now the reason of this is obvious; for if it tapped a hole where the bark was hollow, it would find no insects behind; they would hear their common enemy and scamper off, whereas it knows where to frighten, and where to catch them. This drumming of the woodpecker has often astonished me in the wild woods, and it cost me some consideration to discover the cause of it, but I found that where it drummed, there were no holes,—that these were farther down the tree, in belts, where the bark was in the situation I have stated.

The woodpecker is one of the most ingenious of birds; it is not every hole in the trees that it will build its nest in. Those standing erect, partly remote from the rest, very much decayed, with no top branches, are selected for the great purpose of breeding in. A hole is bored into the tree, about two yards from the top, sufficient to admit the birds to their nests; and immediately beneath this, for the same distance down the tree, it is picked into an inverted curve all around, the top of the tree resembling a sand glass; this is done in order to prevent the squirrels from visiting them. This quadruped seldom runs up trees which are in a state of rottenness, however, when it does, this ingenious curve puts an end to the ascent, as past that it is perfectly unable to go. Its claws will not hold so well in decayed wood as in fresh, and when it is partly obliged to move on, or back down, there is every likelihood that it will fall.—MacLaggart.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF YOUNG RICHARD.

I was born and educated in a seaport town in the north of Scotland. My parents were pious, and did every thing in their power to train me up for God. They considered me a promising boy, for a long time. I pretended to have great pleasure in reading my Bible. In the morning, when I heard my mother coming to desire me

to get out of bed, I instantly snatched up my Bible, and appeared so busy reading, as not to notice her till just at my bed side. On seeing me so well employed, her heart leaped for joy, and instantly begged her heavenly Father to bless the Bible to her dear boy; and if any stranger was at breakfast that morning, my praises sounded round the table; and in all the houses I visited along with my parents, I was held up as an example to the younger branches of the family. I was greatly mortified upon one of these occasions by a boy breaking out into a fit of laughter when he heard them so highly extolling my character; true, the boy's mother put him to the door, but he called after her that I had broken into Wallace's garden along with him, and carried off an immense quantity of apples. At first his accusation was not credited, but they soon perceived by my countenance, that I took guilt to me. On the questions from all corners of the room poured upon me—whether Dick's charge was true? if I was really in the garden? and so on. As I knew there were more witnesses to the fact than Dick, I durst not deny. This affair blasted all my mother's fond hopes of me, and completely destroyed my fame. However, it did me much good. I saw the evil of bad company, and determined to associate with such boys no more. Next day, when Dick called upon me to accompany him on a fishing excursion, I bolted my room door, and did not appear, so he concluded I quite desisted.

I now became a reader of books from inclination, and derive I much pleasure, and I think profit, from the books I peruse. The Pilgrim's Progress was my favourite book. I had many serious thoughts about the City of Destruction. I often talked of it at table; at one of these times my father expressed his wish that I was still dwelling in that city? I recollect of praying very fervently that night, that God would deliver me out of it; and for a long time after, I did not forget to pray both morning and evening.

I was now arrived at my twelfth year; and though I steered pretty clear of vicious and swearing children, yet the love of sin and folly remained on a dead in my heart. I was only prevented from strolling in the fields on the Sabbath day by the prohibition of my parents, not by the laws of Heaven. After returning from church, I would often look with a wistful eye to a neighbouring hill, where I saw many of my companions (whose parents were heathens) diverting themselves as if it had been a common day. My wretched heart considered my parents as cruel for detaining me, and their kind for allowing them such liberty on the Sabbath. Many times I longed to be a man, when I should act as I pleased. Little did I know that the liberty I desired was the direct road to ruin.

About my fourteenth year I began to read voyages and travels to foreign countries, and to entertain a fond desire to visit them. My mind only fixed on the curiosities I should see, never on the hardships I should encounter.

My parents at this time proposed putting me

to business, and desired me to make a choice. I secretly wished to be a sailor, but was afraid and ashamed to say it. I told them always, when they pressed me on the point, that I did not know what to choose; at other times, I would either say nothing, or to create a laugh, I would pitch upon a bishop, or a baron, or a prince, for my trade. At length, when I was obliged to declare myself, I told them I wished to go to sea. My parents were exceedingly grieved to find me so disposed, they represented the dangers and hardships inseparably connected with a sea-faring life; but I did not believe them, attributing all they said either to ignorance or prejudice. Indeed, so insensible to natural affection was I become, that I often made jeer and sport of my father's advice when I joined my companions.

As my parents would not consent to my going to sea, because they loved me, and were interested in my welfare, I wickedly resolved to run off without their knowledge. Having prevailed upon another boy as young and foolish as myself, to enter into my plan, we determined to leave home the first week in the succeeding month of June.

When the day fixed for our departure arrived, Timothy Trick and I set off upon our adventure. After four days' hard travelling on foot with poor accommodation, we arrived at Greenock, a great sea-port town on the river Clyde. Hearing of a vessel ready to sail for America, we went immediately to the captain, and offered ourselves as cabin-boys. He so teased us with innumerable questions about our parents, &c. that our hearts, especially Timothy's, nearly failed us. However, as the captain was in great need of hands, he received us on board his ship. In a few days, when every thing was ready, and we were sailing out of the harbour, Timothy's father made his appearance in a boat in quest of his son. The moment I spied him, I ran below deck, and so completely hid myself, that notwithstanding the strictest search, I could not be found. Timothy, however, was taken off. When I understood we were clear of the Clyde, I came upon deck; but how mortified was I to find the Captain almost ready to toss me overboard for the lies I had made in order to deceive him!

The day after losing sight of Ireland, the weather became extremely squally, which was succeeded by a dreadful storm. I found it, to my sad experience, vastly different to view a storm in a picture, and to be in one at sea. At midnight I was ordered to mount the mainmast to assist in reefing the topsail. I fell upon my knees, and begged the captain not to desire me to go aloft, but he threatened to plunge me into the ocean, if I did not mount up in a moment; so I was obliged to comply, and before I got down, I had several times almost lost my hold and fallen into the ocean. When I got into my hammock, I wept bitterly. I was filled with most pungent grief for not hearkening to the tender, wholesome and affectionate counsel of my parents. Like the prodigal in Scripture, I thought upon my father's house, and sincerely envied the condition of his meanest servant; but we were moving fast to a foreign land. There was really no eye to pity me; the sailors laughed at me, and I became so sea sick, that I was good for nothing. Thus God brought me to my wretched end. A little before it came to my turn to watch on deck, the mate called two or three times to me to come

above. Being fast asleep, I did not hear him. Upon this he called to a seaman to cut down my hammock. This he did with great alacrity, expecting much sport. Having cut the strings by which my hammock was suspended, I consequently fell flat upon the floor in a moment, and my back was nearly broken by the fall. This occasioned great merriment to all on board; but, as the frogs in the fable said to the boys who were killing them for diversion, so said I, Friends, this may be sport to you, but it is death to me. [To be continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EVENING'S CONVERSATION.

There are persons whose minds are so entirely engrossed with thoughts of fancy and fiction, as to have no taste for contemplating the real wonders and sublimities by which we are surrounded. Their every thought and feeling is absorbed in poring over the pages of a captivating novel, but they can look upward and view all the celestial bodies without one deep emotion, without one thrill of admiring wonder. They can see the moon riding high in unobscured brightness, and only think of her as the planet, that lovers delight to gaze upon, and beneath whose mild beams, many a vow of eternal constancy has been uttered by the heroes of the enchanting romance. The stars are only secondary objects, when compared with the brilliant spangles on the dress of some countess, and shine but half as brilliantly as the sparkling eyes of the perfect heroine of the tale.

The injurious effects of indiscriminate and incessant novel reading, are perhaps in nothing so conspicuous, as in indisposing the mind for solid reading, for useful reflection, and deep contemplation on sublime and impressive realities. The brain of such a reader is too full of sighs and tears, of floating tresses and lily hands, of ideal beauty and fancied happiness, which existed only in the mind of the engaging writer, to have any room for the calm truths of real life or for the delightful study of the heavenly bodies, which show so clearly the wisdom and power of the mighty Founder of the Universe.

"What are you gazing at so earnestly, Edward?" said Augusta Lawrence to her brother, as he sat intently viewing from the window the bright and beaming glories of the heavens. It was a mild evening in October, and the harvest moon was shining in its full orb'd majesty, while all the planets and suns of other systems, were unobscured by a single cloud. "I am looking at the moon and stars, Augusta," said Edward.—Augusta had but just now read the final page of a new novel, and had been grieving that the expected explanations were all made, the characters all disposed of, and that there was no more to enlist her sensibilities, and awaken her curiosity. A sigh had escaped her as she remembered the touching scenes which she had seemed lost in thought; till seeing her brother thus occupied, and his animated look, she had playfully inquired the cause. His answer and design were of course connected with her own thoughts. "Looking at the moon and stars, Edward? And who is that fair one that has so much of your thoughts, and has promised at this hour to look with you on your fair orb? I fear your heart is away, for this whole vacation you have seemed changed. Why not join again with me to contemplate those beauties we have

so often admired together, in the works of the inimitable Scott, or our own favorite Cooper? And you even have not uttered one word of praise for the fair novel writers of our own state. You have ceased to laugh with Miriam Grey of the Peep at the Pilgrims, to fall in love with Catherine Courtland of Saratoga, and will not even weep with me over the hidden grief of Grace Osborn of the Rebels. Even little Claribel has more of your sympathies, in repeating over the dry lessons of morality learnt her from the Bible by her instructress. Yes, Edward, you must have found some one more lovely in your eyes than all their fair ones of which we ever read together."

"And is it not possible there may be some one more deserving of my love?" said he seriously.

"Oh yes," said Claribel, their little sister, "there is one, chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

"It is true, Augusta, I am led to think on one I love when I look on the heavens. I have abundant reason to regret the time I have spent with you, in reading works of fiction. You know how much I loved them, but you do not know what a hindrance they were to the pursuit of solid learning, when I entered college. But now, I had rather gaze for one half hour on a scene like this, than read all the romances in the world. And now," said he, rising and leading his sister towards the open window, "as I have often admired with you the charms of an ideal world, look with me for once on the broad circle of the heavens, and learn the wisdom of our heavenly Father. And you too, Claribel, may look and learn of that Being, whom your kind instructress would fain have you love."

"He sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers," said Claribel.

"Look now dear sisters, and see all those stars, that spangle the heavens!

"Planets and central orbs
Of other systems! big as the burning sun,
That light this nether globe."

And, to use the words of a nervous writer, "there, doubtless, dwell other moral and intellectual natures, passing what man calls time, in one untired pursuit of truth and duty; still seeking, still exploring, ever satisfying, never satiating the ethereal moral and intellectual thirst; whose delightful task it is, as it should be ours, to learn the will of the Eternal Father, and finding reason to admire, to adore, and praise, Him, first, His last, Him, midst, and without end." Say, who but an infinitely powerful Being, surpassing all human conception, could have formed the firmament, and see how all those bright orbs speak of the power and glory of our God!"

"I remember," interrupted Claribel, "where it says, The heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament showeth forth thy handy work."

"There, too, may we learn humility. It is good for us to gaze upon the wonders of the heavens, for how forcibly are we reminded of the infinite distance between such an Almighty power and man, frail man."

"And was't it David," said Claribel, "that said 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'"

"It was Claribel; and no doubt the soul of the

devout Psalmist was most filled with humility and adoration, while gazing, on such a night as this, at the heavens, spread out as a curtain above him. But that God has been mindful of us and that there did 'arise a star out of Jacob,' even 'the bright and morning star,' without whom we should all be as 'wandering stars,' reserved to blackness of darkness forever."

"But who is that one you think on with love, when you look on the moon and stars?" said the now thoughtful Augusta.

"Who but He that made that moon and those stars?"

"And what has taught you to love other objects than those we once both loved?"

"I have told you how much my love of fiction stood in the way of my progress in study. My tutor, saw this, and took unwearied pains to draw off my mind, and interest me in Astronomy. He was successful, and oh! how much I owe him. But he did not stop here. He taught me to look through nature, up to nature's God, and from the heavens that shall one day flee away, to him that made them, and to that heaven which shall be the home of the just forever. Often, when I have heard him describe the glories of that upper world, where God ever dwells, the centre of his unbounded universe, have I thought I should aspire to no higher place there, than to be a living, conscious star, in his crown of eternal rejoicing."

"And will you not teach me Astronomy while you remain at home," said Augusta, after a pause.

"Most gladly, and

'Thence higher soaring,
We'll raise our solemn thoughts to him,
The mighty founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator.'

A FABLE.

An idle weed that used to crawl
Unseen behind the garden wall,
(Its most becoming station)
At last—refresh'd by sun and showers,
Which nourished weeds, as well as flowers:—
Amused its solitary hours
With thoughts of elevation.

Those thoughts increasing day by day,
It shot forth many an upward spray,
And many a tendrill band;
But as it could not climb alone,
It uttered oft a lazy groan
To moss and mortar, stick and stone,
To lend a helping hand.

At length, by friendly arms sustained,
Th' aspiring vegetable gained
The object of its labours;
That which had cost her many a sigh,
And nothing less would satisfy—
Which was not only being high,
But higher than her neighbour.

And now this weed, though weak and spent
With climbing up the steep ascent,
Admired her figure tall;
And then, (for vanity ne'er ends
With that which it at first intends)
Began to laugh at those poor friends
That helped her up the wall.

But by and by, the lady spied
The garden on the other side;
And fallen was her crest
To see, in neat array below,
A bed of all the flowers that blow,
Lily and rose,—a goodly show,
In fairest colours drest.

Recovering from her first surprise,

She soon began to criticise,—

"A dainty sight indeed!
I'd be the meekest thing that blows,
Rather than that affected rose,
So much perfume offends my nose,"
Exclaimed the vulgar weed.

"Well, 'tis enough to make one chilly,
To see that pale, consumptive lily
Among these painted folks.
Miss Tulip, too, looks wond'rous odd,
She's gaping like a dying cod;
What a queer stick is golden-rod!
And how the violet pokes!

"Not for the gayest tint that lingers
On honey-suckle's rosy fingers,
Would I with her exchange;
For this, at least, is very clear,
Since they are there, and I am here,
I occupy a higher sphere—
Enjoy a wider range."

Alas! poor envious weed!—for lo,
That instant came the gardener's hoe,
And lopped her from her sphere;
But none lamented when she fell;
No passing Zephyr sighed, "farewell;"
No friendly Bee would hum her knell;
No fairy dropt a tear.

While those sweet flowers, of genuine worth,
Inclining towards the modest earth,
Adorn the vale below:
Content to hide in sylvan dell,
Their rosy buds and purple bells,
Tho' scarce a rising Zephyr tells
The secret where they grow.

THE MORAL.

"Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think." What a vast alteration would take place in society if this reasonable rule were to be attended to! If every one were to fall into his proper place in self-estimation, (as he must eventually do in the estimation of others,) how many mistakes,—how much mortification would be prevented! For it is in every sense true, that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." They who value themselves on any account too highly, will certainly receive that mortifying request from one and another,— "friend, go down lower." How wise then, how secure are they, who voluntary take the lowest room:—

"He that is down need fear no fall."

But it requires years and experience to know ourselves: hence it is, that self-conceit is the fault of youth; while we look for true modesty among the wise, the learned and the venerable.

How much better would it be to learn our own insignificance by observation and reflection than to have it discovered to us by our friends and neighbours. Yet it often requires very broad hints from those around us, before we even begin to suspect that we had rated ourselves too highly; and sometimes even this will not do: rather than suppose themselves mistaken, some will imagine all the world to be so; and conclude that their merits are overlooked. But this is a kind of injustice that very rarely takes place in society: and even if, owing to accidental circumstances, it should in any instance be the cause that we are thought of more meanly than we deserve, let it ever be remembered; that nothing can be done on our parts to redress the grievance. In most things, indeed, the more we can help ourselves the better; and he that would have his business done must do it himself; but here, it is just the

reverse. If we set but one step towards our own exaltation, we shall assuredly have to take two or three downwards for our pains. To deserve esteem is in our power, but if we claim it, we cease to deserve, and shall certainly forfeit it.

Young people at the period when they are acquiring knowledge, are very liable to self-conceit; and thus, by their own folly defeat the great purpose of instruction; which is, not to make them vain, but wise. They are apt to forget that knowledge is not for show, but for use; and that the desire to exhibit what they know, is invariably a proof of their acquirements being superficial.

Besides, like most other faults, self-conceit is no solitary failing, but ever brings many more in its train. They who are very desirous to shine themselves, are always envious of the attainments of others; and like the weed in our fable, will be ingenious in discovering defects in those who are more accomplished than themselves. The vain have no rest unless they are uppermost, and more conspicuous than all around them. The most interesting pursuits cannot render retirement agreeable: concealment to them is wretchedness.

There is no generous sentiment, no amiable disposition, no warm affection, but is chilled and blighted by the secret influence of self-conceit: and perhaps, there are none who more frequently or more effectually transgress the spirit of that great commandment of the law—"to love our neighbour as ourselves," than the vain. How many are there, who, while they would tremble at the idea of defrauding a companion of any part of her property, will not scruple to use a thousand little artifices to rival and supplant her in the opinion of others; thus endeavouring to rob her of that which she probably values much more.

There are three things which those who are conscious of a tendency to self-conceit would do well to remember:—

First, That this fault is always most apparent in persons of mean minds, and superficial acquirements: a conceited person may, indeed, be clever, but never can become great.

Secondly, That however they may suppose this weakness to be concealed within their own bosoms, there is no fault that is really so conspicuous, or that it is more impossible to hide from the eyes of others.

Thirdly, That it is highly offensive in the sight of God; and wholly inimical to moral and religious improvement.

Now, is there any gaudy weed who would fain become a sterling flower? Let such be assured that this wish, if prompted by right motives, and followed up by sincere endeavours, will not be in vain. But let it be remembered, that such a change can never be effected by merely adopting the colours and affecting the attitudes of one. This would be but to become an artificial flower at best; without the grace and fragrance of nature. Be not, then, satisfied with imitation, which, after all, is more laborious and difficult than aiming at reality. Be what you would seem to be; this is the shortest, and the only successful way. Above all, "be clothed with humility; and have the ornament of a meek and lowly spirit."—for of such flowers it may truly be said, that, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Of the prodigious Chestnut-Trees on Mount Etna, with some other curious Particulars; from Mr. Brydono's Tour, &c.

We left the Catania road on the left and began to ascend the mountain, in order to visit the celebrated tree, known by the name of *Il Castagno de Cento Cavalli*. (The chestnut tree of an hundred horse;) which for some centuries past has been looked upon as one of the greatest wonders of Etna. We were likewise determined (if possible) to gain the summit of the mountain by this side, and to descend by the side of Catania; but we were soon convinced of the impossibility of this, and obliged, though with a good deal of reluctance, to relinquish that part of our scheme.

The distance from Giardini to Piedmonte is only ten miles, but as the road is exceedingly rough and difficult it took us near four hours to travel it. The barometer, which at Giardini (on the sea side) stood at 29 inches, 10 lines had now fallen to 27:3. Fahrenheit's thermometer (made by Adams in London) 73 degrees.

From this place, it is not less than five or six miles to the great chestnut trees, through forest growing out of the lava, in several places almost impassable. Of these trees there are many of an enormous size; but the *Castagno de Cento Cavalli* is by much the most celebrated. I have even found it marked in an old map of Sicily, published near an hundred years ago; and in all the maps of Etna, and its environs, it makes a very conspicuous figure. I own I was by no means struck with its appearance, as it does not seem to be one tree, but a bush of five large trees growing together. We complained to our guides of the imposition, when they unanimously assured us, that by the universal tradition and even testimony of the country, all these were once united in one stem; that their grandfathers remembered this, when it was looked upon as the glory of the forest, and visited from all quarters; that for many years past it had been reduced to the venerable ruin we beheld.

We began to examine it with more attention and found that there is an appearance that these five trees were really once united in one. The opening in the middle is at present prodigious, and it does indeed require faith to believe that so vast a space was once occupied by solid timber.—But there is no appearance of trunk on the inside of any of the stems, nor on the sides that are opposite to one another. Mr. Glynn and I measured it separately, and brought it exactly to the same size, viz 211 feet round. If this was once united in one solid stem, it must with justice need have been looked upon as a very wonderful phenomenon in the vegetable world, and was deservedly styled, the glory of the forest.

I have since been told by the Canonico Reupero, an ingenious ecclesiastic of this place, that he was at the expense of carrying up peasants with tools to dig round the *Castagno de Cento Cavalli*, and he assures me, upon his honour, that he found all stems united below ground in one root. I alleged that so extraordinary an object must have been celebrated by many of their writers.—He told me that it had, and produced several examples; Philoteo, Carrera, and some others. Carrera, begs to be excused from telling its dimensions, but he says, he is sure there was wood enough in that one tree to build a large palace. Their poet Bago-

lini too has celebrated a tree of the same kind, perhaps the same tree; and Massa, one of their most esteemed authors, says he has seen solid oaks upwards of 40 feet round; but adds, that the size of the chestnut trees was beyond belief, the hollow of one of which, he says, contained 300 sheep; and 30 people had often been in it on horseback. I shall not pretend to say, that this is the same tree he means; or whether it ever was one tree or not. There are many others that are well deserving the curiosity of travellers. One of these, about a mile and a half higher on the mountain, is called *Il Collino del Geba*; it rises from one solid stem to a considerable height, after which it branches out, and is a much finer object than the other. I measured it about two feet from the ground; it was 76 feet round. There is a third called *Il Castagno del Nere*, that is pretty nearly of the same size. With respect to a thick bush, sometimes formed or gnarled, I believe, or makes the same by the mountain.

The climate here is much more temperate than in the best region of Etna, where the excessive heats must ever prevent a very luxuriant vegetation. I found the barometer had fallen to 27:3, which announces a variation of very near 1000 feet, equivalent to the elevation of some of the French Academies, to 11 or 20000 feet of latitude in the former of a latitude.

The vast quantity of nitre contained in the ashes of Etna, probably contributes greatly to increase the luxuriance of this vegetation, and the air so strongly impregnated with it, and the smoke of the volcano, must create a constant supply of this salt, formed by some, not without reason, the food of vegetables.

There is a great fault in the middle of the great chestnut tree for holding the fruit it bears, which is still very considerable; here we dined with excellent appetite, and being thoroughly convinced, that it was in vain to attempt getting to the mountain on that side, we began to descend, and after a very fatiguing journey over hills, we saw the fertile fields and rich meadows, which we saw at sunset at *Jaci Biale* near, with the utmost difficulty, we at last got lodging in a convent of Dominicans.

The last lava we crossed before our arrival there, is of a vast extent. I thought we never should have had done with it; it certainly is not less than six or seven miles broad, and appears in many places to be of an enormous depth.

To be Continued

ANECDOTES.

Balby, a Griqua, in South Africa, stated, that the first thing which led him to think of religion, was observing the Hottentots, who belonged to Zak rader mission, giving thanks when eating.—I went (said he) afterwards to that settlement, where I heard many things, but felt no interest in them. But one day, when alone in the fields, I looked very seriously at a mountain, as the work of that God of whom I had heard. Then I looked to my two hands, and for the first time noticed that there were the same number of fingers on each. I asked why are there not five on this hand, and three on that? it must be God that made them so. Then I examined my feet, and wondered to find my soles both flat; not one flat and the other round. God must have done this, said I. In this way I considered my whole body,

which made a deep impression on my mind, and disposed me to hear the word of God with more interest, till I was brought to trust that Jesus died for my sins."

Gideon, a converted Indian, was one day attacked by a savage, who, presenting his gun to his head, exclaimed—"Now I will shoot you for you speak of nothing but Jesus." Gideon answered—"If Jesus does not permit you, you cannot shoot me." The savage was so struck with this answer, that he dropped his gun, and went home in silence.

Nothing is more ridiculous than to boast advantages of education which have not been improved. A young clergyman in America was lately boasting, among his relations, of having been educated at two colleges, Harvard and Cambridge. "You remind me," said an aged friend present, "of an instance I knew, of a cart that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, Sir, replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was, that he was a very great calf."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Evil habits are so great a stain to humanity, and so odious in themselves, that every person attacked by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always attended both from God and man, and had future punishment entailed upon them.

None can be content without application and study. Aristotle says, That to become an abler in any possession whatsoever, three things are necessary; which are, nature, study, and practice.

A man of ingenuity may go a great way in the field of learning by himself. Heraclitus, philosopher of Ephesus, had no master or tutor, but obtained his great knowledge by his own private study and diligence. Though this cannot be an example to those who have not the advantage of a guide.

A hawk is a heeter towards God, and a crow towards man.

POETRY.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow! Grand decider of our race!
For thee, still unprov'd, to day gives place:
The heart's led choice, and hence the tongue
To-morrow.

To-morrow! Fair foundation, broken reef!
Who ever prosper'd that to thee gave heed?
Who madly wastes to day will never speed
To-morrow.

To-morrow! Phantom of the idler's brain!
To-day as yesterday, has come in vain
To him, who trifling, wisdom hopes to gain
To-morrow.

To-morrow, dost thou say, thou'll wiser be?
"Thou fool! This night, thy soul's require
Thee?"

To-day is lost nor shall thou ever see
To-morrow.

To-morrow! Let the man of heart sincere,
The present time improve, his God reverse.
Who wisely lives to-day, has nought to fear
To-morrow.