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# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus autem."

No. 17.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, November 23, 1831.

Vol. I.

## JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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### CONDITIONS.

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All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### The Progress of Genius

FROM OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMINENCE AND CELEBRITY.

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

#### ALEXANDER BOUCHER,

Or, as he was accustomed to call himself, from the title given him in a French journal, *L'Alexandre du Violon*, one of the most remarkable but-centric violinists, was born at Paris in 1770. At the age of six he played before the dauphin, and at eight he played in public. He was in unfortunate circumstances in early life, until he obtained a place in Spain, under Charles IV, where he was himself a good violinist. In 1814, he went to England. At Dover, the custom house officers were about to seize his instrument, but Boucher suddenly struck up "God save the King," with variations, and was suffered to pass unmolested. He is as remarkable for eccentricity as for his musical powers. He is now established at Berlin. Boucher has attracted much attention by his resemblance to Napoleon, whose gait, demeanor and look he can perfectly imitate. Every one fancies he sees the emperor when Boucher folds his arms. He declares his resemblance to have been disadvantageous at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons.

#### MATTHEW BOULTON,

A celebrated engineer, was born at Birmingham in 1728. After being educated at the grammar-school, he was instructed in drawing by an orlidge, and he also studied mathematics. He engaged in business as a manufacturer of hardware, and, as early as 1745, he is said to have invented, and brought to great perfection, inlaid steel huckles, buttons, watchchains, &c, of which large quantities were exported to France, whence they were purchased with avidity by the English, as "the offspring of French ingenuity." In 1762, Boulton finding his manufactory at Birmingham too confined for his purposes, purchased a lease of the Soho, about two miles distant,

in the county of Stafford. This spot, then a barren heath, was gradually converted into an extensive manufactory and school of the mechanical arts, where ingenious men found ample employment for their talents from the liberal patronage of the patriotic proprietor. The introduction of that important machine the steam-engine, at Soho, led to a connexion between Boulton and James Watt of Glasgow, who became partners in trade in 1769. Among the many great undertakings in which these gentlemen were engaged, one of the most useful and important was the improvement of the coinage. In beauty and accuracy of execution, the coins struck at the Soho manufactory have rarely been surpassed; and the reform thus effected in the state of the English rational currency confers the highest honour on those with whom it originated. About the year 1773, was invented, at the establishment of Boulton and Watt, a method of copying, by a mechanical process, paintings in oil, so as to produce fac-similes of the originals, sufficiently accurate to deceive a practised connoisseur. The various mechanical inventions and improvements which originated, more or less directly, from the genius and application of Boulton, are too numerous to admit of specification. His long life was uninterruptedly devoted to the advancement of the useful arts, and the promotion of the commercial interests of his country. He died at Soho, Aug 17, 1809, and was interred in the parish church of Handsworth. 600 of his workmen attended his funeral, each of whom had a silver medal presented to him, which had been struck for the occasion. He was a fellow of the royal societies of London and Edinburgh, and an associate of several scientific institutions abroad. His manners and conversation are said to have been highly fascinating, and his private character was extremely respectable. He left an only son who succeeded him in his establishment at Soho.

*Encyclopedia Americana.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE DOG.

The Dog is allowed to be the most intelligent of all quadrupeds, and one that doubtless is most to be admired, for, independent of his beauty, his vivacity, and swiftness, he gives the most manifest proofs of his attachment to mankind. In his savage state he may have been a formidable enemy, but to view him at present he seems only anxious to please; he willingly crouches before his master, and is ready to lick the dust from his feet: he waits his orders, consults his looks, and is more faithful than half the human race. He is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favour he can receive: easily forgets both cruelty and oppression; and disarms resentment by submissively yielding to the will of those whom he studiously endeavours to serve and please.

His sagacity can only be exceeded by his fidelity; for he will discover a beggar by the appearance of his clothes; and when at night he

is put in charge of the house, no sentinel can protect it with greater care. If he happens to scent a stranger at a distance, his voice instantly sounds the alarm, and if they attempt to break in upon the territories, they are in danger of forfeiting either their limbs or life. From hence we may see of what importance this animal may be considered to the human race; it protects them from rapine, guards them from invasion, and shows an attachment that must at once both delight and please. It assists them in the destruction of such animals as are obnoxious to their interest, aids them in conquering those which contribute to their delight, and even, when worn out by age or exertion, their skin is capable of being turned into use.

The dog thus serviceable in himself, when taken into a participation of empire, exerts a degree of superiority over all animals that require human protection. The flock and the herd obey his voice more readily than even that of the shepherd or the herdsman; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from danger, and seems to consider their enemies as his own. Nor is he less useful in pursuit, when the sound of the horn or the voice of the huntsman calls him to the field; he justifies his pleasure by various little arts, and pursues with avidity that spoil which, when taken, he knows he must not share.

We cannot conclude the account of this sagacious animal without inserting an anecdote related by the ingenious Mr Pratt, which strikingly evinces the force of its fidelity, and displays an attachment that would do honour to the human race:—

"A few days before the overthrow of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the north, condemned on pretence of conspiracy, an upright magistrate and most estimable man. This gentleman had a water-spaniel, which had been faithful to his master for the space of twelve years; and at the moment when, from fear, his dearest friends had forsaken him, showed an attachment that at once must affect and please.

"This faithful creature was with him when he happened to be seized, but was refused admission into his cell; and after remaining at the door some time, in the hope of obtaining entrance, retired disconsolate to the house of his master's friend.

"Daily he returned to the doors of the prison, and remained stationary there for several hours at a time, and gave such indubitable marks of affection as absolutely to penetrate the keeper's heart. The faithful animal was permitted to enter, though the man dared not allow him long to remain, but, at the same hour each day, he besought admission, and his pleadings were too powerful for the keepers to withstand.

"When the day of receiving sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd which power, love, and curiosity collected, the dog contrived to force a passage into the hall, and penetrating through the guards which surrounded his master, laid himself down between his feet when the fatal

fiat was pronounced against him, and the next day he was doomed to a disgraceful death! Though the attached creature was prevented from re-entering the prison, yet he remained at the door during the whole night; and in the morning, when the unfortunate man was destined to pass through it, he was greeted by the carresses of this unalterable friend, who alone remained firm in the hour of exigence, and refused to be separated even by the power of death!

"The lifeless body was no sooner stretched upon that element where it was destined to ever after to remain, than the afflicted animal walked sorrowfully round it, and testified his distress by the most moving complaints; and when concealed from his eyes by the earth that covered it, he refused stirring from the side of the grave. In vain was he attempted to be attracted from that asylum where the sorrows of his master were peaceably laid; for though he would occasionally partake of the food prepared for his sustenance, he always regularly returned to his melancholy retreat.

"At length the friends of his master, in whose house he had been cherished, allured him from the spot where his affections were confined, and prevented him from displaying such marks of attachment as were ultimately calculated to destroy his life. But what manacles are capable of confining the affections? He soon broke through the fetters by which he had been restrained, and rushed towards the grave that contained the ashes of his master, as if forming the resolution there to remain. Without attempting to force him from his favourite haunt, different kinds of food were offered him to eat, but in vain they tried to induce him to partake of it, for he refused touching any kind of meat. Four-and-twenty hours did this faithful creature employ in attempting to scratch the earth from the body it contained, when nature exhausted by exertion and attachment, found each attempt grow still more weak and vain: a sudden shriek testified his anguish; a convulsive motion shook his frame, and stretching himself upon the ashes that concealed the object of his affection, he relinquished a life of fidelity and pain!"—*New Preceptor.*

### THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

#### PIETY TO GOD.

PIETY to God is the first thing to be recommended, as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then, spontaneously, rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness.—Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the Universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the insurer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others: himself, your

best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him, to whom your parents devoted you; of him, whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in Heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm vigorous dictate of the heart.—*Blair.*

### P O E T R Y.

From "The World before the Flood."

#### THE DEATH OF ADAM.

(Concluded.)

Wrestling with God, as nature's vigour fail'd  
His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;  
The prayer from agony to rapture rose,  
And sweet as angel accents fell the close.  
I stood to greet him; when he raised his head,  
Divine expression o'er his visage spread,  
His presence was so saintly to behold,  
He seem'd in sinless paradise grown old.  
Ere noon, returning to his tower, I found  
Our father labouring in his harvest ground,  
(For yet he till'd a little plot of soil  
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil;  
But O how changed from him, whose morning eye  
Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh!  
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;  
I mark'd the ghastly colour of his look,  
And ran to help him; but his latest strength  
Fail'd;—prone upon his shoaves he fell at length:  
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,  
Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head:  
Such pass'd; I call'd him, and we bore our sire  
To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire:  
Ere long he woke to feeling, with a sigh,  
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;  
Strangely and timidly he peer'd around;  
Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound—  
"Is this a new creation?—Have I pass'd  
The bitterness of death?"—He look'd aghast,  
Then sorrowful;—No, men and trees appear;  
"Tis not a new creation,—pain is here:  
From sin's dominion is there no release?  
Lord! let thy servant now depart in peace.  
Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,  
He knew us; tears of consternation stole  
Down his pale cheeks:—"Seth;—Enoch!—Where is  
Eve?"

How could the spouse her dying consort leave?"

"Eve look'd that moment from their cottage door

In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before;

He was not there; she called him by his name;

Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came;

Here am I," answered he, in tone so weak,

That we who held him scarcely heard him speak:

But resolutely bent to rise, in vain

He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain.

Eve call'd again, and turning tow'rd the shade,

Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid:

She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,

Forward, and cast herself upon the ground

At Adam's feet: half-rising in despair,

From our arms she wildly strove to tear:

Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd

His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,

And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,

Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.

Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,

They open'd on her in a transient flame:

"—And art thou here my life! my love! he cried,

Faithful in death to this congenial side?

Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,

One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part."

"—Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below—  
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,  
She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,

Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.  
Alarming recollection soon return'd,  
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:  
Ah! then, as nature's tenderest impulse wrought,  
With fond solicitude of love she sought  
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,  
And make the pillow easy to his head,  
She wiped his reeking temple with her hair—  
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air:  
Moistened his lips with kisses: with her breath  
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of death,  
That ran and revolv'd through his swollen veins:  
With quicker pulses and severer pains.

"The sun, in summer majesty on high,  
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;  
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,  
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,  
And, circled with a red portentuous zone,  
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:  
The vital air was still; the torrid heat  
Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.  
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,  
Thence to his home our father was convey'd,  
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,  
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.  
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were  
known,

We chose to watch his dying bed alone,  
Eve, Seth, and I. In vain he sigh'd for rest,  
And oft his meek complainings, thus expressed:  
—"Blow on me, wind! I faint with heat! O bring  
Delicious water from the deepest spring;  
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,  
Ye cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.  
Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;  
Whisper a word of comfort in my ear;  
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom,  
This silence is the silence of the tomb.  
Thither I hasten; help me on my way;  
O sing to soothe me, and to strengthen pray!  
We sang to soothe him,—hopeless was the song;  
We pray'd to strengthen him,—he grew not strong.  
In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,  
Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,  
We press'd the virtue; no terrestrial balm  
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.  
Thus as the day declined, the felt disease  
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:  
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,  
More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind,  
Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,  
Not his the fortune that mocks at pains,  
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.  
—"Tis just, 'tis merciful," we heard him say,  
'Yet whereso'er hath He turn'd his face away?  
I see him not, I hear him not, I call,  
My God! My God! support me or I fall."

"The sun went down, amidst an angry glare  
Of flushing clouds that crimson'd all the air,  
The winds brake loose, the forest boughs were torn,  
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne,  
Cattle to shelter scudded in a fright,  
And liquid evening vanish'd into night.  
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,  
In peals of thunder, and thick-voll'd hail;  
Prono rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,  
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand,  
Around its base, the foamy crested streams  
Flashed through the darkness to the lightning's gleams:  
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,  
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;  
Never since nature into being came,  
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame;  
We thought, infulg'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,  
The world itself would perish with our sire.

"Amidst this war of elements, within  
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin.  
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,  
Breathing the slow remains of life away.  
Erewhile victorious faith sublimer rose  
Beneath the pressure of collected woes,  
But now his spirit waver'd, wot and came,  
Like the loose vapour of departing flame,  
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die  
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,  
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,  
The faint brake forth, and Adam thus began:—

"—O ye that shudder at this awful strife,

his wrestling agony of death and life,  
 think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,  
 will leave me thus forsaken to the last,  
 'ature's infirmity alone you see,  
 by chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;  
 though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,  
 he flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.  
 orror and anguish seize me,—'tis the hour  
 of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;  
 he tempter plies me with his direst art,  
 he sees the serpent coiling round my heart,  
 he stirs the wound he once inflicted there,  
 he stirs the deadening poison of despair,  
 he bids me curse my maker to his face.  
 I will not curse Him, though his grace delay,  
 will not cease to trust Him, though he slay;  
 all on his promised mercy I rely,  
 God hath spoken,—God who cannot lie.  
 Thou, of my faith the author and the end!  
 me early, late, and everlasting Friend!  
 joy, that once thy presence gave, restore  
 I am summoned hence, and seen no more:  
 when to the dust returns this earthly frame,  
 receive my spirit, Lord! from whom it came;  
 bide the tempter, show thy power to save,  
 let thy glory light me to the grave,  
 at these, who witness my departing breath,  
 y learn to triumph in the grasp of death.  
 He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,  
 and seem'd to rest in silent prayer a while:  
 and his couch with lilies awe we kneel'd,  
 when suddenly a light from Heaven reveal'd  
 a pit, that stood within the unopened door,  
 sword of God in his right hand he bore  
 countenance was lightning, and his vest  
 as snow at sunrise on the mountains crest;  
 so benignly beautiful his form,  
 presence still'd the fury of the storm:  
 once the winds retire, the waters cease,  
 look was love, his salutation peace!  
 Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,  
 terror grew to transport, while she gazed  
 'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove  
 banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove:  
 m, my life, my spouse awake! she cried,  
 turn to Paradise, behold thy guide!  
 t me follow in this dear embrace!  
 sunk, and on his bosom hid her face,  
 in look'd up, his visage, changed its hue,  
 reform'd into an angel's at the view:  
 me! he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,  
 in a sigh of ecstasy expired.  
 light was vanished, and the vision fled,  
 stood alone, the living with the dead:  
 ruddy embers glimmering round the room,  
 lay'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;  
 o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,  
 gate of Heaven had open'd there, and closed.  
 Eve's faithful arm still clasped her lifeless spouse,  
 ly I shook it from her trance to rouse,  
 gave no answer, motionless and cold,  
 ll like clay from my relaxing hold:  
 and I lifted up the locks of grey  
 hid her cheek, her soul had pass'd away;  
 auteous corpse she grazed her partner's side,  
 bound their lives, and death could not divide."  
 MONTGOMERY.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

"O Nature! all-sufficient over all!  
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works,"  
 "Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
 and with strong confidence lay hold on Thee."

THE FORM OF THE EARTH.

On returning from my subterraneous excursion,  
 my attention is naturally directed to the  
 form of that stupendous fabric, which  
 consists of so many convenient apartments, and is  
 supported by so many valuable materials; and  
 I am led to trust to appearances as they present  
 themselves to my limited powers of vision, I  
 am led to conclude (as was the opinion of  
 the ancients) that the earth is a wide

extended flat, bounded by the horizon.

This belief, however, is now completely exploded, and the figure of the earth demonstrated to be globular by the voyages of a number of circumnavigators, from the days of the famous MAGELLAN down to those of our illustrious countryman Captain Cook.\*

By these voyagers it has been fully ascertained that a vessel leaving Europe in a certain direction, may return to the point from whence she set out, without altering her course farther than necessary to avoid intervening obstacles, or give her, what the sailor's call sea-room.

The sphericity of the earth is also apparent from the circumstance, that two ships at sea, sailing in contrary directions till they lose sight of each other, first do so by the disappearance of the hulls and lower riggings, and afterwards of the higher sails and top-masts. The roundness from North to South, is evident from the sinking of northern to the horizon, till they actually disappear to those who travel far southward; and from East to West by the difference of sun rise in proportion as we go Eastward or Westward. The form of the earth being therefore proved by arguments the most incontrovertible, to be that of a globe or sphere, our next inquiry ought to be, How far the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty are manifest in that particular form? And this is highly apparent if we consider that this is the most capacious, compact, and durable of all figures,—the most convenient for a body in motion,—for the equal distribution of light and heat,—for the proper disposal of land and water,—as well as for the beneficial influence of the winds

The earth, which is the habitation of so many creatures, must be sufficiently capacious not only to contain them, but what is necessary for their preservation; and being, as it were, the basis of this sublunary creation, it must be so firmly and compactly put together, as to be beyond the reach of accident to destroy any of its parts, till the fiat shall have gone forth; that, Time shall be no more.

Had it been of an ANGULAR form, the points of the angles behoved to have been considerably weakened by their distance from the centre of gravity, consequently would have been in continual danger of being loosened, or flying off, by the rapidity of the earth's diurnal motion round its axis; or had it been possible for them to have remained, what resistance must these angels have occasioned in the performance of that motion! What a continual state of perturbation and tempest in the air must they have caused! How incommensurable to the diffusion of light and heat, and for the wise and useful distribution of the waters!

THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

In casting my eyes abroad over the face of the earth, I observe it covered with two great bodies of LAND and WATER; but as it is to the appendages and productions of the former I mean first to direct my thoughts, I shall leave the consideration of Nature's mighty Reservoir, and the wonders of the Ocean, to an after occasion, and shall proceed to consider the magnificent scene which the dry land presents.

\* There is a strange coincidence in the manner by which these two illustrious commanders came by their death, both were cut off in the midst of their discoveries—both fell a sacrifice to their thirst after knowledge—the former being murdered by the inhabitants of an island in the East-Indies, and the latter by the natives of Owhyhee, in the Pacific Ocean.

occasion, and shall proceed to consider the magnificent scene which the dry land presents.

The first thing that here strikes the imagination, is that wonderful diversity everywhere observable, and those numerous inequalities so conspicuous on its surface. On one part, I behold the gently rising hillock, scarcely perceptible amidst the surrounding level: in another, the tremendous precipice, yawning horribly over mountain's brow! Here, a deep-sunk glen, imbosomed among rocks, recedes from the eye, and screens the little rivulet that glides along its bottom; there, the lofty summits of the Andes and the Alps, with cloud-capt tops wrapt in garments of perpetual snow, bid defiance to vegetation or simile above the blast in sunshine, the reverberating sound of distant thunder proclaims the raging of the storm below.

In one place I behold the pleasantly sheltered meadow, decked in all its luxuriance of herbage, and in another a wide naked waste, or sea-like fen, losing itself in the distant prospect. Here, broad and rapid rivers separate nations at variance: there, the purling stream, partly fordable, and partly surmounted by the convenient bridge, unites and connects those who enjoy the mild blessings of peace. Here a vast tract of uncultivated heath stretches across the districts of the mountains, while lakes of considerable magnitude leave their basis, and cover by their limpid waves interjacent vallies.

I have just been considering the earth as a globular body. But how, it may be asked, are we to reconcile this with those unequal appearances observable on its surface? To this I answer, That the elevation of the highest mountain bears no more proportion to the diameter of this wonderful structure, than the inequalities on the rind of an orange does to its bulk; and although these may render it, comparatively speaking, a little uneven, they do nothing to subtract from the beauty of its appearance, or the general roundness of its figure.

Deformities indeed they cannot be called; for if the human mind delights in variety, these inequalities present us with a variety the most pleasing and picturesque; and if the contemplative philosopher is captivated by the multiplicity of nature's productions, these furnish food for the most keen researches into the wonders of Omnipotence.

But a gratification of taste for the sublime and beautiful were not the only objects the Creator had in view in this diversity of the earth's surface.

Cheap Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BREAD-MAKING.—In the earliest antiquity, we find the flour or meal of grain used as food. The inconvenience attending the use of the grain in its natural state, and, perhaps, the accidental observation, that, when bruised, and softened in water, it formed a paste, and, when dried again, a more compact, mealy substance, led, by degrees, to the artificial preparation of bread. Easy as it seems to us, it must have been a long time before it was completely successful. The grain was first bruised between stones, & from the meal mixed with milk and water, a dry, tough and indigestible paste was made into balls. This is yet the chief food of the caravans in the deserts of Northern Africa. The Carthaginians, also, ate no bread, and hence were called, in derision, by the Romans, *pullipagi*; (potage-eaters).

After many attempts, or perhaps, accidentally, it was observed, that, by bringing the paste into a state of fermentation, its tenacity is almost entirely destroyed, and the mass becomes broad, porous, agreeable to the taste, digestible, and, consequently, healthy. The process pursued is the following:—Some old dough, called *leaven*, which, by a spirituous fermentation, has swelled up, become spongy, and acquired an acid and spirituous smell, is kneaded with the new dough, and produces, though in an inferior degree, a similar fermentation in the whole mass. The whole thus becomes spongy, a quantity of air or gas is developed, which, being prevented from escaping by the tenacity of the dough, heaves and swells it, and gives it a porous consistency. This is what is called the *working* of the dough. In this state, the dough is put into the heated oven, where the air contained in it, and the spirituous substance, are still more expanded by heat, and increase the porosity of the bread, making it materially different from the unbaked dough. The best and most wholesome bread is baked in some parts of France, and on the Rhine. In England, the flour is adulterated with many foreign substances, in order to make the bread whiter. In some parts of Sweden, the bread is composed, in part, of the bark of trees, during the winter. In Westphalia, a kind of very coarse, black bread is made, of which the peasants bake one large loaf for the whole week. This is divided for use with small saws. It is called *pumpernickel*, and is sometimes exported. In many parts of Germany, bread is made of grain nearly entire, or but just bruised, which is very coarse, and frequently forms part of the food of the horses. Bread is found wherever civilization has extended. It is made of wheat, rye, maize, barley, oats, spelt, &c. The want of bread has often occasioned public commotions, particularly in Paris and ancient Rome.

**BREAD-FRUIT.**—The bread fruit is a large, globular berry, of a pale green color, about the size of a child's head, marked on the surface with irregular six-sided depressions, and containing a white and somewhat fibrous pulp, which, when ripe, becomes juicy and yellow. The tree that produces it grows wild in Otaheite and other islands of the South seas, is about 40 feet high, with large and spreading branches, and has large, bright-green leaves, deeply divided into 7 or 9 spear-shaped lobes. —We are informed, in captain Cook's first voyage round the world, that the eatable part of this fruit lies between the skin and the core; and that it is as white as snow, and somewhat of the consistence of new bread. When gathered, it is generally used immediately, if it be kept more than 24 hours, it becomes hard and chokey. The inhabitants of the South sea islands prepare it as food by dividing the fruit into three or four parts, and roasting it in hot embers. Its taste is insipid, with a slight tartness, somewhat resembling that of the crumb of wheaten bread mixed with Jerusalem artichoke. Of this fruit, the Otaheites make various messes by mixing it with water or the milk of the cocoa-nut, then beating it to a paste with a stone pestle, and afterwards mingling with it ripe plantains, bananas, or a sour paste made from the bread-fruit itself, called *malie*. It continues in season eight months, and so great is its utility in the island of Otaheite, "that," observes captain Cook, "if, in those

parts where it is not spontaneously produced, a man plant but 10 trees in his whole lifetime, he will as completely fulfil his duty to his own and to future generations, as the natives of our less temperate climate can do by ploughing in the cold of winter, and reaping in the summer's heat, as often as these seasons return; even if, after he has procured bread for his present household, he should convert the surplus into money, and lay it up for his children." Not only does this tree supply food, but clothing, and numerous other conveniences of life. The inner bark, which is white, and composed of a net-like series of fibres, is formed into a kind of cloth. The wood is soft, smooth, and of a yellowish color, and is used for the building of boats and houses. In whatever part the tree is wounded, a glutinous, milky juice issues, which, when boiled with cocoa nut oil, is employed for making bird-lime, and as a cement for filling up cracks in such vessels as are intended for holding water. Some parts of the flowers serve as tinder, and the leaves are used for wrapping up food, and other purposes.—As the climate of the South sea islands is considered not very different from that of the West Indies, it was, about 42 years ago, thought desirable, that some of the trees should be transferred, in a growing state, to the English islands there. His Majesty's ship the *Bounty* sailed, in 1787, for this purpose, to the South seas, under the command of lieutenant, afterwards admiral, Bligh. But a fatal mutiny of the crew at that time prevented the accomplishment of this benevolent design. The commander of the vessel, however, returned in safety to his country, and a second expedition, under the same person, for the same purpose, was fitted out in the year 1791. He arrived in safety at Otaheite, and, after an absence from England of about 18 months, landed in Jamaica, with 352 bread-fruit-trees, in a living state, having left many others at different places in his passage thither. From Jamaica, these trees were transferred to other islands, but, the Negroes having a general and long-established predilection for the plantain, the bread-fruit is not much relished by them. Where, however, it has not been generally introduced as an article of food, it is used as a delicacy; and, whether employed as bread, or in the form of pudding, it is considered highly palatable by the European inhabitants.

*Encyclopædia Americana.*

#### DAWN OF GENIUS.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIER.

This youth was the son of a minister of the reformed church at Swabach, near Nuremberg, who was also his preceptor. He was born in 1721. At the age of nine he was master of five languages, including the Greek and Hebrew. At eleven he published a learned Latin letter, and a translation of the Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin, from Rabbinical Hebrew into French, with curious notes and descantations. It is remarkable that he learned these languages, not by the aid of grammars and dictionaries, but by the use of different versions of the Bible.

To Philology he added Philosophy, Ecclesiastical History and Theology. In 1735 he was admitted a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, on which occasion he drew up some *thèses*, which he defended with so much spirit and ability that he excited the admiration of all who heard him.

Frederic the great hearing of this sent for him, and told him if he continued to improve for ten years, he might be the first minister of state in Europe. The young philosopher replied, that he was too much charmed with quietude and study, to aim at so high a situation; and, returning to Halle, applied himself with so

much zeal to learning that he died of a decline, some what under the age of twenty.

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

To come but once into the world, and try away our right use of it, making that a burden which was given for a blessing, is strange infatuation.

There is but little need to drive away that tire by foolish diversions, which tires away itself, and when once gone, is never to be recalled.

A man's best fortune, or worst, is a wife.

Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife.

How unreasonable is it, to begin to live when we live no longer: That man does not live as he should do who does not reckon upon every day as his last.

Most men that affect sports, make them a principal part of their lives: not reflecting, that while they are diverting the time, they are throwing it away. What alter the very nature and design of recreation, when you make a business of it.

Sir Philip Sidney used to say, That he liked hunting next to hunting worst; which implied he had little esteem for either.

There is nothing that so much engages our affection to this world, as the want of consideration how soon we are to leave it.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst for which we must all account, when time shall be no more.

There are but very few who know how to be idle as innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

Make the most of your minutes, says the emperor Aureolus, and be good for something while it is in your power.

#### POETRY.

##### TO THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy guileless plays,  
So beautiful approve thee,  
So winning, light, are all thy ways.  
I cannot choose but love thee.  
Thy balmy breath upon my brow,  
Is like the summer air,  
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,  
To plant the soft kiss there.

Thy steps are drawing tow'ards the bound,  
Between the child and woman,  
And thoughts and feelings more profound,  
And other years are coming.  
And thou shalt be more fondly fair,  
More precious to the heart;  
But never shalt thou be again,  
The lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass with all the brood  
Of fancy-fed affection,  
And care shall come with womanhood,  
And waken cold reflection.  
Thou'lt learn to toil, to watch and weep,  
O'er pleasures unreturning,  
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep  
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so, nor cloud the scene  
Of joyous expectation,  
Ordained to bless thee, little one,  
Thou freshling of creation.  
Nor doubt that he who now doth feed  
Thy early lamp with gladness,  
Will be thy present help in need,  
Thy comforter in sadness.

Smile on thou little winsome thing,  
All rich in nature's treasure,  
Thou hast within thy heart a spring  
Of self-renewing pleasure.  
Smile on fair child, and take thy fill  
Of mirth, till time shall end it,  
'Tis nature's wise and gentle will,  
And who shall reprehend it.