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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 43.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, May 23, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

This ingenious poet was born about 1730, and was the son of a poor but industrious barber at Edinburgh, all of whose children, with the exception of our author, were either deaf or dumb. William received such common education as might qualify him for some inferior employment, and appears to have contracted a taste for reading, and a desire for higher attainments than his situation permitted. In the character of Arion, unquestionably intended for his own, he hints at a farther progress in study than his biographers have been able to trace:

"On him fair Science dawn'd in nappier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower:
But soon Adversity, with freezing blast
The blossom 'twixt, and the dawn o'er-cast,
Forlorn of her aid, and by severe decrees
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea."

It must indeed have been with reluctance that boy who had begun to taste the sweets of literature, consented to serve an apprenticeship on board a merchant vessel at Leith, which was as old he did when very young. He was afterwards in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of *Lexiphanes*, when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation; and when the latter distinguished himself as a poet, used to boast with some pride, that he had once been his scholar.

Falconer, probably by means of this friend, made second mate of a vessel employed in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked during his passage from Alexandria to Venice, and only three of the crew saved. The date of this event is not now to be ascertained; but what he saw and felt on the melancholy occasion made the deepest impression on his memory, and certainly suggested the plan and characters of his celebrated poem. Whether before this time he had made any poetical attempts we are not informed. The favours of a genuine muse are usually early, and it is at least probable that the allusions so frequent in "The Ship-

wreck." were furnished by much previous reading.

Our author is supposed to have continued in the merchant service until he gained the patronage of his Royal Highness Edward Duke of York, by dedicating to him "The Shipwreck," in the spring of 1762, and it is much to the honour of his highness's taste that he joined in the praise bestowed on this poem, and became desirous to place the author in a situation where he could best reward him. With this view, the Duke advised him to quit the merchant service for the royal navy; and before the summer had elapsed, Falconer was rated a midshipman on board Sir Edward Hawke's ship, the Royal George, which at the peace of 1763, was paid off.

As Falconer wanted much of that complementary time of service, which might enable him to arrive at the commission of lieutenant, his friends advised him to exchange the military for the civil department of the royal navy; and accordingly, in the course of 1763, he was appointed purser of the *Glory* frigate of thirty-two guns. Soon after he married a young lady of the name of Hicks, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. With this lady, who had considerable taste, he appears to have lived happily, although his circumstances were reduced for want of employment. That this was the case appears from a whimsical incident related by his biographer: "When the *Glory* was laid up in ordinary at Chatham, commissioner Hanway, brother to the benevolent Jonas Hanway, became delighted with the genius of its purser. The captain's cabin was ordered to be fitted up with a stove, and with every addition of comfort that could be procured, in order that Falconer might thus be enabled to enjoy his favourite propensity, without either molestation or expense."

Here he employed himself, for some time, in various literary occupations. Among others he compiled an "Universal Marine Dictionary," a work of great utility, and highly approved by professional men in the navy.

The *Marine Dictionary* was published in 1769, before which period he appears to have left his naval retreat at Chatham for an abode in the metropolis of a less comfortable kind. Here, depressed by poverty, but occasionally soothed by friendship, and by the affectionate attentions of his wife, he subsisted for some time on various resources. In 1768 he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to be admitted a partner in the business which that gentleman afterwards established.

No reason can be assigned with more probability for his refusing this liberal offer, than his appointment, immediately after, to the purser'ship of the *Aurora* frigate, which was ordered to carry out to India, Messrs. Vansittart, Scroston, and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. He was also promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen, a situation from which his friends conveyed the hopes that

he might eventually obtain lasting advantage. The *Aurora* sailed from England on the 30th September, 1769, and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage in a manner which left no trace by which the cause of the calamity could be discovered. The most probable conjecture is, that she foundered in the Cosambique channel.

COMMUNICATION.

For the *Juvenile Entertainer*.

MR MILNE,

Sir,—No one was more rejoiced than myself when I heard of the establishment of your little paper. I well remember how delighted I was when I first saw the *Boston Youth's Companion*, which you know was a weekly paper for children; and I thenceforward earnestly desired to see one of a similar kind here. At last, thanks to your enterprise, it appeared; and I felt assured that all who took any interest in the instruction and happiness of the young, and in the well being of a world when they themselves depart, would eagerly come forward to support, by their pen or their recommendation, or both, so admirable an instrument of good.

To argue upon the utility of a youth's paper cannot be necessary: the bare mention of the scheme must carry conviction. But to make it attractive a certain quantity of original matter is necessary. Not that it can be better, nor perhaps half so good, as that which you select, but still, such is our hankering after novelty, that we like something new, though far inferior to the old. And besides, the real intention of a periodical is lost sight of without at least a sprinkling of originality.

I have oftentimes, when reading, determined to select, and when thinking, to write, for you; but as often happens with wise resolving, I never got farther. To-day I chanced on the following piece of poetry in the *Juvenile Forget-Me Not* for 1832, which I think very beautiful, both in sentiment and style; and without allowing myself time again to resolve to delay, I have copied it, and now append it hereto. So you have both a communication and a selection. If you accept of this commencement, I shall endeavour to fill a column pretty often whether it shall be grave or gay, trifling or severe, prose or poetry, original or selected, the result can alone show, for purpose or plan I have none. Do all Clergymen, and all others pretending an interest in the instruction of the rising generation, patronize your paper? If not, it is time they did, or abandon their pretensions.

Yours, &c.

CONTRIBUTOR.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

By Mrs. Abdy.

Oh! do you ask me why I weep?
Who used to seem so glad?
There are out few a watch to keep,
If I am pleased or sad:
My father in life's busy toils
Throughout the day must rove;
And much I miss a Mother's smiles,
And mourn a Mother's Love!

My garden is o'errun with weeds,
It gives me little joy,
For no fond mother stands and heads
The pastimes of her boy;
And when my lessons I repeat,
Though many may approve,
I sigh the warm caress to meet,
That spoke a Mother's Love!

When, lately, fever's grasp I felt,
My wants were all supplied,
But she, that dear one, would have knelt
My sleepless couch beside,

And whispered comfort for each ill,
 And prayed to Him above,
 That he would deign to spare me still,
 To bless a Mother's Love!

And yet my father's second choice
 In nothing can offend,
 And I would willingly rejoice
 To know her as a friend;
 But when she pleads a dearer claim,
 The mockery I prove,
 And, shrinking from a Mother's name,
 Sigh for a Mother's Love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hospitality and Politeness of Chouder Aga, the Governor of Hilla, a Turkish Town on the Euphrates.

[From Dr. Hawkesworth's account of the late discoveries made in the Southern Hemisphere.]

A little before four o'clock we got up pretty near to the governor of Hilla's palace situated in that part of the town which stands on the left or south side of the river. Our sandals carrying so guns, we could only salute with five bounces; their report however was equal to that of a four pounder. We were surrounded by a very numerous company of people, of boys especially, even the women, who came down to the river with their pitchers for water, satisfied their curiosity by looking at us; most of them had their faces half covered, many were comely, and of a pretty good complexion. The men in general were well made, some are white, but most of them tawny. We had been but a very little while near the shore, before one of the governor's officers came to bid us welcome; he sat with us on a stool by the side of the river, and took care the crowd should not press upon us. In the mean time we sent by Mr. Hemet, and our man Vertan, Mr. Shaw's letter, and another from Aly Aga; they soon returned with the governor's compliments, and an invitation for us to repair to the seraglio; an officer with a silver battoon, and high cap, came also to conduct us.

Notwithstanding it was the fast of the Ramazan and before sunset, we found the governor, Chouder Aga, seated on a carpet in his porch, at the entrance of his palace, ready to receive us; (he was about forty years old, and of the genteel department) he had us heartily welcome, thrice told us we should do him honour by taking up our abode at his house, expressed his unfeigned sorrow at the fatigues and difficulties we had passed through, of which he said he had been informed three days ago; hoped we should rest well under his roof, and recover our lost strength and that we might depend on every assistance in his power. At our first coming in, he obliged us immediately to seat ourselves on the side of the porch, opposite to him, where he had placed a carpet and cushions. The rules of the fast were still farther dispensed with, for coffee was brought to us, as soon as we were seated. In the course of the interview, he said, as every people had their different manners, and he could not but be a stranger to our's, he must desire the favour, of us, while we continued with him, to pursue our own inclinations in all things, especially in what respected refreshments; he should therefore be glad if we would trouble ourselves to direct his domestics what sort of repast they should provide for our supper. We replied in his civilities but begged we might be admitted to be served only with a plate of what was the

usual provisions of his family: upon his repeating his wishes, we answered, "nothing could be more acceptable than a common *Pilaw*," (boiled fowl and rice). We begged indeed the favour of being accommodated with a warm bagnio, which he immediately ordered to be got ready and directed his attendants to be there in waiting with *sherbet*, &c. but before we went to the bath, he ordered his people to show us the apartments that were provided for us above stairs. We then took our leave, each paying the other the most obliging compliments they could think of; but the Turk was very much our superior in this sort of conversation.

Our rooms were the best in the palace, lofty with painted walls, and gothic arched roofs. We were accompanied to and from the bagnio, by an officer carrying a silver-headed staff. At our return to the seraglio, we found six or eight dishes placed upon our own table, with our stools set round it; and though the whole was dressed after the Turkish manner, it was by no means disagreeable to an English palate. An intimation was also given to us, that the governor made it his particular request, that in regard to our liquors, we would be quite free and untrammelled. This was carrying his complaisance to a great height, considering how very strict the regular Turks are on this article: we doubted at first, whether we should send for wine, but the governor having interrogated our domestics, and learned our common practice, repeated his request by a message sent on purpose.

Chouder Aga, whilst we were at supper, sat on a terrace at some distance with several principal officers: his treasurer accompanied us the whole evening, who eat, and would have drank wine with us also (as he whispered to our interpreter) had he not been surrounded by many observers, who were assembled to remark our customs. At this repast, both before and after supper, we were careful to say grace; the Turks thought it a very odd custom, I believe, for they talked to one another about it a good deal. We sat without hats while at our meal, and the treasurer, who seemed to have some drollery, after we became a little familiar with one another, pulled off his turban and sat uncovered too; this afforded great merriment to the spectators, and they all seemed greatly pleased with our manner of eating, so different from their own, for they never make use of knives and forks, chairs or tables. Soon after the cloth was taken away, a messenger came for the treasurer; he went, but presently returned with the governor's respects and a message, importing, that "as it was his real wish, we should be gay, and use his house as our own, and as it was probable his presence might be a restraint upon us; he therefore had taken the liberty (begging our pardon at the same time) to withdraw himself to the *Mufti's*, merely to convince us, that what he had said about our being free and unrestrained, proceeded from the very bottom of his heart, and he flattered himself, that we would display our belief of his sincerity, by our actions." Upon receiving this message, the bottle passed about very briskly; the governor's health was drank and a chorus song was sung. Among the lookers on, were two young gentlemen, son and nephew to the governor:

• • • • •
 We had before this time, given in by an *Aga*, an inventory of such things as were necessary for our journey to Bagdad; and the treasurer at his

taking leave this evening, told us, that our beasts, provisions, guards, &c. should be ready for us as soon as possible in the morning; for though the governor had given us the most pressing invitation to spend a few days with him, yet we excused ourselves upon account of the hurry we were in, and the necessity there was for our getting forward.

It was five in the afternoon before our beasts were loaded, and we ready to begin our journey. We had very handsome provisions made, both for our breakfast and dinner; and, in the morning on the supposition we should have gone earlier than we did, the governor again broke in on the rules of the fast, and seated himself in his porch, with a design of giving us an opportunity of taking our leave. Our whole party attended him, except myself who was greatly indisposed; but I afterwards learnt from them, that they were as much outdone in hyperbole of compliment at this second, as we all had been at our first interview. The whole of our host's behaviour was such, as greatly to prejudice us in his favour, and we wanted only a proper present to send him, as a grateful acknowledgement for his favours. We could not offer him money, consistent with the instructions Mr. Shaw had given us, and of every thing else that was valuable we had stripped ourselves at Kerec. At last our good friend Mr. Hemet spared us a white *Shawl*, made of fine goats hair from Carmania, and worn much in habits by the Turks of fashion: its value was about sixteen zechins, or eight guineas: this, with an handsome apology, was sent by one of his domestics, who soon returned with his master's compliments, and "That he hoped we were convinced, the trifling services which he had done us, proceeded altogether from the respect he had for our characters, and from his friendship to Mr. Shaw: these were his only motives, for endeavouring to become useful to us in our long and wearisome journey: that he had done nothing with an interested view, and he flattered himself we would do him the justice to believe it; that the present which we had been so kind as to make him, with such an obliging apology, was the more acceptable to him, as it was greatly expressive of our satisfaction in his conduct: that he made not the least difficulty therefore in accepting of, and was infinitely obliged to us for it." Such was the complaisant and polite behaviour of this Turkish governor, which, to say the least, did honour not only to himself, but to his country.

OLD EDWARD.
From the French.

Old Edward had suffered much trouble, and at last lost his senses. He was quite harmless, but used a walk about the streets oddly dressed, with five or six hats on head, and by his behaviour showed that he was quite silly. While thus wandering about, the people in general pitied him; but there were some wicked children who used to hoot after him, and call him names; he would bear this for a long time patiently; but sometimes when his persecutors teased him more than usual he would at last turn round and throw stones at them or any thing else he could find.

One day, old Edward passed by Mr. Wilson's house, and as this gentleman opened the window to see what caused the noise, to his great surprise and sorrow, he perceived his son Henry active in the crowd of boys who followed and insulted the poor man.

In the evening, Mr. Wilson said to his son, "Who was that old man I saw you following and hooting after to-day?"
 Henry. Surly, father, you must know him; it was old Edward; he is out of his mind.

Mr. W. Poor man, what caused him to lose his goods?

Henry. Oh, I don't recollect just now; but I have heard all about it. I believe a friend deceived him, and he lost his property, and that drove him out of his mind.

Mr. W. Suppose he had come to you when he first heard of his losses and had said, "Henry, I am in great trouble; I have lost all my property, and I do not know what to do." Would you then have laughed at him, and called him names?

Henry. No, father, I hope not; I should be very wicked to laugh at any one in misfortune.

Mr. W. Is he better off now than he was then?

Henry. Certainly not, I think he is in a much worse condition.

Mr. W. But what have you done to him, to-day?

Henry. I feel I have done wrong; forgive me; I am very sorry I have been so naughty.

Mr. W. I willingly forgive you, since you see and acknowledge your fault; but there is some one else whom you have to ask for pardon.

Henry. Do you mean Old Edward?

Mr. W. If Edward was in his right mind it would be proper to ask his pardon. But, as God has seen fit to deprive him of his senses, it would be useless to speak to Edward.

Henry. Then you mean I should pray to God to forgive me.

Mr. W. Yes; for we are all as he sees fit to make us, and if we mock others for any defect of body or mind, we mock God. The Bible tells us, "Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished." (Prov. 17:5) Now, you do this whenever you make game, as it is called, of others, or laugh at them for any misfortune or trouble that God in his providence has seen fit that they should suffer. Old Edward is in this situation; so, by mocking or making game of him, you in fact reproach God, and forget that he could at once put you or me in the same situation as this poor old man. Think also of the Saviour; how different is such conduct from the example he has set us, and which we should pray that we may be enabled, by his grace, to follow.

Henry felt his error, and used words of prayer to God to forgive him; but I fear he did not really wish his heart to be turned. However, for some weeks, he remembered what his father had told him, and not only kept from teasing Old Edward, but persuaded several of his companions also to leave him alone.

But good resolutions, when formed only in our own strength, seldom last long. One day Edward and his persecutors passed by, and Henry thought he would follow at a distance, just to see how they plagued him. The next day Henry made one in the crowd, and joined in their cries. From bad he went on to worse. The third day he was foremost in the throng; animated by their new companion, they were unusually active; Old Edward could bear it no longer; he turned round, and catching up a large stone, he threw it at his little tormentors; Henry was foremost; the stone hit him on the face, and wounded him very severely.

Henry returned home covered with blood, and crying bitterly. "You are justly punished," said his father. "But why," said Henry; "the other boys have often treated him much worse than I have, and they are not hurt." "Have not you," said his father, "been better taught than they have been, and does not this make your wickedness so much the greater? As your father, I have told you not to tease this poor man; and I have showed you that it was sinning against God. Your offence is therefore greater than theirs, and your punishment is greater, as you deserved it should be. Remember Christ said, 'That servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.'"

This story teaches a useful lesson; and we hope Sunday scholars will read it, and never act so wickedly as Henry did.

QUARRELSOME CHILDREN.

"There now," said Thomas to his sister, "you have quite spoiled the rose I have been painting." "Well, Thomas, it was all your fault." "No, it is not all my fault, Mira; it is your

clumsiness, or I don't know whether you did not do it in purpose; for you are always trying to tease me." "If you say that any more, Sir, I shall make you remember it; I did not wish to quarrel." "No, that's always your way; you first come and do mischief, and then you say that you do not wish to quarrel." And so saying the naughty Thomas struck his sister on the head. Just at this time unfortunately for the credit of the children, their Maamma entered the room. The door of the nursery having been open, she had heard all the conversation which had passed, and on Mira's screaming, went to see what was the matter. Instantly upon her entrance, as naughty children generally do, they both began at once to tell their stories; but like a wise and prudent mother, she sat down and commanded that only one should speak at a time. Of course, according to custom, Mira said, it was all her brother's fault, and Thomas said it was all Mira's fault, but their mother thought it was the fault of both, and therefore after chastising both, she shut one in her dressing room, and the other in the drawing room; that they being quiet and alone might have leisure to reflect on the shameful impropriety of their conduct. I am happy to be able to say, that this judicious discipline and the excellent advice they received, had the desired effect, for when released from their confinement they kissed each other, declared themselves very sorry for their behaviour, and promised to love each other better for the future. & I do sincerely hope that, the promise made will not soon be forgotten.

My dear readers, I will not detain you much longer; but suffer the word of exhortation, which is—*Never quarrel*. If once you get into a habit of finding fault—of being easily offended, and often disputing, you will find that it will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength, until you become hateful to yourselves, and hateful to all around you. Try and forgive your playmates—bear and forbear; that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven—and remember, whenever you feel in the least angry, the following expressive and affecting lines—

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild,
Live like the blessed virgin's son,
That sweet and lovely child."

ENVY, or the CALIF and his MINISTER.

An Arabian Story

(From Lockett's Mint Amil.)

An Arab, presented himself one day before the Calif Moostuzim Bahah, the Calif made trial of his abilities, and finding him in every respect intelligent and accomplished, appointed him one of his suite, and preferred his society to that of all his other counsellors. Now the Calif had a minister excessively envious, whose jealousy was excited by the Arab's promotion, but dreading the anger of the Calif, if he attempted any thing against him openly, he continued to keep up a show of friendship, but determined to effect his ruin by some secret artifices. He therefore increased daily in his attentions towards him, and at length invited him to his house to dinner, at which he took care to have a large portion of garlic mixed up in the Arab's food. After dinner he advised his guest to sit at a distance from the Calif, at the assembly, telling him that the smell of the garlic would prove offensive to him. The

minister then waited on the Calif, and said "The Arab whom you made your favorite, and whose company you prefer to ours, has spread about a report that you have stinking breath," soon afterwards the Arab made his appearance, and seated himself at a distance from the Calif. The Calif desired him to come nearer to him, which commanded he obeyed, but as he approached he covered his mouth with his sleeve. This action confirmed in the Calif's mind, the truth of his minister's assertion, and the treachery of the Arab, he therefore wrote a letter to one of his governors to the following purport. "On receipt of this letter, let the bearer be immediately put to death." He then sealed it and delivered it to the Arab, saying "Convey this to such a one, and return to me speedily with the answer." The Arab took it, and in going out happened to meet the minister at the door, who enquired where he was going. He replied, "The Calif has employed me to carry a letter to one of his governors." The minister immediately conjectured, that the Arab would receive some very considerable present from the governor, and he determined in his own mind to possess it himself, "What say you," "Said he," if I release you from the annoyance and fatigue of the journey, and present you at the same time with two thousand dinars." "Most gladly, said the Arab, you speak with judgment, and in so doing will free me from a very unpleasant embassy." "You have shot the arrow of your judgment, with the bow of unerring direction." So saying, he delivered the letter to the minister, and received in return two thousand Dinars. The minister proceeded to the house of the governor, to whom he delivered the Calif's letter. The governor read it, and in conformity to its injunction, he immediately ordered the minister to be beheaded.

After some days had elapsed, the Calif remembered the affair with the Arab, and ordered some of his attendants to enquire after him, and also to command the attendance of the minister. They told him the Arab was in the city, but, that the minister was gone on a message to a certain governor, from whence he had not returned. The Calif desired the Arab to be called before him, & obtained from him the particulars of the matter. "But did you not spread such a report among the people?" "God forbid," said the Arab. I should repeat that of which I am ignorant, your minister could only have told you this from treachery and deceit towards me, do not therefore grieve for his fate, for the proverb says, "he who digs a pit for another, will fall into it himself." The Calif was astonished at this marvellous adventure, and saw that the Almighty from the purity of the Arab's intentions, had rescued him from an untimely end. He exclaimed, "Vengeance on the head of the envious man." "Envy where it originates, will surely destroy its possessor." he then bestowed a dress of honor on the Arab, appointed him to the vacant office of his minister, and seated him on his right hand at the head of the assembly.

THE POLAR STAR.

Among the northern constellations, that which is situated nearest to the north pole, and is termed the little bear, is naturally the first to attract our notice. The last star of the tail is but two degrees from the pole, and is thence denominated the polar star. It may be easily distinguished from all the neighbouring stars, because it seems

scarcely to change its position, and is almost always observed in the same point of the heavens. Notwithstanding it appears to be fixed, this star revolves round the pole but its motion is so slow, and the circle which it describes so small, that its change of place is scarcely perceptible. This apparent fixity of situation renders the polar star an infallible guide, especially to mariners. In all ages, especially before the discovery of the compass, navigators had not a surer conductor than the polar star; and even now, since the invention of that instrument, so invaluable to seamen, this star sometimes proves, when the sky is serene, a guide on which they may rely more securely than on the magnetic needle, and which conducts them with unerring certainty to the most distant coast.

The advantages which we derive from the polar star naturally lead me to the consideration of the benefits conferred on us by the revealed word of God, especially of the gospel. How inestimable a gift for a man tossed about on the tempestuous ocean of the world, and surrounded with the obscurity of night. Without this guide I lose my way, and am unable to find the track that leads to God and everlasting felicity. Without the word of God for my conductor, I wander to and fro, sometimes racked with fears, sometimes cheered by hope, but always in uncertainty. In the divine revelation alone I find a certain and invariable rule, by which I can pursue with courage what is set before me, and accomplish it with joy. Henceforth will I, therefore, follow this unerring guide as attentively as the pilot consults the polar star, and will keep it constantly in view, that I may never go astray.

By its assistance I shall at length arrive in safety in the desired port, where I shall enjoy everlasting repose and felicity.

PROOF OF THE EXISTANCE OF GOD.

See here, I hold a Bible in my hand and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words; but you do not see the writers or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink maker, the paper maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them; and yet, there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther, I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that, by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason and so on. In the same manner; if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter, if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast who formed the house, with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter, but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf, is so stupid as not to say to himself—"This had a wise and good Creator!"

ANECDOTES.

PROVIDENCE.

Did we reflect on every deliverance which we have experienced, perhaps we should often perceive reason to be astonished at the goodness of

God, by whose agency we have escaped danger which neither our wisdom, prudence, nor strength could have prevented from issuing in our destruction. A remarkable case of this nature is related by Dr. Dwight—"The following fact was recited to me by a respectable man, as having happened at Great Barrington—I know no reason to question the truth of the recital, except what is furnished by the nature of the fact itself. A Mr Van Rensselaer, a young gentleman from Albany, came one evening into an inn kept by a Mr R., just at the eastern end of the bridge, which crosses the Housatonic in this town. The innkeeper, who knew him, asked him where he had crossed the river. He answered, 'On the bridge.' Mr. Root replied, that that was impossible, because it had been raised that very day, and that not a plank had been laid on it. Mr Van Rensselaer said, this could not be true, because his horse had come over without any difficulty or reluctance: that the night was indeed so profoundly dark, as to prevent him from seeing any thing distinctly, but that it was incredible, if his horse could see sufficiently well to keep his footing anywhere, that he should not discern the danger, and impossible for him to pass over a bridge in that condition. Each went to bed dissatisfied, neither believing the story of the other. In the morning, Mr Van Rensselaer went, at the solicitation of his host, to view the bridge; and, finding it a naked frame, gazed for a moment with astonishment, and fainted."

Several cases are on record, similar to the following one, by which the riches of divine goodness is exhibited in a striking point of view.—

When Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the parliament's army, against the royal forces, he ordered all his soldiers to carry a Bible in their pockets, (the same which is now called Field's Bible.) Among the rest who complied with this order there was a wild young fellow, who had ran away from his apprenticeship in London, for the sake of plunder and dissipation: yet he was obliged to be in the fashion, and seem a puritan, though he was not one. Being one day ordered out on a skirmishing party, or to attack some fortress, he returned back to his quarters, in the evening, without hurt; but, when he was going to bed, pulling the Bible out of his pocket, he observed a hole in it. His curiosity led him to trace the depth of this hole, when he found that a bullet had gone as far as the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, ninth verse. He read the verse. It was, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that, for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The circumstance had its effect upon his future conduct; and he used pleasantly to observe, that the Bible was the means of saving his soul and body too.

PRIDE.

It is remarkable, that the four most haughty proclamations of military commanders, in modern times, have prefaced their ruin.—Such was that of General Burgoyne, when he summoned the Americans to lay down their arms: that of the Duke of Brunswick, on entering France: that of Buonaparte, in Egypt, and that of General Le Clerc, on his arrival in St. Domingo. So true is the saying,—"Pride goeth

before destruction, and haughtiness before fall."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Truth is horn with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

An honest man is believed without an oath; for his reputation swears for him. Xenocrates was a man of that truth and fidelity, that the Athenians gave him alone this privilege, That his evidence should be lawful without swearing. And it is said of Fabricius that a man might as well attempt to turn the sun out of its course, as bring him in to do a base or a dishonest action.

Virtue scorns a lie for its cover; and truth needs no orator.

Truth and falsehood, like the iron and clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, may cleave, but they will not incorporate.

POETRY.

BIRTH SONG.

Mr. Bulwer's Monthly for March contains some verses under the titles of the Birth Song and the Day of Death; the first of which we subjoin:

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

*Hail, new waked atom of the Eternal Whole,
Young voyager upon time's rapid river!*

*Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and forever!*

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!

A life has just begun!

Another soul has won

The glorious spark of being!

Pilgrim of life, all hail!

He who at first called forth,

From nothingness, the earth;

Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea.

Who gave the stars to gem

Night like a diadem,

Young creature of the earth,

*Fair as its flowers, though brought in error
forth.*

Hail, all hail!

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll

The solid Earth dissolve; the Sun grow pale

But thou, oh Human Soul,

Shall be immortal. Hail!

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!

A life has just begun!

Another soul has won

The glorious spark of being!

Oh young immortal, hail!

He before whom are dim

Seraph and Cherubim;

*Who gave the archangels strength and
jesty,*

Who sits upon Heaven's throne,

The Everlasting One,

O blessed child, made thee!

Fair creature of the earth,

Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth.

Hail, all hail!

M. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank Contributor for his kind offer. His contributions will be very acceptable, and we have no doubt very interesting, to our young readers.

The articles sent us by W. C. are not original. G. D. will find in No. 27, an answer to the Enig. in No. 11.

Orion's Postical Extracts came too late for insert. this week.