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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscaenis jum nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 30.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, February 22, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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

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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.

SIXTUS V.

When very young, was employed in the lowly situation of a Swine herd, from which he was taken by a cordelier who was pleased with his quickness, and placed in a convent of the order, a mental capacity.

He made such great progress in learning as to be admitted into orders, after which he became doctor and professor of divinity; and having obtained several marks of distinction, was afterwards created Cardinal; from which situation he had the address to get himself elevated to the vacant chair, at the disputed election upon the death of Gregory XIII.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CAMEL.

This useful beast is a native of Asia and Africa, and is generally of a lightish brown colour. Its height at the shoulders is from five to six feet, and his length is from six to eight feet. He has long slender legs, and two bunches on his neck. The hair is soft, woolly, and unequal, being longer about the head, throat, and bunches than other parts of the body. The tough and spongy feet of these animals are peculiarly adapted to hot climates, for on the most fatiguing journeys they are never found to crack. The hump, indeed, seems to be their chief element, for do sooner do they leave it and touch the ground, than they can scarcely keep upon their feet; and their continual stumbling in such places is very dangerous to the rider. They do not travel over the sandy desert, without drinking for several days together; and they can go all water at the distance of more than a mile; after long abstinence will hasten towards it,

long before their drivers can perceive where it lies. Their patience under hunger is also very great, as they will go for many days with only a small quantity of food. They will lie down on the sand to rest without showing the slightest discontent.

A large Camel is able to carry a load of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds weight. When about to be loaded, these animals, at the command of their drivers bend their knees, put their bellies down to the earth, and remain in that posture till they are loaded and ordered to rise.

In eastern countries, but particularly in Arabia, there is no mode of travelling so cheap, convenient, and expeditious as that by Camels. The merchants and other passengers, to prevent the insults and robberies of the Arabs, unite together with their Camels, sometimes to the number of ten thousand, and form what is called a caravan. In these commercial travels they usually go about 2000 miles. The Camels are then not hurried; they only walk about thirty miles a day. Every night they are unloaded, and allowed to pasture at freedom, but they very seldom find anything to eat. These animals are peculiarly patient and submissive; they traverse the burning sands of Arabia and Africa, carrying burdens of amazing weight. The Arabians consider the camel as a gift sent from heaven, a sacred animal, without whose assistance they could neither subsist, traffic, or travel. They drink the milk of the Camel, eat its flesh, and make garments of its hair. In possession of their Camels, the Arabians have nothing to fear from other persons; they avoid their enemies by hastily proceeding into the desert, at the rate, if necessary, of more than a hundred miles in a day. All the armies in the world would perish in the pursuit of a troop of Arabs.

The pace of the Camel being a high trot, M. Denon says, that when he first mounted one of the beasts, he was greatly alarmed lest this swinging motion should throw him over its head. He, however, being once fixed on the saddle, found that he had only to give way to the motion of the animal, and that it was impossible to be more pleasantly seated for a long journey, especially as it did not require guiding. "It was entertaining enough," he says, "to see us mounting our beasts; as soon as the rider is seated on his saddle, the Camel rises very briskly, first on his hind, and then on his fore legs; thus throwing the rider first forward, and then backward; and it is not till the fourth motion that the animal is entirely erect, and the rider finds himself firm in his seat."

Camel's hair is an important article of trade, as it serves for making tents, carpets, the small painting brushes, &c. and strong leather is made of its skin.

The Camel is often mentioned in Scripture, but we can only refer to some of the passages, and request our young readers to examine them in their Bibles. See Genesis, 12:16, 24:19, 30:43, &c.; Exod. 9:3; Judges 6:5, 7:12, &c.;

1 Sam. 30:17, 1 Chron 5:21; Est. 8:10; Job 1:3; Isaiah 30:5; [carry their treasures on the bunches of Camels,] Matt. 3:4, &c. &c.

NARRATIVE.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.

In the spring of 18— the pressing call of business forced me once more to visit my native country, a land endeared to me by many a halcyon & affecting recollection, and, though fondly cherished in memory, a long series of years had intervened since I last had caught the most distant glimpse of her hills of heather, or rambled among those ivy coloured towers in which she so numerously abounds. My passage across the Atlantic, though devoid of any circumstance sufficiently interesting to be worthy of recital, was comparatively short, and after an interval of three weeks or so, I found myself once more busily engaged in preparation for landing at one of those spacious quays, which are found at every town or village that can boast of commercial speculation to any extent. The place at which I landed happened to be one with which I was in my youth extremely familiar—the scene of many a juvenile frolic: in short I was born quite in its vicinity. The appearance of the place strongly impressed on my mind the idea of change; and, though I was aware that time and extreme fatigue incidental to dwelling in a new settled country had been committing their ravages upon my person, and considerably changed my general appearance, still perhaps at no other period did thoughts of by gone days spring up so fruitfully in my memory or did imagination ever extend the period of our separation so far beyond its actual limits. What was formerly a neat little village, boasting of its Parson, and its Domine, who held the double situation of schoolmaster and fiddler, of the parish, and several other important personages who are always to be found in a place of this description, was just now commencing to assume the more imposing appearance of a neat and well regulated manufacturing and commercial town. Opposite the place lay a steam boat busily engaged in landing its wares, while another was preparing to start on a trip. Between these and some sailors who were actively sitting their gallant ship for some foreign port—altogether, it was a spirit stirring scene. Immediately on landing I set out in search of an inn, and, after passing a few of no very inviting appearance, I arrived at one, which, though exceeding my simple ideas of an hotel seemed to promise accommodations infinitely superior to those which I had already rejected. To this place having got my luggage conveyed, and having arranged things to my satisfaction, I set out next day to perambulate the town.

As is always the case when a village is converted into a town, considerable alterations and improvements had been made in the original plan of the ground. Here what used to be a confined and narrow lane, was now enlarged so as to form a spacious and beautiful street, adorna-

ed with houses of the most chaste and ornamental workmanship, thus exhibiting at one glance of the eye the plain and elegant vying with each other. Advancing a little farther, I came in sight of an extremely splendid building, the design of which I was at a loss to conjecture. On inquiring what purpose it might be designed to subservise, I was informed by individuals who appeared to be gazing intently upon this noble structure, that it was once the mansion of a rich and affluent manufacturer, but had lately passed into the hands of his creditors. With no little surprise I eagerly asked, how the owner of a structure so magnificent could possibly experience such a sad reverse, and as the information which I acquired, may probably be of advantage by affording an instructive lesson to some of your youthful readers, I shall give the particulars as far as a faint recollection will enable me to do with accuracy:—"Sir," said a little man whom I perceived by his conduct to be a person of some importance, "by your inquiries I can easily see that you are a total stranger to the distressing events which have lately occurred in this place—circumstances at once as destructive as they are deplorable, and show in the strongest colour, the transitory nature of all human greatness: if it will not trespass too long upon your time, I shall be exceedingly happy in disclosing to you the chain of events which have finally led to the misfortune at which I just now hinted." Upon my expressing the satisfaction which it would afford, the stranger with all that freedom and loquacity which is so natural when any thing of importance has transpired, began his narration almost in the following strain. "Mr L**** was the son of one of those Scottish Chieftains who pride themselves in a long line of ancestors; and who, like their neighbours, the Welsh, can distinctly trace their pedigree up to the time of Adam, while almost every thing else is involved in obscurity. As no person was disposed to dispute their connection with such 'olden times,' his family were allowed to remain in peaceable possession of such distinguished honour. There is an old saying, however, that pride and poverty go hand in hand, and in this case nothing could be more true.

The members of the family seemed to live and walk in a sphere peculiar to themselves, and they scorned to hold communication with persons whom they considered to be beneath them, either as to ancestry or renown. The patrimony of the Laird, however, being extremely small, and much of his land covered with heather, and as the eldest son always succeeds to the honours and emoluments of the father, it was absolutely necessary that L****, who had now arrived at a proper age, should be settled in some respectable line of business. It was universally agreed that the glory of the family would be obscured by engaging any of them in the common concerns of life, and they accordingly turned their attention to a situation in the army as the most eligible for an individual of his rank in society. As a vacancy had lately occurred in one of the regiments serving in foreign parts, this place was immediately procured, and L****, with all the ardour of a new recruit, set out to join his fellow soldiers, and to engage in an uninterrupted round of pleasure, which his ardent imagination had pictured in the most glowing colours. He did not depart, however, without receiving from the Laird the most strict injunction to maintain

the glory of the family, and to associate with none but his equals in birth. It may be easily imagined, that for an individual educated with such high pretensions, it would be a difficult thing to find his equals, and L****, when he arrived at his destination, soon discovered that none could compete with him in a point so momentous. True to the commands of his father, he treated his fellow-officers with the most profound contempt—he associated with none—not even did he pay those common civilities to which one individual is entitled from another. The consequence of this conduct was, that he was hated in turn—none loved him—none respected him—not one in the ranks could be found who would speak in his favour—so entirely does the unwarranted assumption of pride cut an individual off from society, and embitter those hours which otherwise might have been fraught with pleasure and amusement! In addition to all this, his pride and impetuosity frequently involved him in disputes of an extremely unpleasant nature, and when these did happen, they were sure to terminate with dissatisfaction and disgrace. L**** now perceived how delusive were the charms of a military life, and how fleeting were those gratifications at which his mind had so eagerly grasped. He beheld himself cut off, as it were, from all communication with his fellow soldiers, and life seemed to him divested of half of its pleasure. In the calm hours of reflection, he determined to pursue a different course of conduct, and by his affability and kindness, to strip off the load of unpopularity which now hung so heavy upon him: but days and weeks passed away; pride interposed, and L****, in a fit almost of desperation,—disgusted with the world, and displeased with those around him, determined to sell his commission, and forever to forsake a pursuit which in the hour of passion he falsely charged with embittering the sunshine prospects of his youthful hours. In disposing of his situation in the army, he found no difficulty: a young man became the purchaser, who soon endeared himself to all around. But to L****'s great dissatisfaction, none seemed to exhibit tokens of sorrow or disappointment; on the contrary, they heartily congratulated each other, that an individual was to be removed, who had so amply contributed to spread murmuring and discontent throughout the regiment.

For him, who was known by all the neighbourhood, to enter upon business, he considered a disgrace, and he therefore wandered about in a state of inactivity, until the expenditure of the last shilling of his money, forcibly reminded him that pride and high pretensions were no safeguard from poverty. Like the prodigal in the parable, he would fain have filled himself with the most common fare, and I have often heard him say, that the homely victuals of his countrymen, would in his situation have equalled a royal banquet. To solicit succour from home, however, he knew would be fruitless, and he was too far removed for it at present to be of advantage: 'to dig he could not, to beg he was ashamed.' To add to his misfortunes, a lingering sickness came upon him, which, had it not been for the kindness of the inhabitants who had compassion upon him in his straitened circumstances, must inevitably have proved his last. A bed of sickness often affords ample opportunity for reflection, and L****, when he considered his previous misfortunes, and thought upon his future

prospects, bitterly lamented the gratification of that pride which he now found to have been the true cause of all his calamities. Well did he exclaim with the wise man, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall,' and again 'a man's pride shall bring him low.' These were not the temporary ejaculations of a sufferer—they flowed apparently from the inmost recesses of the soul, while the vivid picture of his wrecked fortune, and disappointed hopes, were confused before him. With his returning health he formed strong resolutions to become as other men, and to efface the impression of his former misconduct. He accordingly engaged as a clerk with a merchant, who had penetration to perceive, and spirit to encourage, the alteration in his life. His behaviour in this situation was extremely creditable to himself, and pleasing to his employer, who, finding the care of a large establishment too much for a person of his advanced age, congratulated himself upon the prospect of associating in trade an individual who had proved such an able assistant. A few months after he became a partner in the business, which at that time yielded a considerable return of profit, but unfortunately, the requisite application was beyond what his weakened constitution could support, and he found it absolutely necessary to retire, with the small gains which he had already acquired. As the air of the country was injurious to his complaint, he was advised by his physician to return to his native land, with the expectation that a change of scene, and the company of his friends, would have a tendency to remove the disease.

The doctors hopes were not visionary, and L**** in a few months after his arrival, entirely recovered from his illness: he regained his health however, but to return to business with unimpaired vigour and activity. By the assistance of his brother, who was now become Laird, he established a manufactory, and employed an individual from a neighbouring place to superintend its management. Fortune smiled on his exertions, and showered her favours with the greatest profusion, and a full tide of success seemed to flow in upon him. His wife, whom he had married after his return, repeatedly presented him with pledges of her love; and the death of his brother transferred the family estate into his hands. Such prosperity was too much for poor L****, he became elated with his success, and soon wandered from his former simple habits. His establishment was increased, and his manner of living was entirely changed. His former high pretensions were assumed, and pride must be gratified with a corresponding show of greatness. So prone are men to be puffed up with prosperity. Country and town residences were built, (of which this is one,) and his sons who were educated with the same high pretensions were introduced to all the fashionable circles of dissipation. As might be expected, his business was left to the hands of hired servants, who perceiving that they were not overlooked as formerly, relaxed their accustomed diligence. His sons contracted a habit of gambling—thousands after thousands were staked, and they were invariably losers. The father was drawn upon to meet these demands which were as promptly forwarded by an indulgent parent in whose eyes his sons only 'did as others did.' In the nature of things however, this could not last long. Gamblers always proceed from less to greater hazards' and

his father found it difficult to supply their deficiencies. Trade began to fail, and creditors came importunate and clamorous. A speculation in which a considerable capital was embarked, entirely failed, and a fire breaking out, totally consumed one of his buildings, in which he housed a considerable amount of goods of fortune now frowned upon him, and seemed to forsake him; but, like many persons in similar circumstances, he flattered himself that no danger was near. His inward thought was, that his house should stand through all generations, while it was already tottering upon the brink of destruction. Delay only made his fall more ruinous and terrible. His property was seized; and he was entirely deprived of the means of subsistence. His sons, for the want of proper training in their youthful days, have now mingled with the offscourings of the earth: his wife died with a broken heart; and the poor old man has lately removed to C—, to drag out the remainder of a wretched life, rendered a hundred times more miserable by a retrospection of the past. How truly has it been said, "That he certainly make unto themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle towards heaven," and so on. "They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men; therefore, pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment."

For the Juvenile Entertainer

MR MILNE,

Sir,—I have selected the following interesting story for the *Juvenile Entertainer*, believing you will deem it worthy a place in its pages. It differs considerably from that description of pieces which you generally select, and of which I most heartily approve, as being best calculated to convey lessons of pure morality and religion in a manner most agreeable to the simple mind. But the story of Lady Margaret Leviston is feelingly told, and whilst its perusal interests the young reader it may whisper something in the cause of virtue, that will not be forgotten.

W. M.

LADY MARGARET LEVISTON.

The castle in which dwelt the father of Lady Margaret Leviston stood on the brow of a dark and looked proudly down on the glen in which the parents of William Graham resided, though that cottage was an humble spot, it was sweet in its simple beauty. William Graham had a countenance that was pleasant to look upon, it was so serene and gentle in its expression and almost melancholy expression, and his young brow had a cast of thought beyond his years. On many a summer morning did he and Margaret Leviston meet together in their usual pastimes, and seek no other amusement than to wander along the banks of the stream, or in the green fields, or in the birken woods. It may have been partly owing to the beautiful scenery around them that the boy and girl imbibed a taste for pleasure which still contribute to the happiness of childhood. I know not; but often did they seat themselves on some green hill, and spend the summer day in watching the rainbows gleam by the spray of the mountain linn, as the sun danced sparkling in the sun-beams, or in listening to the cushat dove pouring forth her melancholy wailings. They afforded a singular and striking contrast, those happy children,

wandered along the dim and shadowy footpaths of Glencarron. It was indeed a most pleasing sight to look upon the boy's dark and fearless countenance, and his muscular and somewhat ungainly limbs, and then to mark the tenderness with which he guided the steps of that gentle and blooming girl. But year after year wore on, and the heart of the boy began to throb with wild and troubled thoughts when he looked on the fair face of Margaret Leviston; & the bearing of that innocent maiden was losing its wild frankness, and was unconsciously assuming somewhat of womanly reserve. Summer, however, came, and with summer William Graham was to become a sailor; and often in those balmy evenings did Margaret Leviston wander along the sea-shore, and weep, when her young heart scarcely knew the cause of its own sadness; but when William Graham, on the eve of his departure exclaimed, "I love thee, Margaret Leviston, even from our childhood I have loved thee; and many a time, from the door of my father's cottage, I have stood and watched the lights as they gleamed along the casements of Glencarron, that I might but once more behold thy shadow ere I slept. When I tell you this, Margaret, will you let me leave you without once saying you are grieved for the misery you have made?" It was then that Margaret Leviston threw herself on the bosom of the impassioned boy, and vowed, in the sight of heaven, that she would become his wife, and when William looked upon her pale sweet face, and felt the pressure of her slender arm, he swore to his own soul that he would protect and cherish the loving creature as long as his days were spared to him upon the earth. And when he returned from a stormy and unprosperous voyage, Lady Margaret Leviston became his wife, from that hour Lord Glencarron never looked upon his disobedient child.

It was one evening in the summer twilight that I first met with lady Margaret. So soft and shadowy were the lingering remains of light that I could but just trace the fine outline of her figure, without being able to distinguish one feature in her countenance; but when she spoke—when I but once listened to that voice of music, I knew that she must be beautiful; and she was indeed beautiful—most beautiful! Can I ever forget those cloudless eyes, so sweet in their calm serenity—that long golden hair, and that full rich voice issuing from those cherub lips! Never but once have I seen a face of such innocent and childlike beauty. And yet there was an air of majesty in the bearing of Margaret Leviston, and a something of matronlike dignity. But every look was that of purity, and many a time, when I have heard her sing, I could almost have fancied she was not a creature of this world. Her four fair children too, had all the soft and feminine loveliness of their mother—the same calm and majestic brow—the blue eyes—the yellow hair. And her husband—how he idolized her! Yet, when I have seen her hanging on his arm, in all her womanly and confiding love, I have thought that he scarcely deserved his noble and high-born wife. But he was the choice of her young heart, and she worshipped him with all the tenderness of woman. We met in summer, and we parted while the woods were yet clothed in their most luxuriant foliage. It was a sweet picture as I stood that evening at the cottage

door, and saw the fair mother seated under the shade of the embowering rose trees, with her four sweet babies climbing on her lap, and striving for the parting kiss, and then they knelt down, and raised their little hands in prayer. I saw that Margaret's eyes were full, neither were my own quite tearless. At a little distance stood the happy father, and his dark eyes were turned upon his wife with such looks of tenderness and love, that I no longer wondered that he had been the choice even of the high born Margaret Leviston.

Such was the sweet picture on which my eyes rested when I left the cottage of Dellavlate in the spring of 17—. I was at that time on the eve of visiting Germany, where I remained for little more than a year. On returning to my native country, the first place to which I went was the dwelling of my friends. Alas! what a change I found! In that brief period how many sad events had taken place! Lady Margaret had left the sweet cottage in the glen, and with a rich paramour had fled to France—her four fair babies lay in the church-yard of Dellavlate—and her husband, that kind and loving husband, when he had seen his children laid in their young beauty in the grave, fled, in loneliness and misery, from his native land. None ever knew his fate, but he never was again seen by any inhabitant of the glen.

It matters not how, some little time after I had heard this melancholy tale I met with Margaret Leviston. I found her a penitent and dying woman; and miserable, very miserable, is the death bed of the guilty. When I have seen that misguided one raising to heaven her still sweet eyes, with looks of fervent yet almost hopeless intreaty—when I have seen the Bible blistered with her tears, and have heard the voice of melancholy music uttering those earnest, yet scarcely trusting prayers—for fully sensible was she of the weight of her own iniquity—how have I then implored that my death may be that of the righteous! Without pain, and very, very gradual was her decay; but I resolved to remain with her while she yet lived, and to do my utmost to soothe her in her departing hour. It was towards the middle of spring that a visible and rapid change took place in her. All her little strength was gone; and it was painful to look on the feeble beauty of her face, and to witness her oppressed and laboured breathing. I had left her one evening in even an unusual state of hopelessness and languor, and early on the following morning I went to visit her. Bright and balmy was every thing around me at that sweet hour, and the birds were singing their gayest songs among the young green leaves; and I often paused to adore that gracious One who had given to his creatures so fair a world. What a contrast to all this breathing beauty awaited me in Lady Margaret's dwelling! As I opened the door of her chamber she was singing—but what a song—what wild unearthly melody! She was sitting up in bed, and, by the ceaseless movement of her thin white fingers, she seemed to fancy she was weaving flowers. The comb had fallen from her long hair, which was scattered over the pillows like a golden veil; and very terribly did her blue eyes flash on me in the fearful brightness of insanity. For one moment she looked on me, and then, with a shriek, which yet rings in my ears, so wild, so little earthly was that

sound of agony, she screamed—"It is him, it is my husband!" and, springing from the couch, she lay at my feet in the terrifying writhings of convulsion. Vary said it was to see those fair arms twined around my knees, and that sweet face changed into a sight of horror; and I hastily unclasped her hands, and raised her from the ground; but the form that lay upon my bosom was stiff and cold, and when I looked upon her face the damps of death were on her brow. And I saw her laid under the green sod, and mine were the only tears that fell upon her grave.

ANECDOTES.

THE ELEPHANT.

We never tire with anecdotes of this remarkable animal. The following are related of one just arrived at Boston from Calcutta. Similar stories were told of the embarkation of M'le D'Jeck when she crossed the Atlantic.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

"We are informed that he has enjoyed uninterrupted health on his passage, always eating his allowance with a good appetite, although he suffered considerably from the cold, notwithstanding all the precaution taken by Captain Kennedy for his comfort. His daily rations were thirty pounds of hay, thirty pounds of straw, and twenty-five pounds of rice, moistened with 12 gallons of water. On several occasions during the passage, he displayed the sagacity and gratitude for attention, for which the species is so remarkable. Before he was put on board at Calcutta, a house was built for him, in the strongest manner, covered with thick teak-planks, which were fastened to the frame by stout iron spikes, clenched on the inside. The elephant was swung into the ship by means of a crane and straps around the body, as oxen are prepared for shoeing. His mahout guided him into the domicile prepared for him without any trouble, but in that hot climate he soon found the exclusion of fresh air disagreeable, and did not cast about long for a remedy. In a playful manner, he applied his trunk to the stout and firmly secured planks, wrenched them off as if they had been straws, and dashed them away. No attempt was made then to replace them; but when the ship approached the coast, the elephant began to suffer from the cold. To shelter him, Captain Kennedy resolved to make another endeavour to close up his house. This time there were no attempts on the part of the elephant to obstruct the process. He appeared perfectly to understand the object, and to feel grateful for it. Nothing but thin boards were tried, fastened with common nails; the slightest blow of his trunk would have shivered them to atoms, but he cautiously abstained from touching them. The whole was made air tight, as the seamen thought, by filling the crevices with straw, but the quick eye of the elephant soon discovered several small fissures, which he pointed out with his trunk, till they were successfully filled. When the whole was completed, his satisfaction appeared to have no bounds.

Before the approach of cold weather, a coat had been made for him, composed of gunny bags, stuffed with straw. He suffered this to be tried upon him and nicely listened in every part; but no sooner was the fitting completed than he stripped it off in a moment and threw it aside. At length, however, the cold became extreme, and the elephant evidently suffered exceedingly. Captain Kennedy then had a new dress made for him, and placed it on him in the same manner as before. In this case, as with respect to the covering of the house, the elephant fully appreciated the kindness of the motive and his gratitude and satisfaction were manifested in the most intelligible manner.

During the whole passage he was completely under the control of his mahout, or keeper, and would lie or kneel down whenever ordered by him; but always slept standing. He would brace his head firmly against one end of the house, and his side against the wall, whenever the ship shifted her course he altered his position to conform to it. He never left his enclosure during the whole passage of more than a hundred and sixty days.

Some difficulty was anticipated in landing him, but it was fortunately effected with ease and safety. A flooring of double plank was laid from the ship's deck to the wharf, and the elephant, with the mahout on his

back, was released from his long imprisonment and conducted to the gangway. He surveyed minutely the platform prepared for his egress, and placed his foot upon it to test its strength. He was not entirely satisfied, however, of its capacity to endure his great weight, and returned to his house. After a while he was coaxed out again and laces were attached to each of his fore legs. Again he placed one of his feet upon the platform and at that moment the men who were holding the line kept the leg stretched out. He then extended the other fore leg, and that was immediately drawn out in the same manner. Finding there was compulsion in the case, and that he must go, and judging, like a philosopher, that his weight was less likely to break through when spread over a large surface than when concentrated, he threw himself upon his belly and by a muscular movement worked his way from the ship to the wharf, to the great delight of thousands of people who covered the neighbouring wharves, vessels and stores.

GROUNDLESS FEAR

The ancient Gauls, that dwell near the Adriatic sea, being asked by Alexander the great what they most feared? answered, "Ne supra se creta curant"—lest the sky should fall upon them. Galen also wroth of a certain stupid fellow, who, bearing Atlas supported heaven with his shoulders was so so afraid lest he should faint under the burden, that when he went out he always carried his arm raised above him, to save his head in case the sky should happen to fall. And, to prevent the like accident, we are told of one Artemon, that he kept at home as much as possible; and that his other precautions were, that, when of necessity he had to go abroad, he was carried in a vehicle that almost touched the ground, and that he always had a couple of servants to hold a brazen bucket over his head, lest any part of the regions above should fall upon him!

All this is in perfect unison with what naturalists tell us of a certain bird, that to prevent any injury from above her, always sleeps with one foot laid upon her head. Let us be thankful for the progress of science, by which we are freed from many of these foolish fears which the dark ages imposed upon those who believed in supernatural possibilities, in apparitions, hobgoblins, and various strange appearances. Above all, let us rejoice that nothing can finally harm us, if we are followers of that which is good.

Hearne relates the following instance of the effects of imagination, during his residence among the Chippewyan Indians in North America. Motonabee, one of their chiefs, had requested him to kill one of his enemies, who was several miles distant.—"To please this great man," says he, "and not expecting that any harm could arise from it, I drew a rough sketch of two human figures on a piece of paper, in the attitude of wrestling. In the hand of one of them I drew the figure of a bayonet, pointing to the breast of the other. This," said I to Motonabee, "is I, the other is your enemy. Opposite to those figures I drew a pine-tree, over which I placed a large human eye, and out of the tree projected a large human hand. This paper I gave to Motonabee, telling him to make it as public as possible. The following year, when he came to trade, he informed me that the man was dead. On being told of my design against him, he, from a state of health, began almost immediately to decline, became quite gloomy! and, refusing all kinds of sustenance, in a few days died."

As we become more and more acquainted with the heathen world, arguments seem to multiply upon us for sending them the Bible, as the only panacea for the thousands of moral evils which they suffer; among which, that of their clothing their fellow worms in such attributes as to hold them in perpetual bondage and dread, is none of the least: attributes which indeed belong not to men or angels, but to the "Great Spirit" alone. What a miserable state must those nations be in, which suppose that their enemies can raise storms, prevent rain, or cause inundations, inflict diseases, &c. And thus is the general belief of all the earth, where the light of revelation has never entered, to teach them this plain lesson, that no man, whatever may be his station, has any power to controul nature.

MAXIM — Search others for their virtues; and thyself for thy vices.

P O E T R Y.

THE DEAF SHALL HEAR AND THE DUMB SHALL SPEAK.

The following beautiful lines were written by gentleman, and handed to an intelligent deaf and dumb youth, (William Darlington,) who, on being asked poetry was not too difficult for the deaf and dumb, replied upon his slate, as follows "I think the minds those who cannot hear may perceive the beauties poetry; your lines, though I have only read them or hastily, I observe fare, intended to describe the happiness of the deaf and dumb in the future state, w after this 'se they shall be received into heaven w great joyfulness and open ears."

The Deaf shall hear and the Dumb shall speak,
In brighter days to come,
When they no pass'd through the troubled scenes of
To a higher and happier home.

They shall hear the trumpet's fearful blast,
When it breaks the sleep of the tomb;
They shall hear the righteous Judge declare
To the faithful their blessed doom.

And the conquerer's shout, and the ransomed's song
On their raptured ears shall fall,
And the tongue of the dumb, in the chorus of pray
Shall be higher and louder than all.

Oh thou, whose still voice can need no ear,
To the heart its message to bear,
Who canst hear the unuttered reply of the heart,
As it glows in the fervor of prayer,

Look in thy purity and power on these
Who only thee can hear,
And bend to the call of their speaking hearts,
Thine ever listening ear!

"The Flower fade; but the Word of the L
endureth for ever."

There bloom'd in morning's earliest light,
So sweet, so delicately fair,
A flow' ret, drest in purest white,
Expanding on the unseen air,
Where fragrance breath'd from many a flower,
Gent'd by the light, the dewy shower.
Ere noon-day glitters bright and high,
Those snowy petals soil'd and dead,
Upon the dark brown earth must lie,
And round that cheerless lowly bed,
The wicd wreath shall ever bloom,
As if to cheer that lonely tomb.
Child of the dust, behold thy doom
E'en in the humblest, frailest flower,
Still hast'ning to thy silent tomb,
Another day—another hour

May waft thee far o'er death's cold sea,
And bear thee to Eternity.
A broken law against thee holds
Its awful sword, in dread array;
The book of God now wide unfolds,
(Pointing so late the heaven-ward way)
Threat'nings so long heard undimay'd,
To plague thee in night's deepest shade.
Is there no hope, no way of life,
No voice of mercy kind and free?
No; endless anguish, endless strife,
And never ceasing misery,
Reign in those regions dark and drear,
The sad abodes of grief and fear.
See! a Redeemer comes to save,
To snatch thee from that awful doom,
To sheath the sword of wrath, the grave
Is robb'd of all its low'ring gloom:
Embrace that Saviour—the decree
Which hurls to hell shall pass by thee.
And then to regions bright and pure
He'll lead thy weary, aching feet,
Where thou may'st rest in bliss secure;
There streams of living waters meet;
And brighter scenes than man can know,
Or heart hath pictur'd here below,
Are spread beneath that smile of love,
The life-spring of the joys above.