

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 14.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, November 2, 1831.

Vol. 1.

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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

CONDITIONS.

Five shillings per Annum, delivered in Town, and six shillings and three pence, when sent to the country mail, half-yearly in advance.

One not paid half-yearly in advance, seven shillings and six pence will be charged.

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BIOGRAPHY.

The Progress of Genius.

OF OBSCURE AND LOW SITUATIONS, TO EMINENCE AND CELEBRITY.

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

THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

Lecturer of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh

(Concluded.)

The grand feature in the theology of Dr. Chalmers, it from his power, as a practical divine, is his meeting the sceptic on grounds, and combating him with weapons, to which he cannot object. Instead of taking what is called the internal evidence of Christianity, which is a matter of feeling and not of argument, he rests the whole upon the external, upon that which has the same evidence as any other fact; and the truth has been demonstrated upon this basis, cannot be shaken. We know, that this was the mode in which he proceeded to treat the subject, for we heard him mention it, long time previous to his illness, at which time, it has been erroneously stated, a change took place in his opinions on this subject.

Not very long after his recovery, Dr. Chalmers married a lady whose maiden name was Pratt; with her he had a small addition to his fortune, and a great deal to the comforts of his home; in which there were no more than the dishes of salt fish, or borrowing of John Bouth's "kail pot;" and as he had less occasion to go abroad for society, his health was soon, in a great measure, restored.

In a few years he was invited to St. John's Church, Glasgow, in a manner highly complimentary to his talents; and though many of his friends dissuaded him, he had an idea that the labour would be too much for his strength, and tried to persuade him that he would find more useful living in comparative literary ease at home, he resolved at all hazards, to go. The mission which he made at Glasgow was very great; and his fame soon spread over the whole country. When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was quite unprecedented. It was a time of great political feeling; but even that was unheeded, all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher; the very best judges were not prepared for the display he made. Canning and Wilberforce went together; they got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-

evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on: the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject, his weakness became strength; his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan bores us," said Canning, "we have no preaching like that in England."

The measure of his pulpit celebrity was now full, and after about two years in Glasgow, during which he published several works, he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrew's. Of his conduct there we are not informed; but we are inclined to think that the place was too confined for him. In Edinburgh his office is more important; and if his life be continued, he will do much to extend sound and liberal views among the Scottish clergy. Of his tolerance we have just had an example.

HISTORY.

MASSACRE OF THE BOYD'S CREW, BY THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

The year 1209 is memorable, in the annals of our intercourse with New Zealand, for the most calamitous catastrophe, which is known to have ever resulted from the ferocity of the natives to Europeans visiting their coasts. In the latter part of this year, the Ship Boyd, of 500 tons burthen, left Port Jackson for England, with seventy persons on board, besides four or five New Zealanders, whom she was to convey to their own country, it being the intention of her Commander, Captain Thompson, to call at N Z on his way, to make up his cargo by taking in some spars for the Cape of Good Hope. Among the N Zealanders whom he had with him, & who were to have their passage for assisting to work the ship, was a son of one of the chiefs, who had served before this on board of different English vessels trading between his native country and New South Wales, and who was generally known by the name of George, among the sailors, although his proper name was Tarra. This tribe resided in the neighbourhood of a bay called by the natives Wangarova, situated on the same coast with the Bay of Islands, but about 50 miles to the north of it. It appears that during the passage, George had refused to work with the other sailors, under the double plea, that, as a son of a chief he ought not to be subjected to such degradation, and that even were he willing to submit to work, he was in such ill health as to be unable to do so. His representations upon both these heads however, were treated with contempt by the captain, who not only laughed at his claims to the dignity of chieftainship, but had him twice tied up to the gangway, and flogged with great severity, while he was also deprived at the same time of his usual allowance of food. The crafty savage felt his injuries, but he felt too that this was not the time to resent them; and he merely remarked significantly, in

reply to the captain's taunting affirmation that he was no chief, that he would find him to be such on their arrival at his country. It would even seem that he had contrived by his show of good humour during the remainder of the passage to regain entirely the confidence of the captain, who, on their nearing the coast, allowed himself to be persuaded by his insidious advice to put into Wangarova, as the best place for procuring the timber, although it was not known that it had ever before been visited by a European vessel.

George had them now in his own power, and he had lost no time in making preparations for his already well devised revenge. Having gone on shore, he detailed his injuries to his tribe; and it was resolved that they should be fearfully requited. The captain was first persuaded to land with a part of his crew, under the pretence that they could not so easily find for him such treasures as he wanted, unless he would go along with them and point them out. When they got him and his party into the woods, having watched their opportunity, they suddenly fell upon the unsuspecting men, and before they could make any resistance, every one of them was murdered. Elated with their achievement, the infuriated savages next proceeded to the ship. It was now dusk, and as they came along side in the ship's boats, dressed in the clothes of their victims, they were hailed by the second officer, who, in reply was informed by them that the captain, meaning to remain on shore all night, had ordered them to take on board the spars that were already cut down. On this, a number of them immediately ascended the ship's side, and before any alarm could be given, knocked the officer down, and beat out his brains, treating in like manner all the sentinels of the watch. Some of them going down to the cabin door, asked those within to come upon deck to see the spars; on which a female passenger, having stepped out to go up, was killed on the cabin ladder. From this moment, all was wild & indiscriminate slaughter, every man, woman, and child that could be found on board was massacred, with the exception of four or five seamen, who had succeeded in escaping up the shrouds, and who were still in the rigging when night closed upon the desolate and bloody deck. Here these unhappy men remained till morning, when Tippahee, the chief whose visit to Port Jackson we have already mentioned, appeared alongside in his canoe; and assuring them of his protection, and of his detestation of the horrible atrocity of which his countrymen had been guilty, invited them to descend and come with him. The men came down from the rigging at his invitation, and having got into his canoe, were safely landed by him at the nearest point, although closely pursued by the Wangarovans. But here Tippahee's power to protect them ended; their savage pursuers, leaping on shore, ran after and soon overtook them all, and while the old man was forcibly held, and prevented from interfering, murdered before his face.

The only individuals who were saved from