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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 28.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, February 8, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

Volney Beckner was born at Londonderry, in Ireland, in 1748, and was devoured by a shark at the age of twelve years.

The child whom we here commemorate had all the advantage of springing from a wealthy and distinguished family: but of what importance is birth? what is the effect of riches? They often corrupt the morals. He who is worthy, honest, and wise, has no need of great or rich ancestors. Volney Beckner was the son of a poor Irish sailor; he received no instruction but what related to his father's profession: yet nature had endowed his body with singular address and agility, and his mind with unusual intelligence and penetration. He had a soul of no common temper; and from his earliest years he discovered sentiments of valour, which would have led him to great enterprises, had he enjoyed a longer life.

One art essentially necessary to a sailor, and serviceable to most others, is that of swimming. Besides that this exercise is very favourable to the health, and that it gives suppleness to the limbs, it is indispensable in a shipwreck; there is no medium in such a case; a person must either know how to swim or be drowned.

As soon as little Beckner was weaned, his father, by example, shewed him how to guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He threw him down into the sea from the stern of the ship: then suddenly plunging into this delusive element, which swallows so many men and so much riches, he sought for him again.

He afterwards supported him with one hand, taught him to extend his little arms and legs, and thus accustomed him from his cradle to brave dangers in their very bosom.

The pupil became so bold, able, and vigorous, that from his fourth year he would follow the ship in which he had been brought up, swimming the distance of one or two leagues. When he was exhausted by fatigue, his father who watched him with an attentive eye, flew to catch him, and brought him to the ship on his back. Sometimes,

when the little lad was not extremely fatigued, he would cling dexterously round a rope which was thrown out to him, and creep up like a rat into the vessel.

When he grew a little bigger, he soon rendered himself useful to the crew. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, when it tore the sails, and the rain fell in torrents, he was one of the most active on board. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility up the trees in Lapland, than Volney did up the rigging and along the yards of the ship. When he was at the top of the mast, even in the fiercest of the storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched in his hammock.

Such is the force of habit and example! Happy are those who see none but good examples! Cradled in the offeminacy of cities, abandoned to ignorant nurses, most children tremble like a leaf at the cracking of the door, and are ready to faint at the sight of a mouse. It is not so with those who are brought up in the midst of labour, and who contemplate brave men. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose on a plank, and be suddenly awakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, was the lot of a Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fevers, or any of those diseases which arise from gluttony and idleness. A hardy education is always the best, and alone forms superior men: of this fact history furnishes us with numerous examples. Such was the aptitude and industry of Beckner in his twelfth year, that at this age he was judged worthy of a higher station, and double pay. The captain of his ship often mentioned him as a model to the other boys; and said once in the presence of the whole crew, "if this little fellow continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of him obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he had so well deserved. Though deprived of the study of letters, which cultivates the mind, extends our knowledge, and gives us just ideas of things, he loved glory by instinct, and made great efforts to acquire it. From several instances of intrepid daring, which he manifested in many dangerous emergencies, we shall only select the following, since this alone will confer eternal honour on his memory.

A little girl, daughter of a rich American, who was going to Port au-Prince, in France, had slipped away from her nurse, who was sick in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, whilst she fixed her eyes with curiosity on the immense expanse of water, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her head to turn, and she fell into the sea. The father of Volney darted after her, and in five or six strokes caught her by her frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child to his breast, Beckner perceived at a distance

a shark advancing towards him. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther, they contented themselves with firing off several muskets; but the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then plunging with the velocity of a fish; he slipped under the belly of the animal, and thrust the sword into him up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the sailor and child, but turned, exasperated, against the aggressor, who attacked him with repeated blows. What a heart rending sight! How worthy of admiration! On one side the American, trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew raising their hands to heaven on seeing young Volney contending with an enemy so greatly superior, and encountering inevitable death to divert it from his father! Who can view a scene like this without dissolving into tears of tenderness?

The combat was two unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. Several ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up; already they were more than fifteen feet above the surface of the water; already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are! here they are!—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! At least one victim was to be sacrificed. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged with a vigorous spring, and darting forward like lightning, with his sharp teeth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate youth while suspending in the air. A part of his palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, with his father and the little girl.

Thus died, at the age of twelve years, this hopeful young sailor, who deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, and the sacred motive by which he was animated to the enterprise, we are penetrated with sorrow to see him sink under it. Yet these great examples cannot be lost. The memory of them does not perish with the individual who gave them. A faithful relation of them cannot but animate with a generous zeal the tender minds of youth, and to produce from age to age the repetition of actions not less praiseworthy.

LITERATURE.

A CURIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL CONTEMPLATION ON THE CHANGES OF MATTER.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to follow a track of pleasing amusement, which by a very easy and natural inference arises from the subject in hand, and which was very happily represented

in a late conversation among some of the great and the wise. Theron, a man of wealth and figure, but unacquainted with philosophic science, sat in the midst of his friends, of both sexes, in a stately room, with rich variety of furniture.

Among other conversation, Theron was complaining that he had often heard it said how much we were indebted to the country and the plough, but for his part he knew no obligation that we had to the lower rank of mankind, whose life is taken up in the fields, the woods, and the meadows, but that they paid their rents well, that the gentlemen might live at their ease. Crito was pleased to seize the occasion, and entertained the gay audience with a surprising lecture of philosophy.

Permit me, Theron, said he, to be an advocate for the peasant, and I can draw up a long account of particulars, for which you are indebted to the field and the forest, and to the men that cultivate the ground, and are engaged in rural business. Look around you on all the elegant furniture of the room, survey your own cloathing, cast your eyes on all the splendid array of Therina and Parris, and the other ladies near them, and you will find, that, except a few glittering stones, and a little gold and silver which was dug out of the bowels of the earth, you can scarce see any thing that was not once growing green upon the ground, through the various labours of the planter and the plowman. Whence came the floor you tread on, part where of is inlaid with woods of different colours? Whence these fair pannels of wainscot, and the varnish that encompasses and adorns the room? Whence this lofty roof of cedar, and the carved ornaments of it? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest? Were not these once the verdant standards of the grove or the mountain? What are your hangings of gay tapestry? are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? Thus the finery of your parlour once was grass; and should you favour me with a turn into your bed-chamber, I could shew you that the curtains and the luen, and the costly coverings where you take your nightly repose, was some years ago all growing in the field.

But I need not retire from the room where we are seated, to give you abundant discoveries of this truth. Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains which hang down by the window, and the easy chairs which accommodate your friends? and if you think a little, you will find that camels, with their hair, were made of grass, as well as the sheep and the wool. I confess the chimney and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass and iron, were dug out of the ground from their beds of different kinds, and you must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them. But what think you of those nice tables of Mosaic work? they confess the forest their parent. What are the books which lie in the window, and the little implements of paper and wax, pens and wafers, which I presume may be found in the escrutoire? And may I not add to these, that inch of wax candle, which stands ready to seal a letter, or perhaps to light a pipe?

You must grant they have all the same original, they were once mere vegetables. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which was woven of the threads of flax and

hemp: the pasteboard covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf that drew its life and sustenance from the meadow. The pen that you write with was plucked from the wings of the goose, which lives upon the grass of the common: The inkhorn was borrowed from the front of the grazing ox; the wafer is made of the paste of bread-corn; the sealing-wax is said to be formed chiefly of the gum of a tree, and the wax for the candle is originally plundered from the bee, who stole it out of a thousand flowers.

Permit me, ladies, said the philosopher, to mention your dress; too nice a subject indeed for a scholar to pretend any skill in it: But I persuade myself your candour will not resent my naming the rich materials, since I leave those more important points, the fashion and the air, to be decided entirely by your superior skill. Shall I enquire then, who gave Persis the silken habit which she wears? And whence did the worm borrow it but from the leaves of the mulberry tree, which was planted and nourished for this purpose by the country swain? May I ask again, how came Therina by those ornaments of fine linen which she is pleased to appear in, and the costly lure of Flanders that surrounds it? Was it not all made of the stalks of flax that grew up in the field like other vegetables? And are not the finest of your muslins owing to the Indian cotton tree? Can you tell me, Theron, one upper garment you have, whether coat, cloak, or night gown, from your shoulder to your very feet, as rich and as new as you think it, which the shrep or the poor silk-worm had not worn before you. It is certain, the beaver bore your hat on his skin; that soft fur was his covering before it was yours; and the materials of your very shoes, both the upper part and the soles of them, covered the calf or the hieser, before they were put on your feet: all this was grass at first, for we have seen that all the animal world owes its being to vegetables.

The company seemed strangely surprised, and thought they had been led into Fairy land; they imagined themselves decyed into the midst of enchantments, while their fancy roved through all these transformations: Yet the discourse seemed to carry such evidence and conviction with it, that though they retained their wonder, they could not withhold their assent.

When Crito had given them leave to muse a little, he took up the argument again. Give me leave Madam, said he to Therina, without offence, to lead you into further wonders. You have seen that the furniture of the place where we are, as well as the precious attire in which you are drest, were lately the productions, and the ornaments of the forest, the meadow or the garden. But could you forgive me, Madam, if I should attempt to persuade you, that that beautiful body of yours, those features and those limbs, were once growing also in the fields and the meadows? I see, lady, you are a little shocked and surprised at the thought. I confess the ideas and sentiments of philosophy are not always so courtly and so favourable to human nature as to be addressed to the tender sex: But pardon me, Therina, if I enquire: Was not your infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have you not been fed with wheat, though it was of the finest kind? and your drink, what has it been but either the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape, or for variety, perhaps the cy-

der-grove has supplied you? The flesh with which you have been nourished to such a well proportioned stature belonged to four footed animals, or to the fowls of the air, and each of these have either been fed with corn or grass: Whence then, Madam, has your own body been supported and what do you think it is made of?

Remainder in our next Number.

POETRY.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polished manners and fine accents,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forwar'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visit unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And giddy's of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pasture in the spacious field:
There they are punish'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd design'd them an abode.
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and desil'd, in most,
By badging die, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty most derlish of them all.
Mercy to him that shews it is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pard'ning guilty man,
And he that shows none being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

THE USES OF VOLATILES.

The uses of the poultry-kind, especially of such as are domesticated, are too obvious to be enumerated; it may, however, be remarked as an evidence of the Divine Goodness, that the common Hen, if well supplied with food and water, is said to lay sometimes 200 eggs in a year; and the fecundity of the Pigeon in a domestic state is so great, that from a single pair, near fifteen thousand may be produced in four years.

The flesh of the Grouse-kind is esteemed for its delicacy; the Peacock in some countries is considered as a luxury; and although it is not a great measure for his singular plumage the man has been tempted to follow the Ostrich in his desert retreat, some of the African tribes are very fond of his flesh, and even the Romans appear to have considered it a dainty. There are besides many parts of this animal which are supposed to be very salutary for medicinal purposes, and their strength and swiftness render them very fit for the purposes of travelling or carrying burdens.

If in the feathery tribe some appear to be formed to please us with the beauty of their plumage as the Goldfinch, the Bullfinch, and the Humming-bird; others, as the Thrush, the Blackbird, and the Canary, delight us with the melody of their song.—The Lark soars aloft and salutes

the new-born day with his cheerful notes—The Nightingale soothes the weary laborer as he returns from his daily toil, by his fascinating strains—The little Robin, in return for the protection our fences have afforded him, exerts himself to render the hedges vocal, in soft and tender melody; and the Sparrow, endeavours to amuse us with her chirpings.

The Swallow, also, as if sensible of the undisturbed possession she has been allowed to make of our premises, during the time of her necessities, catches upon the wing a multitude of flies, gnats, and beetles, and frees us from a number of troublesome vermin before she bids us farewell! Birds of the Hook and Pie kind, although a noisy and chattering tribe, may be of infinitely more use than we have the sense to discover, by the destruction of grubs, worms, and eggs of vermin; and the common carrion crow may be no less necessary in our climate, than the Egyptian Vulture, and the Ossifrage of Asia:—This brings me to say a few words on the use of rapacious fowls, which may be also applied to wild beasts in general.

Better perhaps it may appear to the imperfect reasoning of shortsighted mortals, that the business of mutual destruction had been avoided in a economy of nature, and instead of that circuit of prey and devastation which we observe, animals had been formed to live on vegetable food, and suffered to die a natural death. But dependent of the difficulties that occurs as to how such a number of creatures could be fed from the same source, we do not consider the state of suffering to which many of them must necessarily have been exposed, if they had been left to perish by protracted famine, after the decay of their bodily powers rendered them unable to go in quest of food. Compared with this, it is not a far more happy dispensation that animals are formed for the destruction of each other? and that, (to follow the course of one species by way of specimen,) while the tree louse feeds on plants, the musca aphidivora lives upon the tree-louse; the hornet upon the musca aphidivora; the dragon fly on the hornet; the spider the dragon fly; the small birds on the spider; the hawk on the small birds.

Deprived of reason the innocent lamb licks the hand raised for its destruction; and the sufferings which animals feel upon the speedy extinction of the vital spark, must be momentarily remembered, in comparison of the pangs they must have undergone, if they had been left to expire in old age. Indeed, according to this plan, old age would be impossible; for what would the old soon become were its numerous tenants cut off, and the putrid carcasses to lie unburied—the circumambient air, now the source of life and vitality, must then in a short time be rendered pestilential, and bearing upon its wings noxious vapours, deal death and desolation, and increasing malignity to every climate, until a beautiful theatre of life and activity became a great charnel-house, and the animating me had forever extinguished in the awful silence of eternal night.

Instead, therefore, of finding fault with the merciful dispensations of an all-wise God, and pining that lions and tigers, bears and wolves, eagles and vultures, serpents, and crocodiles, and various monsters of the deep of every description, let us rather rejoice that wherever the carcases are exposed on the field, there will the vultures

be gathered together; and that, where the lion and serpent may die in their requested retreats, innumerable vermin, attracted by the scent, will soon find them out, and leave not a vestige of putrefaction behind.

Before I have done with the tribe of volatiles, I have just to remark, that these are not the only uses for which this order of beings seems to have been created! From the feathery creation we may also learn lessons of wisdom on the most interesting and important subjects! What an example of conjugal constancy and fidelity do we discover in the turtle dove? What a picture of filial affection in the young stork? What a lesson for presumptuous pride have we in the answer of Solon to the monarch of Lydia. When seated on his magnificent throne, and surrounded by all the appendages of external pomp and pageantry, Croesus asked the Greek Philosopher if he had ever seen so magnificent a spectacle as the beautiful plumage of the Pheasant he could not be unmoved at the sight of any other finery," was the cool reply!—And what comfort may we derive, under the vexatious losses and crosses of life, from the argument drawn by our Divine teacher against sinking under despondency or anxiety: "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not better than they?"

"Behold, and look away your low despair! See the light tenants of the barren air: To them nor stores, nor granaries belong; Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song; Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye On the least wing that flits along the sky."

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE RECOMMENDED.
Let us particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty has fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the restraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure amount? They may all be comprised in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal; it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. Blair.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

HUGO GROTIUS,

At the age of eight years, is said to have composed verses, which an old poet would not have disavowed. At the age of fifteen, he maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence, with great applause. The following year he went to France, where he attracted the notice of Henry IV. On his return to his own country, he pleaded his first cause at the age of seventeen, having previously published. Com-

mentaries on Capella and Aratus. When only twenty four years of age, he was made Advocate General of Rotterdam.

BERNARD GILPIN,

Who was usually distinguished in his time by the title of Apostle of the North, discovered an extraordinary genius and application in his childhood; and from his earliest youth was inclined to a contemplative life, thoughtful, reserved and serious. A begging friar came to his father's house, where, according to the custom of those times, he was received in a very hospitable manner. The plenty set before him was a temptation too strong for his virtue, of which, it seems, he had not sufficient to save appearances. The next morning, however, he ordered the bell to toll, and from the pulpit expressed himself with great vehemence against the debauchery of the times and particularly against drunkenness. Young Gilpin, then a child upon his mother's knee, recoiled for some time exceedingly amazed with the friar's discourse, and at length with the utmost indignation cried out, "Oh mamma! do you hear how this fellow dares speak against drunkenness, and was drunk himself yesterday at our house?"

HISTORY.

LAPLANDERS.

Laplanders might be known any where from the inhabitants of more temperate climates, by their short, squat figure, large head, flat face, and small dark grey eyes. Their summer dress is made of dark coarse cloth; but in winter their breeches, coats, shoes, and gloves, are made of the skins of the rein deer, with the hair turned outwards. What a droll sight must a Laplander woman be equipped in this manner!—for they dress like the men, except a small apron of painted cloth, and a few more rings and trinkets. They are, notwithstanding, fond of linen, and contrive to embroider their socks and clothes with blues, wools, silver or coloured wools, which they are skilled in dyeing of various hues. In winter they are glad to eat dried fish, or the flesh of animals they can catch, but they never think of either roasting or boiling it; they devour it raw. The eggs of wild geese, and other water fowl, which breed in prodigious numbers on the borders of the lakes, supply them with food in the spring; and when the breeding season is over, they live upon the birds. Some of the people are maintained wholly by fishing; whilst others are employed in tending their flocks of rein-deer, and wander about the mountains from place to place.

They live in tents made of coarse cloth, which they carry about with them, and pitch for a short time wherever it suits their convenience. But the fishermen build villages, such as they are, near some lake. When they want to make a hut, they take large poles, or the bodies of trees, and place them slanting on the ground, in the form of a circle, so that they meet at top, except a small opening, which is left for the smoke to pass through. Instead of a carpet, they cover the ground with branches of trees, and the door is made of rein-deer skins like two curtains. During several months in winter, these poor people never see the sun; but the beautiful Aurora Borealis; (or streamers, as it is sometimes called,) and the reflection of the snow, to a certain degree, make amends.

Of what use would a post-chaise or a coach be to a Laplander, when he travels over deserts of snow? The wheels would be presently clogged up, and he could proceed no further. Therefore if he has a little way to go, he puts on his snow shoes, which are made very long, to keep him from sinking. But if he has occasion to go to a distance, he harnesses his rein-deer to a sledge, made in the form of a boat; and, after whispering something to the animal, which he is so foolish as to suppose it understands; he seats himself on the sledge, and away he is carried with surprising swiftness. In spite of the cold, the absence of the sun, and the barrenness of the soil, the Laplander loves his own country better than any other, and prefers his hut and his rein-deer to the conveniences of more civilized nations.

SUMATRA.

[The following brief account of the Religion of the Batta was drawn up by Mr. Prince. It was writ-

for the information and at the request of the Hon. Sir T. S. Raffles.]

The present religion of the Battas is a compound of the most ridiculous and barbarous superstitions, founded on human depravity. They do not, however, worship images, but believe in the existence of certain deities, whose attributes bespeak the existence of a better race of people than the present. Their names and descriptions are as follow:

Dee Bath assee assee, the creator and father of all—who appointed three brothers—Batragourou, Seeree Padah, and Mahalabhoolan his Va-keels or agents, to instruct mankind.

Bataragourou is the God of Justice, and is described literally under the following character: "Fish in the wears he will restore to their element, property forgotten, he will return; a measure filled to the brim, a just balance and upright judgment are his."

These are the principles Bataragourou was appointed to instil into the minds of mankind, but the Battas acknowledge themselves strangers to their adoption.

Seeree Padah is the God of Mercy: "He will repair the clothes that are torn—give meat to the hungry—drink to the thirsty—heal the sick—relieve the oppressed—give advice to the weak, and shelter to the friendless."

Mahalabhoolan soon quarrelled with his brothers, separated from them, and set up the practice of tenets directly opposite to theirs;—hence he is described as—"The source of discord and contention,—the instigator of malice and revenge,—the enciter of anger, —the source of fraud, deceit, lying, hypocrisy, and murder."

Of these three brothers, you will not wonder that the last is most powerful, or that he has most adherents. The Battas acknowledge that they apply to, and beseech him, when they have followed any of those vices, and they also acknowledge that petitions are very rarely offered to the other Deities. They name a fish, "*Nig-gah padonah*," the Atlas who is said to support the world, which they describe to consist of seven folds beneath, and as many above.

A person named "*Dattoo*," who is skilled in every sort of superstition, is the only resemblance of a priest among them. Every village has one. The only ceremony practised of a religious nature, as far as I can hear, is the custom of invoking the shades of their ancestors. This is done at pleasure, in prosperity and adversity. The process of the ceremony is as follows.

A wooden mask is made intended to represent the features of the deceased; this is worn by a clever fellow, who is dressed in all the regalia of a Rajah, and he is worshipped as the living representative of the departed object of their regard.

A feast is made in honour of the dead, which lasts for three days. The performer exercises all the authority that his skill suggests, and mixes his sayings with prophecies suited to the wishes of his audience.

The influence of the *Dattoo* over the deluded Battas is such, that they will engage in no undertaking, however trifling, without first consulting him. He expounds all their religious books, and according to his interpretation, a day is chosen as propitious to their object, whether that be a suit, a journey, or war.

Of the moral conduct of these people, it grie-

ves me to say, that it appears to be influenced by all the vile passions of an irregular and irritable constitution. Truth is seldom regarded, when in the way of the interests or feelings: and honesty is never founded on principle, but on the fear of detection. The general tenor of their lives has obliterated the recollection and practice of the laws of Seeree Padah, and Bataragourou, and they have no Priesthood, no Rajah to recal them, or to reprove their obstinate adherence to the principles of Mahalabhoolan, who is certainly no other than the devil.

I am sure, adds Mr. Prince in concluding his account, that christian Missionaries would find a good field for their labours among this people; for it is not ignorance of what is virtuous and good, but, as they themselves acknowledge, *natural depravity*, that must be assigned as the principal cause of their present deplorable morals.

An extract of a letter from Mr. Evans to a friend at Hammorsmith, dated Padang, throws some light upon the moral condition of the Malays, and proves that they need an acquaintance with the gospel, not only to rectify their gross mistakes respecting the nature of a future life, but to instruct them how to conduct themselves with propriety in this.

"You are no doubt aware that all the Malays are Musselmans. But it is only part of the peculiarities of religion of the false prophet, and those the most exceptionable, that they have an acquaintance with. They are in a state of most deplorable ignorance, destitute of almost every kind of knowledge. It is true they have the name of being civilized, but from all I can observe, their condition to say the very best of it, is semi-barbarism. Of science they know nothing, of the useful arts they know very little, and what is worse than all, they appear to have no wish to improve. Their indolence is almost beyond credibility. With a few exceptions, if they can obtain rice and the betel nut to chew, they will sit down in their houses the whole of their time without feeling the least inclination to seek employment.

Those who work at any kind of handicraft (and miserable workmen they are) will exert themselves no farther than to get a bare subsistence. Money will not stimulate them, entreaty will have no influence, threatening will not avail, and so deeply interwoven with their very nature does this indolent disposition appear, that were it not for the doctrine of the *new birth*, I should have no hope of their cordially embracing Christianity. I should conclude that if no other part of the religion of the blessed Jesus were opposed to their inclinations and taste, the active duties it enjoins would fill their souls with an unconquerable aversion to it."

SELECT SENTENCES.

When a man owns himself to be in an Error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was.

Truth often suffers more from the heat of its Defenders, than from the arguments of its Opposers.

Never doth reason show itself more reasonable, than when it ceaseth to reason about things above reason.

Dare to tell true; nothing can need a lie: The fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.

Truth alone, without eloquence, is sufficiently powerful and persuasive, and stands in need of no studied and artificial practices to vindicate and recommend it.

Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

A great man, on a certain affair, being asked by Hellogabalus, How he durst be so plain? Because, said he, I dare die: I can but die, if I speak the truth; and I must die, if I flatter.

A woman of true sense will always be ambitious, not of gaining admiration, but of deserving it.

We are never well informed of the Truth, till we are conformed to the Truth.

THE JOK OF NATURE;

OR

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unweav'd with all the cares of gam,
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flow,
Nor envy nor ambition knew.
His wisdom and his honest fame
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
"Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, to realms unknown;
Hast thou thro' many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws and manners, weigh'd?"

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
"I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
Who by that search shall wiser grow?
By that, ourselves we never know.
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple NATURE drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awak'd my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of us kind)
With gratitude instills my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove;
The hen, whom from the chulky air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instruct me in a parent's charge.

"From NATURE too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly,
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to Contemplation;
And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

"Thy fame is just," the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen
Books as affected are as men:
But He who studies Nature's Laws,
From certain Truth His Maxims draws.