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JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 49.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, July 4, 1832.

Vol. I.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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BIOGRAPHY.

CONFUCIUS

The Chinese Philosopher. B. C. 400.

This celebrated man was born in the province of Changlong, about 550 years B. C. His father, who was a great mandarin or officer of state, being when he was but three years of age, he was taken under the care of his grandfather, to whose wise instructions and excellent example he was deeply indebted. He married at the age of nineteen, and four years after, projected a general reformation, in the prosecution of which he was remarkably successful; but from some unpleasant circumstances, chiefly owing to the unstable conduct of the King of Lon, who had adopted his opinions, he determined to attempt a reformation in other countries. In his numerous travels, he constantly published his doctrines, and aimed invariably at the happiness of the human race, by exhorting them to tread in the paths of virtue.—How admirable is a disposition to do good to others!

From his numerous followers, he selected ten disciples, to propagate his maxims; and, as a proof of his zeal, (and which should be a powerful excitement to Christians,) he sent no less than 600 missionaries into different parts of the world, to effect a reformation in the manners of the people. It does not appear, however, that any success was extraordinary.

The talents of this Philosopher are said to have been discovered at an early period, and his memory is still revered for his transcendent virtues, particularly, his great respect for his ancestors, which the Chinese hold in extreme veneration. He died at the age of seventy-two, leaving many writings behind him, which are still preserved. The Chinese, to testify their respect, have erected many magnificent edifices in his memory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NOBLE SPIRIT.—Concluded.

I felt soothed, while listening to the voice of young enthusiasm, as I then deemed him. I had not that he had any comfort which I could teach; but I loved warmth on

any subject, and the idea that I had at length met with one, whose actions and convictions were not at variance, seemed to rescue human nature from the depth of its degradation. Sincerity marked every word and tone, and I felt as if breathing a new atmosphere, while the tender concern he manifested for me, proved that I was not yet 'cast out of earth, and reprobate of heaven.' He drew from me the confession of my wanderings, my pride of intellect, my confidence of virtue; my wretchedness, upon finding that the friend whom imagination had clothed with every noble qualification, was wholly worthless; my subsequent attempt, to find in sensual indulgences, that happiness which philosophical research had failed to yield. I told him how my heart had arched in the midst of merriment; had felt utterly void, though frothed to the top with empty pleasure. I described to him the miserable state of Crawford, and in short, made him acquainted with every thing I have related to you, except the circumstances attending my rupture with Langloy. 'Having thus,' I continued, 'proved the fallacy of placing any reliance on noble faculties in one instance, or goodness of heart in the other,—for with the last quality I long invested Crawford,—where shall I look for excellence of any kind; how shall I find happiness, if it flee alike from mind and body?'

"My dear Hanmer," replied the young man, 'your want of success does not argue the non-existence of excellence and happiness; it rather proves, that you have sought them in a wrong direction. When man is enabled to fulfil the true end of his existence, he attains excellence, and experiences happiness. And will you allow me to add, what I conceive is that true end, 'to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever?'

"But how can man's evil passions glorify his Creator, or suffer him to enjoy the presence of a Being, whose holiness is perfect?'

"Your experience of the human heart at this time, is, I plainly perceive, most painful; yet I cannot help hoping, that in this very way, divine mercy is leading you to the paths of truth and peace. You have looked for that in man, which he possesses not. He has lost the original rectitude in which his Maker formed him, and must now stand upon an entirely different footing."

"On what footing?" I eagerly exclaimed.

"On the free offer of pardon and reconciliation with his offended God, through that adorable Redeemer, who made his soul a sacrifice for sin, on the promise of forgiveness and reward for the sake of his perfect righteousness, on the engagement of the blessed Spirit, I will take away the evil heart out of your flesh, and a new spirit will I put within you."

"Did you ever," I enquired, "feel such an alteration, or know any one who has?'

"Yes; I have known many instances, in which men have been turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God. And I trust,

he added, looking persuasively upon me, 'it will not be long before I witness another.'

"No, never," I exclaimed, writhing with inward agony, 'I have fought—I have been vanquished—I am crushed to rise no more.'

"But if you could be assured, that the punishment of all your offences was borne by the Redeemer; that all were pardoned, and that God, as a reconciled Father, was regarding you with pity, love, and favor, would you not feel grateful?'

"Yes, most grateful for unmerited mercy, but not one degree safer than I am now. For if all the past were this moment swept into oblivion, I should begin with the next hour, to fall by the same temptations."

"Assuredly, if left to yourself; but the Saviour of whom I have been speaking, is not a partial deliverer: when he saves from the guilt and condemnation of sin, he destroys its dominion in the heart. By his meritorious obedience to the divine law, his obedience even unto death, he has purchased gifts for men, and among the chief, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Yes, God the Spirit dwells in the hearts of true christians, and by his almighty influence, rules over their powers and passions, sanctifies their affections, and strengthens them in all their arduous conflicts. My dear Hanmer, I doubt not your mind has been often perplexed, in ascertaining what is the principle of virtue. Its true principle as revealed by the only wise God, is love, springing from that faith in Christ, whereby you embrace the hope of full and free salvation. Here is a mind truly noble: acting, not from slavish fear, or for mercenary recompence, but enquiring in the fulness of its gratitude, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?' Again, do you ask by what means is virtue to be maintained; and looking on the weakness of man, shrink from the endeavor? Hanmer, there is power sufficient, but we must seek it, not in, but out of ourselves. Behold in the doctrine of divine influences, strength equal to his need. When outward temptations and inward corruptions rush forward like a flood; one fervent aspiration breathed in holy confidence to a present Helper, will do more towards quelling these mighty foes, than all the rules and resolutions we can form."

"In the practice of virtue," I observed, still clinging to my philosophical distinctions, 'your true christian, as you call him, seems rather actuated by a sense of duty, than the desire of happiness.'

"I have given you his motive; it is the love of God, founded on a feeling of infinite obligation, and when I have heard those two views, to which you have alluded, discussed with varied arguments, how strongly have I felt the truth of that axiom, 'there is no philosophy like the christian religion.' In it duty and interest are sweetly combined. Love to God includes that love to our fellow creatures, which God has enjoined, that universal and individual benevolence, without which we cannot be assu-

ruined to the divine image. Holiness therefore, or virtue, if you prefer the name, is regarded by the Christian as his bounden duty. And happiness he finds in holiness: it rests not in the stormy wave of passing events, nor can it be destroyed by the waywardness of human agents its place is within, its duration eternal. This pursuit of it cannot clash with the interest of others, for the more it is diffused, the larger is his share. Thus, unchained, and raised from earth, the renewed soul unites the most unreserved devotedness to the glory of God, and the most noble enthusiasm in the service of men, with an undeviating pursuit of his own best interest, his truest happiness. I never think on this subject without being reminded of the hymn,

Our pleasure and our duty,
Tho' opposite before,
Since we have seen His beauty,
Are join'd to part no more.
It is our highest pleasure,
No less than duty's call,
To love him beyond measure,
And serve him with our all.

Our conversation was here ended by the unsuccessful return of Mr. G—; but not so its impression on my heart. The Saviour whom Wilson proclaimed, had thoughts of mercy towards me: the blessed Spirit deigned to strive with me, and conquer. He brought me out of darkness, and the shadow of death, and brake my iron bonds asunder; and having snatched me as a brand from the burning, he put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving unto my God. Wilson became my instructor, my bosom-friend, the friend of my family, who received him with joy, as the instrument of my rescue from ruin and disgrace. They know not the extent of blessedness to which he had introduced me, but they witnessed with delight my outward amendment; nor was it long before the reasonable observations, and gentle influence of our visitor, raised enquiries in their minds, unknown before. We attended with him on a truly scriptural ministry, and the gospel having been brought to each, as I humbly trust, in demonstration of the Spirit, became the power of God to our souls' salvation, I, in turn, was admitted to his domestic fire side, where a widowed mother, and two lovely sisters, found in him, not only a dutiful son and tender brother, but a substitute for the husband and father they had lost. His presence protected, his exertions assisted, his cheerfulness enlivened, and his knowledge improved the interesting group, while his pious, consistent example 'allured to heaven, and marked the way.' Lovely and serene, as the moon walking in brightness, it reflected the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

My young friends, I had now found a noble spirit; even a spirit imparted by God himself—noble in its origin. 'I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughter, saith the Lord Almighty.'—noble in its principles, owning no other motive, but free both love and gratitude: noble in its conduct, rising superior to the low aims of selfishness, expanding in benevolence to every individual of the race of man, and collecting, as in a more powerful focus, every generous affection, to pour upon its own immediate circle. Noble in its enjoyment and expectations, for their nature was spiritual, and their source and comfort, God.

And in the measure that I too was enabled to tread this blessed path, I shared my friend's felicity. Truly might it be said of me,

O wondrous victory! On the sick'n'd soul
Religion smiles, and makes the wounded whole;
Bears the long wanderer to her blest abode,
And rests him on the bosom of his God:
Momentous objects now engage his view;
His palsied energies burst forth anew.
Importance stamps his passage to the grave,
A God to glorify, a soul to save,
Mankind to aid. Now duty's meanest call;
Is noble service to the Lord of all:
While the bright hope of immortality,
Swells his full heart, and lights his faded eye.

That you my beloved friends, may know by experience, the blessedness of the Redeemer; that the noble, the excellent spirit of a true believer, may be imparted to you, is a request which I daily present on your behalf. With kindest remembrances to your parents and yourselves, believe me to be, very affectionately yours,
T. W. HAMMER.

VALUE OF TIME.

People often waste time, because they do not know how to save it, or how to use it. The day and the year are of the same length to us all; but to look at what some contrive to do in a day or a year, one would think they had more time allowed to them than other people have, or that they know how to live without sleep. The secret is that they never waste any time; they do not pass half an hour in doing nothing; because half an hour is not an hour; and a few half hours put together almost make a day.

There are very few people now in the world who would wish you not to read and write; but some there are who would rather see you idling about, or swinging on a gate, or standing at the corner of the street, than reading a book; and these people are sure to say that you cannot find time to read the little book that is now in your hand. They fancy that if you learn to like reading, you will soon dislike to work.

These people mean well perhaps; but they are mistaken, and want better information. It is certainly not at all to be wished that you should do what would make you dislike your work; for it is plain that if you cannot earn money, you must want all that money brings. You will want food, a bed to sleep on, a house to shelter you from the weather, clothes to wear, and every comfort for yourself, for your wife, and for your children. Now, if any foolish person would wish you to read instead of working, he must teach you to live without food, and to be comfortable without a bed or a coat. You will say no one could be so foolish as to expect to do that; and you are right. Those who are anxious that you should be industrious and comfortable; and they believe that a love of reading will help to make you so. They do not wish you to read when you should be at work, but to read when, if you are not working, you are quite idle, or, perhaps, worse than idle, spending your money and your time in drinking.

You have but little time for reading. You work hard all day, and are tired when night comes. In the summer-time you take a walk in the evening round your garden, if you have one, and, perhaps, work a little in it; but when you have eaten your supper, you still pass an hour in doing nothing. In the winter, the even-

ings are dark and cold, and you sit by the fire; and then, if you have learned to read, you find amusement in looking at a book. You are even, sometimes, sorry that you have not some book to amuse you. Your wife is busy about her children; and if you have nothing to read, you doze away the whole evening by the fire. Perhaps your children are old enough to go to school, and they keep you awake until bed time; you like to know how they get on with their reading and writing; you wish you had been taught as well as they are taught; you like to hear them read to you, and you have no books that they can understand. These, and other things, show that you have a wish to read, and that, although you have not much time for reading, still you have some time—nay, many nights in a year, in which a book would be very welcome.

Nobody can be said to be at all fond of reading, who does not, now and then, like to take up a book for half an hour. The working man who has been taught to read well, and likes to hear his little boys and girls read, will be sure to give half an hour to books three or four evenings out of the seven. If you do but read half an hour, four evenings out of the seven, you will read this little book quite through, or will hear it read by your children, before another volume is ready for you.

You see, therefore, how much may be done by taking care of waste half-hours. Many will no doubt, read much more than is here supposed, but if those who read the least, will only attend to what they read, or if, when their children read it they ask them questions about it afterwards, it will be found, at the end of a year, that they know much more than they ever thought they should know; and that what they have learned has proved useful, too, on several occasions, and will be of use on many more.

This may show you that a little time well spent like a little money well laid out, may bring back a great deal of profit. Useful learning, is very much like money saved; it brings more, and it grows into a large sum; and, some day or other, it is found to be worth twenty times as much as it was thought to be worth at first.

Such are the good effects of a little time well employed: but, if time is spent at the ale-house or the gin-shop, there is double loss; nay, lost many times doubled. First, there is the loss of time; then there is the loss of money; then there is the loss of health; then there is the loss of peace and comfort at home; then there is the loss of friends; then there is the loss of work, and that brings poverty and want; and, worst of all, there is loss of your good character.

If you spend your time well, you save it, and you save your money, and you save your health; you save all the comforts you wish to enjoy; you save your wife and your little children from starvation, and cold, and beggary; and if you should fall sick, you will find you have saved your friends, because you have saved your good character.

All this may be done by taking care to save a little time every day. Time, therefore, is property; and to waste it, is extravagance.

But, perhaps, the reader may say that to read accounts of the moon and planets, and of countries and people whom he never expects to see, can be of no use to him. He may say that learned men are not always wise men; and

that a workman works better without learning than with it.

If an ignorant man works better than a well-informed man, then the most ignorant man will be the best workman; which every body knows is not the case. Knowledge is what makes one man a better workman than another, whatever his work may be. Without knowledge, man would not work better than a horse works; but, with knowledge, he makes the horse work for him. Almost every kind of knowledge is useful to every man, and there is no fear of any man acquiring too much. If learned men are not always wise, it is because they want knowledge, not because they have too much.

If you look around you, and see fine houses, beautiful carriages and horses, shops filled with valuable goods,—all these things have been procured by money; but the money itself was procured by labour, directed by knowledge. Whoever knows best what to do, and how to do it, will, in most cases, get the most wealth.

There are things better than riches, or rank, or power. One of these things is Independence. It is independence which sets one man above another, and makes him rich, although his possessions may be small; it is independence that often guards a man against temptations; and whoever is careless about independence is in danger of coming to poverty.

Every reasonable man, whatever his station in life or his work may be, wishes to have sufficient and wholesome food, to be comfortably clothed, and to have a decent bed to lie upon. If he marries, he wishes the same comforts for his wife and for his children. He knows that sickness may come, and he wishes to provide against it: he knows that old age will come, and he desires to lay up something for it. And all this, if he is an honest as well as a reasonable man, he wishes to do without taking from others that which does not belong to him.

The great difference between honest men and knaves is not in the things they desire, but in the means they take to obtain them. There is the same difference between wise men and fools; and many a man is dishonest because he is foolish, or, rather, no man who is wicked can be called wise.

Now, education has for its chief object the teaching of men how to attain prosperity, or at least independence, by honest means; and those who object to education are commonly found to object to men's independence, and to doubt the honesty of every man who is free to act as he chooses.

Very different is the opinion of those whose time has been given to preparing this work, which we hope will be the Cottager's Companion. For although this little book is not meant to make the labourer a philosopher, it is meant to show him how much more profitably he may pass his unoccupied hours than in idleness; and to convince him that we may all learn much if we choose, and that the more we learn, the happier, and the better, and the more independent we become, provided what we learn be good.

In this volume you will find much information that we trust will be truly valuable to all. It is hoped that something useful may be found in every page, and that you will be convinced that even amusement may be made beneficial. There is no reason why good men should not be cheerful; and you will find nothing gloomy in this

book, and at the same time nothing which may not be read without danger by your wife and by your children. Obscure as your station may be and hard your labour, and humble your prospects, you will find there are persons who having had more advantages, feel a deep and sincere desire for your own welfare and for that of your family; and these friends, in providing for you a cheap, and useful, and entertaining book, wish, at the same time, that you should be cheered and encouraged, as well as directed, to what is prudent and good.

THE TALKATIVES.

"Words learned by rote, a parrot may rehearse.
But talking is not always, to converse.
A story in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
But sedentary weavers of long tales,
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails."

COWPER.

There are two characters whom I meet with in almost every direction, and whom I hereby denounce as pests in society. These are the Talkatives, and the Taciturns: the tongue of the one is perpetually running, while that of the other is nearly motionless. I compare the first to a cherry-clapper, which is continually rattling; and the other to a large stone, which it is difficult to move. The words of the Talkative flow as freely, and to as little purpose too, as the money of a spendthrift; while it is as difficult to get a word from the Taciturn, as a guinea from a miser.

The Talkatives are a pretty numerous race, and are divided into several classes. One sect of them I will denominate the Superficials, of which Papillus is a specimen. Whatever may be the subject of conversation, Papillus is ready to take you up; his ideas are always at command, they float upon the surface, he deals only in generals; and when you have heard him for hours, you are reminded of the words of the poet,

"Collect at evening when the day brought forth,
Compress the sun into its solid worth;
And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
The scales are false, and algebra a lie."

COWPER.

Another sect I denominate the Particulars. Tedio is a principal in this class. His discourse is chiefly confined to one set of subjects; but when the favorite topics are introduced, his speeches are interminable; and lest you should not fully understand him, he gives you a lengthy story in confirmation, accompanied by fifty dry particulars. Positivo is considered the oracle of his village; he therefore thinks himself entitled to engross the conversation to himself and is well pleased with his guests as long as they will receive his dicta in silence. But Positivo must be told that out of his own circle he is justly compared to a bubble, which yields nothing but empty air.

A third class of Talkers I call Borrowers. These persons have no ideas of their own, but deal out, at second hand, the opinions of others. Fluvio is one of this stamp; among strangers Fluvio is considered a well-informed man, but his friends know, that whatever he advances may be found in the Westminster or the Quarterly Review. Fluvio, therefore, deserves only to be ranked with the bird in borrowed plumes, or a man who hires a court dress in Blommonth-street.

A fourth class of Talkers I designate the

Professionals. You cannot hear them speak five minutes before you discover their several callings. Niveo, a young lad, was lately visiting a friend in a parish near London. He was once in company with Vergor, who dexterated largely on parochial matters, and the law of settlements in particular. Niveo, at the time, mistook him for the churchwarden, or the vestry clerk; but on going to church the next sabbath, he was surprised on perceiving his "learned friend" in the costume of the parish beadle.

Another set of Talkers I name the Universals. Their conversation is more variable than the wind, they flit from subject to subject like birds among trees; or like butterflies in a garden, they rove from flower to flower, and get nothing at last. Plumero belongs to this class, but having lately read Dr Watts' excellent Treatise on the Mind, Plumero is greatly improved, and I hope, ere long, he will learn to converse rationally.

Another tribe of Talkers, nearly allied to the Particulars is, the Redundants. Trophimus, an old general, has seen service more than fifty years. His account of a battle would fill an octavo volume, containing the exact disposition of every regiment, before, during, and after the engagement; the number of cannon, &c. taken; and the names of officers killed, wounded, and missing; with a separate dissertation on the merits of each. I can readily pardon this garrulity in a veteran like Trophimus; but I hereby inform his grandsons that a shorter statement would be far more acceptable to the company. Somnillus relates a tale, dull and uninteresting in itself, but rendered more so by his perpetual repetitions of its several parts. He lately mentioned a circumstance, in my hearing, which in the original narration occupied only a few minutes; but in his second recital I noted down no less than twenty-five repetitions, of which exactly sixteen were confined to two facts which he had at first stated. I am frequently pestered in this way, and fear Somnillus is incorrigible, but I hope the readers of the Youth's Magazine will benefit the next generation by avoiding such conduct.

The last sect of Talkers I shall mention is the Superlatives. These persons deal wholly in extremes; with them the description, even of the most insignificant object, is elevated to the highest point, and to a by-stander it would appear as if the universe were composed only of height and depth, to the exclusion of length and breadth. The account which Excessivo gives of his travels, reminds one of Gulliver and Munchausen; "the people are giants, the churches are pyramids, and the animals monsters." If Excessivo meets with a trifling disappointment, he is quite inconsolable; if he feels a little pain, you imagine he is describing a fit of the stone. Yesterday he dined with a friend, and he has just told me that "never were provisions so good, or so well cooked." He is exceedingly fond of the words "immense" and "infinite;" but I apprehend, does not study their real meaning. Excessivo having long since reached the zenith of description, his powers of language are exhausted; and whatever improvements may take place in the world, the accounts of Excessivo will necessarily be given in the same terms, from year to year. Excessivo should forthwith purchase a grammar, and study the degree of comparison; and should also remain silent till he can talk like other people.

I once thought of an application to parliament to regulate conversation by statute, but on further reflection I have relinquished the idea; fearing that from the nature of their own debates, and the little benefit resulting from some of them, that they would require such lengthy speeches from others, that would leave no time for transacting the ordinary affairs of life. But from pure regard to the rising generation, I have collected a number of excellent rules for the management of conversation. The Spectators, Guardians, and Tatlers of the last age, and some publications of the present day, have contributed their several quotas towards a work, which I thought of publishing, in three volumes quarto, at the very moderate price of THREE GUINEAS, in boards. But, on consulting my bookseller, I am discouraged from the attempt for three reasons: he informs me that, for a work of this description, I should meet with very few purchasers, still fewer readers, and SCARCELY ANY who would improve by its perusal. I shall therefore preserve the MSS. and leave directions to my family to have it published two hundred years hence, when, it may be hoped, the world will be better able to appreciate its value: till then only a few select portions shall be given to the readers of the Youths' Magazine. In a future paper I will give them some account of the TACITURNS.

Crito.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR DEVOURING HIS PREY.

(From M'Leod's Voyage of H. M. S. Alceste.)

On board of the ship *Cæsar*, which had been engaged to bring back to England our late embassy to China, after the shipwreck of his Majesty's ship *Alceste*, there was also embarked a serpent of the Boa Constrictor species, which although sixteen feet long, and about a foot and a half in circumference, was considered to be but a small one of his kind. He is said to have been entertained with a live goat for dinner once in every three or four weeks, and occasionally with a duck or fowl by way of a dessert. He was brought on board shut up in a wooden crib or cage, the bars of which were sufficiently close to prevent his escape; and it had a sliding door, for the purpose of admitting his food. This crib was about four feet high and five feet square; a space sufficiently large to allow him to coil himself round with ease. The live stock for the use of this monster during his passage to England, consisting of six goats of the ordinary size, were sent on board with him, and considered as a fair allowance for as many months. At an early period of the voyage, says Mr. M'Leod, Surgeon of H. M. late ship *Alceste*, we had an exhibition of his talent in the way of eating, which was publicly performed on the quarter-deck, upon which he was brought. The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the serpent's cage again shut. The poor goat, as if instinctively aware of all the horrors of his situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively at the same time towards the serpent in self defence. The serpent, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and, turning his head towards the goat, at length fixed his deadly and malignant eye upon the victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; though he still continued butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the

banquet. He first darted out his forked tongue, and rearing his head a little, suddenly seized the goat by the foreleg with his mouth, and throwing him down instantly encircled the poor animal in his horrid folds. This was so quickly done that even the eye could not follow the rapid convolution of the serpent's body. It was not a regular screw like turn that was formed, but resembled rather a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his prey. He also continued to grasp with his mouth that part of the animal which he had first seized. The poor goat in the mean time continued its feeble and half stifled cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it for a considerable time in his grasp after it was apparently motionless, and at length began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by licking over that part of the goat; and then taking its muzzle into his mouth (which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw lacerated wound) he sucked it in, as far as the horns would allow. The stoppage here arose not so much from their extent as from their points, but in a very short time they were also sucked in, and could be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim was now swallowed as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the working of the muscles were evident, and unabated; this seemed to be the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend his respiration for a time, for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat. The whole operation of completely gorging the animal, occupied about two hours and twenty minutes: at the end of which time the tumefaction or swelling was confined to the middle part of the body or stomach, the mouth and throat having resumed their natural size. The reptile now coiled himself up again, and laid quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when his last meal appearing to be completely dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility. Few of those who witnessed his first meal wished to be present at the second.

It is impossible to behold without the most painful sensation, the anxiety and trepidation of the harmless victim, or to observe the hideous writhings of the serpent around his prey, and not to imagine what our own case would be in the same dreadful situation. Nor can we help thankfully reflecting upon the goodness of God to us, who has cast our happy lot in a country where we are not as the Africans, Asiatics, and South Americans are, exposed to the horrid ravages of such insidious and dreadful enemies.

Method of Destroying Tigers.—In Persia and the Northern parts of Hindoستان, the following method

of destroying tigers is said to be common: a large semispherical cage is made of strong Bamboos, or other efficient materials woven together, but leaving intervals throughout, of about three or four inches broad. Under this cover, which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets, in some place where tigers abound, a man provided with two or three short strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which by its agitation answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt, and very composedly goes to sleep in full confidence of his safety. When a tiger comes, and perhaps after smelling all around, begins to rear against the cage, the man stabs him with one of the spears through the interstices of the wicker work, and rarely fails to kill the animal, which is generally found dead at no great distance in the morning.

The unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, in the height of his prosperity, was exceedingly extravagant, for we find that he wore before her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, on a collar day at court, besides his sumptuous apparel as many pearls and precious stones on his shoes, as were valued at six thousand six hundred crowns.

POETRY.

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

Eccles. xii. 1.

O LORD! while life and hope are young,
And all are kind to me;
While strains of pleasure prompt my tongue,
Let me remember thee!

Where'er my wayward footsteps turn,
Whate'er mine eyes may see,
May I thy pow'r, thy love discern,
And, Lord, remember thee!

And when to man's estate I grow,
Though rich, though great I be,
May all my feelings heav'nward flow,
And I remember thee!

And oh! when evil days shall fall,
And health and comfort flee,
Midst sorrow's cloud and suff'ring's thrall,
May I remember thee!

And thus, till life itself shall end
And I'm from sin set free,
Greater! Father! Guardian! Friend!
May I remember thee!

THE TEST.

"Good Master! I follow where'er thou leadest."
Ah! thoughtless avowal of bold resolve!
But show, for such hazard, what motive thou pleadest,
What future designs dost thy breast revolve?

Does novelty lure thee to share in the fortune
Of him on whom scorn cheds but withering ray?
Does sympathy mildly thy feelings importune,
To soothe the full griefs of thy Lord away?

And know'st thou the fox a warm covert possesseth,
The birds of the heav'n a downy nest;
While the Son of the Highest, in all his distresses,
Hath no where a shelter, no home of rest!

Canst thou fearlessly look on the deep swelling ocean,
And equally smile on the raging tide
Of popular wrath and hostile commotion,
Which fain in its gulfs thy Redeemer would hide?

Canst thou calmly recline on the night's cheerless pillow,
While storms are awake o'er thy shelterless head,
And will not thy heart droop as low as the willow
To repose where the tempests of insult spread?

Bethink thee, adventurer, reckon the stages
Of such a career, for the men who display
A work incomplete, are the jest of all ages,
Their labor, a pastime for future days
Cornwall.