

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT SEA.

Death's in the ship,
And the yellow flag waves on high;
Some are taking their last long sleep,
Or drawing their last deep sigh.

Death's in the ship,
And the cheek of the brave is pale;
For the life-blood has left that lip,
And the heart's red currents fail.

Death's in the ship,
But he rests in his hammock shroud;
We commit the dead to the deep,
And every head is bowed.

The waves' deep plash,
Speak the hasty ritual o'er;
And the crested billows dash,
As they dashed along before.

No more again,
Shall the dead and his messmates meet,
Till the sea gives up its slain,
To stand at the judgment seat.

But when the sound
Of the last dread tramp we hear—
With the nations underground,
And all in the deep sea found
He and I will be surely there.

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REVIEW.

A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants. By JOHN WILLIAMS, of the London Missionary Society. London, 1837. pp. xviii. 590. 8vo.

(Continued from page 226.)

HAVING expressed our opinion of the work in general, we now proceed to lay before our readers some extracts from it, which, we have no doubt, will sustain the favourable views we have stated.

Of the Tahitian, Society, the Fiji Islands, also those called New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Solomon's Archipelago, New Britain, New Ireland, New Guinea, the Author says—

"These various islands and clusters are inhabited by distinct tribes, diverse from each other in appearance and habits; but principally by those of the negro race. They are men of immense stature, with black complexion, spreading noses, and crisped hair; distinct from those inhabiting all the islands to the eastward, who are distinguished by their light copper-colour, Malay countenance and straight hair.— (page 7.)

"The places to which the Gospel has already been conveyed from the Tahitian and Society Islands, are the Sandwich Island group, 3000 miles to the north of Tahiti, inhabited by a population of 150,000 souls; the Austral Islands, a group 400 miles to the south; —the Paumotu, the Gambier, and the Marquesan to the eastward;—together with the Hervey, the Navigator, and the Friendly Islands, to the westward. These various groups are inhabited by a population little short, I think, of 300,000 persons; the greater part of whom have abandoned idolatry, with all its barbarous practices, its horrid rites and superstitious customs. Their sanguinary wars have ceased; the altars of their gods are not now stained with the blood of human beings, offered up in sacrifice; and mothers have ceased to destroy their innocent babes. Captain

Cook and his scientific associates little thought, when observing the transit of the star, (Venus) that in a few short years the island (Tahiti) on which they stood, would itself shine resplendent, like a bright speck in the midst of the ocean, whence the light of salvation was to diverge in all directions over that mighty mass of waters." (p. 8.)

The commencement of the labours of the honoured and useful London Missionary Society, in these islands, is thus interestingly described: the extract is rather lengthy but we feel confident it will be perused with much interest, showing, as it does, the watchful care of a benign Providence over individuals, and societies of men.

"The fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society, began their labours upon an extensive scale. They purchased a ship, and sent out no less than twenty-five labourers to commence Missions simultaneously, at the Marquesan, Tahitian and Friendly Islands. The vessel returned, after a most successful voyage; the Missionaries having been settled, and every thing having succeeded according to the wishes and expectations of the friends and directors of the benevolent scheme. This, in a great measure may be attributed to the skill of Captain Wilson, whom God raised up, and by a series of events, almost without a parallel in the history of man, qualified to take charge of the expedition. When in India, after having rendered invaluable services to the British army, he was unfortunately taken by the French; and, upon receiving intelligence that Soffrein, had basely accepted a bribe from Hyder Ally to deliver the English prisoners into his hands, he determined to make his escape, which he did by leaping from the prison walls, a height not less than forty feet. In this flight, the vast Coleroon, a river full of alligators, obstructed his passage; but ignorant of the dangers he was encountering, he plunged into its waters, and swam to the opposite shore. Flattering himself that his perils were passed, and his liberty secured, he ascended an eminence to survey the surrounding country, when, to his terror and surprise, he was perceived by some of Hyder Ally's peons, who galloped towards him, seized him, stripping him naked, tied his hands behind his back, and fastening a rope to them, drove him to head-quarters.

"When interrogated by one of Hyder Ally's chieftains, he gave an ingenuous account of his escape from the prison at Cuddalore. The chieftain immediately charged him with falsehood, adding, that no mortal man had ever swam over the Coleroon, and that if he had but dipped his fingers in its waters, he would have been seized by the Alligators. Upon being convinced, however, of the fact, they all gazed at him with astonishment, and the Turk exclaimed, 'This is God's man!'

"After this he was chained to a common soldier, and driven naked, barefoot and wounded, a distance of 500 miles. He was at length loaded with irons of thirty-two pounds weight, and thrust into a horrible prison called the Black Hole; and while there, so great at times was the raging of hunger, that his jaws snapped involuntarily when his scanty meal was brought to him. Often the corpse was unchained in the morning, that another living sufferer might take its place, and fall by the same merciless treatment.

"That he should survive such accumulated misery for twenty-two months, is next to a miracle. At length the monster Hyder Ally was subdued, and the doors of the black Hole were thrown open, when, emaciated, naked, half-starved, and covered with ulcers, with thirty-one companions, who alone remained to tell the dismal tale of their sufferings, Captain Wilson obtained deliverance. At a subsequent period, when at Bencoolen, every European in the ship he commanded, died! Yet during all this time his

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