

parent or a child. I may be pardoned for saying this, from witnessing the demeanour of those who followed the mournful procession to the place of its destination, the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and grouped themselves around the graves of those interred. True, there was much gesticulation; and there were some stormy ebullitions of sorrow among the few. But there was none of that expression of overwhelming grief, "which lies too deep for tears;" none of that profound, earnest, settled anguish, either discernible in the mourners, or diffused among the multitude, which I am convinced a similar occasion would have called forth in England.

The ceremony was concluded, the crowd dispersed, and only a few stragglers, like myself, left of the hundreds, who, a brief time before, lined the avenues of Pere la Chaise.

I strolled towards the chapel, which, erected at the highest point of the cemetery, commands so magnificent a view of the neighbouring city, with all its crime and sorrow, luxury and destitution. The service for the dead was performing within the sacred edifice. My attention was instantly riveted by a man who evidently filled the character of chief mourner. I have visited many receptacles of human suffering, and seen the desolation of the heart reflected in the countenance, in, as I fancied, the strongest possible aspect. But never did I see misery—hopeless, helpless, immedicable misery—so appallingly developed, as in the face of that man. He seemed to have reached the utmost limit of human agony, to which the smallest added pang must bring death or insanity.

He was evidently not more than forty-five years of age; yet his head drooped upon his breast; his form was bent to decrepitude; and his hair was utterly white. I looked on the features and outline of robust maturity, blended with the ravages of extreme old age. What a fearful anomaly is this to gaze at! And how does one shudder to think of the mental rack which must have stretched every fibre of the soul, ere affliction could so have anticipated the work of years! His eye had a vacant apathy, and only gleamed with a ray of intelligence when glancing towards the bier of the dead. Then a look of acute, of intensest consciousness, lit it up.

Two young men supported him, or he would have fallen. When the period arrived for depositing the body in the earth, he seemed suddenly to recover from his trance of grief. He looked wildly around; his body, before so bent, was drawn instantly up to its naturally towering height; and, when the earth rattled over the lowered coffin, he sprang a few paces onward, and, with a yell of such wild despair as will ring in my ears to my dying day, fell on the ground! They raised him—but he was dead!

At a soiree, a few evenings afterwards, I learned that it was the unfortunate de Valmont whose death I had witnessed. From the hour of his daughter's dissolution, he had "mourned as one who would not be comforted." Belonging to that fatal school which rejects the healing balm offered by Christianity to the wounded spirit, and which depends on philosophy for support in the hour of need, he found, when support was requisite, nothing but the cold barren maxims of fortitude to lean upon. They were insufficient. Refusing food or rest, his body and mind sank together. At his imperative desire, he was lifted from a sick bed to attend the funeral—but, the "silver cord," too tightly drawn, snapped asunder at his daughter's grave!

It appeared that he had been one of the most active in projecting and organizing the revolt against Charles X., and had made himself conspicuous among the heroes of the "three days." But knowing the apprehensive love of Isoline, he had concealed his participation from her knowledge. The darling scheme of his heart was achieved. The king was driven from his throne, the people triumphant. But alas! for the vanity of human desires and designs!—by association with these events, he became the murderer of his beloved child, and his own life was the expiatory sacrifice.

PACIFIC SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

Noble instances of calm determination not to appeal to arms, have been given by Utami and other governors; the love and the culture of peace having indeed succeeded their delight in the practice of war, even in the most turbulent and fighting districts. "It is well known," Mr. Darling observes, in reference to the district of Atehuru, "that the inhabitants of this part of Tahiti, were always the first for war. False reports having reached the ears of the king's party, that the people of Atehuru entertained evil designs against the royal family, rumours of war were spread by the adherents of the king, but, instead of rejoicing, as they would formerly have done, every one appeared to dread it as the greatest calamity. They gathered round the house of the Missionary, declaring that, if attacked, they would not fight, but would willingly become prisoners or slaves, rather than go to war." The mischief was thus prevented—those with whom the reports had originated were sought out—an appeal was made to the laws instead of the spear. The punishment annexed to the circulation of false and injurious reports was inflicted on the offenders, and the parties united in amity and friendship."

As they feel the blessings of peace increase with its continu-

ance, their desire to perpetuate it appears stronger. Its prevalence and extent are often surprising, even to themselves, and some of the most striking illustrations of the advantages of true religion, and appeals for its support and extension, are drawn from this fact, and expressed in terms like these: Let our hands forget how to lift the club, or throw the spear! Let our guns decay with rust, we want them not; for though we have been pierced with balls or spears, if we pierce each other now, let it be with the word of God. How happy are we now! we sleep not with our cartridges under our heads, our muskets by our side, and our hearts palpitating with alarm. We have the Bible, we know the Saviour: and if all knew him, if all obeyed him, there would be no more war.

It is not in public only that they manifest these sentiments; in ordinary life at home they act upon them. The most affectionate and friendly intercourse is cultivated between the parties who formerly cherished the most implacable hatred, and often vowed each other's extermination. Offices of kindness and affection are performed with promptitude and cheerfulness; and though, by some their weapons are retained as relics of past days, or securities against invasion, by many they are destroyed. Often have I seen a gun-barrel, or other iron weapon, that has been carried to the forge, committed to the fire, laid upon the anvil, and beaten, not exactly into a plough-share or a pruning hook, (for the vine does not stretch its luxuriant branches along the sides of their sunny hills,) but beaten into an implement of husbandry, and used by its proprietor in the culture of his plantation or his garden. Their weapons of wood, also, have often been employed as handles for their tools; and their implements of war have been converted with promptitude into the furniture of the earthly sanctuary of the Prince of Peace. The last pulpit I ascended in the South Sea Islands was at Rurutu. I had ministered to a large congregation, in a spacious and well built chapel, of native architecture, over which the natives conducted me at the close of the service. The floor was boarded, and a considerable portion of the interior space fitted up with seats or forms. The pulpit was firmly, though rudely constructed; the stairs that led to it were guarded by rails, surmounted by a bannister of mahogany—coloured tamanu wood; the rails were of dark aitowood, and highly polished. I asked my companions where they had procured these rails, and they replied, that they had made them with the handles of warriors' spears."—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

WOMAN,

BY MISS M. POPPLE.

Ask ye what woman was formed to be?

Oh, woman was formed to be fair and vain,
To sport awhile on the summer sea,
But to shrink from the winter-blast of pain.

To smile on man in his hour of joy,
To weave for his brow the festal wreath—
But to flee from the storms which his peace destroy,
And to quail at the withering glance of Death.

No—woman was form'd for a loftier sphere,
Nor pleasure to court, nor pity to claim,
But to rival man in his wide career,
And to mount with him to the heights of fame.

To laugh at the spectre of Fear, and dare
To gaze unmoved on the sanguine field;
Man's valour, and pride, and ambition, to share,
Nor in aught, save the strength of her arm, to yield.

Oh, false is the notion that either extreme
Is the path which woman was born to tread!
Her course is that of the bounteous stream,
As it calmly glides o'er its sparkling bed.

Though it want the strength of the ocean wave,
Nor whirlpool nor hurricane trouble its breast,
And it still flows on through the darksome cave,
As it flow'd through the sunniest vale of rest.

Yes—to woman was given the twofold power,
To gild with her smile the green vistas of life,
And when its horizon with tempests shall lower,
With that smile to dispel the dark omens of strife.

And, though by her nature defenceless and weak,
She may ask the support of a manlier breast,
'Tis such as the tender vine may seek
From the stem by her faithful arms carest.

Then deem not that woman was formed to be
The toy of a moment, capricious and vain;
For bright as an angel of mercy may she
Be found by the wearisome couch of pain.

And though with a feminine softness she shrink
From the toils which in this world man's spirit may dare;
Yet steadfast as him may she stand on the brink
Of that which alike they hereafter must share.

The pimento or alspice is a species of myrtle in the West Indies, which grows thirty feet high.
Acids combine with water, condense it, and produce heat.
Scotch music is referred to their James I.

THIRST IN THE DESERT.

PSALM CVII. 5.—"Thirsty their soul fainted in them."

"We never kept the common road, but marched through the middle of the desert, to avoid some Arabs, whom we had seen. This country is entirely without water: not a tree is to be seen, not a rock which can offer a shelter or shade. A transparent atmosphere; an intense sun, darting its beams upon our heads; a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form like burning glass; slight breezes, scorching like a flame. Such is a faithful picture of this district through which we were passing.

"Every man we meet with in this desert is looked upon as an enemy. Having discovered about noon a man in arms on horseback, who kept at a certain distance, my thirteen Bedouens overtaken him, uttering loud cries, which they interrupted by expressions of contempt and derision, as, 'What are you seeking, my brother?' 'Where are you going, my son?' As they made these exclamations, they kept playing with their guns over their heads. The discovered Bedouen fled into the mountains, where it was impossible to follow him. We met no one else.

"We had now neither eaten nor drank since the preceding day; our horses and other beasts were equally destitute, though ever since nine in the evening we had been travelling rapidly. Shortly after noon we had not a drop of water remaining; and the men, as well as the poor animals, were worn out with fatigue. The mules, stumbling repeatedly, required assistance to lift them up again, and to support their burden till they rose. This terrible exertion exhausted the little strength we had left. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a man dropped down stiff, and as if dead, from great fatigue and thirst; I stopped with three or four of my men, to assist him. The little wet which was left in one of my leathern budgets was squeezed out of it, and some drops of water poured into the poor man's mouth, but without effect. I now felt that my own strength was beginning to forsake me; becoming very weak, I determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind. From this moment others of my caravan began to droop successively, and there was no possibility of giving them any assistance; they were abandoned to their unhappy destiny, as every one thought only of saving himself. Several mules, with their burdens, were left behind: and I found on my way, two of my trunks on the ground, without knowing what had become of the mules which had been carrying them, the drivers having forsaken them, as well as the care of my effects and my instruments.

"I looked upon this loss with the greatest indifference, as they had not belonged to me, and pushed on. But my horse began to tremble under me, and yet he was the strongest of the whole caravan. We proceeded in silent despair. When I endeavoured to encourage any one of the party to increase his pace, he answered me by looking steadily at me, and by putting his forefinger to his mouth, to indicate the great thirst with which he was affected. As I was reproaching our conducting-officers for their inattention, which had occasioned this want of water, they excused themselves by alleging the mutiny of the outcasts; 'and besides,' they added, 'do we not suffer like the rest?'

"Our fate was the more shocking, as every one of us was sensible of the impossibility of supporting the fatigue to the place where we were to meet with water again. At last, about four in the evening, I had my turn, and fell down with thirst and fatigue. Extended, without consciousness, on the ground, in the middle of the desert; left only with four or five men, one of whom had dropped at the same moment with myself, and all without any means of assisting me, because they knew not where to find water, and, if they had known it, had not strength to fetch it: I should have perished on the spot, if Providence, by a kind of miracle, had not preserved me.

"Half an hour had already elapsed since I had fallen senseless to the ground, (as I have since been told,) when, at some distance a considerable caravan of more than two thousand men, was seen advancing. It was under the direction of a marebut or saint, called Sidi Alarbi, who was sent by the Sultan to Trenezcan. Seeing us in this distressed situation, he ordered skins of water to be thrown over us. After I had received several of them over my face and hands, I recovered my senses, opened my eyes, and looked around me, without being able to discern any body. At last, however, I distinguished seven or eight sherifs and fakeers, who gave me their assistance and showed me much kindness. I endeavoured to speak to them, but an invincible knot in my throat seemed to hinder me; I could only make myself understood by signs. They continued pouring water on my face, arms and hands; and at last I was able to swallow a small mouthful. This enabled me to ask, 'who are you?' When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, 'Fear nothing: far from being robbers, we are your friends: and every one mentioned his name.—They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water—gave me some to drink, filled some of my leathern bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent by them in this place was precious to them, could not be repaired.

"The attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden, by an extreme aridity of the skin: the eyes appear to be bloody: