

in their reflections, that my abrupt appearance at the door created for some time neither interruption nor remark. The speaker held in his hand the Gospel of St. John, as published at Otaheite, and was endeavouring, by signs and familiar illustrations, to render its contents easy of comprehension. His simple and energetic manner added weight to his opinions, and proved that he spoke, from personal conviction, the sincere and unpremeditated language of the heart.

The chief himself stood in the background, a little apart from the rest, leaning upon the shoulders of an attendant. A gleam of light suddenly fell upon his countenance, and disclosed features on which wonder, anxiety, and seriousness, were imprinted in the strongest characters. He wore no other dress than the *maro* round the waist, but his tall athletic form, and bust seen bending over the others' shoulders, and dignified demeanour, marked at one glance his rank and superiority over all around. One hand was raised instinctively to his head in a pensive attitude.—His knitted brows bespoke intense thought, and his piercing black eyes were fixed upon the speaker with an inquiring, penetrating look, as much as to say,—“Can what you tell us be really true?” I gazed for some minutes with mute astonishment, turning my regards from one to the other, and dreading to intrude upon the privacy of persons whose time was so usefully employed.—At last the chief turned round and motioned with his hand, in a dignified manner, for me to withdraw. I did so, but carried away in my heart the remembrance of a scene to which the place, the people, and the occasion, united in attaching a peculiar interest.

#### Mulhison's Travels.

**VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.**—The aborigines of this island are supposed to be the most degraded of any in the known world. They differ from the natives in New Holland in having their heads covered with woolly hair, like the Africans. They procure their food by hunting, and are without any knowledge of arts. They are peaceable towards those who use them well, but revengeful of injuries. Some of them live with Europeans and conduct themselves well. Several young natives have been baptized into the Christian faith. With respect to the possibility of the civilization of this race of people I have no doubt. These poor outcasts of men are the purchase of the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord, and shall finally know him as their saviour and Lord.

Both the men and women are of a low stature, but have a better appearance than the natives of the New South Wales. They have woolly heads; their limbs are small; the thinness of their limbs arises, I conceive, from the poorness of their living.

The young men fasten to their woolly locks the teeth of the kangaroo, short pieces of wood, and feathers of birds which give them a savage appearance. They also draw a circle round each eye, and wavy lines down each arm, thigh, and leg, which give them a frightful appearance to strangers.

Their colour is as black as that of the African Negro. Their noses also are flat, their nostrils wide, their eyes much sunk in the head, and covered with thick eyebrows; they never suffer their hair to grow very long.—This they prevent by cutting it off frequently with sharp shells,

or pieces of broken crystal. They live in families and tribes, and subsist principally by hunting, but are careful not to increase their number greatly. To prevent this, they have been known to sell their female children. It is believed by many Europeans that each tribe has a chief, whose authority is supreme.

In the winter the men dress themselves in the dried skins of the Kangaroo. The females are clothed in some kind of garment, with the addition of ruffles, made also of the skin, and placed in front of the garment. The dress is fastened on by a string over the shoulder and round the waist. In the summer season their clothing is useless, and is therefore cast off until winter returns. Their notions of religion are very obscure. However they believe in two spirits, one who, they say, governs the day, and whom they call the good spirit, the other governs the night, and him they think evil. To the good spirit they attribute every thing good, and to the evil spirit every thing hurtful. When any of the family are on a journey they are accustomed to sing to the good spirit for the purpose of securing his protection over their absent friends, and that they may be brought back in health and safety. The song may be listened to with pleasure, their voices being sweet, and the melody expressive.

**INTEGRITY.**—Integrity is a great and commendable virtue. A man of integrity is a true man, a bold man, and a steady man, he is to be trusted and relied upon. No bribes can corrupt him, no fear daunt him; his word is slow in coming, but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friend hears of him most, when he most needs him. His courage grows with danger, and conquers opposition by constancy. As he cannot be flattered or frightened into that he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporising in others. He runs with truth and not the times—with right, and not with might.

#### AXIOMS.

Among the many commendable excellencies of holy writ, this is none of the least, that it is a treasury of all kind of learning, both divine and human, supernatural and natural, theological and moral. What deep secrets of philosophy, sublime notions concerning the heavens, the sun, and the stars, may be read in many of these pages! No such descriptions of ethical virtues, rules of policy, precepts for economical practice, as these holy lines afford.

If our painful perigrination in studies be destitute of the supreme light, it is nothing else but a miserable kind of wandering.

Scaliger.

#### POETRY.

##### A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

What is the happiest death to die?

“Oh!” said one, “if I might choose,

Long at the gate of bliss I would lie,

And feast my spirit ere it fly.

With bright celestial views.

Mine were a lingering death, without pain,

A death which all might love to see,

And mark how bright and sweet should be

The victory I should gain!

“Fain would I catch a hymn of love,  
From the angel-hurps which ring above;  
And sing it, as my parting breath  
Quivered and expired in death—

So that those on earth might hear  
The harp-notes of another sphere,  
And mark, when Nature fails and dies,  
What springs of heavenly life arise,  
And gather, from the death they view,  
A ray of hope to light them through,  
When they should be departing too.”

“No,” said another, “so no. I  
Sudden as thought is the death I would die,  
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,  
Nor bear a single pang, at parting,  
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,  
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,  
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,  
Nor the frame, with mortal terror shaking;  
Nor the heart, where love's soft bands are breaking,  
So would I die!

“All bliss, without a pang to cloud it,  
All joy, without a pain to shroud it,  
Not slain, but caught up as it were,  
To meet my Saviour in the air!

So would I die!  
Oh! how bright,  
Were the realms of light,  
Bursting at once upon the sight.  
Even so,  
I long to go,  
These parting hours, how sad and slow.”

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,  
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy,  
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,  
Around his mouth a sweet smile played;

They look'd—he was dead!  
His spirit had fled.  
Pain's and swift as his own desire,  
The soul undrest,  
From her mortal vest,  
Had stepp'd in her car of heavenly fire:  
And proved how bright  
Were the realms of light  
Bursting at once upon the sight!

EDMESTON.

#### THOUGHTS

By Henry Neelo, Esq.

I saw a glow-worm on a grave,  
But its cold light could not scare  
Baser worms who came to crave  
A share of the banquet there,  
And I thought of fame—can it lighten the gloom,  
Or warm the chilliness of the tomb?

I gazed on Saturn's beautiful ring,  
(I gazed, and I marvel'd much)  
Shining a lovely but separate thing,  
Round the orb that it could not touch.  
And I thought of Hope, shining bright and high,  
Never close, although ever nigh

I saw the dew-drops gemming the flowers,  
Beautiful pearls by Aurora strung,  
But they vanished away in a few short hours,  
As o'er them the sun his full radiance flung.  
And I thought of youth's generous feelings, how soon  
They're parched and dried up in manhood's noon!

I saw a tree by a fair river side  
Put forth many a strong and vigorous shoot,  
But it breathed naught but pestilence far and wide,  
And it poison'd the stream that beth'd its root:  
And I thought of ingratitude piercing the breast  
That has nursed it to strength and has rock'd it to rest.

I saw the leaves gliding down a brook;  
Swift the brook ran, and bright the sun burn'd;  
The serene and the verdant the same course they took,  
And sped gaily and fast—but they never return'd!  
And I thought how the years of a man pass away—  
Three score and ten—and then what are they?