

mon garden-flowers have been scattered by some loving hand. Beside this, is a little mound, which has no memorial-stone to tell what little bud was thus early blighted—yet a few of the same flowers that spring on the larger grave, speak of something of consanguinity between the occupants, or, at least, that they were cared for by one survivor. An old man totters along the grassy level between the graves, until he reaches these mounds, and sits down here, and weeps. Alas, that the young navigator of the streamlet, the lover, the husband, and the father, should be this lonely old man!

Once more.—He sits on a bench in front of a plain, yet comfortable mansion. Men, women, and children are busily employed around him, in the various occupations their age and condition permit, but the palsied fingers of that old man are exempt from all labor, for even the pitiless heart of public charity will not compel those tremulous limbs to any task, the will does not prompt. Yet he sometimes prefers pulling up a few weeds in the Alms-house garden. He has now grown careless of tending the graves, he once loved so well. No matter—this insensibility to past sorrows is the blessing of the aged; else, mental suffering would be added physical infirmity.

Why should memory lead him again through the sorrowful past? But that fine May morning, and the Sabbath bell, have brought the tearful spirit, and she has led him through the shadowy lanes, the flowery gardens of his life, among festival scenes, and marriage splendor, and funeral trains, to leave him alone in the field of an Alms-house farm. Tears are in his eyes.

But the mournful spirit is gone. Another is beside him, and her eyes are bright, and blue, as the skies from which she has just descended. She passes her hand across his brow, and his tears are dried. Around him, he sees forms, beautiful beyond human thought and something in their faces, brings back the memory of those, who passed as pleasant dreams. They glide about him with noiseless step, or float, as gracefully as down, on the soft air. They hold no communion with him, for he is not of their number.

Then the fair spirit takes him by the hand, and he is lifted up, and they ascend far into illimitable space. There is no sun to light their path, but the spirits may not go astray in that luminous atmosphere. A holy calmness fills the soul of the old man, and a flowing melody, the language of spiritual happiness, is wafted along from some unseen shore of the blessed. They ascend farther, and higher, until they stand on the verge of a beautiful world, where bright forms are passing and repassing, to and from its lovely confines. The mournful spirit is again beside him, but she is a mournful spirit no longer. She has left her tears on earth—and her eyes now gleam as brightly as those of her sister, Faith, as she points out to the old man, the friends of his other years, in the radiant beings around him. The veil is lifted from his mind, and he says it was good for him, that he has been afflicted. Praise flows from his heart—

Father, I thank thee that thy ways are not as our ways, nor thy thoughts as our thoughts. Shall these bright revealings fade? Shall the spirits that has been raised above the world, fall back to its coldness and desolation? Shall it have a foretaste of Heaven, and then return to the bitter streams that flow through mortal sands.

It may not be. The intensity and rapture of those visions, have warned another angel to fulfil his task. Even now, he stands by the old man, and his face is solemn, but of strange unearthly beauty, and as he passes his hand over those dimmed eyes, they are sealed forever to this world of tears, but those visions have become reality. His spirit may now hold communion with those who dwell in the skies, for the barrier that divided them is thrown down, and it now partakes of their own ethereal existence.

The angel of Faith is gone. Her home is among the spirits that are yet in the clay, and the newly disembodied one, shall henceforth walk by Sight, but Memory with her radiant countenance shall dwell by its side for ever.

From the New York Mirror.
THE DYAKS IN THE ISLAND OF BORNEO.

BORNEO is the third largest island in the world—it is embosomed in a great cluster of islands, surrounded by seas, so shot in by land that their waters are as smooth as those of a lake. Its western coast is scarcely two days sail from Singapore, which is becoming the great mart for trade between India, the Western World and China. The Dutch have several small establishments upon the coast. The population of the island, which is estimated at 3,500,000, is composed of various tribes. Some are Malays, others Bugis—both of these are Mahomedans—in a partially civilized state, and engaged in trade, although the Malays especially seem greatly to prefer piracy. A people called Dyaks whose numbers are supposed to be about 2,000,000, occupy the whole interior of the island, which is chiefly mountainous, and are its original inhabitants. They are still savages. Some of their tribes are, however, more civilized than others. They rove about like wild beasts; at night they sleep under some large trees, the branches of which hang low; they are looked upon and treated by the other Dyaks as wild

beasts. They go out and hunt them for amusement. The men taken in these incursions are invariably killed; but the women, if young are commonly spared. The children of these wild Dyaks, it is said, cannot be tamed. In consequence, when taken, they have one of their feet cut off by their captors, that they may not run away to their native forests; their services being still available for paddling in their canoes, &c.

Many of the Dyaks are engaged in Agriculture, and collecting the produce of their country, such as camphor, bees-wax, gold dust, etc. for sale. But the occupation for which they are most notorious is that of 'head-hunting.' The men must procure at least one head before they can marry, they also preserve the heads and skulls of persons they have slain, as trophies and ornaments. They seek for heads as we would for wealth and honor, and these constitute their wealth and honor. The Dyak head-hunter cherishes no enmity toward the person he kills either private or national. It is neither more or less than a wretched custom, one of the many of a similar kind that exist in a country where Satan—the destroyer—reigns supreme. This custom, and the feelings of the heart necessarily connected with it, form the most odious trait in this people's character. They have, however, many good qualities. They are generally inclined to cultivate the soil, are a fine race of people, and very honest. Their vices are those of barbarians who know no better. Some of the leading natives have already expressed their readiness to relinquish the practice of head hunting, if Europeans would only come and settle among them. They seem generally to have no religious belief. At all events they have no religion to which they are strongly attached, which of course, is a favorable circumstance toward their reception of the true religion.

Scarcely any efforts have yet been made to introduce Christianity among these people. The Americans are, as we have said, now turning their attention to the Island. From the journal of the two missionaries who have recently returned from a tour in the country we make the following extract.

At one village, they observe, 'The Dyak here still continue the practice of cutting off heads, and that of bringing in two or three fresh ones every year. In the verandah where we have our lodgings, there are fifteen or twenty, and some suspended immediately over the place assigned us to sleep in. How many heads are now in their possession we cannot learn, but we are told they are numerous, or to use their own language 'many tens.' Here we may remark that the Dyaks, in general, appear to know nothing of numbers above ten; hence they give us their reckonings in this way. The warriors of this village sally forth every year on a beheading expedition. They seem not to have the least compunction of conscience on this subject. They laugh at us when we express our astonishment at the practice, and ridicule us when we attempt to teach them its cruelty and wickedness. It does appear that the Dyak character is made up of extremes. As we see them, they are mild, and 'given to hospitality.' But when they exchange their domestic habits for those of the warrior, their greatest delight seems to be to revel in human blood, and the greatest honor to ornament their dwellings with human heads, which are the trophies of their inhuman barbarity. Shocking as it may appear, they carry about with them tokens of the number of persons they have killed. This they effect by inserting locks of human hair corresponding to the number of persons decapitated, in the sheath of their war-knife, which they always carry with them when from home.

We fell in with a man this evening, just returned from his labor, with a basket in which he had carried out the necessities for the day, and to which was attached a lock of human hair. The hair was ten inches or a foot long. He informed us that it was a token of his having cut off a head during the past year. How true it is that these dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'

Upon another occasion, a recent writer remarks:

Here we discovered the first indication of religion among the Dyaks. Upon our arrival the first thing which attracted our attention was several small wooden images placed under a shelter. Upon inquiry, we were informed that these images are mementoes of their old men who had distinguished themselves by daring exploits, the number of heads they had cut off, etc. Whenever such persons die, they make a wooden image, rude indeed, yet in the form of a man, vary in length from twenty inches to three feet. Around this they all gather, and hold a feast of consecration after which it is placed among the others. These are all considered patron gods, whose peculiar province it is to watch over and prosper their cultivation of rice. At the time of planting the rice they are removed to or near the field, with their faces in that direction. Here they are left till the crop is gathered, when they are again brought into their dwellings. As far as we could learn, the only act of worship paid to these images is that of offering them food once a month, such as rice, pork, fowls, etc.

Human heads hang all around us, and some are suspended over our sleeping-place. We tried hard to obtain one of the heads; but the bare expression of the wish was met by a prompt and decisive 'No; we cannot part

with them.' The same was the case with the wooden images. On no condition whatever would they consent to part with either. The only reason assigned was that sickness would be the inevitable consequence. The heads are considered charms to ward off evils and procure blessings, and believing this, it is no matter of surprise that they are loth to part with them.'

The writers of the above journal spent about four weeks on the island, during which time they travelled one hundred and seventy miles on foot, going about sixty miles into the interior. The general impression produced on their minds by what they observed during their visit, was of so favorable a character, that it has been determined to commence a mission in Borneo at once, and to establish two or three stations. Six American missionaries and their wives were expected to proceed from Singapore to the island during last summer.

From the Knickerbocker.
APRIL.

'Now young willows begin to put forth their tender leaves; the capricious rains and coquetting skies chary off their smiles, make the earth radiant with a fresher verdure; the country frog enclosed in his veil of green spawn, sends a pleasant music abroad, through the reeds that tremble about his pool; the maple boughs redden in the sunbeam, and saccharine goots are distilled from the tree. The husbandman wends through the woodland, with well poised neck yoke and brimming pails: the smoke rises above the forest tops—the axe rings from the 'sap works.' Snows melt from the fields, and only in the valleys; under umbrageous pines and cedars, do they remain. The herds fish in the pasture, sleep inviting sounds sail over the landscape, and the haze that betokens brighter days lingers in the distance.'

ALL smiles and tears
The fresh young April day appears:
Above the twisted old tree root,
Above the verdurous spring grass,
Above the soft turf's new born shoot,
Her dancing footsteps pass.

Her clear eye swims in light
Her golden tresses loosely flow,
Her gay voice singeth in delight,
Her cheeks with healthful beauty glow;
In her green hollow way
The wild flowers spring in myriads up;
The crocus nods its blossoms gay,
The violet lifts its azure cap,
The lily swings its snowy bell,
The honey suckle opens its shell.

Down the moist meadow land,
Where thro' the flow'ring greensward
Flows the brook,
Sweet smelling blooms their odorous
leaves expand
In every woody nook,
The golden berried wax work weaves its
wreath
Of verdure, and the clematis
Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs be-
neath;
And oft the south wind stoops to kiss
The modest snow drop in the grass:
O'er the clear stream the gaudy mosses
lean,
To see reflected in that lucid glass
Their velvet fringes and their festoons
green.

Sweet April! with thy cloudless forehead
bound
With dewy wild flowers, and with roses
crowned,
I love thee well!
Deep in the heart of man, as o'er the
earth,
Thy presence casts a cheerful tone of
mirth,
'A soft, sweet spell,
The newly budding groves repeat thy call
With joy through all thy lone arcades:
And the hoarse sounding waterfall
Rejoices in the dim, primeval shades.

I love thy changeful skies,
With all their cloudy glooms and bright-
ening smiles,
I love to see thy glowing morn arise
O'er the blue hills, and the soft sleep-
ing isles?
I love the mild and temperate flush of
morn,
With all the young leaves dancing with
delight,
I love thy golden eve, and silver moon,
Sailing in streaming glory o'er the night,
I love to hear thy healthful breezes
raise
O'er the wood tops their sounding psalms
of praise.
I love to hear thy sounds of rustic toil,
Where glides the furrowing share along
the fertile soil.

ISSAAC M'LELLAN, JUNIOR.

From the Knickerbocker for April.
WATER SPOUTS.
ONE of the rarest and most astounding phenomena of the sea is a water spout. I have known a good many old sailors who had never seen one; and those who have seen them, vary very materially in their accounts of them. It was my good fortune, while on a passage to New Orleans, to witness a more remarkable display of these ocean wonders than I have ever heard or read of. We were lying between

the island of Cuba and the Grand Cumman, when I heard the captain call all hands; and ran upon deck to ascertain the cause. 'Look yonder!' said the captain, and turning my head in direction of his arm, I saw a monstrous column of water, hissing, whirling, and foaming, and ascending perpendicularly from the sea until its head was lost in the clouds. I was struck aghast at the sight, but I soon recovered my presence of mind, and to enjoy a more complete and better view, I climbed up to the mast head. But I had scarcely reached the top-most cross trees, when the captain called out to me to look ahead, and turning my eyes in that direction, I saw another enormous pillar of water, but nearer our ship than the one a stern; and immediately three more were formed, two on the larboard and one on the starboard. They were formed almost simultaneously, and the sight was terrible beyond conception. The clouds looked like the roof of a monstrous cavern supported by enormous pillars of crystal. The rushing of the water as it ascended into the clouds bore a strong resemblance to the narrowest part of the Falls of Niagara. Their duration did not much exceed six or seven minutes; and before I had time to note any of their peculiarities, they gradually melted away like a cloud of mist, and I rubbed my eyes, almost doubting whether I had not been cheated by a spectral illusion. It was a terrific sight, and our danger was extreme; for had one of these columns of water come in contact with our ship, she would have been rent to pieces like a scroll of paper. It was a grand marine hall in which we were enclosed, and if the sun could have shone upon it, the effect would have been terribly beautiful. But I was entirely satisfied; and when the clouds were swept away, and a light breeze once more bore along over the bright blue waves, I returned thanks more devoutly for the grand display that I had witnessed than for the perils I had escaped.

Sailors have the credit of being superstitious and the cause, by the unthinking, is attributed to their ignorance; but, I think with great injustice. Nature presents herself to them in such strange and awe inspiring aspects, that it should not be a matter of especial wonder if they regard her with soberer feelings than do those who mingle but little with her. I remember a very remarkable instance of the awakening of deep and serious thoughts in the mind of a sailor, by the sight of an object at sea, which on land might have produced no effect. I was making a passage in one of our Havre packets, and one Sunday afternoon I sat upon deck, reading by the gradually failing light of the setting sun. A sailor passed near me, stopped, and asked me to read to him. It was the Bible that I held in my hand; and I opened it, and read to him the ninth chapter of Genesis.—'And now Jack, I said as I closed the Holy Book, 'when you see a rainbow again, bear in mind that God remembers you then, though he may forget you at all other times. He hath set his bow in the cloud, to remind you of his watchfulness.'

'Thank you sir,' said Jack, 'I will bear it in mind.'

The next morning I happened to come upon deck just after the sun had risen. It was calm and cloudy; and presently a glorious rainbow spanned the whole heavens, and was distinctly reflected in the bosom of the ocean; as I stood gazing upon the bright vision, I heard some body exclaim, 'I see it, I see it!'—and turning round, I perceived the sailor to whom I had read the chapter from the Bible, standing by my side, absolutely pale, and trembling. From the most profane man in the ship, he became the most quiet and dutiful. From a degraded position in society, he soon rose to a station of honor and usefulness. After our arrival in port, I lost sight of him for a year or two, and probably would have forgotten him altogether, had he not surprised me one morning by a call. He was now Mr H—; and in his new character I could hardly recognize the once reckless and abandoned Jack. 'I had known on the ocean. He attributed the entire change that had taken place in his feelings to that glorious bow of promise which first awoke in his mind a feeling of reverence for his Maker.'

NEW WORKS.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpayable loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privations somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life; terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to the wide neighbourhood of men.