

of the sweet element. If the surface of this land were blessed with spring water as England is, the wealth of this colony would surpass the calculation of any living man. As it is, who can tell the ultimate effect of this important deprivation? There are one or two stations, on which spring water has been discovered, but it is a rare discovery and dearly prized. In Melbourne we have no water, but such as is carted by the water barrel carters from the river Yarra Yarra. Every house has its barrel or hogshead for holding water. The Yarra-Yarra water is brackish, and causes dysentery. The complaint is now prevailing. In many parts of the interior puddle holes are made, and water is thus secured from the heavy rain that falls in the early part of summer. Water saved in this manner never becomes putrid. The leaves of the gum tree fall into the pool abundantly, and not only give to the water a very peculiar flavour, but preserve it from all putrefaction. This gum water is safest when boiled with a little tea, and drunk cold. Every settler in the Bush drinks water in no other way, and for want of better things—he takes tea and fresh mutton at least three times a day. His bread is a lump of flour and water rolled into a ball, and placed in hot ashes to bake. The loaf is called "a *lamper*." The country, as far as I have seen it, bears evident marks of great volcanic change. You meet with a stone, round as a turnip, as hard as iron, like rusty iron in appearance, and on the outside hoarse-combed. There are large beds of it for miles. You then come to the flat country where the soil surpasses anything you can conceive for richness, fit for any cultivation under heaven, and upwards of fifteen feet in depth. Before I quitted London, I heard that the climate of Australia was fine and equable, and well suited to a delicate constitution. I am satisfied that many consumptive persons live here, who in Scotland would be carried off in a month. You seldom hear a person cough. In church I have listened in vain for a single *hoarse*; no, not even before the commencement of a psalm do you find the *haughting* and *clattering* that are indispensable in England. All pipes are clear as a bell. I noticed this as a phenomenon on my first arrival. We are now, as you would say, in the dead of winter; a strange announcement to a British ear in the month of July. The air is chill in the morning and evening, before sunrise and after sunset, but during the day the weather is as fine as on the first September day in Scotland.

The aboriginal natives of this colony are a very savage race, and all the efforts hitherto made by missionaries, protectors, and others, have never given promise or warrant of effectual civilization. The males are tall, and of fierce aspect; the skin and hair are exceedingly black—the latter very smooth. In many instances, the features are striking and good. The women are slender, and during the summer, naked; in winter, the females in the immediate neighbourhood procure clothes from the inhabitants of Melbourne, and cut, as you may suppose, a very original figure. Nothing induces the natives to work. They live in the Bush, and the bark of a large tree forms their habitation. There are three distinct tribes around us in a circuit of about a hundred miles, and the difference of features amongst these tribes is easily observed. The three tribes speak three different languages unintelligible to one another. They meet at different periods of the year, and hold what they term a "*corroboree*,"—that is—a dance. Their bodies on these occasions are covered with oil, red paint, and green leaves. I have seen two hundred at a meeting, but they assemble double that number at times. The festival concludes in a pitched battle. There is a grand fight with clubs, or arrows and spears. Three or four are generally killed in the onslaught, and as many of the survivors as are fortunate enough to get a bite, feast upon the fat of the victims' hearts. This fat is their richest dainty. Those who are able to form an opinion on the subject, pronounce the aborigines of this colony to be *canibals*. Many of their children disappear, and it is generally supposed that they are devoured by their friends and acquaintances. In many districts of the interior, the blacks have lately committed many depredations amongst the sheep, and many of the devils are shot without judge or jury. Two natives are now in the jail of Melbourne under sentence of death, for committing a dreadful murder upon two sailors who were cast ashore from a whaler. These savages had been for thirteen years under the instruction of a protector and others. They belonged originally to Van Dieman's Land, but migrated to a part of this colony called Port Phillip Bay. They spoke English quite well, yet, notwithstanding all their advantages, they perpetrated this cruel and cold-blooded murder, and then cunningly hid the bodies in the ground. They were detected by the merest chance, in consequence of their being in possession of a few articles which had formerly belonged to the unhappy mariners. None of the natives are allowed to carry fire-arms, and a heavy fine is inflicted upon any individual who is known to give them spirits. They are passionately fond of spirits, and next to these of loaf bread. The females are called by the males "*Loubras*," and the males are designated "*Coolies*." There is not promiscuous cohabitation. When a *Coolie* reaches the age of twenty-one, he is allowed to choose his own *Loubra*. Every male then who takes unto himself a helpmate, forms a front tooth, which is knocked out of him. The natives generally tattoo their arms and breasts, but not their faces; many carry a long wooden pin, or a feather, pierced through the thin part of the nose; and they all twist kangaroo teeth and the bones of fishes more or less in their hair. Every thing small and dim is what they call "*Pickaninnie*," and any thing very good, "*Mern jig*." Their language is a queer, rattling, hard sounding gibberish,

incomprehensible to most people; they speak as fast as possible, laugh immoderately at trifles, and are excellent mimics.

PROPHECY OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

"And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days. Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob, and hearken unto Israel your father."—Genesis, xlix. 1, 2, &c.

The Patriarch sat upon his bed— His cheek was pale, his eye was dim; Long years of woe had bow'd his head, And feeble was the giant limb. And his twelve mighty sons stood nigh, In grief—to see their father die!

But, sudden as the thunder roll, A new-born spirit fill'd his frame. His fainting visage flash'd with soul, His lip was touch'd with living flame; And burst, with more than prophet fire, The stream of Judgment, Love, and Ire.

"Reuben, thou spearhead in my side, Thy father's first-born, and his shame; Unstable as the rolling tide, A blight has fall'n upon thy name. Decey shall follow thee and thine. Go, outcast of a hallow'd line!

"Simeon and Levi, sons of blood, That still hangs heavy on the land; Your flocks shall be the robber's food, Your folds shall blaze beneath his brand. In swamp and forest shall ye dwell. Be scatter'd among Israel!

"Judah! All hail, thou priest, thou king! The crown, the glory, shall be thine; Thine, in the fight, the eagle's wing— Thine, on the hill, the oil and wine. Thou lion! nations shall turn pale When swells thy roar upon the gale.

"Judah, my son, ascend the throne, Till comes from heaven the unborn king— The prophesied, the mighty one, Whose heel shall crush the serpent's sting. Till earth is paradise again, And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Wide as the surges, Zebulon, Thy daring keel shall plough the sea; Before thee sink proud Sidon's sun, And strong Isachar toil for thee. Thou, reaper of his corn and oil, Lord of the giant and the soil!

"Whose banner flames in battle's van! Whose mail is first in slaughter gore! Thou, subtler than the serpent, Dan, Prince of the arrow and the sword. Woe to the Syrian charioteer, When rings the rushing of thy spear!

"Crush'd to the earth by war and woe, Gad, shall the cup of bondage drain, Till bold revenge shall give the blow That pays the long arrears of pain. Thy cup shall glow with tyrant gore, Thou be my son—and man once more.

"Loved Naphtali, thy snow white hind, Shall bask beneath the rose and vine, Proud Asher, to the mountain wind Shall star like blaze, the battle sign. All bright to both, from birth to tomb, The heavens all sunshine, earth all bloom!

"Joseph, come near—my son, my son! Egyptian prince, Egyptian sage, Child of my first and best loved one, Great guardian of thy father's age. Bring Ephraim and Manasseh nigh, And let me bless them ere I die.

"Hear me—Thou God of Israel! Thou, who hast been his living shield, In the red desert's lion dell, In Egypt's famine stricken field, In the dark dungeon's chilling stone, In Pharaoh's chain—by Pharaoh's throne.

"My son, all blessings be on thee, Be blest abroad, be blest at home; Thy nation's strength—her living tree, The well to which the thirsty come; Be blest by thy valley, blest thy hill, Thy father's God be with thee still!

"Thou man of blood, thou man of might, Thy soul shall ravine, Benjamin. Thou wolf by day, thou wolf by night, Rushing through slaughter, spoil and sin; Thine eagle's beak and vulture's wing, Shall curse thy nation with a king!"

Then ceased the voice, and all was still: The hand of death was on the frame; Yet gave the heart one final thrill, And breathed the dying lip one name. "Sons, let me rest by Leah's side!" He raised his brow to heaven—and died.

From the Dublin University Magazine. From an article under the head of "Episodes of Eastern Travel," we extract the following graphic account of

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

'Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but as the traveller paces by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag "triumphant over wave and war," he lives again in the stirring days, when the scenery before him was the arena where England and France contended for the empire of the East. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel, in the cool shadow of this palm tree. Our camels are kneeling round us, and our Arabs light their little fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are recalling, though many

a Briton has forgotten them; and the names of Nelson and of Abercrombie are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his Thermopylae, or the Athenian his Salamis. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to Napoleon; nation after nation shrank from staking its existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world, in defence of that world's freedom. Yet not quite alone she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally was—Turkey.

The bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, '98. Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Brueys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. He had thirteen sail of the line, besides frigates and gunboats, carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, while the British fleet that was in search of him, only mustered eight thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the west by the castle, and numerous batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe—and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle order, and he now only lay to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor, there must be room for an English ship to lie along side of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the *Zealous*, gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading inside the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern, along side the second ship, thus leaving Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—"Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend, still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails, calmly as a seabird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the seaward side, thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing him in a defile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy's fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The *Bellerophon*, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic Orient, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the number of her own. But before she drifted helplessly to leeward, she had done her work—the French Admiral's ship was on fire, and thro' the roar of battle a whisper went forth that for a moment paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During the dread pause that followed, the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft, to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swartly crowds, and the far off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully;—he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and at the same moment his crew recognised their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had occupied; and where their admiral's ship had been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sail as if in mockery. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards, but within the bay, the tricolour was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none," was the

stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.

And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked, and the navy of France was annihilated, though restored, seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The following extracts are taken from Part No. 8, of "Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman."

A RETREAT.

After a week of this most harassing warfare, in which we lost ten times the number of men which it would have cost to march over the bodies of Dumourier's army to the capital, the order was issued for a general retreat to the frontier. The present war was chiefly against the light troops and irregulars of the retreating army—the columns being too formidable to admit of attack, at least by the multitude. Forty thousand men, of the main army of France, were appointed to the duty of "seeing us out of the country." But every attempt at foraging, every movement beyond the range of our cannon, was instantly met by a peasant skirmish. Every village approached by our squadrons, exhibited a barricade, from which we were fired on; every forest produced a succession of sharp encounters; and the passage of every river required as much precaution, and as often produced a serious contest, as if we were at open war. Thus we were perpetually on the wing, and our personal escapes were often of the most hair-breadth kind. If we passed through a thicket, we were sure to be met by a discharge of bullets; if we dismounted from our horses to take our hurried and scanty meal, we found some of them shot at the in-floor; if we flung ourselves, as tired as hounds after a chase, on the straw of a village stable, the probability was that we were awakened by finding the thatch in a blaze. How often we envied the easier life of the battalions! But there an enemy, more fearful than the peasantry, began to show itself. The weather had changed to storms of rain and bitter wind; the plains of Champagne, never famed for fertility, were now as wild and bare as a Russian steppe. The worst provisions, supplied on the narrowest scale—above all, disgust, the most fatal canker of the soldier's soul—spread disease among the ranks; and the roads on which we followed the march, gave terrible evidence of the havoc that every hour made among them. The mortality at last became so great, that it seemed not unlikely that the whole army would thus melt away before it reached the boundary of this land of death.

The horror of the scene even struck the peasantry, and whether through fear of the contagion, or through the uselessness of hunting down men who were treading to the grave by thousands, the peasantry ceased to follow us. Yet such was the wretchedness of that hideous progress, that this cessation of hostility was scarcely a relief. The animation of the skirmishers, though it often cost life, yet kept the rest more alive; the stratagem, the adventure, the surprise, nay, even the failure and escape, relieved us from the dreadful monotony of the life, or rather the half existence, to which we were now condemned. Our buoyant and brilliant career was at an end; we were now only the mutes and the mourners of a funeral procession of seventy thousand men.

I still look back with an indelible shudder at the scenes which we were compelled to witness from day to day, during that month of misery; for the march, which began in the first days of October, was protracted till its end. I had kept up my spirits when many a more vigorous frame had sunk, and many a maturer mind had desponded; but the perpetual recurrence of the same dreary spectacles, the dying, and the more fortunate dead, covering the highways, the fields, and the village streets, at length sank into my soul. Some recollections of earlier principles, and the memory of my old friend Vincent, prevented my taking the summary and unhappy means of ridding myself of my burden, which I saw daily resorted to among the soldierly—a bullet through the brain, or a bayonet through the heart, cured all. But thanks to early impressions, I was determined to wait the hand of the enemy, or the course of nature. Many a night I laid down beside my starving charger, with something of a hope that I should never see another morning; and many a morning when I dragged my feeble limbs from the cold and wet ground, I looked round the horizon for the approach of some enemy's squadron, or peasant band, which might give me an honorable chance of escape from an existence now no longer endurable. But all was in vain. For leagues round, no living object was visible, except that long column, silently and slowly winding on through the distance, like an army of spectres.

My diminished squadron had at length become almost the only rear-guard. From a hundred and fifty as fine fellows as ever sat a charger, we were now reduced to a third. All its officers, youths of the first families of Prussia, had either been left behind dying in the villages, or had been laid in the graves by the road side; and I was now the only commandant. Perhaps even this circumstance was the means of saving my life. My new responsibility compelled me to make some exertion; and I felt that, live or die, I might still earn an honorable name.

Still we wandered on, through a country