

are at this moment beating with joy and thankfulness, or are oppressed by anxiety, or crushed down with sorrow, because of these records, which to others seems so meaningless! One reads here of this prosperity; another of ruined fortunes; and the wrecked ship, whose crew was swept by the surge into the breakers, and dashed on the rocks—how many in their solitary homes are mourning for those who sailed with bright hopes in that ship, but who shall never return! And more than this—could these lines which record the transactions of daily business tell of the hearts which indited them, what temptations and struggles would they reveal! They would tell of inexperience deceived or protected; of integrity fallen or made steadfast as the rock, of moral trials, in which noble natures have been broken down or built up. Had we the key and the interpretation of what we have read, this daily chronicle of traffic would be a sadder tragedy than any that Shakspeare ever wrote. It is the same with all human labour. 'The spirit giveth life.' Were it not so, earth would be a dungeon. If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants—to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites—if this were all, the labour of man would be as the labour of brutes. But all the products of man's labour are but symbols of a spiritual life beneath. To the outer eye, what toilsome drudgery is oftentimes the life of a mother of a family! She labours by day, she watches by night; her years are worn out in disconnected, trifling occupations. And yet, could we look beneath, when the mind is right, we should find all these details bound together, elevated, hallowed by the spiritual element blended with them. While with housewifely care she goes from room to room, under the labour of her hands grow up, as under the sunshine and the dew, affections and virtues of a happy home.

Thus ever under the visible is the invisible. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Deserts, rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear—which is, to the former, as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray, on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the workings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery—lifeless, mechanical, commonplace repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

Open but the eye, and we live in the midst of wonders. The enthusiastic and ardent pine for scenes of excitement. They fly to seek them in foreign lands; they bury themselves in the pages of poetry and romance; the everyday world around them seems to them stale, flat, and unprofitable. But it is only in seeming. At our very doors transpire realities, by whose side were the veil taken away that hides them, the fictions of romance would grow pale. Around us, all the time, in light and in darkness, is going on the mighty mystery of life, and passing before us in shadow is the dread mystery of death. Want and prosperity, anxieties which wear out the heart of youth, passions which sink it to the dust, hopes that lift it to the heaven—hid by the veil of custom and the senses—these are alive all around us.

From the British Quarterly Review.
TRUE WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

SCIENCE has made rapid advances; but it has not yet learned how to soothe a troubled conscience, or to lift the burden of remorse from an aching heart. Thousands of years ago, in one of the most ancient of books, the question was asked: "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" and in the many works that have been written since, men have tried in one way or another to answer it. The thoughtful patriarch who proposed it, sought in vain from all the wisdom and knowledge of his time for a reply that would give peace to his restless spirit. And if we turn to the more mature science of our own day, and repeat the question: "Whence, then, cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" what is the answer? Even as it was ages ago. The geologist drills and bores through stratum after stratum, and digs and delves far "deeper than the plummet ever sounded," only to return and tell that "the Depth saith, It is not in me." The voyager covers the sea with ships. With sail, and paddle-wheel, and Archimedes' screw, they speed north and south, east and west, and round about the pendent globe. Many run to and fro, and knowledge increases. What the foam-crested waves will not tell, the abyss may reveal; and with net, and dredge, and diving-bell, the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" are searched through, and gazed into, and "gems of purest ray," and monsters who never saw the sun, are brought into the "light of common day." But, above all the stir and strife of man's endeavour, the murmuring billows lift their voices, and "the Sea saith, It is not with me." The chemist gathers together every object which has shape, or weight, or volume, living or dead, and with fire, and furnace, and potent agent, and electric battery, tests and assays it. But when "vic-

torious annals" has done its best, he replies, "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it. The price of wisdom is above rubies." The naturalist wanders through the pathless forests of far distant lands, and with pain and toil grows familiar with the habits of everything that lives, but after he has gone the round of all creation in search of wisdom, he answers, with mournful aspect, "It is hid from the eyes of all living and kept secret from the fowls of the air." The anatomist makes the writhing animal agonize under his torturing hand, and slays it, that perchance in the pang of death the mystery may be found written; but he will venture, in reply, to say no more than that "Destruction and Death say, We have heard the sound thereof with our ears."

But while all the oracles of science are silent on this great question, lo! through the thick darkness a ray of light descends, and a voice, solemn but benignant, proclaims to us as it did to the first anxious seeker after truth, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.
RETENTIVE MEMORIES.

MAGLIABECCHI, the founder of the great library at Florence (himself no author, but the collector of many), had so wonderful a memory, that Gibbon styled him 'la memoire personnalisee'—memory personified. At one period of his life, Seneca could repeat two thousand words precisely as they had been pronounced. Gassendi had acquired by heart six thousand Latin verses, and the whole of Lucretius's poem, *De Rerum Natura*. In order to give his memory sufficient exercise, he was in the habit of daily reciting six hundred verses from different languages. Saunderson, another mathematician, was able to repeat all Horace's odes, and a great part of other Latin authors. La Croze, after listening to twelve verses in as many languages, could not only repeat them in the order in which he had heard them, but could also transpose them. Pope had an excellent memory, and many persons have amused themselves by looking through his writings, and pointing out how often he had brought it into play. He was able to turn with great readiness to the precise place in a book where he had seen any passage that had struck him. John Leyden had a very peculiar faculty for getting things by rote, and he could repeat correctly any long dry document, such as a deed or act of parliament, after having heard it read but if he wanted any single paragraph, he was obliged to begin at the commencement, and proceed with his recital until he came to what he required. There was a French novelist who, being, like our Richardson, a printer, composed a volume in types, and thus the book was printed without having been written. Bishop Warburton had a prodigious memory, which he taxed to an extraordinary degree. His 'Divine Legation' would lead one to suppose that he had indefatigably collected and noted down the innumerable facts and quotations there introduced; but the fact is, that his only note book was an old almanack, in which he occasionally jotted down a thought. Scalliger obtained so perfect an acquaintance with one Latin book, that he offered to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, to be used against him in case of a failure of memory.

New Works.

From Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1846. By Mrs. Norton.

INVOCATION TO DEATH.

Come to the Grave's quiet slumber—
Passionate heart!
At the dread sound of thy dooming,
Why dost thou start?
Oft didst thou sorrow and languish,
Willing to go;
Wearily weeping—lamenting—
Heavy with woe;
Now is the time of thy calling,
Why dost thou shrink?
Why dost thou turn with such loathing
From the grave's brink.
Soft is the depth of its shadow,
See thou, and mark!
Peaceful the bed now preparing
In the cell dark!
Here the wild Sea of Life's tumult
Ceaseth to roar;
Here the vain fever of loving
Vexeth no more;
Here, shall no sound of reproaches,
Bitterly said,
Filling the heart with hot aching,
Trouble the Dead!
Here are no parting,—no leaving
Friends dearly joined;
Here is no sobbing and moaning
Borne on the wind;
Here shall no hope, fondly cherished,
Crumble away;
Calm in its white shroud, and painless,
Lies the still clay,
Though all the schemes it was planning
On the high earth,

Wrecked, ere the hour of fulfilment,
Die in their birth!

Come! with what thought dost thou linger?

Hast thou not tried

All the world's promising pleasures?

Which doth abide?

Which of them blest thy attainment?

Water on sand!

Wild flowers, whose stalks have been broken

By a child's hand!

Which of them failed thee not always

When most desired?

Mocking with unsought fruition,

When the heart tired?

Hath not the friend of thy bosom

Broken his trust?

Were not the loved of thy kindred

Laid in the dust?

Did not thy foes and oppressors

Rise and grow proud?

While the heads sank of thy kind ones,

Humbled and bowed?

Why dost thou mournfully linger

In a bad world?

Bark, which the storm-blast hath beaten,

Get thy sail furled!

Come! thou shalt know the deep quiet

Yearned for in vain,

When thou wert maddened with striving,

Weary of pain.

Come! thou shalt meet all thy dear ones,

Lost long ago,

In the old days, when their dying

Wrung thee with woe!

Earth—for thy burial, lo! one,

Opens her breast:

Deeply thy bed hath been hollowed,

Come to thy rest!

New Zealand and its Aborigines; being an Account of the Aborigines, Trade, and Resources of the Colony, and the Advantages it now presents as a Field for Emigration and the Investment of Capital. By William Brown.

Their offspring is not numerous, the children in each family being above the average, and yet infanticide is not unfrequent.

"Child murder does not arise, however, from the violence of passion, but in general from very slight causes, and, therefore, there is the better hope of the practice being easily put an end to. Should a husband quarrel with his wife, she would not hesitate to kill her children merely to annoy him. Infanticide is very frequently the fate of the offspring of those connections with the white men, which originate in the husband removing to a new settlement, and not taking his temporary wife with him—a common occurrence. These Europeans are a very superior race: they inherit the fine physical constitution of the native, with the mental vivacity of the European; and we are encouraged to hope for the legitimate amalgamation of the native and European races at no very distant period. Indeed not a few permanent connexions have already been formed directly between the races, and as emigration proceeds these will no doubt increase. Among the men there are many fine specimens of humanity, physically, mentally, and morally, whom some of our fair countrywomen might easily find good reasons for preferring to their own race."

It is something new to learn that the New Zealanders are not a warlike people, and never fight but when they cannot avoid it. Nor are hereditary feuds common among them. Mr. Brown imagines that their aversion to fighting is the cause of their having no personal quarrels.

"Civilised people may be astonished as well as blush to hear, that settlers are found who have lived in the country for upwards of ten years and never saw a personal quarrel and fight amongst them. That exterminating fights have been frequent, there is no room to doubt; but these, as already stated, have had their origin in other motives than a love of fighting for its own sake. When they see that they must fight, they certainly do so without flinching; but then they have that negative bravery which consists of an indifference to life, and is very common among them. Instances of suicide are very frequent, and that for the most trifling reasons."

"They very seldom lose their temper. Indeed one of their chief virtues consists in not giving way to anger, and they feel particularly annoyed when taxed with want of temper. This is another elevated feature in the character of the New Zealanders. We might look in vain for any civilised country considering it a point of honour to abstain from anger, while we might easily discover a great proneness to offence that admitted of no arbitration but the pistol. Not so, however, with the New Zealand cannibals. It is almost impossible to offend them in such a way that a small payment will not make all right again. Not only do they not get angry—at all events retain anger—but they are perfectly miserable if they have had any quarrel until a reconciliation takes place. It is a common practice for them to make large payments to the white people to get them to be

on good terms again, even in cases where the Europeans have been the transgressors.

"A settler informed me, that while he resided at Mercury Bay, an old chief and his wife had remained longer in his house than he wished, and on their disobeying a 'notice to quit,' he, more in fun than in anger, took up his sword to frighten them away. The lady upbraided her husband for permitting the insult with impunity, and giving him at the same time, a push forward, he received a slight wound in the neck. On this he went off in great wrath, and returned next day at the head of a number of his tribe, in order to obtain satisfaction, *secundum regulam*, by robbing the offender. He, however, determined not to submit to this tamely, and, presenting his gun, threatened to shoot the first one who should attempt to enter his house. They knew him to be a resolute person, who would act up to his word, and they became afraid and departed. Next day the old man returned, and wished to make friends; and, on the settler proving implacable, the native went away, but soon returned with a large pig, as a peace offering, which had the desired effect. This is one of many instances showing the great desire which these natives have to live on good terms with their neighbours."

Mr. Brown probably gives a correct account of Cannibalism as it now exists.

"As to cannibalism, it is commonly believed to be entirely abandoned; or, if it still exist, it is only in the interior, beyond the range of the settlers. That they were cannibals, of course, is universally known; indeed, it is not denied by themselves, though in general they very much dislike any allusion to it. Some of them, however, will very frankly admit it, and describe the food as surpassing the finest pork. The tongue is the favourite morsel, and is always appropriated by the chief. There resides near Hokianga a chief of great influence, though at one time a slave, of the name of Tarrea, a monster of grossness, as his name implies, who is said to have devoured hundreds of tongues. Children were the favourite food of this monster, and he is known to have eaten them at the Bay of Islands within two years before Captain Hobson's arrival."

"This man played an important part in the great meeting of the chiefs at Waitangi, when the combined influence of the church missionary and the politician were exerted to cajole them out of their rights of sovereignty. The meeting was well-nigh over before Tarrea arrived; but this circumstance afforded him, perhaps, a better opportunity of displaying his power and dignity. When he thought the proper time had come for addressing the meeting, he marched in with a great number of his followers. A long narrow space was immediately cleared to enable him the better to give effect to his speech. Having seen him on his former visit to the country, Captain Hobson immediately requested him to come forward and shake hands; but, his pride being piqued, he at once refused, adding, that if Captain Hobson wished to shake hands, it was for him, as being of inferior rank, to make the advance; but the captain declined in his turn. Tarrea delivered a most animated and eloquent harangue, strongly opposing the attempt of Captain Hobson to deprive them of their lands or any other rights; and urging his countrymen not to sign the *puka puka* (writing) of the *pakeha*, as they would then become the slaves of the white men."

"That cannibalism has much diminished within a very recent period, may be inferred from a statement made to me by a very intelligent chief. Although he was only about twenty-five or thirty years of age, he had remarked, he said, a great alteration even within his recollection. He could well remember the time, when canoes, with two or three chiefs and ten or twelve slaves, would go away on an excursion, and on their return the numbers of the latter would be reduced one-half, the others having been killed and eaten. For the most trifling offence a chief would strike his tomahawk into one of their skulls. But without any provocation whatever, and merely to gratify a craving for such a repast, a chief would go quietly behind one of the slaves, and strike him dead at a blow; nor did the slaves in general show symptoms of fear, though no one knew how soon his own time might arrive. Independently of the pleasure of eating such food, they had an additional reason for the practice in regard to the chiefs killed in war, as they not only believed that those eaten would thereby be excluded from reaching the future world, but that the prowess and virtues of the deceased would be transferred to the person who ate him."

"The chiefs always walk behind their slaves and place them in canoes in the same position as a safeguard against treachery. However horrible the eating of human flesh may seem to us, the character of the New Zealanders amply proves that such a practice may co-exist with many of the higher qualities of our nature."

THE SOUTH AMERICAN BAMBOO.

The *guadua*, or South American bamboo, abounds in many of the tropical parts of that continent, forming rather large groves along the banks of the rivers. This is a gigantic species of cane, growing to the height of ninety feet, and frequently more, with a beautiful feathery appearance. The upper part bends gracefully downward, and is covered with long slender branches, which bear very small light leaves. This cane is very useful for the purpose of building houses and bridges, as well as for fencing plantations, and surrounding the corrals or cattle pens, as it re-