

# CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Religious and General Intelligence.

REVDS. I. E. BILL & R. THOMSON,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITORS.

VOL. 6.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 18, 1853.

NO. 44.

From the New-York Recorder.

## MY PRAIRIE FLOWER.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

I saw her in her sweet maidenhood,  
With blushes on her cheek,  
And underneath her drooping lids  
The love light soft and meek;  
And then I chose her from the world,  
To be my bosom's queen;  
For oh, she was the fairest flower  
That ever I had seen!  
The dearest, daintiest little flower  
My eyes had ever seen.

I bore her to my humble home,  
And soon full many a care  
Sprang, thorn-like, underneath her feet,  
And silvered her bright hair;  
But still the light of her soft eyes  
Made glad my lowly hearth,  
And still she was the fairest flower  
That ever bloomed on earth!  
The purest flower, the loveliest flower,  
The one sweet flower of earth!

Ere long, in pale, wan helplessness,  
Upon my breast she lay,  
And slowly, surely, life's frail cords  
Went, breaking day by day;  
But cherished fondlier than when first  
I made my heart her throne,  
She was to me the fairest flower  
That I had ever known!  
The fairest flower, the rarest flower  
My aching heart had known!

I was a wanderer in the West,  
Commissioned from on high  
To sound o'er prairie, wood, and wild  
The gospel's joyful cry;  
And so I bore her by my side  
Through years of gathering blight,  
And deemed her still the fairest flower  
That ever saw the light!  
The dearest flower, the loveliest flower  
E'er coffined from the light!

Now o'er the prairie's waving green  
I take my lonely way;  
And where, erewhile, we paused to rest,  
I pause to weep and pray!  
For oh, there's none to pray for me  
Since underneath the clod  
I've shut away the fairest flower  
That ever came from God!  
The choicest flower, the sweetest flower,  
The flower that came from God!

I weep and pray, yet sorrow not  
As one of hope bereft;  
For, though there's little else for me,  
The star of faith is left;  
And by its glimmering light I see,  
All fragrant still with love,  
My frail, my faded earthly flower  
Transferred to groves above!  
My beautiful, my cherished flower  
Down smiling from above!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## The Paradise in the Pacific.

(CONTINUED.)

### THE PASTOR OF PITCAIRN.

Not quite four months—viz: on the 15th of November, 1828—before the death of the island patriarch, there arrived at Pitcairn a remarkable man, destined to be his successor, in the confidence, affection and government of that little community. He seemed really to have been marked out for the post by Providence. The person here spoken of bears the by no means aristocratic name of GEORGE

HUNN NOBBS. He was born in this country in 1799; went to sea at the early age of eleven years, when he became a midshipman in the British navy. He afterwards held a commission in the Chilian navy, under the present earl of Dundonald (then Lord Cochrane,) and in consequence of his services, became lieutenant. He was at length, after a gallant and desperate conflict with a Spanish gun-brig, taken prisoner by the troops of the Spanish piratical general Benevedeis, who was a very fiend incarnate of cruelty. He shot all his prisoners except Lieutenant Nobbs and three English seamen, all four of whom lay under sentence of death, and in hourly expectation of being shot, for three weeks; during which Lieutenant Nobbs daily saw his fellow-prisoners led out to death, and heard the reports of the muskets from which they suffered. This monster Benevedeis would invite the captive officers to an elegant entertainment; immediately after which he would have them marched into the court yard, and shot—their host standing at the window to enjoy the spectacle! Such was the man at whose mercy poor Lieutenant Nobbs lay for three weeks; at the end of which he was suddenly and unaccountably exchanged for a prisoner; Benevedeis himself being soon after taken prisoner, sentenced to death, tied to the tail of a mule, so dragged to the Palace Square, and there hanged. After many adventures and much dangerous service, Mr. Nobbs quitted Chili, and returned to England in 1822, in a vessel which had touched at Pitcairn.

The captain gave such a description of the happiness of the little community, that Mr. Nobbs became irresistibly impelled to go and settle there, anxious only to pass the remainder of his days in peace and usefulness among his fellow-creatures. Early in 1825, having then been four times round the world, he quitted England, with the intention of going to Pitcairn. He went by way of the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Australia, and at length reached Callao, in Peru, where he met the owner of a launch, who agreed to accompany him in it to Pitcairn, provided Mr. Nobbs would fit her out. This was done; and these two persons—as if emulous of the feat of Bligh and his companions—went alone in this frail launch to Pitcairn, a voyage of three thousand five hundred miles, which they accomplished in forty-two days—arriving in November, 1828. Soon after their arrival the owner died; the launch was hauled ashore, and her materials were used to build a house for Mr. Nobbs. Old Adams, on hearing his errand and his motives, and doubtless beginning to be apprehensive for those from whom death must soon release himself, received him with kindness, and he became a sort of schoolmaster in the Island. On the death of Adams, in the March of the ensuing year, Mr. Nobbs continued at his post, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in the affections of the people, then only sixty-eight in number, serving them in the three-fold capacity of pastor, surgeon and schoolmaster. Three years after his arrival, however, there occurred a sufficiently ridiculous but vexatious affair. A person named Hill came to the island, professing himself authorized by the British Government to reside there as its representative! He soon sowed dissensions among the simple-minded inhabitants, whom he also terrified into obedience by the fear of giving offence to the Government. Honest Mr. Nobbs soon saw through the swaggering stranger, by whose intrigues, however, he was compelled to quit the island, leaving the new-comer boasting from time to time of his splendid rank and station at home. He said he was "a very near relative to the Duke of Bedford, and the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him!"—Whilst the people were listening with awe to these magnificent statements, who should arrive at the island—positively as if for

the purpose of "discomfiting imposture—but Captain Lord Edward Russell, a veritable son of the Duke of Bedford! Mr. Hill was thunderstruck. Lord Edward would have made short-work of it, and removed him *instantly* from the scene of his impudent and mischievous intrusion and imposture. Lord Edward, however, would not do so without orders. But in the ensuing year another ship of war arrived, her captain armed with the requisite authority, and removed Mr. (or as he seems to have called himself, *Lord*) Hill to Valparaiso. He never made his appearance again in the island; and Mr. Nobbs having received a pressing and unanimous entreaty from the inhabitants to resume his old station and duties, complied with it, having been absent for the period of nine months, occupying himself as a teacher at the Gambier Islands, which were about three hundred miles distant from Pitcairn.

It may be remembered that a child, ten months old, accompanied the mutineers from Otaheite to Pitcairn.—She afterwards married a son of the unhappy Christian, by whom she had a daughter, and that daughter became the wife of Mr. Nobbs, by whom she has now eleven children. Since his return, on the occasion last referred to, this excellent man has never been interfered with in pursuing "the even tenor of his way," but has evidently conciliated the ardent affection of all classes. He acted from the first as their chaplain; (as far as, being a layman, he could,) their schoolmaster, their physician, and in fact, did every thing that could be expected from a man of kindly feeling, of no little experience of varied life, of sound education and devoted piety. His duties were constant and laborious, for all his arrangements were very systematic, and he adhered to them with punctilious exactness. Thus every hour of his time was devoted to the service of the islanders and of his own large family. But how was he himself supported all the while? it may be asked. Indeed, his remuneration was for years of the scantiest possible character, for the Pitcairn Islanders, were, as he knew, when he first went, very poor. In 1844, he thus explained, in a letter to a clergyman at Valparaiso, some of the straits to which he was driven: "My stock of clothing which I brought from England is, as you may suppose, very nearly exhausted, and I have no friends there to whom I can with propriety apply for more. Until the last three years, it was my custom to wear a black coat on the Sabbath; but since that period I have been obliged to substitute a nonkeen jacket of my own making. My only remaining coat, which is quite threadbare, is reserved for marriages and burials; so that it is customary to say, when a wedding is going to take place, 'Teacher, you will have to put on your black coat next Sunday,' which is equivalent to informing me that a couple are going to be married!"

Some little time afterwards, however, this grateful people placed him on a level with themselves, by assigning him sufficient land for his support.

### A PITCAIRN DAY.

It may be pleasing to have an idea of a Pitcairn day. Let it be borne in mind that there is a difference of nine hours between their time and ours;—when, for instance, it is our four o'clock in the afternoon, it is their seven o'clock in the morning. They rise with the light; and the first duty in each house is to read prayers, including two chapters in the Bible. After a slight refreshment, the business of the day begins. Children are forthwith despatched to the school, during play-hours amusing themselves with kites and ball; but limited space—less in extent than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put together—necessarily curtails the diversions of young and old. The men's employment consists in cultivating their land, looking after their gar-

dens, building and improving their little houses, fencing in their plantations, and making hats out of palm-leaves, and fancy boxes for barter with the crews of such ships as may call there. At twelve o'clock they have a plain substantial meal of yams and potatoes made into bread, saying grace before and after meals with scrupulous reverence.—Both by day and by night they fish in the deep waters for a kind of cod, gray mullet, and red snapper, which, however, are scanty, and obtained with some little hazard. The second meal of the day (they have but two) occurs at seven o'clock in the evening, consisting of yams, sweet potatoes, and such humble fare as may have been prepared by the females of the family. Once or twice only in the week can they afford the luxury of fish, meat, or poultry. The occupations of the women are their household duties, including especially making and mending clothes; and when they have leisure, they manufacture a sort of cloth out of the bark of the paper mulberry. There are no servants in the island, therefore the wives and daughters do all that is necessary for the family. They do not cook in the house, which, being of wood, might be often endangered, but in ovens at a little distance, let into the ground, big enough to contain a good sized pig. An animal of which they have but few. They have no candles, but use oil, and torches made with the nuts of the dodo tree. They have no glass for the windows, but only shutters, which are closed in bad weather. They occasionally have a modicum of tea as a luxury, but their ordinary drink is pure water, neither wines nor spirits being allowed in the island, except for strictly medicinal purposes. On high days and holidays they treat themselves with cocoa-nut milk, and water sweetened with syrup extracted from the bruised sugarcane. They retire early to rest, after having performed their family devotions. They sleep secure without the protection of locks, bolts, or bars: there is no such a thing in the island! Think, then, of a moonlight night at peaceful Pitcairn, Londoner, jaded with the uproar and dissipation of a London day or night!—See the moon walking in her brightness, and stars shining, vividly as you never saw them, and both reflected on the illimitable ocean, all calm and beautiful! Not a soul is slumbering there that has not closed his eyes—her eyes—after offering the heart's incense to their almighty Guardian!

The Pitcairn people are all well educated, and very fond of reading; but only books of sterling interest, and moral and religious character, chiefly supplied to them by one of the noblest societies which England can boast—that for Promoting Christian Knowledge. And now has arrived the time for explaining that our readers are indebted for all the interesting facts which may appear in this paper, as well as those which have gone before as those which are yet to follow, to a little volume just issued by that Society. Its pious and accomplished author\* is the Secretary of that Society, and, as we learn from its pages, has personal cognizance of many highly interesting facts narrated in it, pledging himself to the authenticity of all, as far as careful enquiry has enabled him to do so. To us it has proved a delightful little volume, and we heartily express our obligation to the Rev. author. It breathes throughout a pure manly sympathy and piety. We should like to be at Pitcairn when its simple and affectionate inhabitants get their first copy—let us hope as many copies as there are islanders—of the vol-

\*Pitcairn: The Island, the People, and the Pastor; with a Short Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty. By the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, M. A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society. London: 1853. pp. 280.