AFRICAN ESTABLISHMENT AT ST. HELENA.

which proved to be a bad species of fever, he was a corpse. In the beginning of his sickness, a rose-coloured efflorescence struck out over his body, which became changed into a purple and black colour, previously to death, with spots, and patches, and wheels, of all sizes and hues, interspersed. It was the first death that occurred amongst the officials of the establishment. We had been familiar with the wholesale destruction of our black brethren, and thought nothing of it; but when a white man had paid the debt of nature, the security of us all was shaken, and we felt, if not alarmed, at least awed, by the event. It threw a general gloom over the establishment, and for many days afterwards there was no singing, dancing, or rejoicing at the station.

It was a solemn occasion that of our conveying the dead body of the late overseer out to sea. There were two boats, containing the corpse, almost all the officials, and a couple of negroes. We rowed in silence until we were about a mile from the shore. It was a lovely morn—not a ripple broke the glassy surface of the deep, not a breath of wind disturbed the appropriate silence of nature. There was a solemn and a sublime grandeur in the solitude of the ocean around us. We read the funeral service, and when we committed the body to the waves, there was not a person there but was deeply affected. We needed not the paraphernalia of pride—the hearse, the pall, and the coffin—to excite impressions; the simple ceremony of the prayer-book, the exposed countenance, and frame of the deceased, dressed only in his shirt and wrapped in a blanket—the contact of living limbs with a dead carcass when the body was lifted up, the plunge it made into the smooth bosom of the waters, and its disappearance for ever—were much better calculated for overpowering our feelings. I trust we left that scene better than we went there, with hearts and minds improved by what we had witnessed.

By the end of the year, the hitherto increasing progress of disease seemed arrested; sickness assumed a milder type, and in consequence the mortality lessened in proportion. Some other changes took place about this time; amongst them was the loss of society we met with, a matter of no small importance to persons in our situation, by the departure of Lieutenant Wilcox and the crew of the "Julia," for their triennial (if I may be permitted to coin such a word) residence at Old Woman's Valley. *En passant,* I cannot avoid complimenting the Colonial Authorities on their kindness in thus affording British tars such a rare opportunity of witnessing the sublime and terrific in nature, as presented to their view by the tremendous cliffs and bold rocky shore which they were going to visit; and at the same time I must offer my tribute of admiration to the wonderful wisdom and ingenuity that dictated that measure, inasmuch as, if after being exposed to smallpox as they had been, the hot suns which would broil them in the day, and the rains which would drench them at night, unprotected, as they were, by even a shed or tent from the weather, would not set the infection into activity, and bring out the disease, it might safely be relied on that nothing on earth would.

The departure of the British crew left the "Julia" vacant, and it was
with unspeakable delight I took possession of the vessel, and made my head-quarters there. It was a most satisfactory relief to be free from the annoyances I had experienced in the "Andorinha;" and the nights I spent in my new domicile were peculiarly pleasant, from that consideration. Unconnected with any comparison with the past, my present position was indeed comfortable. In a little box that shut up with a sliding door, by sailors called a bunk, situated on deck, my couch was made, and there I lay, though in the open air, yet without being exposed to the weather; the firmament of heaven for my canopy, and the ocean spread around me for a dormitory. No longer disturbed by the cries of suffering, or disgusted by the stench of corruption from living flesh as well as the dead, I was lulled to sleep by the soft murmur of waves, and inhaled the delicious perfume of a balmy atmosphere, loaded with the odours of the moon-plant and the saphora, as every gentle wind would waft the treasured sweets from the gardens and fields on shore. Often would I prefer to lie awake, gazing on the scene so full of placid beauty, exposed as it was to my view from an opening in the bulwarks of the ship opposite to my bunk. The lovely moonbeams, streaming a flood of silver over the immense pile of rocks that formed the coast of the island, and tipping the tiny ripples of the stream with its rich metallic light—the whirring of the flying-fish pursued by the porpoise—the splash of the bonita, leaping and gambolling about, and the scream of the seamount, as it would fly from its nest in the cliffs, and flit, like a phantom, with its unearthly cry, across the spars and rigging of the vessel, were all pleasing and interesting incidents, addressing with equal force the sense and the imagination. Alone, for I was without a companion or a servant, yet I felt no solitude, nor did I ever experience alarm for the occurrence of danger or sickness. I might have been taken ill, and who was there to assist me? The chain-cable might have given way, and the ship been drifted out to sea during a dark night; and on awakening I might have found myself in the centre of the ocean, far from land, without food, and almost without hope; yet night after night was passed, without any of these dismal anticipations entering into my head to disturb my rest.

About this time occurred the first instance of suicide amongst the Africans—a crime which is frequently perpetrated by them in order to escape from the miseries of life. It was committed more frequently by the slaves who subsequently arrived, and, with two exceptions, always within a month of their arrival. The principal motive which incited the deluded people to have recourse to this last dreadful alternative for relief was, as I was informed, the impression, imbied with no doubt from the Portuguese, that the English had devoted them to destruction; and this conviction, I am afraid, was not calculated to be removed or lessened by the treatment which they too often received from their British liberators after their capture. In almost every instance they effected their purpose by throwing themselves into the sea at night, when they could escape the observation of the overseers. The loss of relations and friends, and perhaps their own affliction by disease, far from their country and those who could speak and administer comfort
to them, would, no doubt, contribute to produce despondency and despair, under the influence of which desponding passions the act was generally done. Some cases, however, occurred from totally different causes. A negro, who was a servant to one of the best and kindest masters in the island, hanged himself for love; a young negress drowned herself to escape from the tormenting addresses of five indefatigable suitors; and a stout negro was found dead in a grove of fir-trees, so deformed by putrefaction, that whether he died by suicide, murder, or by natural means, constituting what is termed by coroners, the visitation of God, could never be ascertained, nor even his identity be discovered.

However much distrust the Africans entertained towards us at their arrival, it was pleasing to observe their fear ceding to a more correct appreciation of their position towards us, and our feelings towards them; for the longer they remained in the establishment, and the better they got acquainted with us, the greater was the confidence they reposed, and I think I may add with respect to the officials, bad as they were, their greatest faults being of omission, not commission, that the more the Africans saw and knew of them, the more they liked them, if they did not altogether respect and esteem them. The progressive obliteration of hostile feelings, supplanting as they were by others of a more amiable kind, was an important triumph over ignorant and suspicious barbarism. Apathy, melancholy, despair, and madness, were the most general features of the negro's mind on his first introduction to our acquaintance; his demeanour was humble, and his gait slow and crawling; and there was on many a perfect expression of indifference, as if it were written on their foreheads that they were cursed—that even Hope had left them, but ere she had fled, had in pity extinguished their sensibility. Never did I remark amongst them the quick step, the erect attitude, and the manly deportment. Never did I observe activity in their movements, or alacrity in their actions. When, however, they had become accustomed to our presence, familiar with our manners, and had learned by experience the benevolent nature of our intentions, the humiliating attitudes, the servile forms of address, the extended hands, and bent knees, were less frequently practised, especially as such observances were discouraged by us: a little more pride would shine in the countenance, and a little more dignity beam in the eye, which could now be raised from the earth, and return the white man's look, as if to tell him they had learned at length they were fellow-creatures; and finally, the large smiling mouth, the coarse merry laugh, the happy expression of countenance, the erect posture, and active and rapid progression, would reflect, like a mirror, the improvement in both their moral and physical condition, and indicate the recovery of that independence which is the birthright of man, be he black or white.

If the exertions of philanthropy had partially succeeded in ameliorating the condition of the Africans, and in improving their manners, the remains of previous habits still existed; they had been too deeply rooted to be easily extirpated. In no respect was the continuance of
savage usages more shown forth than in their voracious and gluttonous dispositions, as the following anecdotes will prove.

The neighbourhood of the station being infested with wild cats that would come and carry off a chicken or two from Dirty Doll’s poultry-yard, much to her grief and vexation, the old lady begged of me to adopt some means that would protect her property against their incursions. One evening, then, I lay in wait for the rapacious spoilers, and just as they were descending the hill at the back of the store-room, I shot one dead, as much to the diversion of the negroes as to Dolly’s satisfaction. The source of their delight was, however, different. Dolly was glad to be revenged of the depredators who had committed so much mischief amongst her feathered favourites, while the Africans rejoiced only because they had now the means of supplying themselves with a little fresh meat of the description best relished by them. These, with the exception of Dolly, ran and caught hold of pussy, and soon extinguished her “nine lives,” if any were remaining after the reception of my salutes. They pulled and hauled and fought for the animal at such a rate, that it was torn in pieces among them.

About the same time, a dead cow, which had no doubt expired on board some ship lying at James’town, and been thrown overboard, came floating off towards the “Andorinha.” As soon as the object was spied, there was a loud shout of rejoicing on board, and a consultation was held about the means of becoming possessed of the treasure. This Capitango Dula undertook to effect, and accordingly, though just recovered from dysentery, he stripped and leaped into the water for the purpose. Poor fellow! he had not the strength to swim far, and most probably would have sunk exhausted and been drowned, but that the station boat was despatched after him. He was brought back to the vessel quite helpless. Many others then wished to go, but they were prevented, and it was with feelings of deep disappointment that they witnessed the prize floating slowly away, as it was carried by the current past the vessel. Only think of the feasting and carousing there would have been on board an hospital ship off a carrion cow, had they been permitted to carry their wishes into execution!

ON THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE AND OTTAWA.

BY F. S. DEROITTERMUND,
CHEMIST TO THE PROVINCIAL GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

The waters of the River St. Lawrence which flow past Montreal are of two kinds;—the one, coasting along the left side of the river, appertains to the Ottawa; the other, flowing opposite to the city, comes from the upper lakes. These run together for several leagues without intermingling, a fact demonstrable from the preservation of their respective
colours. The St. Lawrence water possesses a fine blue colour, that of the Ottawa approaches to a brown. Both kinds are very pure, differing from distilled water only by .002 or .003; for by taking the specific gravity of distilled water as unity, the specific gravity of the St. Lawrence water is 1.0036; that of the Ottawa water, 1.0024; their temperature being 66 deg. Fah, while that of the air was 82 deg. Taking into consideration the specific gravity of the two waters, we can understand why they do not easily intermingle; this arises not only from a difference in the amount of saline matter dissolved, but also a difference in its nature; both contain chlorides, sulphates, and carbonates, with bases of lime and magnesia—but the St. Lawrence water moreover holds in solution carbonate of lime, and in consequence is not so well adapted for culinary purposes, as this salt deposits itself readily when fluids containing it are heated, and their bulk diminished by evaporation.

The brown colour which the Ottawa water possesses might be attributed to the presence of a very minute quantity of marl or loam, held in suspension; but the amount of it must be exceedingly minute, for when specimens of the two waters, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, are put into tumblers, no difference in colour is perceptible between them. It is rather to be supposed that the colour of the Ottawa water is not due to colouring principles, but the two waters being impregnated differently with saline matter, the rays of light are reflected differently, an effect which is more striking when the two waters are in contact and in great quantities. Seeing that the two waters contain the same salts in solution, the difference in their specific gravities also demonstrates a difference in their states of impregnation.

The following are the results which I have obtained from the specimens of the waters above mentioned, which I took at the beginning of July, of the present year (1845), from the river opposite the city (Montreal). They both contain equal quantities of atmospheric air in solution, to the amount of 4.46 per cent. From a litre (57 cubic inches, about a quart) which I evaporated into dryness, I obtained so small a quantity from the Ottawa water, that I found it difficult to weigh it with perfect precision, but I estimated it at 1.5 grains, while I obtained from the same quantity of the St. Lawrence 2.87 grains of solid residue. The quantitative analysis from 57 cubic inches of each gave me as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>St. Lawrence</th>
<th>Ottawa</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sulphate Magnesia</td>
<td>0.62 grs.</td>
<td>0.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chloride of Calcium</td>
<td>0.38</td>
<td>0.60</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Magnesia</td>
<td>0.27</td>
<td>1.07</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carbonate of Lime</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>0.017</td>
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<tr>
<td>Silica</td>
<td>0.31</td>
<td>0.50</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>1.58</strong></td>
<td><strong>2.877</strong></td>
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OUR COLONIAL POLICY.

The Colonies of England are emphatically her children. Have they received from the Parent State encouraging and indulgent treatment? Has she been as a mother tenderly careful of her weaker offspring? Has the Government of the successive Ministers to whom she has delegated their superintendence been always of a paternal nature? Have these latter, in the selection of subordinate and more immediate rulers, been guided by a just estimate of the qualities requisite for trusts so delicate and important? Have Colonial complaints ever commanded immediate investigation and patient consideration, when unsupported by formidable influence at home; and has the mere existence of wrong been sufficient to procure prompt redress?

To these inquiries, which to the most cold and unsympathising must appear natural, I fear no satisfactory answer can be given. The history past and present of every British Colony tells that England has not performed her duty—that she has been at best but a stepmother.

The assumption of the taxing power by the Imperial Parliament was a glaring injustice towards America, which provoked the most loyal of subjects to rebel; an act of tyranny deservedly punished by the humiliating sense of defeat and the loss of a noble Colony, and the fruits of which we are now perhaps reaping in the jealous and restrictive policy of the proud Republic.

Such a lesson was calculated, one would think, to be impressive. But no—our Colonial Policy since then has continued illiberal, shortsighted, and unkind: Colonists have found their energies cramped by odious enactments emanating from men at home, unacquainted with their real wants or true position. A Local Chamber of Representatives, when granted, has seldom expressed the sentiments of the governed, owing to the undue influence of official members. The Colonial Press teems with complaints of ill-government, and, through their friends here, our fellow-subjects abroad are constantly appealing to Parliament.

Whence arise this discontent and want of confidence in the friendly feeling of the mother-country? They are to be ascribed, I believe, in a measure, to a too low appreciation of the importance of our Colonies, and of their claims upon the support and protection of England—and, in a great degree, to a misconception as to what a Colonial Minister and Colonial Governors should be. The first is a post to be filled by no ordinary man. He should be high-souled, industrious, energetic, painstaking—looking upon his office as one of sacred trust, the discharge of which should be a labour of love; and he should be impressed with a high sense of its responsibility, as fraught with the happiness or misery, discontent or loyalty, of millions of his fellow-subjects.

A word as to Governors of Colonies.—Do we march with the spirit
THE EMIGRANT: A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

and growing intelligence of the age, in appointing as such men of war, to the exclusion of almost every other class?

When it is required to bring into order Possessions recently acquired by the sword, the most fitting agent may perhaps be found in the camp or on the quarter-deck: but to govern and develop the resources of Colonies essentially commercial, where the British sway is immovably and unquestionably established, and where public tranquillity is in no danger of interruption if enlightened views are followed, (and such is the character, almost without exception, of our Possessions in every quarter of the globe,) could we not find men better calculated, by professional education and habits, to promote their commercial prosperity and internal improvement? Is it fair to expect that the war-worn veteran, whose life has been passed in the camp and in the field, and whose only study has been the theory of his particular profession, can at the age of sixty or seventy possess the strength and energy, or acquire the habits and knowledge, which should be required to fit him for a charge so important?

Looking at our Colonies in a purely selfish light, who will not allow that we owe to them much of our wealth and comfort, and our power as a maritime nation? But when we look upon the inhabitants of the various climes which own the dominion of England as our brothers—worshipping the same God and obedient to the same Sovereign, and glorying in their connexion with the mother-country;—when we think that for some great end Providence must further this wide-spreading dominion of the Saxon race;—we should learn to establish in those distant regions happiness and peace, and so bind in closer union Colonies and Crown.

Anglo-Saxon.

THE EMIGRANT: A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

B Y W. H. LEIGH, ESQ.

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H. V. P. OF THE AFRICAN INSTITUTION OF PARIS, ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"I write not of what I have heard, nor of what I have read, but of what I have seen." PETRARCH.

There is neither a more interesting nor a painful sight, than to behold the departure of a vessel, with her tear-bedewed passengers hanging in intense anguish over her side, and gazing, probably for the last time, on faces which, in all human probability, they are destined never more to behold. The brother is there; his tenderly-loved sister is weeping on the sands. The son is in that proud-sailing bark, and
his silver-haired sire is supporting himself on his staff as he wafts forth his blessing upon his only hope. Hearts are big with agony, and the bosom is swelling with the vain attempt to drown the deep sorrow that is reigning, to smother the long-drawn sigh that shaketh the hot tear from the straining eyeball. Gallant is the bearing of the vessel, as the favouring wind distends her white sails to the sun. Noisy is the mariner, as he bustles amid the confusion that is around him; but he, even he, accustomed as he is to the wild waves and the storm, turns yet an eye of tenderness upon the round, green hills, which are so soon to be enshrouded from his view: the rapidly-drawn sleeve over his bronzed brow swept thence affection's tribute from a heart that no danger could cower, no tempest disturb.

These are the times, and these are the scenes, which would make the most prosy, poetical; the most unthinking, reflective; the most callous, feeling; and cast a momentary shadow over the sunniest, the glad-somest brow. The heart that is unaccustomed to the woes of another, now has a double duty to perform; and the eye that has but gazed upon its lonely troubles, is riveted by the melancholy that is accumulated around it. In that little bark, as viewed from the anxious shore, what numbers have embarked their all! In that lonely speck, fast disappearing in the waste of waters, how many have trusted their entire world! All that can make life sweet, or existence endurable, is there. The father gazeth silently upon his little ones, and their playful smiles but meet in return the palpitating cheek of their long-struggling, their ill-rewarded sire. Now, he and his helpless family are there; the land where their forefathers are sleeping is left for ever. The past must be viewed, with all its pleasures, its vicissitudes, or its pains, as a blank which is never to be noted; and the future must be gilded by the ray of all-radiant hope, to light him cheerfully to a more peaceful, a happier goal.

Over the scarcely-heaving bosom of the sea, how silently is skimming that proud triumph of man—that floating ark, destined to traverse such an immensity of water! to meet with the sickening, dispiriting calm, and to lie upon the encircling belt of the world a solitary and unmoving thing! Day after day will she rest, motionless and dead, upon the slumbering wave, where all around is lifeless—not a bird dare raise his drowsy wing—but deathlike stillness, in all its dread solemnity, must attend them till the lazy and fickle wind shall breathe once more spirit and energy into the flagging, useless sails. Then comes the tempest, hurrying along, and driving like a fury in his car; lashing the angry waters into foam, and whirling their giant crests resistless over the sailless and giddy bark, till once more the elements of strife shall sink to peace—the favouring zephyr swell the sail that wafts the weary wanderer to his long-looked for, his adopted home.
Chapter II.

"I cannot say but 'tis an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The world of waters; it unmans one quite."—Byron.

In a vessel bound for such a voyage as from England to Australia, there must of necessity be but little room to spare; the supply of provisions, the water, the baggage, articles belonging to the ship, live stock, and compressed hay for their use, hanging round the already-crowded vessel, with the motley group of passengers—all these, mighty in bulk and in weight, are to be wafted over the unfathomable deep, defying the very elements, to the antipodes of the land they have left. What a subject for reflection are those few planks that are bearing so heavy a burden! and what a subject for wonder is man, who could devise so astonishing a machine, and direct it to lands in darkness or light, through tempest and elemental vicissitude, to its destined port! How daring the project! how happy, how marvellous its perfection! By it, man receives the advantages of lands how remote from his own! by it, the luxuries of the Orient are at once at the Laplander's cot, and the blessings of civilisation and the education of the human mind can travel with the feet of the wind. How the ill-requited, the unfortunate, must turn to this mighty condor of the water! must behold in it what at once bespeaks the liberator from the fruitless toils they endure—the willing messenger from climes of a sunnier aspect, and the patient camel of the weary waste, that is ready to bear him to the land he has selected—to waft him, as in a dream, from his chilly clime to where a brighter sun shall beam over him, and the bountiful earth return his labour with the hundredth fold. And there are those within that distant speck who have now forsaken the home of their fathers—have abandoned for ever the land for which their hearts would bleed. There are those within that swift-retiring speck whose souls are animated with the noblest fire, and whose only hope, humble and unstententious though it be, is the desire, the certain prospect, that their industry may meet with reward, and their endeavours be crowned with success.

Sad is it for that land which parteth with her choicest sons, unwilling to receive their proffered assistance, or unable to reward them for the labour they have performed, yet how often must the sorrowing eye gaze upon the manly hearts that sheer desperation is hurrying from the soil! How often must the Briton turn and sigh to behold his country diurnally drained of her choicest sons—her hard-working, well-deserving, but neglected peasantry! And still oftener must the heart of the philanthropist be shocked when squalid misery surrounds the cot and rank weeds are accumulating around the dwelling where pinning industry unwillingly is idle, and where the strength of the soil is left in his squalidness, his helplessness, his want.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

2
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,
When once neglected, ne’er can be supplied.”

Let the sigh that the expatriated tiller of the soil heaved for his deserted country be recorded as an evidence, that indigence, and not inclination, had driven him, an alien, to a distant, but a less-loved land.

The sea had gradually changed from its apple-green, the sandy bottom no longer had illumination from the heavens, and the deep blue of the bottomless water was dashed into foamy diamonds by the speed of the vessel. Every one had gazed for the longest, the latest moment, on the island, the island they so devotedly loved, which now appeared but a dim cloud upon the verge of the horizon. The evening was rapidly advancing. The watch of the night was set. The mate had, with stentorian voice, declared “eight bells,” and Darkness was, for the first time at sea, drawing her dark mantle around the wanderers.

Chapter III.

“I sate beside the steersman then, and gazing
Upon the West, cried ‘Spread the Sails!’”—Revolt of Islam.

“Holloa!—here we are!—now’s the time for sailing!—

‘Merrily, merrily goes the bark
Over the waters blue;’
Merrily, cheerily, sings the lark,
Bampfyldle Moore Carew!”

I could not for the life of me find another rhyme but the Gipsy King; but how satisfactory it is to me, after the dreadful sickness I have endured—the horrible, as the French call it, the ‘mal de mer horrible,’ or the horrible of the——; but I forget my Latin, save the ‘propría quæ.’ That’s an ill omen! that’s a foul bird! there he goes! Well, thank Heaven, I’ve made my will anyhow, in case I should have—what should I have? I’ll chew a biscuit. I feel like a man released from his prison, with a touch of poor Pelisson when his gaoler killed the spider. Well, anyhow here we most decidedly are, with nothing to look forward to but—I cannot say what misery to endure, for I cannot say how long! When it will be more endurable, it is impossible at all to say; and who, and what we are, is more difficult still—and what, and for what we are voyaging, and the results of all this, as the poet says, or sings—I think he sings, (May I be permitted to trouble you for a light?) The poet sings thus—thus sings the muse:

“As o’er the bosom of the mighty main
The gallant sailor seeks the distant land,
He leaves the home he ne’er may see again,
Yet proud he beareth on the strangest strand.”

I have seen the time when I could sing those ballads; but that time and the voice are like Nebuchadnezzar’s dream—‘they are gone from