

and excursive, for which the former qualities did not always serve as an adequate corrective. His learning is not on the same scale as his mother-wit—it is enough, however, to add stamina to his speculations, and for more perhaps he did not greatly care. His knowledge of metaphysical and deistical writers appears to have been that in which he chiefly excelled; his allusions to classical authors are few, and his quotations from them (a practice which he somewhere gives us to understand he held cheap) in general trite and unscholar-like—but he was too affluent to borrow, and too independent to be a slave to authorities.

Such is our idea of this remarkable man and of his writings, formed upon a careful perusal of the five volumes before us. We fear the memoir of him announced by his early friend and (we believe) fellow-student, Sir James Mackintosh, was never written. We waited long and anxiously for its appearance, but have had the sorrow to learn that the meditative and humane spirit which had undertaken this delicate task, has itself been lost to us. Some other hand will, no doubt, try to supply us with a regular life of Hall. But time rolls on—the great events of the day soon close upon every individual interest—and we have, therefore, preferred to speak for ourselves now whilst we have the season, rather than postpone our observations to a period when we might have profitably entered into the labours of others. If, in the former part of this paper, we may seem to have treated the name of Hall with less deference than it demands, we can only repeat, that on sitting down to the book, we did so with the most friendly feelings towards its author—that it was our intention to express those feelings without qualification or reserve, and that we had not a suspicion we should meet in it with matter so offensive. At the same time we trust, that whatsoever we have said has been so said as to evince our sense of the respect due to the author's genius and character, and our conviction, that of him it may be still exclaimed with truth, in spite of all his failings, 'there is a great man fallen this day in Israel.'

ART. V.—*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan D'Acunha.* By Augustus Earle, Draughtsman to His Majesty's Surveying Ship 'The Beagle.' 8vo. London. 1832.

THIS is a spirited performance, and contains many details about New Zealand which, we feel strongly persuaded, are as authentic as they must be allowed to be amusing; yet we have not undertaken to give our readers some account of it, at present,

sent, without considerable hesitation. The reason is, that it abounds in sweeping sarcasms on the English Missionaries settled in this remote region, supported only by a handful of anecdotes which, although the author may have been sincerely desirous of telling the truth, are not improbably tinged by his personal prejudices, and susceptible of explanations destructive in part, if not entirely, of the inferences which he requires us to adopt. The direction of the Church Missionary Society, in particular, is in hands so well entitled to respect and confidence, that we would fain have waited until there had been time for its secretaries to make adequate inquiry into the grounds of the author's bitter reflections on the conduct of its distant ministers, and lay the result in some authoritative shape before the world. The writer's description, however, of the rapid increase of intercourse between the Port of London and a part of the world which, but twenty years ago, it was considered impossible to visit without running ten chances to one of being massacred—to say nothing of being baked and devoured afterwards—satisfies us that Mr. Earle's book will be speedily followed by others on the same subject, and that we shall accordingly have plenty of opportunities for taking up, more satisfactorily than we could hope to do at present, the grave and serious question to which we have alluded. It is obvious enough, that those of our countrymen who visit New Zealand for merely commercial purposes have, in general, a vehement dislike of the missionary settlers now multiplying on various parts of the coast, and even of the interior; and that, after the usual fashion of human nature, there is little love lost. Presently, it is to be expected, we shall have enough of conflicting evidence to sift: perhaps some fortunate accident may enable us to bring forward a witness whose character and position may authorise us to claim for him far more reliance than the public at large might be willing to place on the testimony either of a New Zealand missionary, or of a South Sea skipper, or of any individual adventurer thrown by circumstances almost exclusively into the society of one or other of these classes. Meantime, having thus signified our belief that, in whatever regards the missionaries, Mr. Earle's statements must be received, for the present, with anything but rash confidence, we shall pass lightly over that questionable part of his volume, and select for the entertainment of our readers a few of those picturesque details of savage life in this *Ultima Thule* of the south, which, whatever may be the fate of his reputation otherwise, certainly entitle him to no mean place among the painters of manners.

He is indeed a painter by profession; and though few of us may ever have heard his name, there are perhaps still fewer who have

have not ere now been indebted both for amusement and instruction to his indefatigable pencil. Regularly bred as an artist, and, it would seem, a person of highly respectable connexions, Mr. Earle has been, from opening manhood to middle life, as very a wanderer on the face of the earth as old Lithgow himself, or the still more venerable Ibn Batuta. For seventeen years past, he has been almost perpetually on the move, driven apparently by a sort of gipsy instinct from one quarter of the world to another, and in spite of overturns and robberies by land, and shipwrecks and all sorts of chances and changes at sea, happy everywhere, except when he had a touch of the liver complaint, against which no spirits can hold up, in Madras. To have visited every capital in Europe is now-a-days no distinction—on that score he is only qualified to be put on the ballot of the Traveller's Club. He has perambulated America, North and South, from Canada to Paraguay: he has passed the Alleghanies and the Andes, and made sketches of numberless cities and harbours, which subsequently, being transferred to the panorama-linners, have enlightened most of us either in Leicester Fields or the Strand. He has wandered all over India in like fashion, and brought home the materials for panoramas of Madras, Bombay, and we know not how many more places in our Eastern empire. He has often sailed in king's ships, and after witnessing Lord Exmouth's performances at Algiers, he obtained leave to land, toured away the rest of that season in Barbary, and executed more drawings of its architectural monuments than anybody since Bruce. Among other little excursions he made one to New Holland a few years back—sketched the pretty panorama of Sidney—inspected Van Diemen's Land—and finally spent most part of a year in New Zealand—whence this book: which, however, contains also the history of another interesting episode in this restless adventurer's life—the Journal, namely, of his forced residence for ten months of 1824, on the desolate island of Tristan D'Acunha, where he had been accidentally left behind by a trading sloop bound from Brazil to the Cape of Good Hope, and had to wait patiently among a small colony of Jack Tars until another vessel picked him up. Such a life as this indicates not a little of the temper and character of the man that has chosen to lead it; and perhaps might have been sufficient of itself to prepare our readers for a book more abounding in lively descriptions, and clever off-hand observations, than in pains-taking research, and a cautious balancing of *pros* and *cons*.

He has given no map of New Zealand, and introduces so many rivers and bays hitherto unheard of, at least by *his* names, that it is not easy to follow him in his perambulations, so as to add anything very accurately to the stock of our geographical knowledge,

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knowledge, properly so called; but this is of the less importance, as we are promised an official survey at no distant period. The attention of government appears, indeed, to have been of late directed to these regions by a variety of circumstances — and their importance, with reference to the rising settlements on the mainland of Australasia, is such, that many years cannot elapse before we shall have ample information at our command. Whether the arguments which Mr. Earle urges in behalf of the expediency of the government's establishing his majesty's flag on some permanent footing in the Bay of Islands, are likely to produce an immediate effect, we do not pretend to say; but it is clear enough, that if the settlements of private British adventurers continue to increase and multiply in that quarter as rapidly as they have of late been doing, the affording them, and the shipping they attract, some regular countenance and protection, will by and by be felt to be called for by considerations of interest and policy, as well as of humanity and justice.

New Zealand was first discovered in 1642, by Abel Jansen Tasman, who gave it the name it bears in consequence of the supposed resemblance of its surface to that of his native country, to which, however, on subsequent examination, it has been ascertained to bear even less likeness than Monmouth does to Macedonia. The Dutchman had seen a marshy flat at the one end of one of two islands, both of them remarkable for picturesque variety of scenery, and one containing a range of mountains far higher than any in Europe. The strait between the two islands was discovered by Cook in 1770, and bears his name: perhaps there may turn out hereafter to be more straits than one, and consequently more islands than two. The miserable outrages narrated by Dutchmen, Spaniards, the illustrious Cook, the Frenchman Marion, and in our time by Captain Berry respecting the catastrophe of the Boyd, suspended, until very recently, all idea of resorting to those shores for commercial purposes. The heroic Marsden made, as is well known, an attempt to plant a missionary settlement, but soon gave it up in despair. The South Sea whalers, however, took heart of grace, and it is to their courage and good nature in dealing with the natives, that we owe the success of Mr. Marsden's successors, and the near approach to security with which Europeans of all classes may now visit what the early Hollanders named on their maps *the Bay of Murder*.

Our author accounts quite *en artiste* for his own expedition to this land of bloodshed. He happened to see several natives of New Zealand while at Port Jackson, and was so much struck with their physical strength and symmetry, that he resolved to ascertain, by ocular inspection, whether they were selected specimens

mens of size and beauty, or belonged to a nation decidedly and greatly superior in such qualifications to his own countrymen. He accordingly took a berth on board the brig Governor Macquarie, and sailed from Sidney on the 20th Oct. 1827, in company with a Scotchman of the name of Shand, whom he had persuaded to join in the trip, and various other passengers, among the rest a party of Wesleyan Methodists, who were going to establish a settlement;—and they all reached their destination in safety on the 30th of the same month. A noble river, the mouth of which had been detected, but never explored, by Cook, received the vessel, and they found themselves gliding among magnificent scenery, a hilly, richly-wooded country, with fertile and well cultivated fields interspersed here and there, and presently a succession of neat little settlements, where European artisans have established themselves, (under the protection of a chief who has cut his original name for the style and title of King George,) and were busily engaged most of them in sawing timber for the Botany Bay market, or preparing provisions for the whalers. The brig had not advanced, however, beyond the first reach, before Mr. Earle's curiosity as to the *physique* of the population was quite satisfied. The vessel was boarded by whole swarms of the natives, of both sexes, and of every rank, from the high chief 'who rubbed noses' with the skipper on a footing of familiarity and affection, down to the poor slave who durst hardly look the same way with his master. No sooner had a few pipes been smoked, and a few trinkets distributed, than these grateful guests set about exhibiting the agreeable state of their feelings by stripping themselves stark naked and performing a dance, which, our author says, he thought every minute would have stove down the deck of the Macquarie. This ballet *in puris naturalibus*, the rule *puris omnia pura* not being without its exceptions, drove Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs and three other worthy Wesleyans to their cabins, but quite delighted our unpuritanical painter, and enabled him forthwith to enrich his sketch-book with a copious display of backs and legs, not to be surpassed among all the wonders of the Elgin marbles. 'I observed them,' he says, 'with the critical eye of an artist: they were generally taller and larger men than ourselves, broad shouldered and muscular, and their limbs as sinewy as though they had occupied all their lives in laborious employments.' Their colour was lighter than that of the American Indians; their dark hair, not straight and lank after the Cherokee pattern, but disposed in richly luxuriant curls; their features, even to a learned eye, regularly beautiful; their motions in the dance not more remarkable for vigour than for grace. In short, Mr. Earle was quite captivated with this *tableau vivant*, and no longer at a loss

to account for the perfection to which the Greeks carried the fine arts, accustomed as they were to see mother-naked athletes leaping, wrestling, and boxing, every day of their lives for hours together; or the comparatively poor success of the alumni of Somerset House, whose lines have fallen to them in a land of surtouts and trowsers, and who have no opportunity of sketching the unsophisticated graces of nature, except when some brawny coalheaver is hired, by extra pots of porter, to enlighten the Academy by doffing his habiliments, and twisting himself into the attitude of the Apollo, or the Antinous, or 'winged Mercury;' or some vestal of Drury Lane condescends to earn half a sovereign by assuming, for a few minutes, the port and station of Venus Anadyomene, in the midst of two or three score of students, all philosophically measuring and computing, and eagerly transferring their discoveries to their several drawing-boards.

The dance over, and the *οἱ πολλοί* of these interesting posture-masters having withdrawn, the chiefs resumed their mat-dresses or *kakahoos*, and entered into rational conversation with the captain on subjects interesting to them in their capacity of pig-merchants. The ladies reappeared on deck—supper was served—and says Mr. Earle,

'We spent a very cheerful time with our savage visitors, who behaved in as polite and respectful a manner as the best educated gentlemen could have done. Their pleasing manners so ingratiated them into the good opinion of the ladies, that they all declared "they would really be very handsome men if their faces were not tattooed."'—p. 12.

The first of the new European settlements at which they landed, was at a place called by the natives 'E. O. Racky'—but the English have christened it 'Deptford.' Here are a dockyard and a number of saw-pits. Several vessels had just been laden with timber and spars for Port Jackson, and a handsome brig of one hundred and fifty tons burthen was on the stocks.

'I was greatly delighted,' says Mr. Earle, 'with the appearance of order, bustle, and industry. Here were storehouses, dwelling-houses, and various offices for the mechanics; and every department seemed as well filled as it could have been in a civilized country. To me the most interesting circumstance was to notice the great delight of the natives, and the pleasure they seemed to take in observing the progress of the various works. All were officious to "lend a hand," and each seemed eager to be employed. This feeling corresponds with my idea of the best method of civilising a savage. Nothing can more completely show the importance of the useful arts than a dock-yard. In it are practised nearly all the mechanical trades; and these present, to the busy inquiring mind of a New Zealander, a practical encyclopædia of knowledge. When he sees the combined exertions of the smith and carpenter create so huge a fabric as a ship,

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his mind is filled with wonder and delight; and when he witnesses the moulding of iron at the anvil, it excites his astonishment and emulation.

'The people of the dockyard informed me, that although it was constantly crowded with natives, scarcely anything had ever been stolen, and all the chiefs in the neighbourhood took so great an interest in the work, that any annoyance offered to those employed would immediately be revenged as a personal affront.'—pp. 25, 26.

He describes, some pages lower down, a similar settlement at Korakadika, where a small party of Scotch artisans have established themselves in an equally flourishing manner. The native chiefs compete zealously for the favour of every succeeding band of adventurers that appear, each trying every possible expedient to induce them to pitch their tents on his own territory, and exerting himself to the utmost, when the choice has been made, to protect them and their property against hostile tribes, and what is more constantly necessary, against the depredations of 'King George of England's runaway slaves,' that is to say, convicts who have made their escape from Botany Bay, and planted themselves on these pleasant shores, where they are too useful in setting 'sick guns' to rights not to be welcomed, and cherished, though the natives, high and low, appear to have a perfect contempt for them. One great benefit to be expected from the erection of a government factory would be the disappearance of these nondescripts from the parts of the coast usually frequented by British traders.

The New Zealanders are, in common with all the South Sea Islanders, distinguished from the aborigines of America, by natural gaiety of heart, high animal spirits, and an active disposition, without which, indeed, no human creature can know much of happiness. Far from retreating, therefore, from the face of civilized strangers, and despising their arts, these people appear, from the moment the opportunity was offered them, to have exerted their energies most strenuously in providing the materials of commercial intercourse with the European nations. They toil by hundreds in the remote depths of their forests, hewing wood for the new dockyards, and often bring their floats in capital order from enormous distances. They cultivate potatoes and Indian corn, in very good style, for similar purposes; and though excessively fond of animal food, abstain from it entirely for months on end, that they may have comely herds of pigs against the arrival of the whalers. They imitate with Chinese accuracy the houses built by the English people, continuing, however, to decorate their interiors after the fashion of their ancestors, with paintings, and carvings of most elaborate workmanship, in many of which, Mr. Earle says, he saw marks of native taste not inferior to what

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he had observed among some of the elder labours of the Egyptians. There is, moreover, a happy distinction between the New Zealanders, and the people of the Sandwich groupe, which, as our author says, has had more effect than perhaps any other single circumstance whatever. The chiefs do not consider idleness as the badge and privilege of high rank. On the contrary, they are always foremost in every piece of work that is undertaken. The patriarchal leader brings the first hoe to the potatoe field, as well as the first axe to the forest, and the first rifle to the march. But what has been the *primum mobile* of all this recent industry? Let Mr. Earle answer.

'The first thing which struck me forcibly was, that each of these savages was armed with a good musket, and most of them had also a cartouch box buckled round their waists, filled with ball cartridges, and those who had fired their pieces from the canoes, carefully cleaned the pans, covered the locks over with a piece of dry rag, and put them in a secure place in their canoes. Every person who has read Captain Cook's account of the natives of New Zealand would be astonished at the change which has taken place since his time, when the firing a single musket would have terrified a whole village.'

—p. 10.

'The moment the New Zealanders became acquainted with the nature of fire-arms, their minds were directed but to one point; namely, to become possessed of them. After many ingenious and treacherous attempts to obtain these oft-coveted treasures, and which, for the most part, ended in their defeat, they had recourse to industry, and determined to create commodities which they might fairly barter for these envied muskets. Potatoes were planted, hogs were reared, and flax prepared, not for their own use or comfort, but to exchange with the Europeans for fire-arms. Their plans succeeded; and they have now fairly possessed themselves of those weapons, which at first made us so formidable in their eyes; and as they are in constant want of fresh supplies of ammunition, I feel convinced it will always be their wish to be on friendly terms with us, for the purpose of procuring these desirable stores. I have not heard of a single instance in which they have turned these arms against us, though they are often grossly insulted.'—p. 56.

Mr. Earle gives, in a later chapter, an anecdote which was considered, he says, at the time, as a most remarkable instance of the extent to which these savages will change their modes, when, by doing so, a musket or a flask of gunpowder may be procurable. A chief of the highest rank died, and the usual preparations had all been made for celebrating his obsequies, *more majorum*. A vessel hove in sight—a rumour, that she had quantities of arms and ammunition to dispose of, was circulated—the young chieftain instantly fixed his thoughts on bargaining—the funeral rites were huddled over as fast as possible, and every hand being wanted to

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cut trees and square the logs, not one slave was butchered in honour of the defunct.—p. 80.

A broader statement, given in a different part of the book, may perhaps be not unfitly introduced here. It is a striking specimen of good, though not, alas! unmixed good, coming out of evil.

‘ Before our intercourse took place with the New Zealanders, a universal and unnatural custom existed amongst them, which was that of destroying most of their female children in infancy; their excuse being, that they were quite as much trouble to rear, and consumed just as much food, as a male child, and yet, when grown up, they were not fit to go to war as their boys were. The strength and pride of a chief then consisted in the number of his sons; while the few females who had been suffered to live were invariably looked down upon by all with the utmost contempt. They led a life of misery and degradation. The difference now is most remarkable. The natives, seeing with what admiration strangers beheld their fine young women, and what handsome presents were made to them, by which their families were benefited; feeling also that their influence was so powerful over the white men; have been latterly as anxious to cherish and protect their infant girls as they were formerly cruelly bent on destroying them. Therefore, if one sin has been, to a certain degree, encouraged, a much greater one has been annihilated. Infanticide, the former curse of this country, and the cause of its scanty population, a crime every way calculated to make men bloody-minded and ferocious, and to stifle every benevolent and tender feeling, has totally disappeared wherever an intercourse has taken place between the natives and the crews of European vessels.’—pp. 243, 244.

There is no better measure of national manners all the world over, than the treatment of the weaker by the stronger sex; and we are sorry to say, notwithstanding the above cited passage, and some others, our author's whole picture of the situation of the females among what he calls ‘ this noble people,’ is a most shocking one. Female infanticide appears to be at an end, and, however impure the origin of this amendment, it is a great and a blessed step; but this volume abounds in traits of cool, reckless barbarity that revolt the heart—nor is Mr. Earle's closing *resumé* on the subject much different in its effect.

‘ The method of “ courtship and matrimony ” is a most extraordinary one; so much so, that an observer could never imagine any affection existed between the parties. A man sees a woman whom he fancies he should like for a wife; he asks the consent of her father, or, if an orphan, of her nearest relation; which if he obtains, he carries his “ intended ” off by force, she resisting with all her strength; and, as the New Zealand girls are generally pretty robust, sometimes a dreadful struggle takes place: both are soon stripped to the skin; and it is sometimes the work of hours to remove the fair prize a hundred yards. If she breaks away, she instantly flies from her

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antagonist, and he has his labour to commence again. We may suppose that if the lady feels any wish to be united to her would-be spouse, she will not make too violent an opposition: but it sometimes happens that she secures her retreat into her father's house, and the lover loses all chance of ever obtaining her; whereas, if he can manage to carry her in triumph into his own, she immediately becomes his wife. The women have a decided aversion to marriage; which can scarcely be wondered at, when we consider how they are circumstanced. While they remain single, they enjoy all the privileges of the other sex; they may rove where they please, and bestow their favours on whom they choose, and are entirely beyond control or restraint; but when married, their freedom is at an end; they become mere slaves, and sink gradually into domestic drudges to those who have the power of life and death over them; and whether their conduct be criminal or exemplary, they are equally likely to receive a blow, in a moment of passion, of sufficient force to end life and slavery together! There are, however, exceptions to this frightful picture; and I saw several old couples, who had been united in youth, who had always lived in happiness together, and whose kind and friendly manner towards each other set an example well worthy of imitation in many English families.

A chief, residing in the village, had proof of the infidelity of one of his wives; and being perfectly sure of her guilt, he took his patoo-patoo (or stone hatchet), and proceeded to his hut, where this wretched woman was employed in household affairs. Without mentioning the cause of his suspicion, or once upbraiding her, he deliberately aimed a blow at her head, which killed her on the spot; and as she was a slave, he dragged the body to the outside of the village, and there left it to be devoured by the dogs. The account of this transaction was soon brought to us, and we proceeded to the place to request permission to bury the body of the murdered woman, which was immediately granted. Accordingly, we procured a couple of slaves, who assisted us to carry the corpse down to the beach, where we interred it in the most decent manner we could.

'This was the second murder I was very nearly a witness to since my arrival; and the indifference with which each had been spoken of, induced me to believe that such barbarities were events of frequent occurrence; yet the manners of all seemed kind and gentle towards each other; but infidelity in a wife is never forgiven here; and, in general, if the lover can be taken, he also is sacrificed along with the adulteress. Truth obliges me to confess that, notwithstanding these horrors staring them in the face, they will, if opportunity offers, indulge in an intrigue.'—pp. 82, 83.

The following story connects the general brutality towards females with another horrible subject.—But a few years ago, it was the fashion to class, seriously, the anthropophagi with the men 'whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Scepticism on this point was pretty well set at rest by Sir Stamford Raffles's account of

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the Battas in the interior of Java; and by some shocking details in Mr. Ellis's *Polyhesia*. The present writer brings, however, still more direct evidence than either of these. 'Much (he says) has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It has been my lot to behold cannibalism in all its horrors.'

'One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard from very good authority, (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret,) that in the adjoining village a female slave, named Matowe, had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. The young chief, Atoi, had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl who, he said, was a slave that had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that, if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies.

'On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner:—A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing; he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognized the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening!

'We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours!

'In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was

no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they ate their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of *unjustifiable cannibalism* — (we had heard of justifiable and unjustifiable *homicide* before!). 'The chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge him with his brutality.

Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn (if possible) the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained that it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objections to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; and that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sun-set.

We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—"For," said he, "I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!" My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age!

While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it: a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and

and the same dog we had seen with the head, now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings.

'After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atōi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as his followers appeared unwilling to come to blows, and ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view,—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately—we suppose, as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven.

'After our passion and disgust had somewhat subsided, I could not help feeling that we had acted very imprudently in thus tempting the fury of these savages, and interfering in an affair that certainly was no concern of ours; but as no harm accrued to any of our party, it plainly shows the influence "the white men" have already obtained over them; had the offence we committed been done by any hostile tribe, hundreds of lives would have been sacrificed.

'The next day our old friend King George paid us a long visit, and we talked over the affair very calmly. He highly disapproved of our conduct. "In the first place," said he, "you did a foolish thing, which might have cost you your lives; and yet did not accomplish your purpose after all, as you merely succeeded in burying the flesh near the spot on which you found it. After you went away, it was again taken up, and every bit was eaten;" a fact I afterwards ascertained by examining the grave and finding it empty. King George further said, "It was an old custom, which their fathers practised before them; and you had no right to interfere with their ceremonies. I myself," added he, "have left off eating human flesh, out of compliment to you white men; but you have no reason to expect the same compliance from all the other chiefs. What punishment have you in

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England for thieves and runaways?" We answered, "After trial, flogging or hanging." "Then," he replied, "the only difference in our laws is, you flog and hang, but we shoot and eat."

'After thus reproving us, he became very communicative on the subject of cannibalism. He said, he recollected the time prior to pigs and potatoes being introduced into the island (an epoch of great importance to the New Zealanders); and stated, that he was born and reared in an inland district; fish they never saw; and the only flesh he then partook of was human. But I will no longer dwell on this humiliating subject. I am thoroughly satisfied that nothing will cure the natives of this dreadful propensity but the introduction of many varieties of animals, both wild and tame, and all would be sure to thrive in so mild and fine a climate.'—pp. 112-122.

Leaving this subject, which it could do no good to dwell on, all the savage treatment of the women in this part of the world, and all the looseness of their own habits, have not been able to destroy the superior gentleness of nature, which everywhere else distinguishes the sex. Amidst the bloody and barbarous pictures of manners which Mr. Earle gives us, whenever a redeeming trait of pure unbought humanity relieves the dark colouring, it is connected in one way or another with the innate benevolence of woman. We could extract many examples; but one must suffice.

While Mr. Earle and his friend Shand were living at Korakadika, under the protection of 'King George' a British vessel arrived, having on board a native chief, who had by mere accident remained in the ship, when setting sail from his own part of the country, until it was too late to put back and reland him there, and who, it was now discovered, had every reason to dread being recognized in the Bay of Islands, as he was an hereditary enemy of 'King George.' Unfortunately, His Majesty approached the vessel in his canoe, and detected this obnoxious passenger, before he had time to conceal himself. At sight of him George and all his people became perfectly outrageous: nothing would convince them but that the English captain was in league with their enemies, and had brought this spy into their territories from interested motives; and they seemed resolved on boarding the brig and executing summary vengeance. To every remonstrance, George replied, 'any other I would have pardoned; but it was only last year this man killed, and helped to eat, my own uncle, whose death is still unrevenged. I cannot allow him to leave my country alive: if I did, I should be despised for ever.' Mr. Earle's influence with King George, at length, however, prevailed so far that he agreed to give up all thoughts of pursuing his vengeance, provided the man remained on board the vessel. 'If I see him on shore, he dies,' were his parting words.

A few days after, nevertheless, King George being at a distance, and the whole affair seemingly forgotten, the stranger was so rash as to land, and made his way in safety to the cottage where Mr. Earle and his friend were established. But forthwith all the natives were in commotion: messengers were sent in every direction after King George, and he soon appeared, attended by a large body of warriors, all in battle array, that is to say, quite naked, their skins fresh oiled and painted, musket on every shoulder, fury in every look and gesture.

'We had scarcely time to shut and fasten our door, when they made a rush to force it; and we had a severe struggle to keep them out. When they found we would not give up the man, but that they must murder us before they could accomplish their revenge, the disappointment rendered them nearly frantic. Our situation was most critical and appalling; and nothing can be a more convincing proof of the influence the Europeans have obtained over them, than that, at such a moment, they should have refrained from setting fire to or pulling down the house, and sacrificing every one of us. George again remonstrated with us, assuring us it was his sacred duty to destroy this man, now he was in his territory. He cautioned us not to stand between him and his enemy, who must die before the sun set, pointing, at the same time, to that luminary, and ordering his slaves to kindle a large fire to roast him on. Finally, he and his friends planted themselves all round the house to prevent the escape of their victim. Thus were we environed with fifty or sixty well armed and exasperated savages.'—pp. 186, 187.

The author and his friend, under these alarming circumstances, gallantly resolved to defend, at the risk of their own lives, the stranger who had put himself under their protection; and continued for some hours to hold their little garrison in momentary expectation of seeing it stormed. Luckily, at this critical point, a new whaler appeared in the bay. This somewhat distracted the attention of King George's people, and adroitly availing themselves of the opportunity, the Englishmen offered to leave the cottage, and allow the savages to do their bloody will on the stranger, adding, however, that of course the captain of the vessel in the offing should be forthwith warned of what had occurred, and the seat of trade altogether removed to another territory. This threat had its effect, now that there had been a little time for passions to cool, and Mr. Earle had the pleasure of assuring the poor man, 'half dead with anxiety,' that his enemies had withdrawn, and he might regain the boat in safety.

'During this transaction I witnessed the natural kindness of heart and disinterested tenderness of the female sex: no matter how distressing the circumstance or appalling the danger, they are, in all countries, the last to forsake man. While the enraged chiefs were yelling out-

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side our house, and all our exertions could scarcely prevent them from making a forcible entry, all the women were sitting with, and trying to comfort the unhappy cause of this calamity. They had cooked for him a delicate dinner; brought him fruit, and were using every means by which they could keep up his spirits: confidently assuring him the white men would not yield him up to his ferocious foes. Notwithstanding all their exertions, he was miserable, till informed by me of his safety; and I received the warmest thanks, and even blessings from his "fair" friends, as if I had conferred upon each a personal favour. . . . At the close of this eventful day we received a token of peace, which was in its manner simple and affecting, and not such as could have been expected from a nation of savages. A procession of young girls approached our door, each bearing a basket; some were filled with nicely cooked potatoes, others with various fruits and flowers, which they set down before us, chanting, in a low voice, a song in praise of our recent exploit.'—pp. 190—193.

While they were enjoying this tranquil scene, Atoi, of whom we have heard something before, approached at the head of a party of warriors from some distant expedition, the real objects of which Mr. Earle was never able to understand. Wherever they had been, however, they had been victorious, for 'they returned with quantities of plunder, human heads, and many prisoners.'

'First came a group of miserable creatures, women and children, torn by violence from their native homes, henceforth to be the slaves of their conquerors; some were miserably wounded and lacerated, others looked half-starved, but all seemed wretched and dejected. The women of Ko-ro-ra-di-ka, with their usual humanity, instantly surrounded them, endeavoured to console them, and shed abundance of tears over them. I inquired of one of the warriors what they had done with the male prisoners; he coolly replied, they had all been eaten, except some "titbits," which had been packed up in the baskets and brought on shore, in order to regale particular friends and favourites!'—pp. 196, 197.

Such stories as these are, it must be owned, not well calculated to soften that general prejudice against the New Zealanders, which to abolish seems nevertheless the principal object of Mr. Earle's present lucubrations. He tells his stories, however, without apparently fearing that they will be held to militate against the doctrine he desires to enforce—namely, that British crews may repair with about as little hazard to this part of the world, as to Port Jackson or Van Diemen's Land; and we are bound to admit, that the explanations he offers with respect to three or four bloody catastrophes, which have been perpetually kept before the public mind, are *ex facie* probable, and, if the facts be correctly given, must go far to strengthen his view of the case. It seems that the French Captain, Marion, who, with almost all his crew, perished

perished some five and twenty years ago in so frightful a manner, owed his fate to utter ignorance of the language. The Frenchmen had no interpreter, and could not or would not comprehend the signs by which the natives, assembled in crowds, urged them to desist from dragging their nets on a particular part of the beach. It was holy ground—tabooed—a spot set apart for some religious ceremony of the highest importance—the Frenchmen persisted, and when the people saw the sanctity of the place wantonly, and, as they thought, contemptuously violated, by the seamen not only drawing their seine on the sand, but proceeding to knock the fish, which were also tabooed there, on the head, and spread the ground with blood and offal, their passions could no longer be restrained, and the rash strangers were butchered to a man. King George, who was one of the actors in this tragedy, gave all its details to Mr. Earle without hesitation. ‘They were brave men,’ he said, ‘but they were all killed and eaten.’

George was also present at the massacre of Captain Thompson of the *Boyd*, and all on board, except an old woman and one cabin-boy, in 1810; and his account of that transaction, confirmed as it was by the evidence of various other eye-witnesses, seems to prove, that the master's own brutal inhumanity was the sole origin of its horrors. He had been employed by the governor of New South Wales to carry home a New Zealand chief of high rank, by name Tippahee, by nickname Mr. Philip, whom the governor had treated with eminent civility and attention while at Sidney, and often admitted to his own table. Captain Thompson, however, not only refused to admit Tippahee into his cabin, but actually compelled him to perform menial offices during the voyage. The ship made land, as it happened, where a great number of Tippahee's tribe and allies were assembled, and when the chief made known the usage he had met with, the feelings of all were inflamed to blood-heat, a general rush on the vessel immediately took place, and in a few seconds the ship was in the hands of the swarming savages, who at the first onset beat out the brains of fifty able-bodied seamen, and butchered all the rest at their leisure afterwards.

George laid the blame entirely on the English, and spoke with great bitterness of the ill-treatment of Philip, the native chief, who came as passenger in the ship. He described, and mimicked his cleaning shoes and knives; his being flogged when he refused to do this degrading work; and, finally, his speech to his countrymen when he came on shore, soliciting their assistance in capturing the vessel, and revenging his ill-treatment. Over and over again, our friend George, having worked up his passion by a full recollection of the subject, went through the whole tragedy. The scene thus portrayed

was

was interesting although horrible. No actor, trained in the strictest rules of his art, could compete with George's vehemence of action. The flexibility of his features enabled him to vary the expression of each passion; and he represented hatred, anger, horror, and the imploring of mercy so ably, that, in short, one would have imagined he had spent his whole life in practising the art of imitation.—p. 152.

Mr. Earle gives also a full narrative of the shipwreck of the Mercury brig off this coast, about three years before his visit, and concludes with observing, that though the crew of that ship had offended the natives previously 'by every kind of ill-treatment,' no attempt was made to murder one of them. The vessel was 'merely plundered,' a proof, he says, 'how much the savage temper of the people had been softened down and humanized since the days of the Boyd.' (p. 254.) One ship, however, he admits was treated after the old unhumanised fashion during his own stay. This was 'The Enterprise,' from Sidney, with the most valuable of all cargoes, one of arms and ammunition. She had been, he says, regularly freighted for the supply of one of two tribes then engaged in hostilities, and being driven by stress of weather on the territory of the tribe against whom her stores, as they well knew, were meant to be employed, was considered fair prize, and her people as enemies to be dealt with in life and after death according to the established doctrines *de jure belli*—that is, to be murdered and devoured on the spot. The chief of the tribe, for whom the cargo had been designed, appears certainly to have avenged this massacre by a still more extensive one; but we are rather at a loss to understand Mr. Earle's remark—that 'the promptness with which he acted on this melancholy occasion greatly increased the feelings of security possessed by those Englishmen settled on the banks of that river!' (p. 270.)

There is no doubt, however, that things are greatly better than they were. Mr. Earle says, that he himself 'saw with indignation a chief absolutely knocked overboard from a whaler's deck by the shipmate,' and that, 'though twenty years ago so gross an insult would have cost the lives of all on board, it was only made the subject of complaint, and finally of just remonstrance with the master of the whaler.' (p. 254.) When we reflect on the style of manners likely to characterize most of their European visitors, and the total absence of anything in the shape of official authority to overawe the brutal passions of skippers as well as sailors, we ought not perhaps to wonder that scenes of bloody violence should from time to time occur. That, unless when under the influence of local irritation, the natives do now respect the life and even the property of such Europeans as choose to claim the protection of their chiefs, the flourishing condition of the

the Deptfords and Rosannas, and other scenes of industry described by our author, to say nothing of the missionary settlements, would be quite enough to place beyond the reach of doubt. A British consul, a small fort on the shore, and a company of soldiers, would, we think it most probable, be quite enough to render the security of our countrymen in this quarter as complete as it ever can be among a people so remote from civilization.

What progress they have hitherto made in arts and manuers is ascribed, by our wandering painter, exclusively to the visits of the whalers, and the enterprise of the merchants of Port Jackson, in settling knots of sawyers, and latterly of ship-builders, on the coast of the Bay of Islands. But, even from his own book, it appears to us that the missionaries are well entitled to claim a much larger share of the merit. Such witnesses as Mr. Earle, prejudiced but not dishonest, are apt, if they are allowed to tell their story in their own way, to leave after all an impression not widely remote from the truth. When he informs us, that on visiting one of the church missionary settlements, he had before him 'in all respects the appearance of a snug little English village,' and that approaching another, on a fine evening, he met a herd of at least a hundred kine, in as good order as any in Essex, wending their way homeward from the uplands, where they had been pasturing under the guidance of native lads apprenticed to 'the brethren;' he does quite enough to satisfy every impartial reader that—whatever bad taste may characterize some points of their manners—whatever illiberality their personal demeanour may occasionally exhibit, they are assiduously and successfully urging the advance of civilization among the native races of New Zealand.

It is not easy, however, to be out of humour with Mr. Earle, as to some detached points of his criticism on these worthy people. Remembering that he is an artist, and an enthusiastic artist, it is impossible, for example, not to sympathise with him at page 38, where he is describing his first view of the Kiddy-Kiddy settlement. The European—the English neatness of the houses, gardens, and fields, the wreaths of smoke rising from the chimneys, the meadows covered with sleek cattle, everything presented such a contrast to the savage forests he had been toiling through from sunrise to sunset, that 'it is impossible,' he says, 'to describe what he felt on contemplating a scene so similar to those he had left behind him.' They fired their guns, according to custom, to announce their approach, and presently a swarm of young 'non-descripts' came out to meet them:—

'I could scarcely tell to what order of beings they belonged; but

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on their near approach I found them to be New Zealand youths, who were settled with the missionaries. They were habited in the most uncouth dresses imaginable. These pious men certainly have no taste for the picturesque; *they had obscured the finest human forms under a seaman's huge clothing. Boys not more than fifteen wore jackets reaching to their knees, and buttoned up to the throat with great black horn buttons, and a coarse checked shirt, the collar of which spread halfway over their face; their luxuriant, beautiful hair was cut close off, and each head was crammed into a Scotch bonnet!*'—p. 39.

What follows is not pleasant reading, certainly.

'These half-converted, or rather half *covered* youths, after rubbing noses and chattering with our guides, conducted us to the dwellings of their masters. As I had a letter of introduction from one of their own body, I felt not the slightest doubt of a kind reception; so we proceeded with confidence. We were ushered into a house, all cleanliness and comfort, all order, silence, and unsociability. After presenting my letter to a grave-looking personage, it had to undergo a private inspection in an adjoining room, and the result was an invitation "to stay and take a cup of tea!" All that an abundant farm and an excellent grocer in England could supply, were soon before us. Each person of the mission, as he appeared during our repast, was called aside, and I could hear my own letter read and discussed by them. I could not help thinking (within myself) whether this was a way to receive a countryman at the antipodes! No smile beamed upon their countenances; there were no inquiries after news; in short, there was no touch of human sympathy, such as we "of the world" feel at receiving an Englishman under our roof in such a savage country as this! The chubby children, who peeped at us from all corners, and the very hearty appearance of their parents, plainly evidenced that theirs was an excellent and thriving trade. We had a cold invitation to stay all night, but this the number of our party entirely precluded; so they lent us their boat to convey us to the Bay of Islands, a distance of about twenty-five miles.'—pp. 39-41.

After all, the traveller admits that the number of the party 'entirely precluded' their stopping all night. Under such circumstances, could a *warm* invitation to stay have been a sincere one, or half so serviceable as the loan of the boat? As to the caution about the letter—are we expected to forget that all this goes on within ten days sail of Botany Bay, where there are no doubt very many gentlemen capable of looking, on occasion, quite as respectable as any *larking* skipper of Mr. Earle's party, or even of sustaining quite *au naturel* the character of a wandering Apelles? We make no doubt these missionaries of Kiddy-Kiddy had been plagued with many a suspicious enough 'countryman at the antipodes.'

Another settlement, that of 'Marsden Vale,' is thus described.

'Here,

' Here, on a beautiful bank, with a delightful beach in front, and the entrance of the bay open to them, the clear and blue expanse of water speckled over with fertile islands, reside these comfortable teachers of the Gospel. They very soon gave us to understand they did not wish for our acquaintance, and their coldness and inhospitality, I must acknowledge, created in my mind a thorough dislike to them. The object of the mission, as it was first planned, might have been attained, and might have proved highly beneficial to the New Zealanders; but as it is now conducted, no good result can be expected from it. Any man of common sense must agree with me, that a savage can receive but little benefit from having the abstruse points of the Gospel preached to him, if his mind is not prepared to receive them. This is the plan adopted here; and nothing will convince these enthusiasts that it is wrong, or induce them to change it for one more agreeable to the dictates of reason. Upon inquiring who and what these men were, I found that the greater part of them were hardy mechanics (not well-educated clergymen), whom the benevolent and well-intentioned people of England had sent out in order to teach the natives the importance of different trades,—a most judicious arrangement, which ought to be the foundation of all missions. What could be a more gratifying sight than groups of these athletic savages toiling at the anvil or the saw; erecting for themselves substantial dwellings; thus leading them by degrees to know and to appreciate the comforts resulting from peaceful, laborious, and useful occupations? Then, while they felt sincere gratitude for services rendered them, at their leisure hours, and on certain days, these missionaries should attempt to expound to them, in as simple a manner as possible, the nature of revealed religion!

' In New Zealand, the "mechanic missionary" only carries on his trade till he has every comfort around him,—his house finished, his garden fenced, and a strong stockade inclosing all, to keep off the "pagan" savages. This done, then commences the easy task of preaching. They collect a few ragged urchins of natives, whom they teach to read and write their own language—the English tongue being forbidden; and when these children return to their families, they are despised by them, as being effeminate and useless."—pp. 58-60.

This is one of the passages in Mr. Earle's book, as to which we shall be anxious to have the explanation of the Church Missionary Society. The case, however, will, we scarcely doubt, turn out to be, that Mr. Earle concluded the brethren gave up practising their trades as soon as they had made their own quarters comfortable, merely because he saw nothing to the contrary with his own eyes, and was told so by his friends, the whaler captains, whose rude contempt of every religious observance, and openly gross indulgence in immoral habits, are in so many words admitted over and over again by Mr. Earle himself.

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The following passage is one of much the same description.

'I will give the reader one anecdote more of these men, who are sent out to set an example of the beauty of the Christian faith to the unenlightened heathens. A few weeks since, the festival of Christmas took place; and Englishmen, in whatever part of the world they chance to be, make a point of assembling together on that day, our recollections then being associated with "home" and our families, to spend it in mutual congratulations and wishes for happiness. For some time previous to its arrival, we had been deliberating where we should spend this social day; and it was finally settled that we should cross the bay to Tipooa, a beautiful and romantic spot, the residence of an intelligent chief, called Warri Pork, and an Englishman, named Hanson. The captains of the two whalers then in the harbour joined our party; and as every one contributed his share towards our picnic feast, the joint stock made altogether a respectable appearance.

'We proceeded to Tipooa in two whale boats: it was a most delightful trip, the scenery being strikingly beautiful. The village of Ranghe Hue, belonging to Warri Pork, is situated on the summit of an immense and abrupt hill: the huts belonging to the savages appeared, in many places, as though they were overhanging the sea, the height being crowned with a mighty par (stockade.) At the bottom of this hill, and in a beautiful valley, the cottages of the missionaries are situated, complete pictures of English comfort, content, and prosperity; they are close to a bright sandy beach: a beautiful green slope lies in their rear, and a clear and never-failing stream of water runs by the side of their inclosures. As the boats approached this lovely spot, I was in an ecstasy of delight: such a happy mixture of savage and civilised life I had never seen before; and, when I observed the white smoke curling out of the chimneys of my countrymen, I anticipated the joyful surprise, the hearty welcome, the smiling faces, and old Christmas compliments that were going to take place, and the great pleasure it would give our secluded countrymen to meet us, in these distant regions, at this happy season, and talk of our relatives and friends in England.

'My romantic notions were soon crushed; our landing gave no pleasure to these secluded Englishmen: they gave us no welcome; but, as our boats approached the shore, they walked away to their own dwellings, closed their gates and doors after them, and gazed at us through their windows; and during three days that we passed in a hut quite near them, they never exchanged one word with any of the party. Thus foiled in our hopes of spending a social day with our compatriots, after our dinner was over we sent materials for making a bowl of punch up the hill to the chiefs, and spent the remainder of the day surrounded by generous savages, who were delighted with our company, and who did everything in their power to make us comfortable. In the course of the afternoon, two of the mission came up to preach; but the savages were so angry with them for not showing more kindness to their own countrymen, that none would listen to them.'—pp. 168-171.

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Unless we know what manner of men the artist's companions were, what characters they bore in the place, and many other circumstances of which the book says nothing, we should be very slow to charge the missionaries, on its mere authority, with anything worse than a recollection, in which our author does not seem to have participated, that a society of their description might have other duties to attend to on Christmas day, besides those of the pork-pie, and the bowl of punch on the hill top. After all, the author seems to have found company much more suited to enhance the pleasures of his 'social day,' in the 'generous savages' who so severely criticized the anti-jovial proceedings of the brethren. We should like, by the bye, to be sure that there were no ladies in the pic-nic party.

Everybody has heard of the Philadelphia quakers, when called on for a contribution of warlike stores by Congress, during the revolutionary war, sending a sum of money to buy *black grain*; but we were not aware till now that the Wesleyans had the same sort of aversion to calling articles of that class by their own names. One of these missionaries, in giving Mr. Earle an account of an alarm they had had at the settlement, said—

"So anxious were we to inform our Christian brethren of our danger, that we actually gave a *warm piece* to a native to carry a letter over, although that is strictly contrary to our orders." I expressed a desire to know what he meant by a *warm piece*: he kicked his foot against the stock of a gun I had at the time in my hand; and, looking at me with an expression of the greatest contempt, said, "It is what *you worldly* folks call a musket!"—p. 227.

In justice to Mr. Earle, and to the missionaries, we shall make our last quotation from another page:—

"A few days since, I paid a visit to one of their settlements, and noticed a remarkably fine native woman attending as a servant. She was respectably dressed, and in every respect (except complexion) she was similar to an European. She spoke English fluently. Upon expressing my admiration of her, I was informed that this woman had been a slave of Shunghie's, and that about a year previous he had lost one of his sons, and had determined to sacrifice this poor girl as an atonement. She was actually bound for the purpose, and nothing but the strong interference of the whole of the missionary society here could have saved her life. They exerted themselves greatly, and preserved her; and she had proved a faithful and valuable servant."—pp. 125, 126.

There is only one serious observation which we at present venture to offer on this delicate subject. It is, that if the Church Missionary Society could find means to place their several settlements in New Zealand, under the general superintendence of some one English gentleman, in the proper sense of that word, there can be little doubt we should hear no more of such allegations

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tions as make the staple of Mr. Earle's diatribe. Those rough whaler-captains, and so forth, would instinctively avoid offending a person whose manners should at once announce a superior; and the worthy artisan-brothers, so judiciously selected for the pioneers of civilization, could at least be nothing the worse for the occasional inspection, and friendly advice, of one whose education and habits would deserve and command respect. It is, however, but too obvious, that the chief difficulty here is one which the society may have no means of overcoming. Where is the well-educated man, overstocked as we are said to be with every class of population, that would as yet offer himself for such a *location* as New Zealand?

We shall not extract any of our author's vivid and highly picturesque descriptions of war-dances, sham fights, or even real battles among the natives. Excellent as they are, we are not sure that they bring out any actually new features—and we have already 'supped full with horrors.' The following passage, in which Mr. Earle appears all over the liberal artist, and the thoroughly good-natured man we take him for, will be accepted, we hope, in room of any more bloody work.

'The art of tattooing has been brought to such perfection here, that whenever we have seen a New Zealander whose skin is thus ornamented, we have admired him. It is looked upon as answering the same purposes as clothes. When a chief throws off his mats, he seems as proud of displaying the beautiful ornaments figured on his skin, as a first rate exquisite is in exhibiting himself in his last fashionable attire. It is an essential part of warlike preparations. The whole of this district of Ko-ro-ra-di-ka was preparing, and an ingenious artist, called Aranghie, arrived to carry on this important branch of his art. As this "professor" was a near neighbour of mine, I frequently paid him a visit in his "studio," and he returned the compliment whenever he had time to spare. He was considered by his countrymen a perfect master in the art of tattooing, and men of the highest rank and importance were in the habit of travelling long journeys in order to put their skins under his skilful hands. Indeed, so highly were his works esteemed, that I have seen many of his drawings exhibited even after death. A neighbour of mine very lately killed a chief who had been tattooed by Aranghie, and, appreciating the artist's work so highly, he skinned the chieftain's thighs, and covered his cartouch box with it.

'I was astonished to see with what boldness and precision Aranghie drew his designs upon the skin, and what beautiful ornaments he produced; no rule and compasses could be more exact than the lines and circles he formed. So unrivalled is he in his profession, that a highly finished face of a chief, from the hands of this artist, is as greatly prized in New Zealand as a head from the hands of Sir Thomas Lawrence is amongst us. It was most gratifying to behold the respect

spect these savages pay to the fine arts. This "professor" was merely a *koochy* or slave, but by skill and industry he raised himself to an equality with the greatest men of his country; and as every chief who employs him always made him some handsome present, he soon became a man of wealth, and was constantly surrounded by such important personages as Pungho Pungho, Ruky Ruky, Kivy Kivy, Aranghy Tooker, &c. &c. My friend Shulitea (King George) sent him every day the choicest things from his own table. Though thus basking in the full sunshine of court favour, Aranghie, like a true genius, was not puffed up with pride by his success, for he condescended to come and take tea with me almost every evening. He was delighted with my drawings, particularly with a portrait I made of him. He copied so well, and seemed to enter with such interest into the few lessons of painting I gave him, that if I were returning from here direct to England, I would certainly bring him with me, as I look upon him as a great natural genius.'—pp. 136-139.

Those who are pleased with these specimens of Mr. Earle's account of New Zealand will be not less interested with many parts of it which we have no room to notice—being unwilling to close our paper without directing attention to a second tract included in the same volume, and which, as it refers to an earlier period of our author's adventurous life, and gives of the two the clearer, and we may add more agreeable, notion of his personal character and disposition, we rather think his editor would have done well to place first before the reader. In January, 1824, Earle sailed, as we said, from Rio Janeiro for the Cape of Good Hope, but landing, early in July, on the desolate island of Tristram D'Acunha, for the purpose of sketching some of its savagely magnificent scenery, a gale sprung up, which rendered it impossible for the vessel to remain off the horrid reefs that surround the place, and the enthusiastic artist found himself left on the beach with nothing but his sketch-book and pencils! Here he remained for no less than ten months, the uninvited but cordially welcomed guest of a little colony of his countrymen, whose whole history and conduct appear to have been such that they well deserve a record. Some time ago, government thought of nursing an establishment here, and fifty Hottentots from the Cape were accordingly landed, under proper officers. But though the experiment seems to have answered quite as well as could have been expected, it was, we have never heard the reason why, broken up after two or three years, and all the settlers left it, except one Scotchman, Alexander Glass, who, having a young wife and children, chose to stay, and take his chance of getting on as well as he could, with a bull and a couple of cows, and such implements of husbandry as his superiors left at his disposal. Governor Glass, as he is now styled, remained accordingly, and presently his

his example found imitators in two or three sailors, who happening to touch at his territory, were smitten with the comfortable appearance of his *ménage*, and resolved, as soon as opportunity should serve, to go and do likewise. Glass and his cottage, alias the government-house, are sketched by Mr. Earle's pen and pencil too, in a very happy manner; and we should not wonder if the effect of his whole description should be, to send many a weary Sweet William, and many a fond Black-eyed Susan more, to claim a place among this potentate's faithful subjects.

Mr. Earle's spirits were severely enough tried during this imprisonment. When he had covered the last leaf of his little notebook, he found that he had exhausted all the paper on the island, except a blank, though brown enough, page at the end of one or two *tracts* in the governor's library. Vessel after vessel hove in sight, could not or would not attend to their signals of distress, and disappeared;—none of his relations or friends in England were likely to have the least intelligence of his whereabouts;—the time hung heavy on his hands, and occasionally he was plunged in deep melancholy, which no one will suspect of being, under ordinary circumstances, the 'mood of his mind.' By degrees, however, he got reconciled to his situation, and we almost incline to guess, that had there been a spare Calypso on the rock, this wandering Ulysses might never have left it at all. Meanwhile he had abundance of leisure, and happily for us thought of interlining one of the few books the desolate island afforded with his diary—which, indeed, is so much better written than his chapters on New Zealand, that we suspect he must have taken the trouble to go over it twice. His account of Mr. Glass is as follows:—

The original founder and first settler of this little society was born in Roxburgh.* In the course of many long conversations I had with him, seated in his chimney-corner, I learned that, in early life, he had been a gentleman's servant in his native town; and that he had an aunt settled there, an eminent snuff and tobacco vender; but whether she claimed descent from, or affinity with, the celebrated lady of the same name and occupation whom Sir Walter Scott mentions in "The Heart of Midlothian," as being so great a favourite of John, Duke of Argyle, I could not discover. Indeed, he did not seem to know much about his ancestors—an uncommon thing even with the lowest of his countrymen. Having, while still quite a youth, been *crossed in love*, he enlisted in the artillery drivers—that corps suiting him best, from his well understanding the management of horses, and being an excellent rider. He related many amusing stories of his first and only campaign in Germany, which was an unsuccessful one. His favourite theme was his

Probably Keise—there is no town now at Roxburgh. various

various adventures at the Cape. He gave me the whole history of his promotion from a private to a corporal, for he rose to that rank. I was always pleased with his descriptions, for there was such an air of truth and candour in them, as convinced me of his probity and honour, as well as the high terms in which he always spoke of his officers, and of the service in which he had for so many years been engaged. He was of a happy disposition, for he seemed to forget all the disagreeables of his profession, and only remembered the comforts and pleasures he experienced during the whole time he was a soldier; and he always spoke in enthusiastic raptures of the government which had so comfortably provided for old veterans. Glass considered himself particularly fortunate in his military career, in having been generally employed by an officer as his servant. He showed me a letter this gentleman had written a few hours before he died, giving his servant such an excellent character as any man might be proud of receiving; and, at the same time, bequeathing him the whole of his property. Poor Glass was much affected when he gave me these particulars. It was in consequence of the general good character he bore at the Cape, that he was chosen to accompany the expedition to Tristan d'Acunha.—p. 307.

Mr. Earle seems soon to have won the warmest regard of this worthy fellow and all his family.

'Glass is as eager in watching for a sail as myself, and says (and I fully believe him,) that should a vessel arrive, the master of which refuses to take me without payment, he shall have all his cattle and stock of potatoes, rather than I shall be disappointed of a chance of returning to my family. While speaking of Glass, I may be permitted to record a circumstance highly characteristic of national feeling, and of that love of country which never forsakes a Scotchman. As he is an experienced tailor, as well as an excellent operative in various other trades, I proposed to him, when my clothes were completely worn out, to make me a full dress suit out of my tartan cloak. He agreed to do so; but still my clothes were not forthcoming. One evening, on my return from a fatiguing day's hunting, Glass came to me with a most melancholy face, and began,—“It is no use holding out any longer, Mr. Earle; I *really cannot find it in my heart to cut up that bonnie tartan*. I have had it out several times, and had the scissors in my hands, but I *cannot do it*, Sir; it is the *first* tartan that ever was landed on Tristan d'Acunha, and the first I have seen since I left Scotland; and I *really cannot consent to cut it up into pieces*.” I replied, he was most welcome to keep the cloak for his own use as it was; but that, as I could not make my appearance, even at Tristan d'Acunha, quite in a state of nature, he must contrive to make me a pair of trowsers out of anything he might happen to have amongst his stores. His face instantly brightened up, and I was soon after equipped in a costume which, even here, excited no small curiosity: the front of these “Cossacks” consisting of sail cloth, and the back of dried goat's skin, the hair outside, which they all assured me I should find

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very convenient in descending the mountains. I laughed heartily when I first sported this Robinson Crusoe habiliment. "Never mind how you look, Sir," said my kind host; "his Majesty himself, God bless him! if he had been left here, as you were, could do no better."—pp. 350-352.

An old weather-beaten fore-castle man, John Taylor by name, and a comrade of his, 'half sailor, half waterman, half fisherman,' yclept Billingsgate Dicky, were the first chance-visitors that fell in love with the governor's retreat. They both said to themselves, 'We shall have served our time out ere we reach England. Let's club our money to purchase some farm stock and fishing implements, and come out to the governor for good.' Home accordingly they went in this resolution. They received their pay and some prize money to boot,—and spent it all at Portsmouth! and then, resuming their plan, walked to London, to consult 'the Lords,' as to what could be done for carrying it into effect. When they arrived at the Admiralty—

'they requested to be introduced; and as the Board was then sitting, they were formally ushered into their presence. They immediately informed their lordships that they had each served upwards of twenty years in the navy, and were entitled, by length of service, and by their wounds, to a pension; that they would willingly wave that right, and had come to them to beg a passage to the island of Tristan d'Acunha. Taylor used to describe this interview with the Lords of the Admiralty with a great deal of humour, and the mirth they excited, and the numerous questions put to them by Sir George Cockburn, who, to Taylor's infinite delight, addressed him by the title of *shipmate*; for he had served under him some years before. They told their lordships all the particulars about Glass's establishment, the wish they had to retire from the world, and the comfortable prospect that island offered them of independence; and that at a time of peace, when it was almost impossible for the most prudent and industrious to gain their bread. So humble, so just a request, was instantly granted; all the gentlemen composing the Board cordially wished them success, and assured them that the first man-of-war bound round the Cape should land them, and all their worldly goods, on this island. Accordingly, they were put on board "The Satellite," bound to India. Thus were they added to Glass's company; and though a little addicted to the characteristic growling of old sailors, they jog on pretty smoothly, their quarrels seldom going further than swearing a little at each other.'—pp. 310, 311.

A few personages, of the same order, with their wives and children, make up the existing colony. Glass sees his cattle multiplying about him: potatoes thrive capitally; new ground is every year broken up to advantage; and as there are plenty of wild goats to hunt, and of all sorts of fish to catch, whenever the weather

weather is tolerable, the society contrive to get on very comfortably on the whole. No doubt the evenings of 1824 must have been considerably abridged by Mr. Earle's presence.

'Our house is (and all are built nearly after the same model) a complete proof of the nationality of an Englishman, and his partiality for a comfortable fire-side. Though the latitude is temperate, each room is furnished with a noble fire-place; and in what we call "The Government House," we meet every night, and sit round a large and cheerful blaze, each telling his story, or adventures, or singing his song; and we manage to pass the time pleasantly enough.

'Looking out from my abode, no spot in the world can be more desolate—particularly on a blowing night. The roar of the sea is almost deafening; and the wind rushing furiously down the perpendicular sides of the mountains, which are nearly nine hundred feet high, and are masses of craggy rocks, has the most extraordinary and almost supernatural effect. No sooner does night set in than the air is full of nocturnal birds, whose screams are particularly mournful; and then comes the painful reflection, that I am so many thousands of miles from any human haunt, and separated from all my friends and family, who are in total ignorance of where I am, or what has become of me. But I force myself to struggle against dismal thoughts, unwilling that my comrades (who do everything in their power to console me) should suspect how much I suffer; so I take my seat by the fire, shut out the night, pile on a cheerful log, and tell my tale in turn. I must confess that, amongst my companions, I never see a sad or discontented-looking face; and though we have no wine, grog, or any other strong drink, there is no lack of jovial mirth in any of the company.

'Since my arrival, I have been unanimously appointed chaplain; every Sunday we have the whole service of the church of England read, Mr. Glass acting as my clerk; and it is really a gratifying sight to behold the cleanly and orderly state in which the men appear; all the children are dressed in their best, and they all pay the utmost attention during divine service. I am also schoolmaster to the elder children, who are pretty forward in reading; and their parents are so anxious for their improvement, that it gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to assist them in so laudable an undertaking; though, to be sure, we are sadly at a loss for books, paper, pens, and all other school materials. Their parental exertions (poor fellows!) would not avail much; the state of literature being but at a very low ebb amongst them; but what little information they have, they all endeavour to teach the children. One of the men lamented to me the other day, that he had so little *tarning*, although he once had had the advantage of seeing the King's own printing-office at Portsmouth!—pp. 303, 304.

These 'ancient mariners,' among other occupations, climb the highest peaks of the melancholy mountain, at the foot of which they have come to anchor, in quest of the albatross, and Mr.

Earle

Earle was often of the party, and describes the scenery they traversed with no inconsiderable effect—*e. g.*

‘A death-like stillness prevailed in these high regions, and, to my ear, our voices had a strange unnatural echo, and I fancied our forms appeared gigantic, whilst the air was piercing cold. The prospect was altogether very sublime, and filled the mind with awe. On the one side, the boundless horizon, heaped up with clouds of silvery brightness, contrasted with some of darker hue, enveloping us in their vapour, and, passing rapidly away, gave the only casual glances of the landscape; and, on the other hand, the sterile and cindery peak, with its venerable head, partly capped with clouds, partly revealing great patches of red cinders, or lava, intermingled with the black rock, produced a most extraordinary and dismal effect. It seemed as though it was still actually burning, to heighten the sublimity of the scene. The huge albatross appeared here to dread no interloper or enemy; for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. This bird is the largest of the aquatic tribe; and its plumage is of a most delicate white, excepting the back and the tops of its wings, which are grey: they lay but one egg, on the ground, where they form a kind of nest, by scraping the earth round it; after the young one is hatched, it has to remain a year before it can fly; it is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached them, they clapped their beaks, with a very quick motion, which made a great noise. This, and throwing up the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence they seem to possess; the old ones, which are valuable on account of their feathers, my companions made dreadful havoc amongst, knocking on the head all they could come up with. These birds are very helpless on the land, the great length of their wings precluding them from rising up into the air, unless they can get to a steep declivity. On the level ground they were completely at our mercy, but very little was shown them, and in a short space of time, the plain was strewn with their bodies, one blow on the head generally killing them instantly.’—pp. 326-328.

‘They informed me, that the very last time they had ascended the mountain, on their return, one of the party got too close to the precipice without being aware of it, and fell down several hundred feet; they found the corpse the next day in a most miserably mangled state. They interred it in the garden near their settlement; and placed at the head of the grave a board, with his name and age, together with an account of the accident which caused his death, and a pious remark to the reader, that it happened on a Sunday—a dreadful warning to Sabbath-breakers. The people all say, they never more will ascend the mountains on that sacred day; indeed, from all I have seen of them, they pay every respect to the duties of religion which lies in their power.’—pp. 329, 330.

The hunt of the sea-elephant is, however, the most lucrative occupation

occupation which this wild place affords, and we shall quote one or two of the many pages devoted to these monstrous lumps of blubber:—

' June 6th.—This is now the middle of winter: the winds are changeable and boisterous. I saw to-day, for the first time, what the settlers call a *pod* of sea-elephants. At this particular season these animals lie strewed about the beach, and, unless you disturb them, the sight of a man will not frighten them away. I was determined to get a good portrait, and accordingly took my sketch-book and pencil, and seated myself very near to one of them, and began my operations, feeling sure I had now got a most patient sitter, for they will lie for weeks together without stirring; but I had to keep throwing small pebbles at him, in order to make him open his eyes and prevent his going to sleep. The flies appear to torment these unwieldy monsters cruelly, their eyes and nostrils being stuffed full of them. I got a good sketch of the group. They appeared to stare at me occasionally with some little astonishment, stretching up their immense heads and looking around; but finding all still, (I suppose they considered me a mere rock,) they composed themselves to sleep again. They are the most shapeless creatures about the body. I could not help comparing them to an overgrown maggot, and their motion is similar to that insect. The face bears some rude resemblance to the human countenance; the eye is large, black, and expressive; excepting two very small flippers or paws at the shoulder, the whole body tapers down to a fish's tail; they are of a delicate mouse colour, the fur is very fine, but too oily for any other purpose than to make mocassins for the islanders. The bull is of an enormous size, and would weigh as heavily as his namesake of the land; and in that one thing consists their only resemblance, for no two animals can possibly be more unlike each other.

' It is a very curious phenomenon, how they can possibly exist on shore; for, from the first of their landing, they never go out to sea, and they lie on a stormy beach for months together without tasting any food, except consuming their own fat, for they gradually waste away; and as this fat or blubber is the great object of value for which they are attacked and slaughtered, the settlers contrive to commence operations against them upon their first arrival. I examined the contents of the stomach of one they had just killed, but could not make out the nature of what it contained; the matter was of a remarkably bright green colour. They have many enemies even in the water; one called the killer, a species of grampus, which makes terrible havoc amongst them, and will attack and take away the carcass of one from alongside a boat. But man is their greatest enemy, and causes the most destruction to their race; he pursues them to all quarters of the globe; and being aware of their seasons for coupling and breeding, (which is always done on shore,) he is there ready with his weapons, and attacks them without mercy. Yet this offensive war is attended with considerable danger, not from the animals themselves,

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they being incapable of making much resistance, but the beaches they frequent are most fearful; boats and boats' crews are continually lost; but the value of the oil, when they are successful, is an inducement to man, and no dangers will deter him from pursuing the sea-elephant until the species is extinct.

' June 8th.—This proving a very fine day, and several of our party being in want of shoe-leather, we launched the boat to go in quest of a bull elephant. After pulling a few miles, we came to a beach where they resorted; and, landing through a high surf, and hauling the boat up, we proceeded to business, and singled out a monstrous creature. My companions boldly attacked him with lances, thrusting them repeatedly into his sides, he throwing himself about furiously and struggling and rolling towards the sea; but he being soft and fat, the lances sharp and long, they perforated his heart, the blood flowing in torrents and covering the men. Just as he had obtained the edge of the surf, to make his escape from his merciless enemies, he fell and expired. He measured sixteen feet in circumference and twenty in length!

' It is remarkable, that these unwieldy masses of animated nature, so seemingly helpless and incapable of exertion, should be delicate and ardent in their amours. In the early part of the spring the females come out of the sea, for the purpose of propagating and bringing forth their young. The males are always on the beach to receive them; and the moment the ladies appear, they make a terrible snorting noise, the signal for a dreadful battle, to determine which shall be the *champion* of the strand. The monsters raise themselves up on their flippers and throw themselves on each other, and, as their mouths are wide and armed with formidable teeth, the wounds they give and receive are of a terrific nature. Glass once saw two of them fighting on this very spot, in which one struck the eye of his opponent completely out. When this fighting has been continued till one remains "master of the lists," he becomes the gallant of all the females, who lie around, seemingly in fearful anxiety, till the battle is ended. The authority of the conqueror is absolute amongst his mistresses, and no bashaw ever assumed more importance in his seraglio than he does; though, like most other conquerors, his dominions are liable to invasion, and the frontiers are often entered by small parties of the discomfited foe. The bulls which have been driven off, prowl around, and often smuggle off a frail female; who, if her lord is engaged in dalliance with another, and his attention diverted from her, receives the homage of the banished and unfortunate kindly; but if, by chance, they are seen by the enraged master, he sends forth a dreadful noise from the snout, and shuffles after the disloyal couple, and, if he cannot come up with his rival, takes vengeance on the fair, by inflicting on her several wounds with his sharp teeth. His empire is seldom of long duration; either some one of the vanquished enter the lists with him a second time, or some more powerful adversary rises from the deep; he then

must once again try the conflict, and, being wounded and weakened by former encounters, he (like his betters) must give place to a stronger opponent; his ungrateful females lavish their favours on the new comer as on the first. Thus the beach is, during the whole of that particular season, one scene of love and war, presenting a savage picture of what is going on amongst the human race, excepting that in these creatures we only trace the rude outline—it is not filled up, as with us, by fraud, dissimulation, and falsehood!—pp. 343-346.

We have not room for any more of these lively descriptions—the book is full of them. We cannot, however, lay it aside, without extracting, for the benefit of travelled and untravelled, learned and unlearned, a passage in which Mr. Earle preaches eloquently a doctrine which we hope he has never since ceased to practise:—

‘Our food is of the coarsest description; bread we never see, milk and potatoes are our standing dishes, fish we have when we chance to catch them, and flesh when we can bring down a goat. In order to procure materials to furnish forth a dinner, I go early in the morning to the mountains; and the exertions I go through make me ready to retire to bed by eight o'clock in the evening, when I enjoy the soundest sleep; and though certainly I have nothing here to exhilarate my spirits—on the contrary much to depress them—these last four months' experience has done more to convince me of the “beauty of temperance” than all the books that ever were written could have done. I now begin to think the life of an anchorite was not so miserable as is generally imagined by the gay and dissipated, and that his quiet enjoyments and serene nights may well be balanced against their feverish slumbers and palled appetites. The temperate man enjoys the solid consolation of knowing he is not wearing out his constitution, and may reasonably look forward to a happy and respected old age; while the votary of sense soon loses all relish for former enjoyments, and pays the penalty of early excesses in a broken and diseased frame. He finds himself helpless, and has the mortifying reflection, that he has only himself to blame; that he has piloted himself into this misery; contrary to his own common sense and the admonition of his friends; that no helping hand can save him; whilst the memory of his former enjoyments aggravates his humiliating situation, and pain and sorrow are the only attendants to conduct him to his last home!’—pp. 352-354.

We think no reader can part with Mr. Earle without having formed, on the whole, a favourable notion of his talents as well as of his temper, and joining us in wishing that this may not be the last of his productions. It appears that, having returned to this country from India in 1831 in a sorely shattered state of health, he no sooner found himself somewhat re-invigorated by his native air, than the old mania for wandering came back

back on him as strong as ever, and that, some time before his book was sent to the press, he had accepted the situation of draughtsman to his majesty's ship 'Beagle,' Captain Fitzroy, and sailed on a voyage of discovery, 'not likely to terminate under four years;'—during which, it is to be hoped, his pen will be kept in requisition as well as his pencil. It is a pity he had not been on the spot to superintend the engravings for the present volume. With the exception of one representing Glass and his government house, they are executed in a style which must be sufficiently mortifying to an artist-author.

ART. VI.—1. *Arlington, a Novel*. 3 vols. London. 1832.

2. *The Contrast, a Novel*. 3 vols. London. 1832.

WHEN Richardson records the merest small-talk and the minutest gestures of Sir Charles Grandison or Clarissa Harlowe, we do not quarrel with his particularity. As critics, considering parts in relation to their wholes, and in the more genial character of novel readers, feeling that great interests are growing upon us, we allow the amplitude of detail as a means, and submit ourselves to that dominion over the fancy which minute description will not fail to acquire, provided always that it be connected with objects of interest. The leaf, we allow, must be painted, in order to paint the tree; and the lace must be painted, in order to portray the dowager: and if the subject be worth the pains, and the work of art be in its totality effective, we are bound to give our approval to its indispensable incidents and conditions. But we are under no such obligation in respect of descriptions, however faithful and minute, which have no connexion with any object that we much care to contemplate, and which contribute to the construction of nothing. The painter who should bring before us the counterfeit presentment of a *bundle* of leaves, or of a certain number of *yards* of lace, claiming our admiration of the particulars *per se*, would place us in a very embarrassing situation: and it is under some such difficulty that we have always found ourselves to labour, when required to give our humble tribute of approbation to the sort of book which is commonly called a fashionable novel.

The fault lies as much with the subject of these books as with the writers. It may, indeed, be within the capabilities of genius to make the field of fashionable life, such as it is in the day that is passing over us, yield something of romantic interest,—as what topic is there, which, by a certain alchemy, may not be turned to account? One who

'Knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings,'

will