

cast! A party proceeds to unship their goods, and to carry them ashore. Amongst other things, some books are not forgotten. Mark them lying there in a heap, little heeded now, but eventually to germinate into glorious life and fruitfulness.

The last boat has left the ship; but before leaving, a brand has been applied to the fated vessel. For good or for ill, their destiny is now irrevocably fixed to that little spot. On that rock to the right, beneath the waving palm trees, the Tahitian women, wrapt in their graceful togas, babes in arms, are watching the proceedings in silent wonder. On the rocky strand is Christian, dark, moody and determined; around him his desperate and dissolute companions. Their gaze is fixed upon the burning vessel, now enveloped in flames from port-hole to topmast. What were their thoughts then, as the last link that bound them to the civilized world was being severed?

The vessel is now consumed to the water's edge, the flames have burnt low, though huge volumes of opaque smoke, like the vapors of a sacrifice, rise up toward the holy heavens. Darkness descends softly over the lovely isle as the sacrifice is completed. Will it be accepted?

IV. RETRIBUTION.

Alas! the lesson of suffering was not yet complete—for repentance had not yet come. The mutineers had dealt treacherously with the Tahitians, as with their own comrades of the *Bounty*. They had lured these unsophisticated children of nature, with the view, as they now discovered, of converting them into slaves! These unhappy beings, therefore, righteously rebelled against their tyrants; they even plot their destruction. Crime ripens to its terrible harvest; suspicion and fear everywhere prevail. Christian, still haunted with the dread of discovery from some government vessel sent in pursuit, erects a kind of fort upon an elevated spot, from whence to observe any ship that might approach the island. The clouds in the Tropics often assume distinct shapes, and it is no wonder that, viewed through the unsteady telescope of an imagination excited by guilt, the very vapours of heaven put on the form of the avenging ship! Often would the mutineers fly before such phantom-shapes, and hide themselves in caverns and solitary places. Once, indeed, a vessel did touch at the island, from which (as was proved from the remains of a fire on shore)

a party of men actually landed. But the danger in the distance made the mutineers blind to a greater one at hand, and instantly impending.

The Otaheitans, watching their opportunity, took Christian and four of his companions at unawares, and killed them. Thus did the violence and wrongfulness of the whites bring its own punishment, in turn to bring destruction upon the natives themselves—violence evermore begetting violence. Between the mutineers that remained, and the six Tahitian men, a civil war now raged, the more astute and better armed whites naturally in the end exterminating their unfortunate antagonists. The soil of this once peaceful island was now drenched in human gore.

The climax of evil, however, was not yet reached. This little colony, as if it were a type of mankind, was doomed to pass, by the lust of forbidden pleasure, through another phase of civilization, besides that of war.

The Ghoul of Intemperance, imprisoned in its dark limbo by the seal of the Impossible, had not yet reyeled and rioted over the health, the beauty, and the sanity of this people. Amongst the most destructive inventions of man are undoubtedly the arts of fermentation and distillation, whereby the innocent fruits of the earth are transmuted into a fiery fluid which has proved far more fatal than famine, war, and pestilence combined. One of the mutineers had learnt this fatal art in the fatherland. In an evil hour he sought out a native plant, the juice of which, as containing saccharine matter, was adapted to his purpose. The sweet solution was fermented, the sugar transmuted into the deadly spirit, and this extracted by distillation. Intoxication was added to the catalogue of crime already intolerable, the cup of iniquity was full. Two of the men were almost perpetually drunk. One of them finally cast himself from a tall cliff in an attack of *delirium tremens*, and the second met with a fate equally terrible. The other survivors of the crew of the *Bounty*, now reduced to two, had their lives daily jeopardized by the violence of this armed drunkard. *At last, in self-defence, they slew him!*

The curtain falls, again in darkness, upon the third act of this fearful drama.

V. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

It is darkest before dawn. This is not only true proverbially of the physical order of events, but of the

moral and historical. The reason perhaps is, that Truth, as a divine and central principle of the universe, reproduces itself perpetually in every sphere. Howsoever that may be, in Piteairn all was very dark. The old generation, mutually butchered by the sword, or self-immolated by intemperance, had passed away. The group of beautiful yet hapless children, born of Otaheitan mothers, but springing from English fathers, were in these circumstances uncared for, untended, and surrounded by sin only for example. They seemed likely to be taught the vices both of savagery and civilization, and to inherit the virtues of neither. Captives to circumstance, they awaited, like the Jews of old, an Instructor and Law-giver to bring them to Christ.

The two survivors of the mutineers destined to be the nursing fathers of this young generation were, singularly enough, called *Adams* and *Young*.* The latter, a midshipman, did not long survive the sanguinary events in which he had been concerned, and at his death the care of this little community devolved solely upon Adams.

John Adams had been originally an errand boy in London. In this capacity he had meritoriously taught himself to read, while doing his errands in the streets of the great city—the placards being his alphabet and primer! Little could any man have foreseen what social and moral power was latent in that modicum of knowledge!

We recorded the fact, that when the stores were landed from the *Bounty*, some books were amongst them. One day, as Adams was turning over the lumbered and unused things, he stumbled upon a volume. Sick of the scenes of outrage and debauchery through which he had passed, and partly sensible of the "exceedingly sinfulness of sin" resulting in such appalling consequences as he had felt and witnessed, he was in the right mood for salutary impressions. The sight of that book, too, woke up many old thoughts—reminiscences of his earnest and happier boyhood, when the world stretched out hopeful and radiant before him, when he was unstained with crime, and untroubled by remorse. Slowly and

* It is another curious fact, that he who was so fatally connected with the tragical part of our drama, should have possessed a double-name, representing the first and the last part of our history, symbolically: "Fletcher-Christian." Fletcher is the hard pronunciation of "Flesher," the Scotch name for butcher,