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THE SURPRISE.

Joy met Sorrow in a place
Where the branches interlace,
Very secret, still and sweet,
Safe from all profaning feet.
"Why art here?" Joy, startled, cried:
"Why art here?" gray Sorrow sighed.

"I came here to weep," said Joy.
"Tears are ever my employ,"
Murmured Sorrow. "Yet I see
Tears as grateful were to thee;
Come, young novice, and be taught
How to ease thy heart o'erfraught."

Joy sat down at Sorrow's feet,
And was taught a lesson sweet.
Fain would he make kind return:
"Sorrow, art too old to learn?"
Nay? Then tarry yet a while,
Till I have taught thee how to smile!"

Since that hour the two have been
Bound as by mysterious kin:
Since that hour they so exchange
Tears and smiles, 'tis nothing strange
If sometimes a puzzled heart
Scarce can tell the twain apart.

—Edith Thomas in Boston Transcript.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.*

I. CREATION.

Take up the map of the Western Hemisphere, and about South latitude 17 deg. and West longitude 149 deg., the reader will find the position of Otaheite, so celebrated in the voyages of the illustrious navigator Cook, and so remarkable for its natural beauties. It is the largest of that group called the "Society Islands," which stretch away, East-by-South, dotting the bosom of the Pacific, as with emeralds and coral, for the space of two thousand miles. Follow the track indicated, and the eye will fall upon "PITCAIRN," nearly the last of this series of enchanting islets, and a thousand leagues to the westward of the American continent. A little more than a century ago its existence was totally unknown, alike to the navigators of Europe and the savages of the South

sens. It is an outlying and inconsiderable island, beyond the path of the barbarian canoe paddling in the lower archipelago, and out of the great seaway of commerce. It appertains to latitudes where nature has scattered her gifts with a lavish hand. Even amidst the beauties and opulence of the Tropics, this marvelous region bears away the palm. It has an almost ever sunny clime, luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers, plants rich in bread already prepared for the human hand, sunsets that are glories unsurpassed, like the very Gates of Heaven, while around these emerald isles rolls an azure sea which rivals the vaults of the Emyrean.

It was in 1767 that midshipman Pitcairn, attached to the *Swallow*, Captain Cartaret, while passing these latitudes, first set eyes upon this island, which was called by his name—to him a transitory distinction, for he died shortly after its discovery. When young Pitcairn first saw the little isle, at the unusual distance of fifteen leagues, it appeared a mere point of high spiral rock rising out of the sea, though, on drawing nearer to its shores, it was found to be a perfect island seven miles in circumference, and eleven hundred feet high. Stormy weather at the time hindered the boats from landing, but the discovery was briefly noted in the log-book; Carteret recorded the event afterwards in the printed narrative of his expedition; and the next hydrographer probably added a fresh dot to his map of Polynesia.

The islet was left again to the solitude of nature. No human voice broke upon the stillness of its palmy groves in the calm sunny weather, startling the plumed birds—no tread of the swift hunter overtook the tardy tortoise for his prey—no boatman's oar splashed the blue waters into silver ripples, disturbing the

scaly denizens of the coral-bays. Its long seasons of fruitful peace, the rustling of leaves, the hum of falling waters, and the rolling murmur of the surf breaking upon its strand, awoke no joy,—while the sweeping tempest and the blazing lightning and the fearful hurricane that came anon, inspired no fear in the breast of man. Above two decades passed on, pregnant with sorrow and with joy to the human inhabitants of other regions, but leaving this solitary spot in its virgin beauty and freshness. Yet, in the great web of Providence, that silently works to an issue whereof man can have no foresight, a new destiny was being woven for this little island—a destiny that should fill it with human passion and mortal care, with sorrow and hope, and yet eventually make the wilderness blossom with the roses of human life.

II. SIN.

It was on April 4th, 1789, that the ill-fated *Bounty*, another vessel which hoisted British colors, and commanded by Lieutenant William Bligh, left Otaheite, laden with 1015 living plants of the bread-fruit tree, with which the government had proposed to enrich our West-India colonies. Her homeward voyage seemed likely to be prosperous. Majestically the good ship sailed on, moving like a living thing across the peaceful waters, all on board apparently subordinated to the strict order and discipline that mark the British navy. That calm, however, was delusive, and hid from sight the smouldering embers of human passion which awaited only the breath of opportunity to fan them into a devouring flame! Commander Bligh, unfortunately, was of an unhappy disposition, exacting and imperious. He had neither the art nor the grace to mingle human sympathy with rigid discipline, and had contrived to destroy that unity of

*This sketch first appeared in the First numbers of the *Alliance News*, and afterwards in "Works of Dr. Lees," vol. i. (1853.)