

Yet even this hardy warrior was no more proof than any one of his wives or children against this strange habit of emotion. The first person he met on his landing happened to be his aunt, whose appearance, as bent to the earth with age and infirmities, she ascended a hill, supporting herself upon a long staff, Nicholas compares to that which we might conceive the Sibyl bore, when she presented herself to Tarquin. Yet, when she came up to Korro-korro, the chief, we are told, having fallen upon her neck, and applied his nose to hers, the two continued in this posture for some minutes, talking together in a low and mournful voice; and then disengaging themselves, they gave vent to their feelings by weeping bitterly, the chief remaining for about a quarter of an hour leaning on his musket, while the big drops continued to roll down his cheeks.

The old woman's daughter, who had come along with her, then made her approach, and another scene, if possible of still more tumultuous tenderness than the former, took place between the two cousins. The chief hung, as before, in an agony of affection, on the neck of his relation; and "as for the woman," says Nicholas, "she was so affected that the mat she wore was literally soaked through with her tears." A passionate attachment to friends is, indeed, one of the most prevailing feelings of the savage state. Dampier tells us of an Indian