

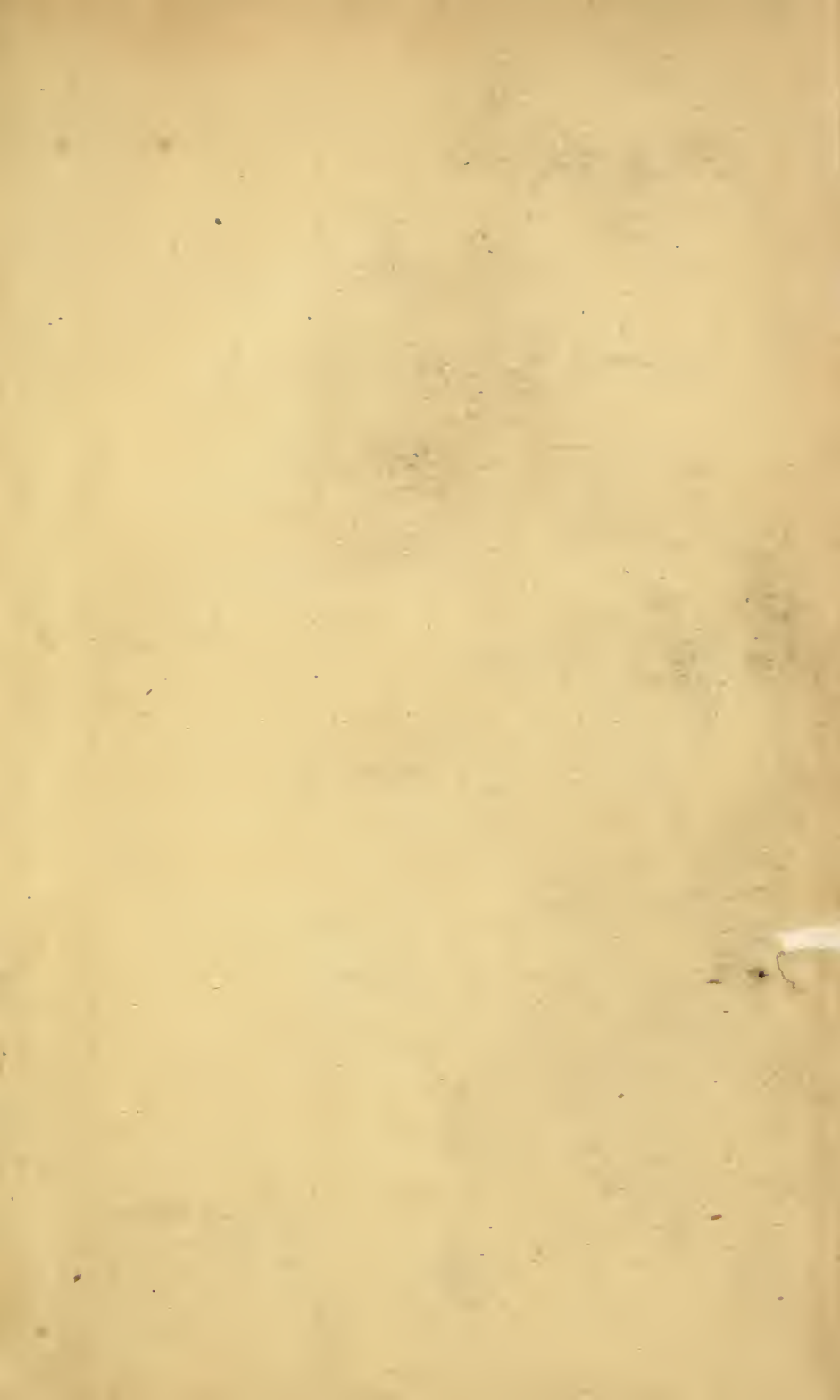


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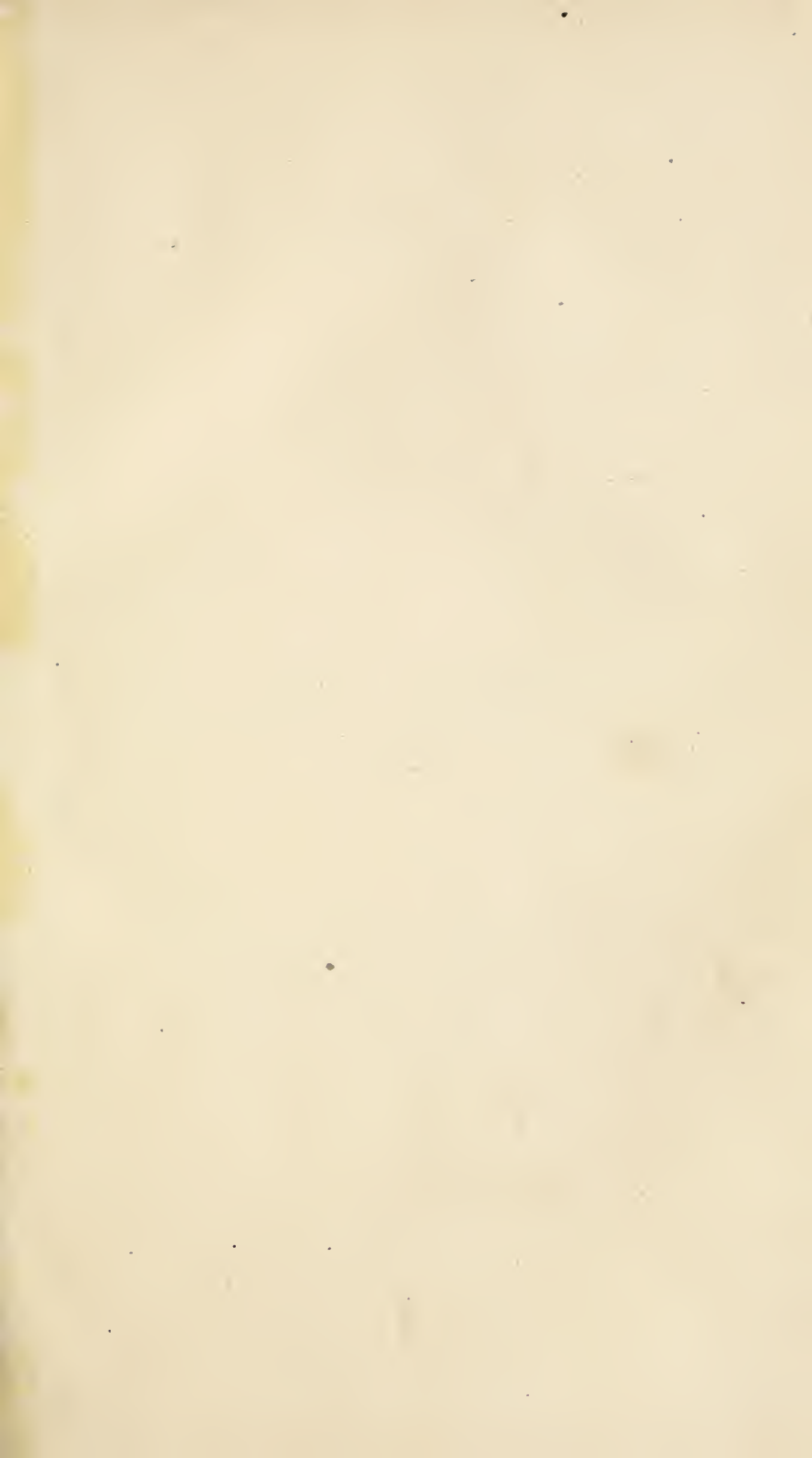



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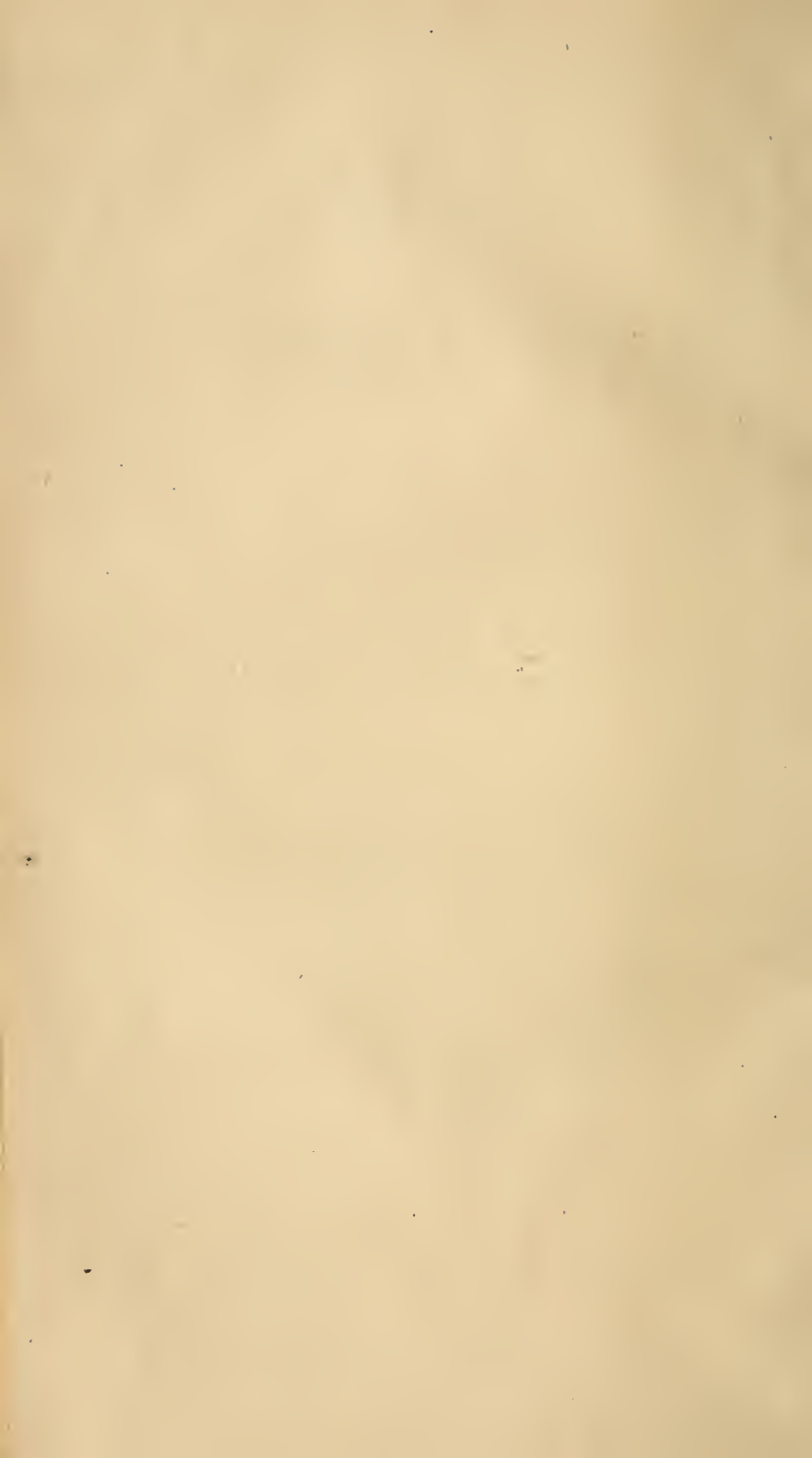
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CHAMBERS'S  
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OF  
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING  
TRACTS



EDINBURGH  
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS



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EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.  
1847.



LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the late king of the French, and one of the most remarkable men in Europe, was born in Paris, October 6, 1773. He is the eldest son of Louis-Philippe-Joseph, Duke of Orleans—better known under his revolutionary title of Philippe Egalité—and of Marie, only daughter and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Penthièvre. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, of which Louis-Philippe is now the head, originated in Philippe, a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duc d'Orleans by his elder brother Louis XIV., and of whom Louis Philippe is the grandson's great-grandson. Philippe, the first Duke of Orleans, was twice married; his second wife being Elizabeth Charlotte of Bohemia, granddaughter of James I. of England. From this lady the Orleans family are

descended, and through her trace a direct relationship to the line of Stuart, and the present royal family of England. While a child, Louis-Philippe was entitled Duke of Valois; but on his father succeeding to the title of Duke of Orleans in 1785, he became Duke of Chartres, which title for a number of years he retained.

Whatever were the personal and political faults of Citizen Egalité, he was a kind father, and beloved by his children, five in number, one of whom, however, a daughter, died young. Desirous of imparting to his family a sound education, in which he himself had had the misfortune to be deficient, he committed them to the superintendence of Madame de Sillery—better known by her later adopted title of Countess de Genlis. Notwithstanding the subsequent errors of this lady, she was eminently qualified, by her talents and dispositions, to be an instructress of youth. The principles on which she based her plans of education were considerably in advance of the age, and such as are only now beginning to be generally understood. She considered that it was of the first importance to surround children almost from their cradle with happy and cheering influences, to the exclusion of everything likely to contaminate their minds or feelings. It was necessary, above all things, to implant in them a universal spirit of love—a love of God and his works, the consciousness that all was from the hand of an Almighty Creator and Preserver, who willed the happiness of his creatures. To excite this feeling in her young charge, she took every opportunity of arousing the sentiment of wonder with respect to natural phenomena, and then of explaining the seeming marvels on principles which an awakening intelligence could be led to comprehend. The other means adopted to form the character of her young pupils—the Duke of Valois, Duke of Montpensier, the Count Beaujolais, and their sister the Princess Adelaide—were equally to be admired. While receiving instructions in different branches of polite learning, and in the Christian doctrines and graces, from properly qualified tutors, they learned, without labour or pain, to speak English, German, and Italian, by being attended by domestics who respectively conversed in these languages. Nor was their physical education neglected. The boys were trained to endure all kinds of bodily fatigue, and taught a variety of useful and amusing industrial exercises. At St Leu, a pleasant country residence near Paris, where the family resided under the charge of Madame de Genlis, the young princes cultivated a small garden under the direction of a German gardener, while they were instructed in botany and the practice of medicine by a medical gentleman, who was the companion of their rambles. They had also *ateliers*, or workshops, in which they were taught turning, basket-making, weaving, and carpentry. The young Duke of Valois took pleasure in these pursuits—as what boy would not, under proper direction, and if allowed scope for his ingenuity? He excelled in

cabinet-making; and, assisted only by his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, made a handsome cupboard, and a table with drawers, for a poor woman in the village of St Leu.

At this period of his youth, as well as in more advanced years, the subject of our memoir gave many tokens of a benevolent and noble disposition, sacrificing on many occasions his pocket-money to relieve distress, and exerting himself to succour the oppressed. Speaking of his progress and character under her tuition, the Countess de Genlis observes: "The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the past year; he was born with good inclinations, and is now become intelligent and virtuous. Possessing none of the frivolities of the age, he disdains the puerilities which occupy the thoughts of so many young men of rank—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, follies of all kinds, and the desire for novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested; despises glare; and is consequently truly noble. Finally, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

A favourite method of instruction pursued by Madame de Genlis consisted in taking her young pupils on a variety of holiday excursions. Interesting rural scenes, spots consecrated by historical transactions, cabinets of curiosities, manufacturing establishments, &c. were thus visited, and made the subject of useful observation. In the summer of 1787, the Duchess of Orleans and her children, accompanied by their superintendent, visited Spa, the health of the duchess requiring aid from the mineral waters of that celebrated place of resort. A pleasing anecdote is related of the Orleans family on the occasion of this visit. The health of the duchess having been much improved by the waters of the Sauvenière—a spring a few miles from the town in the midst of pleasing scenery—the Duke of Chartres and his brothers and sister, prompted by their instructress, resolved on giving a gay and commemorative *fête*. Round the spring they formed a beautiful walk, removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and caused it to be ornamented with seats, with small bridges placed over the torrents, and covered the surrounding woods with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk conducting to the spring whose waters had been so efficacious, was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock and trees. Beyond it was a landscape of great extent and beauty. In the wood was raised by the duke and his brothers and sister an altar to "GRATITUDE," of white marble, on which was the following inscription:—"The waters of the Sauvenière having restored the health of the Duchess of Orleans, her children have embellished the neighbourhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks and cleared the woods with more assi-

duity than the workmen who laboured under their orders." On the *fête* day in question, the young Duke of Chartres expressed with grace and effect his filial sentiments of devotedness and love, but suddenly left the side of his mother, and appeared with his brothers and sister, a few seconds afterwards, at the foot of the altar, himself holding a chisel in his hand, and appearing to be writing in it the word "*Gratitude.*" The effect was magical; all present were at once charmed and touched; and many a cheek was bedewed with pleasurable tears.\*

The same authority from whom we have the above anecdote, relates some interesting particulars of a journey which the family made about this period to Eu, in Normandy, whence they proceeded westward by Havre to the bay of Avranches. Here they visited the rocky fortress of St Michael, which, standing within the margin of the sea, is a conspicuous object for a distance of many miles around. Long celebrated for its shrine of St Michael, the convent in this island-fort had for ages been visited by thousands of devotees, and probably this species of celebrity, as well as the natural features of the place, and its historical associations, induced the young princes of Orleans to view it with some degree of interest. Till this period, its dungeons had been employed as a state-prison; and these were viewed with melancholy feelings by the young visitors. While conducted over these gloomy recesses by the monks, to whose charge the prison had been committed, the Duke of Chartres made some inquiries relative to an *iron cage*, which had been used for the close confinement of prisoners. The monks, in reply, told him that the cage was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three and four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoners had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for twenty-four hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied, that it was his intention, at some time or other, to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited Mount St Michael a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money

\* Reminiscences of Men and Things—a series of interesting papers in Fraser's Magazine: 1843.



by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with ten louis, and with much wit and good humour observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all more pleasure than to have seen it."

One of the means by which Madame de Genlis endeavoured to teach her pupils to examine and regulate their own minds and conduct, was the keeping of a journal, in which they were enjoined to enter every occurrence, great and small, in which they were personally concerned. The journal kept by the Duke of Chartres, in consequence of this recommendation, has latterly been given to the public, and makes us acquainted with some interesting particulars of his early life, as well as with the sentiments which he then entertained. The latter are such as might have been expected from a lad reared within the all-prevailing influence of revolutionary doctrines. Of the political movements of 1789, Madame de Genlis and her husband were warm adherents; and they failed not, with the concurrence of the Duke of Orleans, to impress their sentiments on the susceptible mind of their charge. Introduced, and entered a member of the Jacobin Club, the young Duke of Chartres appears from his journal to have been in almost daily attendance on the sittings of this tumultuary body, as well as the National Assembly. What was much more creditable to his judgment, he seems to have been equally assiduous in acquiring a knowledge of surgery by his visits to the Hôtel-Dieu, or great public hospital of Paris. A few entries in his journal on these and other points, illustrative of his youthful character and pursuits, may here be introduced.

"Nov. 2 (1790).—I was yesterday admitted a member of the Jacobins, and much applauded. I returned thanks for the kind reception which they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen.

Nov. 26.—I went this morning to the Hôtel-Dieu. The next time I shall dress the patients myself. \* \*

Dec. 2.—I went yesterday morning to the Hôtel-Dieu. I dressed two patients, and gave one six, and the other three livres. \* \*

Dec. 25.—I went yesterday morning to confession. I dined at the Palais Royal, and then went to the Philanthropic Society, whence I could not get away till eight o'clock. \* \* I went to the midnight mass at St Eustache, returned at two in the morning, and got to bed at half-past two. I performed my devotions at this mass [Christmas].

Jan. 7 (1791).—I went this morning to the Hôtel-Dieu in a hackney-coach, as my carriage was not come, and it rained hard. I dressed the patients, and bled three women. \* \*

*Jan. 8.*—In the morning to the Assembly ; at six in the evening to the Jacobins. M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution, by Mr Joseph Towers, in answer to Mr Burke. He praised it highly, and proposed that I should be appointed to translate it. This proposition was adopted with great applause, and I foolishly consented, but expressing my fear that I should not fulfil their expectations. I returned home at a quarter past seven. At night, my father told me that he did not approve of it, and I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday. [We are afterwards informed that he executed the translation, but that it was arranged for the press by his sub-governor or tutor, M. Pieyre, whose name was prefixed to it.]

*Jan. 28.*—[Describes how he caught cold, and became unwell.] Went to Bellechasse [the residence of Madame de Genlis], where, notwithstanding my headache, and though I had much fever, I wished to remain ; but my friend [Madame de G.] sent me away, reminding me that I was to be at the Hôtel-Dieu in the morning.” \* \*

The Duke of Chartres appears from his journal to have been attached in an extraordinary degree to Madame de Genlis, whose admonitions he always regarded as those of a mother. Referring to his kind instructress, under the date May 22, he proceeds:—“O, my mother, how I bless you for having preserved me from all those vices and misfortunes (too often incident to youth), by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support.”

Some years previous to this period, the duke had been appointed to the honorary office of colonel in the 14th regiment of dragoons. Such offices being now abolished, it became necessary for him to assume in his own person the command of his regiment, and for this purpose he proceeded to Vendôme in June 1791, accompanied by M. Pieyre. At this time considerable commotion took place in many parts of France, in consequence of the refusal of a numerous body of clergy to take an oath prescribed by the constitution. The nonjuring clergymen were everywhere ejected from their livings, and in some places treated with indignity. While the Duke of Chartres was in Vendôme, a popular ferment took place, in which two of these unfortunate men would have been murdered by the mob, but for his humane interference. The occurrence is described as follows in his journal:—

“*June 27.*—[Mentions his attendance with his regiment on a religious procession led by a clergyman who had taken the appointed oath.] At noon I had brought back the regiment, but with orders not to unboot or unsaddle. I asked Messrs Dubois, d’Albis, Jacquemin, and Phillippe, to dinner. They brought us word that the people had collected in a mob, and were about to hang two priests. I ran immediately to the place, followed by Pieyre, Dubois, and d’Albis. I came to the door of a tavern,

where I found ten or twelve national guards, the mayor, the town-clerk, and a considerable number of people, crying, 'They have broken the law; they must be hanged—to the lamp-post!' I asked the mayor what all this meant, and what it was all about. He replied, 'It is a nonjuring priest and his father, who have escaped into this house; the people allege that they have insulted M. Buisson, a priest, who has taken the civic oath, and who was carrying the holy sacrament, and I can no longer restrain them. I have sent for a voiture to convey them away. Have the goodness to send for two dragoons to escort them.' I did so immediately. The mayor stood motionless before the door, not opening his mouth. I therefore addressed some of the most violent of the mob, and endeavoured to explain 'how wrong it would be to hang men without trial; that, moreover, they would be doing the work of the executioner, which they considered infamous; that there were judges whose duty it was to deal with these men.' The mob answered that the judges were aristocrats, and that they did not punish the guilty. I replied, 'That's your own fault, as they are elected by yourselves; but you must not take the law into your own hands.' There was now much confusion; at last one voice cried—'We will spare them for the sake of M. de Chartres.' 'Yes, yes, yes,' cried the people; 'he is a good patriot; he edified us all this morning. Bring them out; we shall do them no harm.' I went up to the room where the unhappy men were, and asked them if they would trust themselves to me; they said yes. I preceded them down stairs, and exhorted the people not to forget what they had promised. They cried out again, 'Be easy; they shall receive no harm.' I called to the driver to bring up the carriage; upon which the crowd cried out, 'No voiture—on foot, on foot, that we may have the satisfaction of hooting them, and expelling them ignominiously from the town.' 'Well,' I said, 'on foot; be it so; 'tis the same thing to me, for you are too honest to forfeit your word.' We set out amidst hisses and a torrent of abuse; I gave my arm to one of the men, and the mayor was on the other side. The priest walked between Messrs Dubois and d'Albis. Not thinking at the moment, I unluckily took the direction towards Paris. The mayor asked one of the men where he would wish to go; he answered, 'To Blois.' It was directly the contrary way from that which we were taking. The mayor wished to return, and to pass across the whole town. I opposed this, and we changed our direction, but without going back through the streets. We passed a little wooden bridge of a few planks without rails; there the mob cried to throw them into the river, and endeavoured, by putting sticks across, to make them fall into the water. I again reminded them of their promise, and they became quiet. When we were about a mile out of the town, some of the country people came running down the hill, and threw themselves upon us, calling out, 'Hang or drown the two rascals!'

One of them seized one of the poor wretches by the coat, and the crowd rushing in, forced away the mayor and M. d'Albis. I remained alone with M. Dubois, and we endeavoured to make the peasant loose his hold. I held one of the men by one hand, and by the other endeavoured to free the coat. At last one of the national guard arrived to our assistance, and by force cleared the man. The crowd was still increasing. It is but justice to the people of Vendôme to say that they kept their word, and tried to induce the peasants to do no violence to the men. Seeing, however, that if I continued my march, some misfortune must inevitably occur, I cried we must take them to prison, and then all the people cried, 'To prison! to prison!' Some voices cried, 'They must ask pardon of God, and thank M. de Chartres for their lives.' That was soon done, and we set out for the prison. As we went along, one man came forward with a gun, and said to us, 'Stand out of the way while I fire on them.' Believing that he was really about to fire, I rushed forward in front of my two men, saying, 'You shall kill me first.' As the man was well dressed, M. Pieyre said to him, 'But how can you act so?' 'I was only joking,' says the man; 'my gun is not charged.' We again continued our way, and the two men were lodged in the prison."

The unfortunate priests were afterwards, to the satisfaction of the populace, left to be dealt with in terms of law. On the 1st of July we find the following entry:—"Several of those who the day before had been the most savage, came with tears to ask my pardon, and to thank me for having saved them from the commission of a crime." The feelings of the duke must have been enviable at this moment, but not less so on the following occasion.

"*August 3.*—Happy day! I have saved a man's life, or rather have contributed to save it. This evening, after having read a little of Pope, Metastasio, and Emile, I went to bathe. Edward and I were dressing ourselves, when I heard cries of '*Help, help, I am drowning!*' I ran immediately to the cry, as did Edward, who was farther. I came first, and could only see the tops of the person's fingers. I laid hold of that hand, which seized mine with indescribable strength, and by the way in which he held me, would have drowned me, if Edward had not come up and seized one of his legs, which deprived him of the power of jumping on me. We then got him ashore. He could scarcely speak, but he nevertheless expressed great gratitude to me as well as to Edward. I think with pleasure on the effect this will produce at Bellechasse. I am born under a happy star! Opportunities offer themselves in every way: I have only to avail myself of them! The man we saved is one M. Siret, an inhabitant of Vendôme, sub-engineer in the office of roads and bridges. I go to bed happy!

"*August 11.*—Another happy day. I had been invited yester-

day to attend at the Town-House with some non-commissioned officers and privates. I went to-day, and was received with an address; there was then read a letter from M. Siret, who proposed that the municipal body should decree that a civic crown should be given to any citizen who should save the life of a fellow-creature, and that, in course, one should be presented to me. The municipal body adopted the proposition, and I received a crown amidst the applause of a numerous assembly of spectators. I was very much ashamed. I nevertheless expressed my gratitude as well as I could."

Besides the numerous entries in the journal referring to his military avocations and his epistolary correspondence, he occasionally speaks of the studies in which he was engaged. One extract will suffice to show his diligence in this respect.

"Yesterday morning at exercise. On returning, I undressed, and read some of Hénault, Julius Cæsar, Sternheim, and Mably. Dined, and after dinner read some of Ipsipyle, Metastasio, Heloise, and Pope. At five, to the riding-house; and afterwards read Emile."

In noticing the journal from which we have culled these few extracts, a writer in an English periodical, not usually favourable to Louis-Philippe (the Quarterly Review), sums up his criticism in the following candid manner. "There are in it many puerile passages, and a few which, even under all extenuating circumstances, may be called blameable. \* \* But we think it must be agreed that, on the whole, it is creditable to his [the duke's] good sense, and even to his good nature. Let it be recollected that it was written at the age of seventeen—that his mind, ever since it was capable of receiving a political idea, had been imbued with revolutionary doctrines by the precepts of his instructors, the authority and example of a father, and a general popular enthusiasm, which had not yet assumed the mad and bloody aspect which it soon after bore; and we think we may truly assert, that few young men of that period—if their conduct were reported with equal fidelity and minuteness—would appear in so favourable a light as Louis-Philippe does in this his journal."

About the middle of August 1791, the Duke of Chartres quitted the garrison of Vendôme with his regiment, and went to Valenciennes, in the north of France, where he continued his military avocations. In April 1792, war was declared against Austria, which was observed to be maturing plans for a hostile invasion of France, and now the Duke of Chartres made his first campaign. At the head of troops confided to him by Kellermann, he fought at Valmy (September 20, 1792); and afterwards (November 6), under Dumouriez, distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes.

Here may be said to terminate the first and happy period of the life of Louis-Philippe, and we now have to follow him in the misfortunes which attended his family.

## MISFORTUNES AND WANDERINGS.

While the Duke of Chartres was engaged in repelling the foreign armies which menaced the tottering fabric of the French monarchy, the revolution was hastening to its crisis. Monarchy being extinguished, and the king and his family placed in confinement, a decree of banishment was hastily passed against all other members of the Bourbon-Capet race. This act of proscription, which was aimed at the Orleans family by its enemies, was as summarily repealed as it had been passed; but the circumstance was of too alarming a nature to be disregarded, and the Duke of Chartres earnestly besought his father to take advantage of the decree of banishment, and with his family seek a retreat in a foreign country. "You will assuredly," said he, addressing the Duke of Orleans, "find yourself in an appalling situation. Louis XVI. is about to be accused before an assembly of which you are a member. You must sit before the king as his judge. Reject the ungracious duty, withdraw with your family to America, and seek a calm retreat far from the enemies of France, and there await the return of happier days." To these persuasives the Duke of Orleans lent a deaf ear; he either considered it to be inconsistent with his honour and his duty to desert his post at the approach of danger; or, what is as probable, he expected that by a turn of affairs he might be elevated to the first place in the nation, whatever should be its form of government. Nevertheless, moved by the intreaties of his son, Orleans desired him to consult an influential member of the Assembly on the subject, and let him know the result. The deputy, however, declined to express his opinion. "I am incompetent," said he, "to give your father any advice. Our positions are dissimilar. I myself seek redress for personal injuries; your father, the Duke of Orleans, ought to obey the dictates of his conscience as a prince—of his duties as a citizen." This undecided answer neither influenced the judgment of the Duke of Orleans, nor corroborated the arguments of his son. Impressed to the fullest extent with the duties of a citizen, he felt that he could not honourably recede; and that a man, whatever his rank might be, who intentionally abandoned his country, was deserving of the penalties reserved for traitors. Perceiving that his father made his determination a point of honour—a case of political conscientiousness—he desisted from further solicitation, embraced him for the last time, and returned to the army.

Disastrous events now rapidly followed each other. On the 21st of January 1793, the unfortunate Louis XVI. was carried to the scaffold, and a few months thereafter, the Duke of Orleans was seized on the plea of conspiring against the nation. On the 6th of November, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death on a series of charges, of all which he was notoriously guiltless. Viewing the proceed-

ings of his judges with contempt, he begged, as an only favour, that the sentence might be executed without delay. The indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was about failing, from the court to the guillotine. An eye-witness on this tragic occasion mentions, that, prompted by barbarous curiosity, he took his station in the Rue St Honoré, opposite the palace of the duke, in order to observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendour and enjoyment might have on him. The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its unjust reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer. The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavouring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims of revolutionary cruelty in the same vehicle. They were all bent double, pale, and stupified with horror. Orleans alone—a striking contrast—with hair powdered, and otherwise dressed with care in the fashion of the period, stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural colour, with all the firmness of innocence. The cart, for some reason, stopped for a few minutes before the gate of the Palais Royal, and the duke ran his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, as if examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. The courage of this intrepid man faltered not at the place of execution. When the executioner took off his coat, he calmly observed to the assistants who were going to draw off his boots, "It is only loss of time; you will remove them more easily from the lifeless limbs." In a few minutes he was no more. Thus died, in the prime of life—his forty-sixth year—Philippe Egalité, adding, by his death, one to the long list of those who perished from the effects of a political whirlwind which they had contributed to raise. While commiserating the unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans, it is proper to mention that he was far from having been a man of unblemished morals. He was a bad husband, and it is certain that selfish considerations had led him to take a part against Louis XVI. and his family, on whose ruin he expected to rise to the throne.

Seven months previous to the death of his father, the Duke of Chartres, along with his friend General Dumouriez, became assured that the cause of moderation was lost, and looked with apprehension on the reign of terror which had already begun to manifest itself. There was little time for deliberation as to their course. Being summoned to appear before the Committee of Public Safety, and knowing that citations of this nature were for the most part equivalent to condemnation, both instantly fled towards the French frontier. The fugitives were hotly pursued, but were fortunate in making their escape into the Belgian Netherlands, at that time belonging to Austria. What were the reflections of the Duke of Chartres on this conclusion to his career as a friend of liberty, we should vainly endeavour to imagine.

The duke was courteously received by the Austrian authorities, who invited him to enter their service; but he declined to take up arms against France, and preferred to retire for a time into private life. He now pursued his way as a traveller by Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Coblenz, towards Switzerland, depending on but a small sum of money, and everywhere in danger of being captured. His sister Adelaide—or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as she was now called—fled also to the same country in company with Madame de Genlis, and the two parties joining at Schaffhausen, proceeded to Zurich.

The two younger sons of the Duke of Orleans, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were less fortunate than their brother and sister. At first, confined along with their father in the tower of St Jean at Marseilles, they were in a short time deprived of the consolation of being near a parent, and finally had to mourn his unhappy fate. The two young captives were now exposed to greater insults and severities, and in the tumultuary excesses of the mob, who contrived to force the prison and massacre a large number of its inmates, they were in imminent danger of losing their lives. After the fall of Robespierre, besides being suffered to take an airing daily in a courtyard, they were permitted to correspond with their mother, the widowed Duchess of Orleans, who, suffering from bad health, was permitted by government to reside a prisoner on parole in the house of a physician in Paris. Yet these indulgences served little to assuage the irksomeness of their situation, and on the 18th of November 1795 they attempted to make their escape. Montpensier, in descending from the window of his cell, fell to the ground; and on coming to his senses after the shock, he found that his leg was broken. Beaujolais was more fortunate, and could with ease have escaped on board a vessel leaving the port, but he preferred to remain with his brother, and returned to imprisonment. In consequence of this unfortunate attempt, the two princes were exposed to fresh severities from their inhuman jailer. By the repeated supplications of their mother, and the growing moderation of the governing party, they were finally, after a miserable confinement of three years, liberated, on condition of proceeding to the United States of America, there to join their elder brother, Louis-Philippe, an account of whose wanderings we shall now resume.

Arriving in the town of Zurich, it was the intention of the Duke of Chartres to take up his abode there with his sister and Madame de Genlis; but to this arrangement there were difficulties which had not been foreseen. The French royalist emigrants in Zurich were by no means friendly to the house of Orleans, and the magistrates of the canton, by giving refuge to the prince, dreaded embroiling themselves with France. The illustrious exiles needed no explicit order to seek a new retreat. They quietly departed from Zurich, and crossing the mountains



to the town of Zug, procured accommodation in a small house near the borders of the adjoining lake. Their rest in this secluded spot was of no long duration. Their rank and character being discovered, they were once more under the necessity of preparing to seek a place wherein they might be suffered to dwell unobserved and in peace. At this crisis, by the intercession of a kind friend in Switzerland, M. de Montesquiou, admission into the convent of Sainte-Claire, near Bremgarten, was procured for Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her instructress. Relieved of anxiety on account of his beloved sister, the Duke of Chartres commenced a series of wanderings in different countries of Europe, everywhere gaining a knowledge of men and things, and acquiring firmness from the adverse circumstances with which it was his lot to contend. Deprived of rank and fortune, an outlaw and an exile, he now was indebted alone to his own native energies and the excellent education which he had acquired.

The first place visited by the duke was Basle, where he sold all his horses but one, for the sum of sixty louis-d'ors, and with the remaining horse, along with Baudoin, a humble and faithful retainer, who insisted on remaining in his service, set out in prosecution of his journey. The cavalcade was affecting. Baudoin was ill, and could not walk. He was therefore mounted by his kind-hearted master on the back of the horse which had been reserved for his own use, and leading the animal in his hand, the Duke of Chartres issued from the gates of Basle. One can easily fancy the interest which must have been raised in the minds of the Swiss peasantry on witnessing such a manifestation of humane feeling.

An excursion of several months through some of the most picturesque and historically interesting parts of Switzerland, while it gratified the love of travel, and enlarged the mind of the prince, also diminished his resources; and a time came when it was necessary to part with his remaining horse. From this period, with a knapsack on the back of his companion, the ever-attached Baudoin, and with staffs in their hands, the pair of wanderers pursued their journey on foot, often toilworn, and at last nearly penniless. On one occasion, after a toilsome journey, when they reached the hospitiium of St Gothard, situated on an inclement Alpine height,\* they were churlishly refused accommo-

\* "How often," says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the Duke of Chartres was exposed after his escape from France—"How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself—to despise all sorts of effeminacy—to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat—to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain—to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes—and finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all he had inherited from birth and fortune—nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me!"

dation for the night, and were fain to seek shelter and repose beneath the shed of an adjoining inn. Courageously contending with privations in these mountain regions, the duke was at length reduced to the greatest straits, and it became necessary for him to think of labouring for his support. Yet, as labour is honourable in a prince as well as a peasant, there was not to this intrepid young man anything distressing in the consideration that he must toil for his daily bread. While he reflected on the best means of employing his talents for his support, a letter reached him from his friend M. Montesquiou, stating that he had obtained for him the situation of a teacher in the academy of Reichenau—a village at the junction of the two upper Rhines, in the south-eastern part of Switzerland. Glad of such a prospect of employment, the Duke of Chartres set out on his journey to Reichenau, where he shortly after arrived in the humble equipage of a pedestrian, a stick in his hand, and a bundle on his back, along with a letter of introduction to M. Jost, the head master of the establishment. Being examined by the officers of the institution, he was found fully qualified for his proposed duties, and though only twenty years of age, was unanimously admitted. Here, under the feigned name of Chabaud-Latour, and without being recognised by any one save M. Jost, he taught geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for the space of eight months. In this somewhat trying and new situation, he not only gave the highest satisfaction to his employers and pupils, but earned the esteem and friendship of the inhabitants of Reichenau.

It was while here filling the post of a schoolmaster that the Duke of Chartres learned the tragical fate of his father. Some political movements taking place in the Grisons, Mademoiselle d'Orleans thought it proper to quit the convent at Bremgarten, and to join her aunt, the Princess of Conti, in Hungary. M. Montesquiou believed that he might now give an asylum to the prince, of whom his enemies had for some time lost all trace. The duke consequently resigned his office of teacher at Reichenau, receiving the most honourable testimonials of his behaviour and abilities, and retired to Breimgarten. Here he remained, under the name of Corby, until the end of 1794, when he thought proper to quit Switzerland, his retreat there being no longer a secret.

We now find the Duke of Orleans, as he was entitled to be called since his father's decease, once more a wanderer, seeking for a place of repose free from the persecution of the French authorities and their emissaries. He resolved to go to America, and Hamburg appeared to him the best place for embarkation. He arrived in that city in 1795. Here his expectation of funds failed him, and he could not collect sufficient pecuniary means to reach the United States; but being tired of a state of inactivity, and provided with a letter of credit for a small sum on a

Copenhagen banker, he resolved to visit the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in obtaining passports for him from the King of Denmark, not as the Duke of Orleans, but as a Swiss traveller, by means of which he was able to proceed in safety. He travelled through Norway and Sweden, seeing everything worthy of curiosity in the way, journeyed on foot with the Laplanders along the mountains, and reached the North Cape in August 1795.\* After staying a few days in this region, at eighteen degrees from the pole, he returned through Lapland to Torneo, at the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. From Torneo he went to Abo, and traversed Finland; but dreading the vengeful character of Catherine, he did not enter Russia.†

It must be acknowledged that Louis-Philippe was now turning the misfortunes of his family to the most profitable account. By bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe. The bold and rugged scenery of these arctic regions, and the simple and unpretending kindness of the inhabitants, must have produced a vivid impression upon a young man of his rank and previous pursuits, sent forth under such circumstances to commence his novitiate in the world.

After completing the examination of these ancient kingdoms, and after having been recognised at Stockholm, he proceeded to Denmark, and, under an assumed name, withdrew himself from observation. During his expedition, no improvement had taken

\* In the month of June 1844, the following paragraph, relative to the visit of Louis-Philippe to Hammerfest, appeared in the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish newspaper:—"On the 2d, vice-consul Burk celebrated the 32d anniversary of his birthday. On the same day he received a letter from the king of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—"Given by King Louis-Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest in August 1795." The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6th, is in these terms:—"It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Müller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections, I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark: and at this moment, when a lapse of forty-nine years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all in your person what grateful feelings I still entertain."

† For much of the account of Louis-Philippe's wanderings in Europe, and afterwards in America, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to "France, its King, Court, and Government, by an American; (New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1840;)" and professedly a republication of a paper in the *North American Review*. The work is described as being from a distinguished source; we believe a late ambassador of the United States to the court of Louis-Philippe.

place in his pecuniary resources or political prospects; but no reverses could shake the determination he had formed not to bear arms against France, and he declined the invitation of Louis XVIII. to join the army under the Prince of Condé.

The wandering prince had taken his measures with such prudence, that the French government had lost all traces of him, and the agents of the Directory were instructed to leave no means unemploy'd to discover his place of refuge. Attention was particularly directed to Prussia and Poland, in one or other of which countries he was thought to be. But these efforts were baffled, and were finally succeeded by an attempt of a different character, making such an appeal to the feelings of the son and brother, as left him no hesitation in accepting the offer of a more distant expatriation, which was made to him. A communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans; and she was given to understand, that if she would address herself to her eldest son, and prevail upon him to repair to the United States, her own position should be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property; and that her two youngest sons should be released, and permitted to join their brother in America. To this proposition the duchess assented, and wrote a letter to her son, recommending a compliance with the terms proposed, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the suffering of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity!"

The government charged itself with the despatch of this letter to the exile, and a new effort was made for his discovery. When other means had failed, their chargé-d'affaires at Hamburg applied to a Mr Westford, a merchant of that city, who, from some circumstances, was supposed to be in correspondence with the prince. This suspicion was well founded; but Mr Westford received with incredulity the declaration of the chargé-d'affaires, that his object, in opening a communication with the duke, was to convey to him a letter from his mother on the part of the government; and disclaimed all knowledge of his actual residence. He, however, immediately communicated to the duke a statement of what had taken place, and the latter determined to risk the exposure, in the hope of receiving a letter directly from his mother. He was actually in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, though in the Danish states, where he had changed his residence from time to time, as a due regard to secrecy required. An interview between the duke and the French chargé was arranged by Mr Westford at his own house in the evening; and there, after the receipt of his mother's letters, Louis signified at once his acceptance of the terms proposed, and his determination to embark for the United States without delay. He immediately wrote a letter to his mother, commencing with the declaration—"When my dear mother shall receive

this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for departure. The duke, passing for a Dane, applied to the captain, and engaged his passage for the usual amount, at that time thirty-five guineas. He had with him his faithful servant Baudoin, who had rejoined him in his travels, and whom he was solicitous to take with him across the Atlantic. But the captain, for some reason, seemed unwilling to receive this humble attendant, and told his importunate passenger that the services of this man would not only be useless to him upon the voyage, but that when he reached America, he would, like most servants, desert his master. He was, however, finally persuaded to yield, and the servant was received for seventeen and a half guineas.

The duke was anxious to escape observation in Hamburg, and asked permission of the captain to repair on board his ship, and remain a few days before her departure. The captain, with some reluctance, consented to this unusual proposition; though it afterwards appeared that this step, and the mystery which evidently surrounded his young passenger, had produced an unfavourable impression upon his mind.

Late in the night preceding the departure of the ship from the Elbe, when the duke was in his berth, an elderly French gentleman, destined to be his only fellow cabin passenger, came on board. He understood English badly, and spoke it worse; and perceiving the accommodations far inferior to those he had anticipated, he set himself to find fault with much vehemence, but with a garrulity wonderfully checked by the difficulty he encountered in giving vent to his excited feelings in English. He called for an interpreter; and, not finding one, he gradually wore away, if not his discontent, the expression of it, and retired to rest. In the morning, seeing the duke, his first inquiry was if he spoke French; and perceiving he did, he expressed his gratification, and said, "You speak very well for a Dane, and you will be able to get along without my instruction. You are a young man, and I am an old one, and you must serve as my interpreter." To this the duke assented; and the old gentleman, who was a planter from St Domingo on his way to his native island, commenced the enumeration of his grievances. He had no teeth, and the cook no soft bread, and he said it was impossible to sail in a vessel not provided with the means of baking fresh bread; that such an arrangement existed on board all the French ships; and that he could not eat the American biscuit. The captain coolly told him, "There is my beef, and there is my bread; and if you are not satisfied with my fare, you can leave the ship." The impatient planter, unwilling to relinquish the chance of revisiting his native country, thought

it better to risk his teeth rather than disembark, and continued on board. There were many steerage passengers, Germans and Alsatians, emigrating to the United States. The ship left the Elbe on the 24th of September 1796, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Philadelphia. Shortly before entering the Capes of the Delaware, the duke, unwilling that the captain should learn his true character from public report after reaching his destination, disclosed to him who he was. The captain expressed his gratification at the communication, and frankly stated, that the circumstances under which he had come on board had produced an impression upon his mind unfavourable to his young passenger; that in striving to conjecture what could be his true position, he had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had committed himself in some gambling speculations, and that he was seeking secrecy and refuge in the new world. The chances of luck had indeed been against his new acquaintance, and he had lost a great prize in the lottery of life; but he had preserved those better prizes—an approving conscience, and an unblemished reputation. The other passenger, the St Domingo planter, remained in ignorance of the name of his cabin companion, till he learned it in Philadelphia, when he called to make known his surprise, and to tender his compliments.

## RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

The Duke of Orleans, having arrived in the United States in the November following, was joined by his brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, after they had encountered a stormy passage of ninety-three days from Marseilles. The reunited princes now took up their residence together in Philadelphia, and there they passed the winter, mingling in the society of the place, and forming many agreeable acquaintances. Philadelphia was at that time the seat of the federal government, and General Washington was at the head of the administration. The three young strangers were presented to him, and were invited to visit Mount Vernon after the expiration of his term of service. The duke was present at the last address delivered by General Washington to Congress, and also at the inauguration of Mr Adams, when his venerable predecessor joyfully took his leave of public life.

During the season, the Duke of Orleans and his brothers visited Mount Vernon, passing through Baltimore, where he renewed an acquaintance previously formed in Philadelphia with General Smith; and crossing the *site* of the present city of Washington, where he was hospitably received by the late Mr Law, and where he met the present General Mason of Georgetown. This most respectable man is well remembered by the king, who loves to speak of the hospitality of his house, and

of his personal kindness—evinced, among other circumstances, by his accompanying his three young guests in a visit to the falls of the Potomac. From Georgetown the party passed through Alexandria, and thence went to Mount Vernon, where they were most kindly received, and where they resided some days.

While at Mount Vernon, General Washington prepared for the exiled princes an itinerary of a journey to the western country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort. The travelling-map of the three princes is still preserved, and furnishes convincing proof that it has passed through severe service. The various routes followed by the travellers are strongly depicted in red ink; and by their extent and direction, they show the great enterprise displayed by three young strangers to acquire a just knowledge of the country, at a time when the difficulties of travelling over a great part of the route were enough to discourage many a hardy American. Louis-Philippe, in not long since showing this map to an American gentleman, mentioned that he possessed an accurate account, showing the expenditure of every dollar he disbursed in the United States. It is an example of business habits worthy of all praise and imitation. This attention to the important concern of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington; and both of these celebrated men were, no doubt, penetrated with the conviction that punctuality is essential to success.

At the period in which the journey of the princes was performed, the back settlements of the United States were in a comparatively rude condition, and could not be traversed without undergoing many hardships. The inns, in particular, were few and far distant from each other, and their keepers, in many cases, churlishly independent and overbearing. Taking the road by Leesburg and Harper's Ferry to Winchester, the duke and his brothers dismounted at a house kept by a Mr Bush, where they experienced an unpleasing instance of incivility. Mr Bush was from Manheim on the Rhine, and the Duke of Chartres having recently visited that city, and speaking German fluently, a bond of communication was established between them, and the landlord and the traveller were soon engaged in an interesting conversation. This took place while the necessary arrangements were making to provide a substantial meal for the hungry guests, and probably, also, for others who were waiting for the same indispensable attention. One of the younger brothers was indisposed, and the elder suggested to his landlord a wish that his party might be permitted to eat by

themselves. But oh the vanity of human expectations! Such a proposition had never been heard in the whole valley of Shenandoah, and least of all in the mansion of Mr Bush. The rules of his house had been attacked, and his professional pride wounded; the recollections of Manheim, and the pleasure of hearing his native language, and the modest conversation of the young strangers, were all thrown to the wind, and the offended dignitary exclaimed, "If you are too good to eat at the same table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house—begone!" And notwithstanding the deprecatory tone which the duke immediately took, his disavowal of any intention to offend, and his offer to eat where it would be agreeable to this governor of hungry appetites that these should be assuaged, the young men were compelled to leave the house, and to seek refuge elsewhere.

Our adventurers turned their backs on Mr Bush and Winchester, and proceeded on their journey. When traversing a district called the *Barrens*, in Kentucky, the duke and his brothers stopped at a cabin, where was to be found "entertainment for man and horse," and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travellers—not apparently from any idle curiosity, but because he seemed to feel a true solicitude for them. It was in vain, however, the duke protested they were travelling to look at the country, and without any view to purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey, was beyond the circle of the settler's observation or experience. In the night, all the travellers were disposed upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet towards a prodigious fire, the landlord and his wife occupying a puncheon bedstead, pinned to the logs forming the side of the mansion. The duke, in a moment of wakefulness, was amused to overhear the good man expressing to his wife his regret that three such promising young men should be running uselessly over the country, and wondering they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably.

At Chilicothe the duke found a public-house kept by a Mr M'Donald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered a rare one in that place, or, indeed, throughout the well-regulated state of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house, in which the former would have suffered, if the duke had not interfered to separate the combatants.

Arriving at Pittsburg, a town rising into importance at the head of the Ohio, the travellers rested several days, and formed an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants. From Pittsburg they travelled to Erie, and thence down the shore of the lake to Buffalo. On this journey they lighted on a band of Seneca



Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality; for there were then few habitations but Indian wigwams upon the borders of the American lakes, and still fewer vessels, except birch canoes, which sailed over their waves. Among this band was an old woman, taken prisoner many a long year before, and now habituated to her fate, and contented with it. She was a native of Germany, and yet retained some recollection of her native language and country; and the faint, though still abiding feeling which connected her present with her past condition, led her to take an interest in the three young strangers who talked to her in that language and of that country, and she exerted herself to render their short residence among her friends as comfortable as possible. The chief assured the travellers that he would be personally responsible for every article they might intrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people unless this precaution was used. Accordingly, everything was deposited with the chief, saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes, and money; all which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced. But the party had not proceeded far upon their route, when they missed a favourite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left it at liberty. He was a singularly beautiful animal, and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers at the castle of St Jean, they were much attached to him. The duke immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog; and the chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in answer to his representations, "If you had intrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning; but we will find him." And he immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board, and on his removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters.

Scarcely resting at Buffalo, they crossed to Fort Erie on the British side, and then repaired to the Falls of Niagara. This grand natural object, as may be supposed, engaged the careful examination of the princes, and one of them, the Duke of Montpensier, who excelled in drawing, made a sketch of the cataract for his sister. The party then proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature. In one of the worst parts of this worst of roads, they met Mr Alexander Baring, the present Lord Ashburton, whom the duke had known in Philadelphia.

Continuing their route to Geneva, they procured a boat, and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from hence they made their way to Tioga Point, upon the Susquehannah—each of the travellers carrying his baggage, for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. From Tioga the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.

While residing in this city, the Duke of Montpensier wrote a letter to his sister, Mademoiselle d'Orleans (dated August 14, 1797), from which the following extract has been published, giving an account of the journey which the writer and his brothers had lately performed:—

“I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, that we finished fifteen days ago. It took us four months. We travelled during that time a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly by the stage or public conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness, and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for they love the French. After them we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. It is a hundred and thirty-seven (French) feet high; and the volume of water is immense, since it is the whole river St Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a picture in water colours from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work. To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves; and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef, and corn bread.”

During the residence of the Duke of Orleans and his brothers in Philadelphia, the city was visited by yellow fever—a fatal epidemic, but from which the unfortunate princes found it impossible to fly, on account of a lack of funds. From this unpleasant and perilous dilemma they were happily relieved in the course of September, by a remittance from their mother. With a purse thus opportunely reinforced, they now undertook another excursion, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States, finally arriving in New York. Here the brothers learned that a new law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country; and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her; but, owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out, therefore, for Pitts-

burg on the 10th of December 1797; and upon the road, fatigued with travelling on horseback, they purchased a wagon, and, harnessing their horses to it, and placing their luggage within, they continued their route more comfortably. They arrived at Carlisle on Saturday, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring country appeared to have entered the town for some purpose of business or pleasure, and drove up to a public-house, near which was a trough for the reception of the oats which travellers might be disposed to give their horses, without putting them into the stable. A quantity of oats was procured by the party, and poured into the trough; and the bits were taken from the horses' mouths, to enable them to eat freely. The duke took his position in the wagon, looking round him; when the horses being suddenly frightened, ran away with the wagon, which, passing over a stump, was upset and broken. The duke was thrown out, and somewhat injured. In early life, as we have seen, he had learned to perform the operation of bleeding. Immediately perceiving that his situation required depletion, and making his way, as he best could, to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to perform the operation in his house, and to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with everything he required; and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of blood. The circumstances, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the wagon, and of the injury to the traveller, and still more from the extraordinary occurrence of self-bleeding; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. It is probable the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor going to the west to establish himself, and to vend medical skill and drugs. Apparently well satisfied with the surgical ability which the stranger had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him that his prospect of success would be much more favourable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When our party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen, but the Alleghany open. They purchased a keel-boat, then lying in the ice, and with much labour and difficulty transported it to the point where the two rivers meet and form the Ohio. There the party embarked on that river, which they descended along with three persons to aid them in the navigation. Before arriving at Wheeling, the river became entirely obstructed by the ice, and they were compelled to land and remain some days. They found Major F., an officer of the United States army, charged with despatches for the posts below, detained at the same place. On examining the river from the neighbouring hills, they ascertained that the region of ice extended only about three miles, and kept themselves prepared to take advantage of

the first opening which should appear. This soon came, and they passed through, and continued their voyage; but Major F., who had not been equally alert, missed the opportunity, and remained blockaded. He did not reach the lower part of the river till three weeks after our travellers.

At Marietta the party stopped and landed, and a circumstance connected with this event shows the extraordinary memory which Louis-Philippe possesses. A few years ago he asked an American gentleman if he was ever in Marietta. As it happened, this gentleman had spent some years in the early part of his life there, and was able to answer in the affirmative. "And do you know," said the king, "a French baker there named Thierry?" The gentleman knew him perfectly well, and so answered the inquiry. "Well," said the king, "I once ran away with him"—and then proceeded to explain, that, in descending the Ohio, he had stopped at Marietta, and gone into the town in search of bread. He was referred to this same Mr Thierry; and the baker not having a stock on hand, set himself to work to heat his oven in order to supply the applicant. While this process was going on, the prince walked over the town, and visited the interesting ancient remains which are to be found in the western part of it, near the banks of the Muskingam, and whose history and purposes have given rise to such various and unsatisfactory speculations. The prince took a sketch of some of these works, which are indeed among the most extensive of their class that are to be found in the vast basin of the Mississippi. On his return he found the ice in the Muskingam on the point of breaking up, and Mr Thierry so late in his operations, that he had barely time to leap into the boat with his bread, before they were compelled to leave the shore, that they might precede the mass of ice which was entering the Ohio. The baker thus carried off bore his misfortune like a philosopher; and though he mourned over the supposed grief of his faithful wife, he still urged the rowers to exert themselves, in order to place his young countrymen beyond the chance of injury. They were finally successful; and after some time, Mr Thierry was taken ashore by a canoe which they hailed, well satisfied with his expedition. The travellers continued their voyage, and met with but one accident. By the inattention of the helmsman, the boat struck a tree, and stove in her bows. All the crew, princes and hired men, went to work; and after twenty-four hours, the damages were repaired, and they reached New Orleans in safety on the 17th of February 1798.

From this city they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana in the island of Cuba; and upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate under French colours. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be known and conducted to France. However, when it was discovered, on one side, that

the visitor was an English ship, and, on the other, that the three young passengers were the princes of the house of Orleans, confidence was restored, and the captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction, and then conducted them to Havana.

The residence of the wandering princes in Cuba was of no long duration. By the Spanish authorities they were treated with marked disrespect, and ordered to return to New Orleans. This, however, they declined to do, and proceeded to the Bahama islands, expecting thence to find their way to England. At this period the Duke of Kent was in the Bahamas, and kindly received the illustrious strangers, though he did not feel himself authorised to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They were not discouraged, but sailed in a small vessel to New York, whence an English packet carried them to Falmouth.

## ARRIVAL IN EUROPE—MARRIAGE.

The Duke of Orleans and his brothers arrived at Falmouth early in February 1800, and readily obtaining the permission of government to land in the country, they proceeded to London, and shortly afterwards took up their residence on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham. Here the exiles had at length an opportunity of enjoying some repose in the midst of the best English society; nor was the well-known hospitality of England lacking on this, as on all other occasions. The young princes were treated with the greatest kindness by all classes, from royalty downwards, and, by their unaffected manners, gained universal esteem. Neither the polite attentions of the English people, nor the splendours of London fashionable life, however, could obliterate the recollections of his mother from the heart of the Duke of Orleans; and the English government having allowed him and his brothers a free passage in a frigate to Minorca, they proceeded thither with the expectation of finding a means of passing over to Spain, in which country their parent was an exile and captive. This troublesome expedition, from the convulsed state of Spain at the period, proved fruitless, and they returned to England, again retiring to Twickenham.

At their pleasant retreat here, the Duke of Orleans engaged with zeal in the study of political economy and the institutions of Great Britain; at times making excursions with his brothers to the seats of the nobility and interesting parts of the country, and from taste and habit, becoming almost an Englishman. The only pressing subject of concern was the infirm health of the Duke of Montpensier. With a somewhat weakly constitution, deranged by long and cruel confinement in prison, he had, since his first arrival in England, experienced a gradual sinking in bodily strength. Notwithstanding every effort of medicine to

save him, this amiable and accomplished prince died, May 18, 1807. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is marked by an elegant Latin epitaph, the joint composition of the Duke of Orleans and General Dumouriez. To aggravate the loss, the health of Count Beaujolais, affected by the same treatment as that of his brother, began also to decline. Ordered by his physicians to visit a warmer climate, the duke accompanied him to Malta, and there he died in 1808. His body was consigned to the dust in the church of St John at Valetta.

Bereaved, and almost broken-hearted with his losses, the Duke of Orleans passed from Malta to Messina in Sicily, and by a kind invitation from King Ferdinand (of Naples), visited the royal family at Palermo. The accomplishments and misfortunes of the duke did not fail to make a due impression on the Neapolitan family, while he was equally delighted with the manner in which he was received by them. During his residence at Palermo, he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the king, and with the consent of Ferdinand and the Duchess of Orleans, who fortunately was released from her thralldom in Spain, and permitted to come to Sicily, their marriage took place in November 1809. Restored to a long-lost mother, and at the same time endowed with an estimable wife, need we doubt that the happiness of the Duke of Orleans was complete. Certainly it deserved to be so.

In about six months after this event, the Duke of Orleans was invited by the regency of Spain to take a military command in that country, in order to assist in expelling the French imperial invaders. Desirous of pursuing an active and useful life, he obeyed the invitation; but, to the disgrace of the Cortes, they refused to fulfil their deceitful promises, and after spending three months in attempting to gain redress, the duke returned to Palermo, where, on his landing, he had the pleasure to learn that the Duchess of Orleans had given birth to a son (September 2, 1810).

#### POLITICAL CAREER—BECOMES KING.

We have, in the preceding pages, briefly traced our hero from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. We have seen him in adversity, with scarcely bread to eat, or a house wherein to lay his head. We have seen him emerge from this period of misfortune, till he arrived in a country where his claims were recognised, and he not only found a home, but a companion, amiable, accomplished, and in every other way calculated to insure his happiness. We have now the pleasing duty of following this remarkable man from his comparative obscurity in a foreign land, to the country and home of his fathers, and of seeing him, by the force of uncontrollable circumstances, reach a station the highest which any earthly power can confer.

The domestic tranquillity which the Duke of Orleans was

enjoying in Palermo was, in 1814, suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by the arrival of intelligence that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the Bourbons were to be restored to France. Being now enabled to return to the country of his birth, and the inheritance of which civil discord had deprived him, the duke sailed from Sicily in a vessel placed at his disposal by Lord William Bentinck. On the 18th of May he arrived in Paris, where in a short time he was in the enjoyment of the honours due to his rank and talents. His first visit to the Palais Royal, which he had not seen since he parted with his father, and now his own by inheritance, is mentioned as having been marked by strong emotion; nor were his feelings less excited on beholding other scenes from which he had been banished since childhood.

The return of Napoleon in 1815 broke up his arrangements for settling in his newly-recovered home. He sent his family to England, and was ordered by the king, Louis XVIII., to take command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March 1815, when he gave up the command to the Duke of Treviso, and went to join his family in England, where he again fixed his residence at Twickenham. On the return of Louis XVIII. after the Hundred Days, an ordinance was issued, authorising, according to the charter as it then stood, all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers; and the duke returned to France in September 1815, for the purpose of being present at the session. Here he distinguished himself by a display of liberal sentiments, which were so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned again to England, where he remained till 1817. He now returned to France, but was not again summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers, and remained therefore in private life, in which he displayed all the virtues of a good father, a good husband, and a good citizen.

The education of his family now deeply engaged his attention. His eldest son was instructed, like his ancestor Henry IV., in the public institutions of the country, and distinguished himself by the success of his studies. His family has ever been a model of union, good morals, and domestic virtues. Personally simple in his tastes, order and economy were combined with a magnificence becoming his rank and wealth; for the restoration of his patrimony had placed him in a state of opulence. The protector of the fine arts, and the patron of letters, his superb palace in Paris, and his delightful seat at Neuilly, were ornamented with the productions of the former, and frequented by the distinguished men of the age.

While the Duke of Orleans was thus pursuing a career apart from the court, a new and unexpected scene was opened in the drama of his singularly changeful life. We here allude to the Revolution of 1830, the intelligence of which struck every nation

in Europe with surprise. Yet such an event was not altogether unlooked for. The elder family of the Bourbons, who had been restored by force of foreign arms to the throne of their ancestors, are allowed by their best friends to have conducted themselves in a manner little calculated to insure the attachment of the French people. The final blow levelled at the constitution by Charles X., and the Prince de Polignac, with the rest of his ministers, was unquestionably one of the maddest acts of which history presents any account. The facts of the case were as follows:—

The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved in May (1830), and a new election ordered to take place in the latter part of June and in July. All the returns of the new elections indicated a strong majority against the ministry, who were not by any means popular. It is the sound and well-known practice in constitutional governments, that in such cases as this the king changes his ministers, in order to bring the executive into harmony with the legislature. Charles X. ventured on reversing this practice. Instigated by advisers and followers, who afterwards deserted him, he resolved to retain his ministers, and hazard a new election on principles of voting different from what the existing law prescribed, and by which he hoped to gain a majority in the Chamber. The newspapers generally having denounced these and other projects as a violation of the charter or compact of the king with his people, they became an object of attack, and it was resolved to place the press under such laws as would effectually prevent all free discussion. Three ordinances were forthwith issued by royal authority. One dissolved the Chambers; another arbitrarily prescribed a new law of election; and the third suspended the liberty of the periodical press. This daring violation of the charter was viewed with consternation by the people. When the act became generally known in Paris on the 26th of July, the funds declined, the banks refused to discount bills, and the manufacturers discharged their workmen, which of course increased the discontent. Several newspapers appeared, in despite of the ordinances, on the 27th, and copies were disposed of by hundreds in the cafés, the reading-rooms, and the restaurants. Journalists hurried from place to place, and shop to shop, to read them aloud, and comment upon them. The apparatus for printing the *Temps*, one of the most energetic of the liberal papers, was seized by an agent of police, aided by a detachment of mounted gendarmerie. This and other acts of aggression served as a signal for revolt and revolution. In Great Britain, before such extreme measures would be resorted to, the people would assemble peacefully, and petition or remonstrate; but in France, where public meetings of any kind are not tolerated without the consent of a chief magistrate, the people are practically denied the power of petitioning; and hence one cause of their recourse to a violent means of redress.



In the night of the 27th July, the streets and boulevards were barricaded, and the pavements were torn up to serve as missiles. On the morning of the 28th all Paris was in arms; the national guard appeared in their old uniform, and the tri-coloured flag, which had been that of the Republic and Empire, was displayed. By a singular infatuation, the government had taken no precaution to support its measures by a competent armed force. There were at most 12,000 soldiers in Paris, the garrison of which had just been diminished: the minister of war, instead of bringing an army to bear on the capital, was occupied with administrative details; and M. de Polignac was regretting that he had no cash to invest in the public funds. To increase the mismanagement, no proper means were adopted to provide rations for the soldiers on duty in the streets.

On the 28th, the fighting was considerable, the infuriated populace firing from behind barricades, from house-tops, and from windows: many of the troops were disarmed; some were unwilling to fire on their countrymen, and some went openly over to the citizens. On the 29th General Lafayette was appointed commander-in-chief of the national guard by the liberal deputies, and was received with enthusiasm. The fighting was still greater this day; and on the 30th, the Parisians gained the victory. From 7000 to 8000 persons were killed and wounded. It now became necessary to determine what form of government should be substituted for that which had been vanquished. The cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons was pronounced hopeless. The king was in effect discrowned, and the throne was vacant. In this emergency, the provisional government which had risen out of the struggle, and in which Lafitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians had taken the lead, turned towards the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris to become lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterwards, in a more regular manner, to become king. The Duke of Orleans, during the insurrection, had been residing in seclusion at his country seat, and if watching the course of events, at least taking no active part in either dethroning his kinsman, or in contrivances for his own aggrandisement.

M. Thiers and M. Scheffer were appointed to conduct the negotiation with the duke, and visited Neuilly for the purpose. The duke was, however, absent, and the interview took place with the duchess and the Princess Adelaide, to whom they represented the dangers with which the nation was menaced, and that anarchy could only be averted by the prompt decision of the duke to place himself at the head of a new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers expressed his conviction "that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers, and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty, was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable

violences." The substance of the communication being made known to the duke, on a day's consideration, he acceded to the request, and at noon of the 31st came to Paris to accept the office which had been assigned him. On the 2d of August the abdication of Charles X., and of his son, was placed in the hands of the lieutenant-general; the abdication, however, being in favour of the Duke of Bourdeaux. On the 7th the Chamber of Deputies declared the throne vacant; and on the 8th the Chamber went in a body to the Duke of Orleans, and offered him the crown, on terms of a revised charter. His formal acceptance of the offer took place on the 9th. At his inauguration he adopted the style and title of *Louis-Philippe I., King of the French*. The act of abdication of Charles X. was unheeded by the Chambers; and with a moderation surprising in the French character, Charles and his family, including his young grandchild, Henry, Duke of Bourdeaux, were tranquilly conducted out of the kingdom.

#### ABDICATION—REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Louis-Philippe became king of the French on the 9th of August 1830, and the happiest consequences to the nation were expected from the event. There was an unbounded confidence in the king's talents for government; and it was believed that the extraordinary privations he had endured in early life, and his knowledge of the world, would lead him on all occasions to sympathise with the people. For some years these hopes were not disappointed. Under his steady constitutional government France found repose, and everywhere might be observed evidences of improvement and prosperity. A fault laid to the king's charge was parsimony: by family inheritance, he was one of the wealthiest men in Europe; and it was alleged that his habits of economy, and schemes as a capitalist, were unworthy of his rank. This accusation, however, is to be received with caution; for it is certain he expended vast sums, from his private fortune, in embellishing Versailles and other places of public show, as well as in the encouragement of the arts. In his domestic relations he was most exemplary; in personal intercourse affable; and, aided by his amiable consort, his court was a pattern for royalty.

Possessing many excellent qualities, and tried in the school of adversity, it is to be regretted that Louis-Philippe did not adopt means for insuring the affectionate regard of the people over whom he was called to reign. The fundamental error in his career seems to have been a love of family aggrandisement, to the neglect of public interests. Apparently distrustful of his position, he endeavoured to fortify it by allying his children with the reigning families of Europe. He married his eldest son Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans (born 1810), to the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; his daughter Louisa (born 1812) to Leopold, King of the Belgians; his son Louis, Duke of

Nemours (born 1814), to the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his daughter Clementina (born 1817) to Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his son Francis, Prince of Joinville (born 1818), to the Princess Frances-Caroline of Brazil; his son the Duke of Aumale (born 1822) to the Princess Caroline of Salerno; and his son Antony, Duke of Montpensier (born 1824), to Louisa, sister and heir presumptive of the reigning queen of Spain. This latter marriage greatly damaged the reputation of Louis-Philippe; for it obviously aimed at the preponderating influence of his dynasty over the Spanish monarchy. With feelings bound up in his family, the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, who was killed in leaping from his carriage July 13, 1842, was a severe blow. The duke possessed an amiable disposition and joyous temperament, which endeared him to the French, and his death therefore led to distressing anticipations. He left two children, Louis-Philippe-Albert, Count of Paris (born 1838), and Robert-Philippe, Duke of Chartres (born 1840). The Count of Paris was now heir-apparent of the French throne. Louis-Philippe's sister, the Princess Adelaide, who had resided with his family since his accession, died in December 1847, and her loss was acutely felt by her much attached brother, as well as by the poor of Paris, to whom she had been a kind benefactor.

As a king, Louis-Philippe was alleged to interfere unduly in state affairs, in place of leaving the executive entirely in the hands of his ministry, who were alone responsible under the law. Perhaps this offence—supposing it to be well founded—would have called forth no very severe remark, had the king suited his policy to the awakening principles of constitutional freedom. Unfortunately, from whatever cause, and with M. Guizot as prime minister, his government took no means to redress abuses. An odious law preventing public meetings for religious or political discussion, was suffered to remain unrepealed; and the election of members of the Chamber of Deputies was carefully kept in the hands of a limited constituency, most of whom were officers of government. As Louis-Philippe had taken an oath to reign according to the charter, and had got the throne on at least an implied promise of favouring constitutional freedom, his conduct in withstanding reform is inexcusable: if circumstances showed the inexpediency of abiding by his promise, it was clearly his duty to resign. Misled in all probability by those about him, and relying too confidently on the efficacy of a large military force, this unfortunate prince may be said to have fallen into errors similar to those of Charles X., and to have expiated them by a similar reverse of fortune.

The remarkable events of February 1848 are too well known to require minute recapitulation here. A proposed banquet of a large body of reformers in Paris, with a preliminary procession through the streets, on Tuesday the 22d of February, was denounced by the ministry as illegal, and the banquet was

accordingly abandoned. Great excitement, however, prevailed, and some disturbances, with cries for "reform," ensued. In the course of Wednesday the 23d, the insurrection became more menacing, though it as yet aimed only at a change of ministry. To appease discontent, Guizot was this day dismissed, and Count Molé appointed to form a new administration. On Wednesday evening the crowd was fired on by the soldiers, and various persons being killed, a cry arose for vengeance, and during the night the people were busily engaged in erecting barricades. Molé having been unable to form a ministry, the duty of doing so was assigned to Thiers and Barrot on the morning of Thursday the 24th. The time, however, was past for concession; the National Guard had already fraternised with the people, and from this circumstance, or a wish to save the effusion of blood, the army was withdrawn. The palace of the Tuilleries now lies at the mercy of an infuriated mob—in the terror of the moment the king abdicates in favour of his grandson, the Count of Paris, and takes to flight with his family—the Count of Paris, a child in his tenth year (his mother being proposed as regent), is rejected as king by a remnant of the Chamber of the Deputies mingled with an armed rabble—a Republic is proclaimed, and a provisional government appointed. Such were the circumstances of this extraordinary affair. The monarchy was swept away without a struggle, and with scarcely a voice lifted in its favour; from which it is to be inferred that a deep-rooted hatred, or at least contempt, of government measures had long prevailed, and only waited an opportunity for explosion. Guizot, as chief minister of Louis-Philippe, was proscribed by the new authorities, and, lacking the courage to face his accusers, fled from the country.\*

Precipitated by a sudden and unforeseen event from the summit of human greatness, and fearful of falling into the hands of the excited populace, Louis-Philippe found it necessary to assume various disguises, and to attempt an escape from France. In this he was fortunately successful: adding new adventures to his already chequered career, on the third of March he reached England, on whose hospitable shores the scattered members of his family had already taken refuge: his faithful and sorely-tried wife was the companion of his flight. Whatever may be thought of his political errors, it is gratifying to know that the fallen monarch was received in England with the respect which is never withheld from misfortune.

\* Francis Peter William Guizot is the son of a Protestant advocate of Nismes, where he was born in 1787. His father having suffered under the guillotine during the excesses of the first Revolution (1794), he was taken by his mother to Geneva, where he was educated. He commenced life as a lawyer, but afterwards devoted himself to literature, and finally became a politician of doctrinaire or theoretically-liberal principles. Of acknowledged abilities as a writer on philosophic and historical subjects, he is reserved in manner, unamiable in character, and the event has proved his incompetency for practical statesmanship.

## A TALE OF NORFOLK ISLAND.



**F**AR distant from the many other islands with which the Southern Pacific Ocean is studded, one stands alone, rich in natural beauty, and with a climate almost unrivalled. Constantly fanned by cool breezes from the sea, its green hills and deep ravines abound in graceful pines and shady fern-trees. The wild jasmine and convolvuli climb the stems, and reach from tree to tree, forming bowers and walls of exquisite beauty. The rich soil maintains a perpetually luxuriant vegetation, and birds of brightest plumage rejoice in groves of the abundant guava, or amid the delicate blossoms of the golden lemon.

This lovely island was visited by Captain Cook in 1774, and named by him Norfolk Island; it was then uninhabited, and the party who landed were probably the first human beings who had ever set foot on it. Neither the vegetable nor the animal world had been disturbed. For about two hundred yards from the shore, the ground was covered so thickly with shrubs and plants as scarcely to be penetrable farther inland. The sea-fowl bred unmolested on the shores and cliffs. The account given by Cook led to an attempt at settlement on Norfolk Island; but this was attended with difficulty. The island is small, being only about six miles in length by four in breadth; and was therefore unavailable for a large or increasing population. Lying nine hundred miles from Port Jackson, in Australia, it was inconveniently remote from that country; and, worst of all, its clifly and rocky shores presented serious dangers to mariners attempting a landing. There are, indeed, only three places at which boats can effect a safe landing, and at these only with certain winds, and never in gales, which are frequent in this part of the globe. Its general unsuitableness, however, for ordinary colonisation was considered to adapt it as a penal settlement, subordinate to New South Wales, and to which convicts could be sent who merited fresh punishment while in course of servitude. Thus, one of the loveliest of earthly paradises was doomed to be a receptacle for the very worst—or shall we call them the most unfortunate and most wretched—of malefactors. It might be imagined that the beauty of Norfolk Island, and the fineness of its climate, would greatly tend to soothe the depraved minds of its unhappy tenants, and reconcile them, if anything could, to compulsory expatriation. That such effects may be produced by considerate treatment, is not improbable; but hitherto, or at least till a late period, one sentiment has overruled all others in the minds of the Norfolk Island convicts, and that has been a

desire for restoration to liberty. Impatient of control, and regardless of all consequences, they eagerly seize upon every opportunity of making their escape—with what fatal consequences let the following narrative bear witness. Written by a gentleman for some time resident in Norfolk Island, and handed to us for publication, as a warning to “those who go astray,” the whole may be relied upon as a true relation of facts.

“On the northern side of Norfolk Island the cliffs rise high, and are crowned by woods, in which the elegant whitewood and gigantic pine predominate. A slight indentation of the land affords a somewhat sheltered anchorage ground, and an opening in the cliffs has supplied a way to the beach by a winding road at the foot of the dividing hills. A stream of water, collected from many ravines, finds its way by a similar opening to a ledge of rock in the neighbourhood, and, falling over in feathery spray, has given the name of Cascade to this part of the island. Off this bay, on the morning of the 21st of June 1842, the brig *Governor Philip* was sailing, having brought stores for the use of the penal establishment. It was one of those bright mornings which this hemisphere alone knows, when the air is so elastic that its buoyancy is irresistibly communicated to the spirits. At the foot of the cliff, near a group of huge fragments of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs, a prisoner was sitting close to the sea preparing food for his companions, who had gone off to the brig the previous evening with ballast, and who were expected to return at daylight with a load of stores. The surface of the sea was smooth, and the brig slowly moved on upon its soft blue waters. Everything was calm and still, when suddenly a sharp but distant sound as of a gun was heard. The man, who was stooping over the fire, started on his feet, and looked above and around him, unable to distinguish the quarter from whence the report came. Almost immediately he heard the sound repeated, and then distinctly perceived smoke curling from the vessel’s side. His fears were at once excited. Again he listened; but all was hushed, and the brig still stood steadily in towards the shore. Nearer and nearer she approached; until, alarmed for her safety, the man ran to summon the nearest officer. By the time they returned, the vessel had wore, and was standing off from the land; but while they remained in anxious speculation as to the cause of all this, the firing was renewed on board, and it was evident that some deadly fray was going on. At length a boat was seen to put off from the brig, and upon its reaching the shore, the worst fears of the party were realised. The misguided prisoners on board had attempted to seize the vessel. They were but twelve in number, unarmed, and guarded by twelve soldiers and a crew of eighteen men; yet they had succeeded in gaining possession of the vessel, had held it for a time, but had been finally overpowered, and immediate help was required for the wounded and dying.

June 21, 1842.—My duty as a clergyman called me to the scene of blood. When I arrived on the deck of the brig, it exhibited a frightful spectacle. One man, whose head was blown to atoms, was lying near the fore-castle. Close by his side a body was stretched, the face of which was covered by a cloth, as if a sight too ghastly to be looked upon; for the upper half of the head had been blown off. Not far from these, a man badly wounded was lying on the deck, with others securely handcuffed. Forward, by the companion-hatch, one of the mutineers was placed, bleeding most profusely from a wound which had shattered his thigh; yet his look was more dreadful than all—hate, passion, and disappointed rage rioted in his breast, and were deeply marked in his countenance. I turned away from the wretched man, and my eye shrunk from the sight which again met it. Lying on his back in a pool of blood, the muscular frame of a man whom I well knew was stretched, horribly mutilated. A ball had entered his mouth, and passing through his skull, had scattered his brains around. My heart sickened at the extent of carnage, and I was almost sinking with the faintness it produced, when I was roused by a groan so full of anguish and pain, that for a long time afterwards its echo seemed to reach me. I found that it came from a man lying farther forward, on whose face the death-dew was standing, yet I could perceive no wound. Upon questioning him, he moved his hand from his breast, and I then perceived that a ball had pierced his chest, and could distinctly hear the air rushing from his lungs through the orifice it had left. I tore away the shirt, and endeavoured to hold together the edges of the wound until it was bandaged. I spoke to him of prayer, but he soon grew insensible, and within a short time died in frightful agony. In every part of the vessel evidences of the attempt which had ended so fatally presented themselves, and the passions of the combatants were still warm. After attending those who required immediate assistance, I received the following account of the affair:—

The prisoners had slept the previous night in a part of the vessel appropriated for this purpose; but it was without fastening, or other means of securing them below. Two sentries were, however, placed over the hatchway. The prisoners occasionally came on deck during the night, for their launch was towing astern, and the brig was standing off and on until the morning. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning the men were called to work. Two of them were up some time before the rest. They were struck by the air of negligence which was evident on deck, and instantly communicated the fact to one or two others. The possibility of capturing the brig had often been discussed by the prisoners, among their many other wild plans for escaping from the island, and recently had been often proposed by them. The thought was told by their looks, and

soon spread from man to man. A few moments were enough; one or two were roused from sleep, and the intention was hurriedly communicated to them. It was variously received. One of them distrusted the leader, and intreated his companions to desist from so mad an attempt. It was useless; the frenzied thirst for liberty had seized them, and they were maddened by it. Within a few minutes they were all on deck; and one of the leaders rushing at the sentry nearest to him, endeavoured to wrest from him his pistols, one of which had flashed in the pan as he rapidly presented it, and threw him overboard; but he was subsequently saved. The arms of the other sentry were demanded, and obtained from him without resistance. A scuffle now took place with two other soldiers who were also on the deck, but not on duty, during which one of them jumped over the vessel's side, and remained for some time in the main chains; but upon the launch being brought alongside, he went down into it. The other endeavoured to swim ashore (for by this time the vessel was within a gun-shot of the rocks); but, encumbered by his greatcoat, he was seen, when within a few strokes of the rock, to raise his hands, and uttering a faint cry to Heaven for mercy, he instantly sunk. In the meanwhile, the sergeant in charge of the guard hearing the scuffling overhead, ran upon deck, and seeing some of the mutineers struggling with the sentry, shot the nearest of them dead on the spot. He had no sooner done so than he received a blow on the head, which rendered him for some time insensible. Little or no resistance was offered by the sailors; they ran into the forecastle, and the vessel was in the hands of the mutineers. All the hatches were instantly fastened down, and every available thing at hand piled upon them. But now, having secured their opponents, the mutineers were unable to work the brig; they therefore summoned two of the sailors from below, and placed one of them at the wheel, while the other was directed to assist in getting the vessel off. The coxswain, a free man in charge of the prisoners, had at the first onset taken to the rigging, and remained in the maintop with one of the men who refused to join in the attack. At this moment a soldier who had gone overboard, and endeavoured to reach the shore, had turned back, and was seen swimming near the vessel. Woolfe, one of the convicts, immediately jumped into the boat alongside, and saved him. Whilst this was the state of things above, the soldiers had forced their way into the captain's cabin, and continued to fire through the gratings overhead as often as any of the mutineers passed. In this manner several of them received wounds. To prevent a continuance of this, a kettle of hot water was poured from above, and shortly afterwards a proposal was made to the captain from the prisoners to leave the vessel in the launch, provided he handed up to them the necessary supplies. This he refused, and then all the sailors were ordered from below into the launch, with the intention of



sending them ashore. Continuing to watch for the ringleaders, the captain caught a glimpse of one of them standing aft, and, as he supposed, out of reach. He mounted the cabin table, and almost at a venture fired through the woodwork in the direction he supposed the man to be standing. The shot was fatal; the ball struck him in the mouth, and passed through his brain. Terrified at the death of their comrades, the remainder were panic-struck, and instantly ran below. One of the leaders sprang over the taffarel, and eventually reached the launch. The sailor at the wheel, now seeing the deck almost cleared, beckoned up the captain, and without an effort the vessel was again in their possession. In the confusion, a soldier who had been in the boat, and was at this moment with the sailors returning on deck, was mistaken for one of the mutineers, and shot by the sergeant. The prisoners were now summoned from their place of concealment. They begged hard for mercy; and upon condition of their quietly surrendering, it was promised to them. As the first of them, in reliance upon this assurance, was gaining the deck, by some unhappy error he received a ball in his thigh, and fell back again. The rest refused to stir; but after a few moments' hesitation, another of them ventured up, was taken aft by the captain, and secured. A third followed, and as he came up, he extended his arms, and cried, 'I surrender; spare me.' Either this motion was mistaken by the soldiers, or some of them were unable to restrain their passion, for at this instant the man's head was literally blown off. The captain hastened to the spot and received the others, who were secured without further injury.

When we reached the vessel, the dying, dead, and wounded were lying in every direction. In the launch astern, we saw the body of one wretched man who had leaped over the taffarel, and reached the boat badly wounded; he was seen lying in it when the deck was regained, and was then pierced through with many balls. Nothing could be more horrible than his appearance; the distortion of every feature, his clenched hands, and the limbs which had stiffened in the forms of agony into which pain had twisted them, were appalling. The countenance of every man on board bore evidence of the nature of the deadly conflict in which he had been engaged. In some, sullenness had succeeded to reckless daring, and exultation to alarm in others.

Nothing could have been more desperate than such an attempt to seize the vessel. The most culpable neglect could alone have encouraged it; and it is difficult to conceive how it could have succeeded, if anything like a proper stand had been made by those in charge of her when it commenced.

The wounded were immediately landed, and conveyed to the hospital, and the dead bodies were afterwards brought on shore.

The burial-ground is close to the beach. A heavy surf rolls mournfully over the reef. The moon had just risen, when, in

deep and solemn silence, the bodies of these misguided men were lowered into the graves prepared for them. Away from home and country, they had found a fearful termination of a miserable existence. Perhaps ties had still bound them to the world; friends whom they loved were looking for their return, and, prodigals though they had been, would have blessed them, and forgiven their offences. Perhaps even at that sad moment mothers were praying for their lost ones, whom in all their infamy they had still fondly loved. Such thoughts filled my mind; and when a few drops of rain at that moment descended, I could not help thinking that they fell as tears from heaven over the guilt and misery of its children.

On the morning following the fatal occurrence, I visited the jail in which the mutineers were confined. The cells are small, but clean and light. In the first of them I found George Beavers, Nicholas Lewis, and Henry Sears. Beavers was crouching in one corner of the cell, and looking sullen, and in despair. Lewis, who was walking the scanty space of the cell, seemed to glory in the rattle of his heavy chains; while Sears was stretched apparently asleep upon a grass mat. They were all heavily ironed, and every precaution had evidently been taken to prevent escape.

The jail is small, and by no means a secure one. It was once a public-house; and notwithstanding every effort to adapt it to its present purpose, it is not a safe or proper place of confinement. It is little calculated to resist any attempt to rescue the men, whose daring conduct was the subject of high encomium among their fellow-prisoners, by whom any attempt to escape is considered a meritorious act. In the other cell I found Woolfe and Barry, the latter in much agony from an old wound in the leg, the pain of which had been aggravated by the heavy irons which galled it. All the prisoners, except Barry and Woolfe, readily acknowledged their participation in the attempt to seize the brig; but most solemnly denied any knowledge of a preconcerted plan to take her; or that they, at least, had attempted to throw the soldiers overboard. They were unwilling to be interrupted, and inveighed in the bitterest manner against some of their companions who had, they seemed to think, betrayed them, or at least had led them on, and at the moment of danger had flinched.

The names of the surviving mutineers were John Jones, Nicholas Lewis, Henry Sears, George Beavers, James Woolfe, Thomas Whelan, and Patrick Barry.

The depositions against them having been taken, all the men I have mentioned, with the exception of Jones and Whelan, who were wounded, were brought out to hear them read. They listened with calm attention, but none of them appeared to be much excited. Once only during the reading, Beavers passionately denied the statements made by one of the witnesses present, and was with difficulty silenced. His countenance at that

moment was terribly agitated; every bad feeling seemed to mingle in its passionate expression. They were all young, powerful, and, with one or two exceptions, not at all ill-looking men.

From the jail I proceeded to the hospital, where the wounded men were lying. They had each received severe wounds in the thigh, and were in great agony. The violence of Jones was excessive. Weakened in some degree by an immense loss of blood, the bitterness of his spirit, nevertheless, exhibited itself in passionate bursts of impatience. He was occasionally convulsed with excessive pain; for the nerves of the thigh had been much lacerated, and the bone terribly shattered. His features were distorted with pain and anger, and occasionally bitter curses broke from his lips; yet there was something about his appearance which powerfully arrested my attention—an evident marking of intellect and character, repulsive in its present development, yet in many respects remarkable. His history had been a melancholy one, and, as illustrative of many thousand others, I give it as I afterwards received it from his lips.

At eleven years of age he was employed in a warehouse in Liverpool as an errand-boy. While following this occupation, from which by good conduct he might have risen to something better, he was met in the street one day by the lad whom he had succeeded in this employment, and was told by him how he might obtain money by robbing the warehouse, and then go with him to the theatre. He accordingly took an opportunity of stealing some articles which had been pointed out, and gave them to his companion, who, in disposing of them, was detected, and of course criminated Jones. After remaining some weeks in jail, Jones was tried and acquitted; but his character being now gone, he became reckless, and commenced a regular career of depredation. In attempting another warehouse robbery, he was detected, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. By the time he was released from this, he was well tutored in crime, and believed that he could now adroitly perform the same robbery in which he had previously failed. He made the attempt the very night of his release from jail, and with temporary success. Subsequently, however, he was detected, and received sentence of transportation for seven years. He underwent this sentence, and an additional one in Van Diemen's Land, chiefly at Port Arthur, the most severe of the penal stations there. From this place he, with Lewis, Moss (who was shot on board the brig), and Woolfe, having seized a whale-boat, effected their escape. During three months they underwent the most extreme hardships from hunger and exposure. Once they had been without food for several days, and their last hook was over the boat's side; they were anxiously watching for a fish. A small blue shark took the bait, and in despair one of them dashed over the boat's side to seize the fish; his leg was caught by one

of the others, and they succeeded in saving both man and hook. They eventually reached Twofold Bay, on the coast of New South Wales, and were then apprehended, conveyed to Sydney, and thence sent back to Van Diemen's Land; tried, and received sentence of death; but this was subsequently commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island.

Jones often described to me the intense misery he had undergone during his career. He had never known what freedom was, and yet incessantly longed for it. All alike confessed the unhappiness of their career. Having made the first false step into crime, they acknowledged that their minds became polluted by the associations they formed during imprisonment. Then they were further demoralised by thinking of the *glory*—such miserable glory!—attending a trial; and the hulks and the voyage out gave them a finished criminal training. The extent of punishment many of them have undergone during the period of transportation is almost incredible. I have known men whose original sentence of seven years has been extended over three times that period, and who, in addition to other punishment, have received five thousand or six thousand lashes!

After many solemn interviews with the mutineers, I found them gradually softening. They became more communicative, and extremely anxious to receive instruction. I think I shall never forget one of the earliest of these visits to them. I first saw Sears, Beavers, and Jones. After a long and interesting conversation with them, we joined in that touching confession of sin with which the liturgy of the Church of England commences. As we knelt together, I heard them repeat with great earnestness—'We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep,' &c. When we arose, I perceived that each of them had been shedding tears. It was the first time I had seen them betray any such emotion, and I cannot tell how glad I felt; but when I proceeded afterwards to read to them the first chapter of Isaiah, I had scarcely uttered that most exquisite passage in the second verse—'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me'—when the claims of God, and *their* violation and rejection of them; His forbearance, and *their* ingratitude, appeared to overwhelm them; they sobbed aloud, and were thoroughly overpowered.

For a considerable time we talked together of the past, the wretched years they had endured, the punishments, and the crimes which had led to them, until they seemed to feel most keenly the folly of their sad career. We passed on to contrast the manner in which their lives had been spent, with what God and society required from them; their miserable perversion of God's gifts, with the design for which He gave them, until we were led on to speak of hope and of faith; of Him who 'willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live;' and then the Saviour's remonstrance

seemed to arrest them—‘Ye will not come to me that ye might have life;’ until at length the influences of the Holy Spirit were supplicated with earnestness and solemnity. These instructions, and such conversation, were daily repeated; and henceforth each time I saw them I perceived a gradual but distinct unfolding of the affections and the understanding.

*August.*—The wounded men are much recovered, and the whole of the mutineers are now confined together in a large ward of the jail. They have long received extreme kindness from the commandant, and are literally bewildered at finding that even this last act has not diminished the exercise of his benevolence. That anybody should care for them, or take such pains about them after their violent conduct, excited surprise—at first almost amounting to suspicion; but this at length gave place to the warmest gratitude. They were, in fact, subdued by it. They read very much, are extremely submissive, and carefully avoid the slightest infringement of the prison regulations. At first, all this was confined to the three men I have mentioned; but their steady consistency of conduct, and the strange transformation of character so evident in them, gradually arrested the attention of the others, and eventually led to a similar result.

They will be detained here until the case has been decided by the authorities in Sydney. They will probably be tried by a commission sent from thence to the island for the purpose. Formerly, however, prisoners charged with capital offences here were sent up for trial; but (it is a horrible fact) this was found to lead to so much crime, that, at much inconvenience and expense, it was found absolutely necessary to send down a judicial commission on each important occasion, in order to prevent it. The mere excitement of a voyage, with the chances connected with it, nay, merely a wish to get off the island even for a time, led many men to commit crimes of the deepest dye in order to be sent to Sydney for trial.

Two months, therefore, at least must intervene between the perpetration of the offence and their trial; and this interval is usually employed in similar cases in arranging a defence but too commonly supported by perjury. In the present instance, I found not the slightest attempt to follow such a course. They declare that they expect death, and will gladly welcome it. Of their life, which has been a course of almost constant warfare with society, ending in remorseful feelings, they are all thoroughly weary, although only one of them exceeds thirty years of age.

In addition to the ordinary services, Captain Maconochie each Sunday afternoon has read prayers to them, and has given permission to a few of their friends to be present. Singular good has resulted from it, both to the men and those who join in their devotions. At the conclusion of one of these services Sears stood up, and with his heart so full as scarcely to allow

him utterance, to the surprise of every person there he addressed most impressively the men who were present. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'the words of one of yourselves, unhappily circumstanced as I am, may have some weight with you. You all know the life I have led; it has, believe me, been a most unhappy one; and I have, I hope not too late, discovered the cause of this. I solemnly tell you that it is because I have broken God's laws. I am almost ashamed to speak, but I dare not be silent. I am going to tell you a strange thing. I never before was happy; I begin now, for the first time in my life, to *hope*. I am an ignorant man, or at least I was so; but I thank God I begin to see things in their right light now. I have been unhappily placed from my childhood, and have endured many hardships. I do not mention this to excuse my errors; yet if I had years since received the kindness I have done here, it might have been otherwise. My poor fellows, do turn over a new leaf; try to serve God, and you, too, will be happier for it.' The effect was most thrilling; there was a death-like silence; tears rolled down many cheeks, which I verily believe never before felt them; and without a word more, all slowly withdrew.

This man's story is also a common, but painful one. At fifteen years of age he was transported for life as an accomplice in an assault and alleged robbery, of which, from circumstances which have since transpired, I have little doubt he was entirely innocent. During a long imprisonment in Horsham jail, he received an initiation in crime, which was finished during the outward voyage. Upon his arrival in New South Wales, he was assigned to a settler in the interior, a notoriously hard and severe man, who gave him but a scanty supply of food and clothing, and whose aim seemed to be to take the utmost out of him at the least possible expense. Driven at length to desperation, he, with three fellow-servants, absconded; and when taken, made a complaint to the magistrate before whom they were brought almost without clothes. Their statements were found to be literally correct; but for absconding they were sent to Newcastle, one of the penal stations of New South Wales, where Sears remained nearly two years. At the expiration of that time he was again assigned, but unfortunately to a man, if possible, worse than his former employer, and again absconded. For this offence he was sent to Moreton Bay, another penal settlement, and endured three years of horrible severity, starvation, and misery of every kind. His temper was by this time much soured; and, roused by the conduct of the overseers, he became brutalised by constant punishment for resisting them. After this he was sent to Sydney, as one of the crew in the police-boat, of which he was soon made assistant coxswain. For not reporting a theft committed by one of the men under his charge, he was sentenced to a road party; and attempting to escape from it, he was apprehended, and again ordered to Moreton Bay for

four years more. There he was again repeatedly flogged for disobedience and resistance of overseers, as well as attempting to escape; but having most courageously rendered assistance to a vessel wrecked off the harbour, he attracted the attention of the commandant, who afterwards showed him a little favour. This was the first approach to kindness he had known since when, years before, he had left his home; and it had its usual influence. He never was again in a scrape there. His good conduct induced the commandant to recommend him for a mitigation of sentence, which he received, and he was again employed in the police-boat. The free coxswain of the boat was, however, a drunkard, and intrusted much to Sears. Oftentimes he roused the men by his violence, but Sears contrived to subdue his passion. At length, one night returning to the hut drunk, the man struck at one of the crew with his cutlass, and the rest resisted and disarmed him. But the morning came; the case was heard; their story was disbelieved; and upon the charge and evidence of the aggressor, they were sent to an ironed gang, to work on the public roads. When Sears again became eligible for assignment, a person whom he had known in Sydney applied for him. The man must be removed within a fixed period after the authority is given. In this case, application was made a day beyond the prescribed time, and churlishly refused. The disappointment roused a spirit so untutored as his, and once again he absconded; was of course apprehended, tried, and being found with a man who had committed a robbery, and had a musket in his possession, was sent to Norfolk Island for life. This sentence has, however, for meritorious conduct, been reduced to fourteen years; and his ready assistance during a fire which recently broke out in the military garrison here, might possibly have helped to obtain a still further reduction. He never, during those abscondings, was absent for any long period, and never committed any act of violence. His constant attempt seems to have been to reach Sydney, in order to effect his escape from the scene of so much misery.

For some time past I have noticed his quiet and orderly conduct, and was really sorry when I found him concerned in this unhappy affair. His desire for freedom was, however, most ardent, and a chance of obtaining it was almost irresistible. He has since told me that a few words kindly spoken to himself and others by Captain Maconochie when they landed, sounded so pleasantly to him—such are his own words—that he determined from that moment he would endeavour to do well. He assures me that he was perfectly unconscious of a design to take the brig, until awoke from his sleep a few minutes before the attack commenced; that he then remonstrated with the men; but finding it useless, he considered it a point of honour not to fail them. His anxiety for instruction is intense; he listens like a child; and his gratitude is most touching. He, together with

Jones, Woolfe, and Barry, were chosen by the commandant as a police-boat's crew; and had, up to this period, acted with great steadiness and fidelity in the discharge of the duties required from them. Nor do I think they would even now, tempting as the occasion was, have thought of seizing it, had it not been currently reported that they were shortly to be placed under a system of severity such as they had already suffered so much from.

Woolfe's story of himself is most affecting. He entered upon evil courses when very young; was concerned in burglaries when only eleven years of age. Yet this was from no natural love of crime. Enticed from his home by boys older than himself, he soon wearied of the life he led, and longed to return to his home and his kind mother. Oftentimes he lingered near the street she lived in. Once he had been very unhappy, for he had seen his brother and sister that day pass near him, and it had rekindled all his love for them. They appeared happy in their innocence; he was miserable in his crime. He now determined to go home and pray to be forgiven. The evening was dark and wet, and as he entered the court in which his friends lived, his heart failed him, and he turned back; but, unable to resist the impulse, he again returned, and stole under the window of the room. A rent in the narrow curtain enabled him to see within. His mother sat by the fire, and her countenance was so sad, that he was sure she thought of him; but the room looked so comfortable, and the whole scene was so unlike the place in which he had lately lived, that he could no longer hesitate. He approached the door; the latch was almost in his hand, when shame and fear, and a thousand other vile and foolish notions, held him back; and the boy who in another moment might have been happy—*was lost*. He turned away, and I believe has never seen them since. Going on in crime, he in due course of time was transported for robbery. His term of seven years expired in Van Diemen's Land. Released from forced servitude, he went a whaling voyage, and was free nearly two years. Unhappily, he was then charged with aiding in a robbery, and again received a sentence of transportation. He was sent to Port Arthur, there employed as one of the boat's crew, and crossing the bay one day with a commissariat officer, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. In attempting to save the life of the officer, he was seized by his dying grasp, and almost perished with him; but extricating himself, he swam back to the boat. Seeing the drowning man exhausted, and sinking, he dashed forward again, diving after him, and happily succeeded in saving his life. For this honourable act he would have received a remission of sentence; but ere it could arrive, he and five others made their escape. He had engaged with these men in the plan to seize the boat, and although sure of the success of the application in his favour, he could not now draw back. The result I have already shown. There were two more men concerned in



the mutiny, who, with those I have mentioned, and those killed on board the brig, made up the number of the boat's crew. But neither of these men came under my charge, being both Roman Catholics.

At length the brig, which had been despatched with an account of the affair, returned, and brought the decision of the governor of New South Wales. He had found it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to obtain fitting members for the commission, who would be willing to accept the terms proposed by the government, or trust themselves in this dreadful place, and therefore he had determined that the prisoners should be sent up for trial. The men were sadly disappointed at this arrangement. They wished much to end their days here, and they dreaded both the voyage and the distracting effect of new scenes. They cling, too, with grateful attachment to the commandant's family, and the persons who, during their long imprisonment, had taken so strong an interest in their welfare. I determined to accompany them, and watch for their perseverance in well-doing, that I might counsel and strengthen them under the fearful ordeal I could not doubt they would have to pass.

The same steady consistency marked the conduct of these men to the moment of their embarkation. There was a total absence of all excitement; one deep serious feeling appeared to possess them, and its solemnity was communicated to all of us. They spoke and acted as men standing on the confines of the unseen world, and who not only thought of its wonders, but, better still, who seemed to have caught something of its spirit and purity.

*November.*—The voyage up was a weary, and, to the prisoners, a very trying one. In a prison on the lower deck of a brig of one hundred and eighty-two tons, fifty-two men were confined. The place itself was about twenty feet square, of course low, and badly ventilated. The men were all ironed, and fastened to a heavy chain rove through iron rings let into the deck, so that they were unable, for any purpose, to move from the spot they occupied; scarcely, indeed, to lie down. The weather was also unfavourable. The vessel tossed and pitched most fearfully during a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning. I cannot describe the wretchedness of these unhappy convicts: sick, and surrounded by filth, they were huddled together in the most disgusting manner. The heat was at times unbearable. There were men of sixty—quiet and inoffensive old men—placed with others who were as accomplished villains as the world could produce. These were either proceeding to Sydney, their sentences on the island having expired, or as witnesses in another case (a bold and wicked murder) sent there also for trial. The sailors on board the brig were for the most part the cowardly fellows who had so disgracefully allowed the brig to be taken from them; and they, as well as the soldiers on guard (some of them formed a part of the former one), had no very kindly feel-

ing towards the mutineers. It may be imagined, therefore, that such feelings occasioned no alleviation of their condition. In truth, although there was no actual cruelty exhibited, they suffered many oppressive annoyances; yet I never saw more patient endurance. It was hard to bear, but their better principles prevailed. Upon the arrival of the vessel in Sydney, we learned that the case had excited an unusual interest. Crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the men as they landed; and while some applauded their daring, the great majority very loudly expressed their horror at the crime of which they stood accused.

I do not think it necessary to describe the trial, which took place in a few days after landing. All were arraigned except Barry. The prisoners' counsel addressed the jurors with powerful eloquence; but it was in vain: the crime was substantiated; and the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners, recommending Woolfe to mercy.

During the whole trial, the prisoners' conduct was admirable; so much so, indeed, as to excite the astonishment of the immense crowd collected by curiosity to see men who had made so mad an attempt for liberty. They scarcely spoke, except once to request that the wounded man, who yet suffered much pain, might be allowed to sit down. Judgment was deferred until the following day. When they were then placed at the bar, the judge, in the usual manner, asked whether they had any reason to urge why sentence should not be pronounced upon them? It was a moment of deep solemnity; every breath was held; and the eyes of the whole court were directed towards the dock. Jones spoke in a deep clear voice, and in a deliberate harangue pointed out some defects in the evidence, though without the slightest hope, he said, of mitigating the sentence now to be pronounced on himself and fellows. Three of the others also spoke. Whelan said, 'that he was not one of the men properly belonging to the boat's crew, but had been called upon to fill the place of another man, and had no knowledge of any intention to take the vessel, and the part he took on board was forced upon him. He was compelled to act as he had done; he had used no violence, nor was he in any way a participator in any that had been committed.' At the conclusion of the address to them, Jones, amidst the deep silence of the court, pronounced a most emphatic prayer for mercy on his own soul and those of his fellow-prisoners, for the judge and jury, and finally for the witnesses. Sentence of death was then solemnly pronounced upon them all; but the judge informed Woolfe that he might hold out to him expectations that his life would be spared. They were then removed from the bar, and sent back to the condemned cells.

I cannot say how much I dreaded my interview with them that day; for although I had all along endeavoured to prepare their minds for the worst result, and they had themselves never for a moment appeared to expect any other than this, I feared

that the realisation of their sad expectation would break them down. Hitherto there might have been some secret hope sustaining them. The convulsive clinging to life, so common to all of us, would now perhaps be more palpably exhibited.

Entering their cells, I found them, as I feared, stunned by the blow which had now fallen on them, and almost overpowered by mental and bodily exhaustion. A few remarks about the trial were at length made by them; and from that moment I never heard them refer to it again. There was no bitterness of spirit against the witnesses, no expression of hostility towards the soldiers, no equivocation in any explanation they gave. They solemnly denied many of the statements made against them; but, nevertheless, the broad fact remained, that they were guilty of an attempt to violently seize the vessel, and it was useless debating on minor considerations.

In the meantime, without their knowledge, petitions were prepared and forwarded to the judges, the governor, and executive council. In them were stated various mitigatory facts in their favour; and the meliorated character of the criminal code at home was also strongly urged. Every attention was paid to these addresses, following each other to the last moment. But all was in vain. The council sat, and determined that five of the men should be hanged on the following Tuesday. Whelan, who could have no previous knowledge of a plan to seize the vessel, together with Woolfe, was spared. The remaining four were to suffer. The painful office of communicating this final intelligence to these men was intrusted to me, and they listened to the announcement not without deep feeling, but still with composure.

It would be very painful for me to dwell on the closing scene. The unhappy and guilty men were attended by the zealous chaplain of the jail, whose earnest exhortations and instructions they most gratefully received. The light of truth shone clearly on the past, and they felt that their manifold lapses from the path of virtue had been the original cause of the complicated misery they had endured. They intreated forgiveness of all against whom they had offended, and in the last words to their friends were uttered grateful remembrances to Captain Macnochie, his family, and others. At the place of execution, they behaved with fortitude and a composure befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Having retired from attendance upon them in their last moments, I was startled from the painful stupor which succeeded in my own mind, by the loud and heavy bound of the drop as it fell, and told me that their spirits had gone to God who gave them."

Our reverend informant, in closing his narrative, adds some reflections on the painful nature of the tragedy in which he was called to lend his professional assistance. He laments the

general harshness of penal discipline, and attributes the last fatal crime of these men to the recent arrival of orders which shut out all hope of any improvement being effected in their circumstances, however well they might behave. Previously, he says, while hope was permitted to them, they had conducted themselves well. While agreeing in his humane views, we would, at the same time, avoid appearing as the apologists of crime under any circumstances. Our main object in laying the foregoing narrative before the world in its present shape, is to impress those who may be tottering on the verge of crime with the danger of their situation—to show them that a course of error is a course of misery, ending in consequences the most afflicting.

It may be seen from the history of the unhappy men before us, that transportation is at the best equivalent to going into slavery—that the convict loses, for the time, his civil rights. Torn from his family, his home, and his country, he is placed at the disposal of the crown and its functionaries; can be put to any kind of labour, however repugnant to his feelings; dressed in the most degrading apparel; chained like a wild beast if refractory; and on the commission of any new offence while in this state of servitude, he is liable to fresh punishment by transportation to such penal settlements as Norfolk Island. It might almost be said that no man in his senses would voluntarily commit crimes which would expose him to the risk of so terrible an infliction as that of transportation even for the limited period of seven years. But, alas! men who have entered on a course of error, forgetful of every duty which they owe to themselves and society, can scarcely be said to be in possession of a sound mind; and they go on floundering from one degree of vice to another, till brought into the condition of transported and personally enslaved convicts. Should the present narrative fall accidentally into the hands of individuals who are in danger of falling into a course of vice, we would hope that it will help to restrain them. The unfortunate men whose death has been recorded were once as they are: they went over the golden line of honour and duty—and behold the consequences; a short life of hardship, misery, and a violent and ignominious death.





## STORY OF COLBERT.\*

**I**N the shop of a woollen-draper in Rheims, an ancient provincial town in France, an apprentice boy, of slim personal appearance and handsome intelligent features, stood within the counter, poring over the pages of a well-thumbed volume. His name was Baptiste, or, more properly, Jean Baptiste Colbert.

"What day of the month is this?" asked M. Certain, a thin withered old man, the master of the establishment, looking out from his green leathern arm-chair, at the farther extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

"The 30th of October 1632," replied the youth.

"Not altogether correct," cried the old woollen-draper briskly; "you are right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year. This is 1634, my lad, and that you should know, for you are now fifteen years of age, and should be able to reckon correctly."

"And so I should, godfather; and I am sure I am fond enough of ciphering. But my mind was a little engaged with history; and at the moment you spoke, I was——"

"Oh, I see; reading, as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for anything. But what kind of a book is it? What interests you so much?"

"Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency."

"The Duke of Montmorency! What have you to say to

\* This truthful and graphic account of the rise of the distinguished Colbert has been translated and partly adapted from the French for the present work. A more suitable gift could not be offered to British youth.

him? You think yourself a great man, I suppose, my little fellow, because you have among your ancestors the barons of Gasteril."

"Castlehill, godfather; the Castlehills are the common ancestors of the Colberts of Scotland and of France; we have the same coat of arms."

"Bah! what is that to me? When your mother, Madame Colbert, came to ask me to stand sponsor for you, in compliment to my poor sister, with whom she had been educated, do you think I asked who were your ancestors? Here, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do with is to sell cloth."

"I am quite aware of that, sir," modestly answered the young man; "I will do my best, I am sure."

"Oh, I daresay you will by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray tell me what he was tried for?"

"You know, godfather, when Louis XIII. set out from Paris in 1629, and notwithstanding the extreme cold, went in person to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend him against the claims which the Duke of Savoy made upon Montferrat——"

"I declare the little fellow is born a statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together," said the old woollen-draper, staring up at his godson, whose student-like paleness and expression of profound thought seemed little suited to the softness of his childish features, and the fair silken hair which fell in large curls on his shoulders, rivalling in whiteness those of a young girl.

"Well, godfather," continued Baptiste, his face glowing with just indignation, "when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Casal, seized upon Pignerol, and, according to the treaty of Querasque, concluded three years before, put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the duchy of Mantua; when, with the title of *Deliverer of Italy*, which this treaty gave him, he returned with the Duke of Richelieu to the capital, he found there a thousand intrigues. His brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted; several nobles had joined his party, the principal of whom was the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Lower Languedoc, of which he was governor; but being taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castlenaudery, he was beheaded by order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th October 1632."

"There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues and machinations,"\* observed the old

\* Cardinal de Richelieu (born 1585—died 1642) was prime minister of Louis XIII., and although a revengeful, cruel, and unprincipled man, has been reckoned by historians one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin, who is noticed in the present story.

woollen-draper, who, as you may perceive, my young readers, did not dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

"Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic," replied Baptiste with animation; "and if ever I am prime minister——"

A roar of laughter from the old woollen-draper, from the apprentices, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping the front part of the shop, interrupted poor little Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples.

"There are no longer any children! There are no longer any children!" cried Moline laughing.

"If—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er," repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawing out each syllable; "if—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er! Do me the favour, sir," added he, abruptly changing his tone, "first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and to learn to be thankful for having got into so respectable a means of earning a livelihood."

"Pardon, my good godfather; I spoke on the spur of the moment, and will endeavour to be all that could be desired of me."

"Well, well, no more of that. Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris. Set off now to the banker, and take the invoice to him, and at the same time show him those cloths, to make hangings for a country house that he has purchased in the environs. Come here, sir, and remember the prices of these cloths: No. 1 is marked three crowns a-yard, No. 2 six crowns, No. 3 eight crowns, and No. 4 fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony."

"Am I to make any abatement, godfather?" asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline the porter loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

"Abatement!" cried the woollen-draper; "not a farthing. The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less. Remember."

Baptiste, followed by Moline with a large parcel of cloth, quickly measured the distance which separated M. Guillaume Certain's shop from the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying.

"You will recollect what your godfather said to you, will you not, Master Baptiste? No. 1 three crowns, No. 2 six crowns, No. 3 eight crowns, and No. 4 fifteen crowns; that's your story. Why, what is the matter with you? What are you thinking of, with your eyes on the ground? One would think you were looking for pins."

"To tell you the truth, Moline, I do not think my godfather understands me. I wish to be a good shopkeeper, if that is to be my destiny; but surely a man may not be the worse tradesman for taking pleasure in a book, when it does not interfere with his profession."

"Perhaps so, Baptiste, my good lad; but I am afraid you are

a little too much given to forgetfulness; but no doubt you will do well in time. Come, cheer up; here is the hotel."

"I wish to see M. Cenani," said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

"The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10," said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright green damask, richly flowered with red.

"I come from M. Certain," said Baptiste, bowing.

"Here are several pieces of cloth for your honour to choose from," added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said, "Let me see," at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened. And scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. "I like this best; what is its price?"

"Fifteen crowns a-yard," answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

"Very well," said the latter; "it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?"

"Thirty yards," said Moline, looking at the mark; "and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir——"

"It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns makes four hundred and fifty crowns; here they are." And going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

"Do you know how to write, my little friend?" said he to him.

"Yes, sir," said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

"Well, give me a receipt."

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money: Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth: both then bowed and retired.

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocose, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

"Well?" said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—"well?"

"Here we are at last," said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. "You have made no mistake, I hope," said he.

"I don't think I have," said Baptiste quietly.

"But I think you have," said Moline with a smothered laugh.



"Do you think so, Moline? do you think so?" cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets; "but indeed I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled."

"Eight crowns! eight crowns!" cried Baptiste, astounded; "are you sure of that, godfather?"

"Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six."

"On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but——"

"Fifteen! fifteen!" interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed. "Fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honour to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. Oh, happy day!"

"How, godfather; would you take advantage?" said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

"Oh, perhaps you want to go shares," said the dishonest shopkeeper. "Certainly; I agree to let you have something."

"Godfather," interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, "I cannot agree to any such thing——"

"Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me."

"And I will go," continued Baptiste, "to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me."

And with these words Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

"Can I see M. Cenani?" asked the breathless Baptiste of the valet-de-chambre who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

"He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him," replied the valet; "my master is dressing."

"I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately," said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; "it is absolutely necessary I should see him."

"I will go and inquire," said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

"What is the matter, Comtois?" asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

"It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir," replied the valet.

"He cannot see me now," said M. Cenani. "My sword, Comtois."

"Oh! pray, sir, one word," said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

"What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?" asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. "I am engaged. Go."

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

"Sir," said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, "I have imposed upon you—unintentionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged." Then, taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still farther into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added, "Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a-yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns makes only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir; will you see if it is right?"

"Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?" said the banker, quickly changing his tone; "are you certain there is no mistake?"

"You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?"

"It is," said Comtois, going to examine. "The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honour of wishing you good morning."

"Stay a moment, one moment!" cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door; "do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?"

"I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns."

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued, "And you might have easily kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of that, sir," replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

"But if you had thought of it?" again inquired the elegant Parisian.

"It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here." And a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

"Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?"

"What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir," said Baptiste without hesitation.

"You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand; "you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow," repeated he. "What is your name?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service," replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

"And how old are you, Baptiste?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Colbert; Colbert," repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall something to his memory; "is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir."

"And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain."

"Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity! what a pity!"

"Your carriage is ready, sir," said the valet-de-chambre, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret. He seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet child-like beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying, "We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again." And with gestures and looks of kindness he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful

and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

"Get from my sight and from my employment," said he, in answer to Baptiste's explanations. "Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-by to you."

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather's rage, and fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head; nevertheless, he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor's unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour door opened and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. "What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you—speak—what is the matter?"

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. "I have been dismissed by M. Certain," said Baptiste.

"You have been about some folly then, sir?" said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

"I will leave it to you to decide, father," replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance.

"What do you mean?" demanded M. Colbert.

"With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong: but I do not think I have; for notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done."

"Go on," said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers. He did so simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach. Nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather's conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. "My godfather is so

fond of money," said he; "and then, as a woollen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him perhaps; if one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but so it is."

"Come and embrace me, my son," said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them; "come, you are indeed my son; you have behaved well, and have my full approbation."

"Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste," added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; "you have done right. Sit down here near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you."

"I cannot remain a burden to you, however," observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

"We will think of that to-morrow," replied M. Colbert; "to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordered that the woollen-draper should send us."

"Sir," said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlour-door, "a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to speak to you."

"His name, Janon?"

"He says that as you do not know him, it is useless to tell his name; but he is very anxious to see you."

"And I have no reason to refuse to receive him, stranger though he be; let him walk in, Janon," said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply.

"Sir," said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, "I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani of Paris."

"In what can I serve you, sir?" asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

"This youth is your son, is he not, sir?" inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

"Yes, sir, thank God."

"You have cause to thank God, sir; this child acted towards me this morning in a manner truly noble."

"Only as he ought, sir; only as he ought," said Madame Colbert hastily; fearing, with maternal anxiety, that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

“Nobly, madam. I see that you know the history; but as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Guillaume’s for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all the details by the shop-boy. Your admirable child, madam, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth.”

“Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! Oh, my dear, dear boy!” said Madame Colbert with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered—

“It would not have been honest.”

M. Colbert looked upon his son with all a father’s delighted approval.

“You are aware, sir,” said he, addressing the banker, “that on account of his conduct, a conduct which makes a father’s heart palpitate with joy, my son has been dismissed from M. Guillaume’s.”

“I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I determined to come here, and to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, if it would suit you to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune? I tell you, madam, your child will make his fortune.”

“God bless you, sir,” said Madame Colbert with emotion.

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and who now only began to understand M. Cenani’s intention, cried suddenly, “If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir.”

“But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste,” said his father tenderly but seriously; “we are very poor, my son; and I should think myself culpable did I bury a mind like yours in the narrow and confined sphere in which I move. Since this gentleman has appreciated you so far as to come to seek you here, he deserves my fullest confidence. I give him to you, sir; I intrust to you the flower of my family. Oh! in that great city whither you are about to take him, watch over him—I will not say like a father, you are too young, but like a brother. And you, Baptiste, go with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of your calling, listen to his advice, and follow it; but when the principles of integrity, of honour, and of virtue are involved, take counsel but of your own heart.”

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but he no longer made any objection; the desire to relieve his parents, and to be useful to his family, soon dried his tears; nevertheless, the adieus were sorrowful.

Baptiste’s young heart was wrung at the thought of leaving that home whose every corner recalled to his mind some sport of his childhood, or some fond caress of his parents; whose every article of furniture was connected with some sweet and tender

association. Even down to old Janon there was nothing that did not bring with it a regret.

Soon, however—thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, and also to the change of scene and place—Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him, as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and cheerful companion.

Let us follow him to Paris, my young readers, and see in what manner the little woollen-draper climbed, step by step, to the pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory.

Having arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty chalked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence and his general skill he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were now intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the great object of his ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences which he possessed was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was about thirty, Saint Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law Letellier, then secretary of state, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-counsellor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the Fronde in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, Baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister. He

acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honour to his head and heart, his prudence being only equalled by his zeal; and when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henri Passort, was made privy-counsellor. The latter afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments; procured a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre for the second; caused the third to be appointed director of sea prizes; and for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice worth 6000 livres. Thus Colbert, now a great man at court, showed himself not unmindful of his relatives, and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that he had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favours:—

“I intreat,” he says, “that your highness will not think me insensible to the many favours that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power to make.”

Colbert, created Marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV., “I owe everything to you, sire; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty in giving you Colbert.”

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merits so highly, that in 1661 he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era France carried on no regular trade but that of some of its provinces with the capital, and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources and the mine of wealth that national industry can open. The principal roads were impassable; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas by which France is bounded had before been proposed under Louis XIII.; Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgoyne, and established a general insurance office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity; and not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St Malo, and Bourdeaux, are still inhabited by merchants who



belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. Colbert, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English; he redeemed it in 1662 from Charles II. at an expense of five millions. The two India companies were established; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec; a third settled in Madagascar; the same month sixty-five large ships sailed from St Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds, so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbours of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort, were opened, and those of Havre and Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established; and more than a hundred ships of the line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean-Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass-works in the Faubourg St Antoine, which article had previously been purchased in Venice at enormous prices. In 1667 he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelin manufactory—an establishment in which was produced the most beautiful tapestries, and which remains till this day as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go a small distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The observatory, the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, laid out by Le Nôtre, the triumphal arch of St Martin's Gate, that of the Rue St Denis, that benevolent and noble institution, the Hotel of the Invalids, many of the quays and boulevards, and several other things which I forget, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of Louis XIV.; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realise for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect—not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.—“Pasturage and tillage are the two nurses of the state”—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labours, the fine arts, the fair dream of his early years, were not forgotten. In 1664 he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome; and was also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house,

for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th September 1683 that Colbert, who might have said with Corneille, "I owe all my renown to myself," terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant. He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woollen-draper's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

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## HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

IN walking through London, we may occasionally observe a crowd of persons collected round a large cage, containing a variety of animals usually considered as opposite and irreconcilable in their natures—such as cats, pigeons, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, owls, canary birds, and other small creatures. The men who exhibit these collections of animals call them *Happy Families*, from the perfectly good temper and joyous happiness in which they appear to dwell together.

What is it that produces such a harmony among different natures? *Kindness*. The animals, individually, are treated with great kindness by their proprietors, and trained, by the prospect of little rewards, to conduct themselves meekly towards each other. By this mode of treatment, birds may be trained to perform very remarkable feats; and we shall mention a case in which a boy was enabled to excite in a strong degree the affections of these animals.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia; he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute, and forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously

to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, it was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons. Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent; but still, all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; and never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep: the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little

heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called *Rosoletta*, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch, that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an adjoining garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, *Rosoletta*, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden trees towards home. *Rosoletta* led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed! some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco showed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and disconsolate grief as *Rosoletta*. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.

# THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

## A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

SPEAKERS.—MR JAMES SMITH, a factory mill-owner, and MR RICHARD JACKSON, a cotton-spinner.

*Smith.*—I am glad to see you, Mr Jackson; step into my house, and let us have a little conversation on the present unhappy differences on the subject of wages. Perhaps I may show you that the ideas entertained respecting employers are not, by any means, just. At all events, let us hear what each has got to say—you on the part of the operative class generally, and I on the part of the mill-owners, and others, who are in the habit of giving employment.

*Jackson.*—Thank you, sir; I am a plain-spoken man, and have no objections to say what I and others think about our condition as workmen, so I very willingly accept your invitation.

*Smith.*—Now, Mr Jackson, sit down; and if you please, begin by telling me exactly what the workmen want.

*Jackson.*—Why, sir, the great matter is this—our condition is much less comfortable than we think, in justice, it should be. We are poor, and not getting any richer. Few among us can get more than 22s. a-week for our labour. The average wage is about 14s. or 15s., and we do think it a hard case that a man, with a wife and family, should have to live on any sum of that kind, when we see the masters so well off, and they, as one may say, living by our hard and continued labour. What we want is “a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work.”

*Smith.*—The statement apparently is—that the employers give lower wages generally than they ought to give. Is not that the substance of your charge?

*Jackson.*—Yes; we think you should give at least 25 per cent. more. If a man now gets 20s., he should get 25s., and so on.

*Smith.*—Very well. Now, be so good as tell me on what ground you rest this demand.

*Jackson.*—Because you are making large profits, and can afford to pay more than you do. The profits should be more equally divided.

*Smith.*—Now, I believe, we understand each other. I like your candour; and I think I shall answer you. You claim more wages on the score of your contributing to the production of profits. Let us take my own establishment as an example, and let us suppose you are a workman in it. I wish to know how much you put into the concern.

*Jackson.*—Me! why, I give you my labour from Monday morning till Saturday night.

*Smith.*—This labour, then, is your contribution of means. You receive 20s. for the week's labour; and therefore it is just the same thing as if you were to give me 20s. every week, so that I might lay it out in hiring somebody to do your work.

*Jackson.*—I think much the same thing.

*Smith.*—It is then allowed that you contribute to the extent of 20s. weekly to my concern. May I now ask if you think every one should be paid according to the extent of his input and risk?

*Jackson.*—That certainly would be fair.

*Smith.*—I shall then explain to you what I have put in, and how I have been enabled to do so. The cost of the buildings, the ground, the machinery, and other things required to begin the manufactory, was £80,000; and the money necessary for buying raw material, and giving credit till sales could be effected, and also for paying wages, came to £10,000 more. You understand I did not start till I had £90,000 ready to be laid out and risked on the undertaking. If I had begun with less, the concern would have been unsuccessful. It could not have gone on. To raise this large sum of £90,000 was a very serious matter. My father was a working-man, like yourself. His wages were never above 18s. a-week. On this sum he brought up his family, for my mother was very economical. I got a little schooling; was taught to read, write, and cipher. At fourteen years of age I was sent into a cotton factory, where for several years I had no higher wage than 5s. a-week. I afterwards, by dint of some degree of skill and perseverance, rose to be a spinner, and received 25s. a-week; but off this I had to pay a boy-assistant 5s.; and therefore my real wage was only 20s. a-week. I was at this employment four years and a half, during which time I saved £30, which I deposited in a bank for security. One day, when I was at work, a party of foreigners visited the factory; they were in want of a few steady and skilful hands to go to St Petersburg, to work in a factory there. I volunteered for one, and being chosen, I went to that distant city, which you know is in Russia, and there I received for a time about double my former wages. In three years the overseer died; I was promoted to his situation, and now received as much as £250 yearly. I still made a point of economising my gains; and on reckoning up, found that when I was twenty-eight years of age I had saved £700. At the recommendation of a friend, I laid out this money on a mercantile speculation—in short, I risked its entire loss. I was successful, and made my £700 as much as £1000. Again I risked this sum, for it seemed a sure trade; and so on I went for several years, increasing my capital both by profits and savings. When I married, which was not till thirty-five years of age, I had realised one way and another £20,000. I now returned to England, was for several years a partner in a concern where I again risked my earnings, and at the end of fifteen years retired with £90,000.

With this large sum I built my present factory, and entered into the hazardous business in which I am now engaged. I ask any man if I did not earn my money by hard industry, by self-denial, by serious risks, by a long course of pains and anxieties. For, having done all this, I consider I am entitled yearly—*first*, to an interest on my money equal to what I could have obtained by lending it; *second*, to a profit that will cover any losses which I may incur by bad debts; *third*, a per-centage to pay the tear and wear of machinery and deterioration of property; and, *fourth*, to a salary for my personal trouble—in other words, my wages; and all this over and above the ordinary expenses of the concern. You, Richard Jackson, as a straightforward man, answer me, if I, by these risks and obligations and personal attentions, be not justly entitled to take a vast deal more out of the business than you, who put in only 20s. in the shape of weekly labour?

*Jackson.*—Why, nobody doubts that, sir. But still it seems somehow as if the working-classes did not get their due. You and others, no doubt, risk your money; but we give our time, health, strength, our all, to assist in your undertakings. We may not be the bees who build the hive, but we have some reason to say that we are the bees who make the honey. And the great question is, do we get our fair share of the proceeds?

*Smith.*—My friend, you appear to be labouring under some kind of delusion. You speak of dividing proceeds as if manufacturers had entered into a partnership with their men. Now, they have done no such thing. The employer is the individual who plans, risks, manages. If his plans do not succeed, he alone is accountable, and alone pays the penalty of his miscalculations. To carry out his intentions, he offers a wage to this one, and a wage to that one, and it is voluntary on his part to do so or not. This wage is the equivalent for which the operative sells his labour; and when he gets the full value of the commodity he has disposed of, he has surely no farther claim. To admit that he is to be a sharer of his master's profits, would be to constitute him a partner of a very extraordinary kind; because, without risking anything himself, he would be entitled to participate in the gains, and yet be exempt from the losses, of trade. This is a principle of partnership that neither law nor reason recognises; in fact, is at variance with common sense. Besides, the workman is really better off with having nothing to do with his master's risks. In all circumstances, he is certain to receive his wages. When ruin follows the speculations of the employer, the operative is unscathed, and has only to carry his services to a new and more fortunate master. Are you now satisfied that the workman receives his full dues in the mutual arrangements of employer and employed?

*Jackson.*—I cannot exactly say that I am. I may admit that the workman has no claim of partnership in his employer's con-

cern: still, he must be acknowledged to be indispensable as an agent of labour, and on that ground he feels—though perhaps he cannot put his feelings into words—that he should be handsomely paid for his services.

*Smith.*—Mr Jackson, you speak almost as if employers generally were a set of wretches who tried to rob workmen of their labour. I will not say that there are not shabby employers, who would resort to mean tricks for the purpose of screwing down wages, and for these I beg to express my contempt. But we are now talking of universal principles, not of paltry and special cases of injustice. Let me, then, assure you, that nothing is more certain than that, taking the working-classes in the entire mass, they get a fair share of the proceeds of the national industry. We may take a few facts. To begin with my own mill. I spent, as I have said, £80,000 on the building and the apparatus. Now, nearly the whole of this was dispersed in wages to working-people. The clay from which the bricks were made; the limestone rock from which the lime was prepared by burning; the timber growing in its native forest; the iron in its condition of ore in the mines—all were of small value till labour was employed upon them, and that labour paid for in money. See what a number of men must have been employed in fashioning the raw materials into the house and its machinery—brickmakers, limeburners, coal-miners, wagoners, woodcutters, sailors, carpenters, builders, slaters, plasterers, glass-makers, glaziers, iron-smelters, engineers; and not only these, but the persons who supplied them with food and clothing. In short, if we were to go into a minute calculation, we should probably discover, that out of my £80,000 as much as £75,000 went to the working-classes, the remaining £5000 going to the proprietors of the raw materials, and to intermediate dealers. If people would reflect a little on such matters, they would perceive what an enormous share of the cost of almost every article goes to operatives. It is ascertained by careful calculations, that out of £100 worth of fine scissors, the workmen have £96 as wages; of £100 worth of razors, they have £90; of £100 worth of table-knives and forks, they have £65; of £100 worth of fine woollen cloth, they have £60; of £100 worth of linen yarn, they have £48; of £100 worth of ordinary earthenware, they have £40; and so on with most articles of manufacture. In the making of needles, pins, trinkets, watches, and other delicate articles in metal, the proportion of wages rises to within a trifle of the price of the article. In the working of collieries, the expenses are almost entirely resolvable into labour; there being few cases in which the coal-miners receive less than £90 out of every £100 of the current expenditure. I trust it is not necessary to dwell longer on the notion, that working-men do not get their fair share of the proceeds of the labour on which they are engaged. They get by far the largest



share of all the money laid out on the fabrication of raw materials. Are you still unsatisfied?

*Jackson.*—The facts you have stated are certainly very remarkable; yet the broad truth remains, that we are hard wrought, and have little to cheer us in our lot, while employers take things very easily.

*Smith.*—Easily, you say; you are forgetting what sort of a life I led to make my money. When other young men were enjoying themselves of an evening, or at a wake, or a race, I was at home, and always keeping little company. I gave up my native country for a number of years, and lived among a half-barbarous people. Once I was very nearly being shot, and twice I was nearly drowned. You married, as I am told, and had the comforts of a wife and family when you were twenty years of age. I did not marry till I was thirty-five. Suppose you had done all that I had done, would you not consider yourself entitled to have dressed better and lived better in the end of your days?

*Jackson.*—Surely I should; but you are only one. There are hundreds of employers, and all cannot have gone through such a deal of troubles.

*Smith.*—I am not acquainted with the history of all the manufacturers in Britain; but this I know, that a large proportion of the manufacturing and mercantile classes—ordinarily called the middle classes—were originally working or poor men, who, by savings, diligence, and skill, have come to be what they are. The bulk of this wealthy order of individuals, then, are nothing more than working-men who have shot ahead of their fellows, and now give employment instead of receiving it. A higher compliment could not be paid the working-classes of England than to tell them, that from their body the higher classes are constantly recruited, and that nothing prevents their children from taking a place alongside the most honoured in the realm. Let such explanations disabuse your mind of any enmity to the middle class capitalists. Their capital, whatever it may amount to, has not been got without labour, and very hard and thoughtful, ay, and honourable labour too.

*Jackson.*—There you have got on that plaguy subject *capital*. But it is always so. When the workmen make any sort of complaints, they are always told about capital, and capital, and what are the rights of capital.

*Smith.*—Since you imagine that there is some kind of mystery under this term capital, I will explain the meaning of it in a very few words. Capital is anything which is of value. It may consist of labour, of houses and lands so far as they are productive, of machinery, manufactured goods, or money. Everything is capital which possesses an exchangeable value, and can be made directly available either to the support of human existence, or to the facilitating of production. All these things are possessed as property; they belong either to the individuals who have made

or produced them, or to the representatives of these individuals. You can perceive that capital, or property, is a sheer result of labour, if not labour itself; and that it is the accumulated savings of years, nay, in some cases, of centuries. Had mankind never saved anything—every man from the beginning of the world consuming daily what he laboured for daily—there would have been scarcely anything like capital or savings at all. By a course of saving, however, a wonderful amount of capital in cultivated lands, houses, roads, money, and other things, have been stored up. The stores of capital are not lost. They are alike the grand results and the grand causes of industry. He who possesses capital in the form of a large sum of money, for instance, can give employment to others. You know quite well that, before I planted my factory here, there was little work in the town. Now, see how many workmen and their families are supported. I was not, mark you, obliged to come here to set up a factory. I could have gone somewhere else. Then look at the sum which I distribute weekly in wages. I give employment to 100 men, 146 women and girls, and 70 boys—altogether, 316 individuals; and the entire sum paid on an average weekly for wages amounts to £290. I say I pay £290 to my workpeople weekly in exchange for their labour. Surely you must now see that capital is a good thing; good for the working-classes. It is capital which hires and employs them; it is capital which pays their wages; it is capital which keeps them busy when often the market is glutted with goods; it gives them work till better times. Why has England larger and more numerous manufactories than any other country? Because it possesses a greater amount of capital—greater accumulations of savings—than any other country. What is one of the main causes of so much poverty in Ireland? The smallness of its capital in proportion to its population. There are few wealthy men in it who will risk their money to set up factories; and the people, increasing beyond the means of subsistence, are in a state of deplorable wretchedness. The bulk of the people in England would be as badly off, if the capitalists were to withdraw their support. And yet there are workmen so short-sighted as to wage war on the very thing which supports them. They attack capital as an enemy. It is their best friend.

*Jackson.*—I must allow there is reason in what you say. I know very well that if you did not give employment, and that others, also, did not give employment, the working-classes would be poorly off. I am obliged to you for your explanations, so far as they have gone. I see that the working-classes, in the mass, receive a large share of all ordinary outlays in manufactures; but I am still at a loss to discover why employers, taking them in the mass also, give the present rate of wages, and no more.

*Smith.*—Have a little patience. I am coming to that point. You know what the article is I produce?

*Jackson.*—Yes; it is cotton twist.

*Smith.*—Right. This article, produced by a course of manufacture from raw cotton, I send abroad. You have seen the bales going off, I daresay. They are sent to foreign countries, chiefly Germany, where the twist is made into cloth. There are cotton-spinning establishments in these countries as well as in England, but they cannot produce the yarn so cheaply. We beat them by our superior skill and machinery; but this may not always be the case, and at present there is a great competition in the trade of supplying them. Besides myself, perhaps five hundred English and Scotch manufacturers are making cotton twist for the foreign market. Each is struggling to have as much of the trade to himself as possible, by offering his goods at a low price. Some persons have said—why not combine to keep up the prices to the foreigner? But this is impossible, for two reasons. First, each manufacturer is impelled by his necessities to secure as much of the trade as he can; he has bills and accounts to pay, and he must try to get returns at all hazards. There may be a few who could unite to refuse selling their goods unless at a higher price; but there are many others, less scrupulous or more necessitous, who would break through all such regulations. In every trade there are undersellers. Second, if, by any contrivance, the whole cotton-yarn manufacturers of Great Britain could be brought to unite to keep up prices, it would be useless, for our foreign customers would immediately draw their supplies from Switzerland, the United States of America, or perhaps be able to supply themselves. You see we are placed in a very ticklish position. We are all, both in England and abroad, competing against each other. And this is not true alone of the cotton trade: it is the same in every branch of business. The iron trade, the silk trade, and all other large trades, are each pushed to their utmost in competing with the same trades abroad. And so much have foreigners improved lately in their manufactures, that they are now only a shade behind us in certain articles. The cutlery of Belgium, for example, is gradually taking the place of the cutlery of Sheffield in the continental market.

*Jackson.*—Well, I see there is a competition among you, and all fair too. When I wish to buy a pair of shoes, of course I get them where they are cheapest; and let every man do the same. But you have not shown what the competition among you masters has to do with the rate of wages.

*Smith.*—I will come to that. What I have wished to show you is, that there is a vast competition to produce goods cheaply; that this competition cannot, in the present state of things, be avoided; and that, therefore, it is every man's interest to manufacture at the lowest possible cost. Now, a manufacturer can only do so by buying on advantageous terms, by using the best kinds of machinery, and by giving his workmen the common rate of wages. Upon the whole, the manufacturer's

chief reliance is on his machinery and his labourers. Let us first speak of machinery. As long as all factory owners have much the same kind of machinery, they may be said to be on a level; but if one gets machines which will do more work at less expense, he has a great advantage over his neighbours, and in self-defence they must all get machines like his. Improvements are thus constantly going on, and therefore the buying of new machines causes a great outlay. You formerly spoke of manufacturers leading an easy life; you see only the outside; if you could look into their minds, you would observe anxieties without number. Next as to wages. The obligation to keep his place in the market, causes the manufacturer to give as little as he can. His feelings probably would induce him to give every one a high wage; but this is a matter of business, not of feeling. He can only give the wages which his neighbours—that is, his competitors—give. If all other manufacturers offer a workman, such as yourself, 20s. a-week, then I cannot give more. If I were to give you more, and another more, and so on, I could not manufacture so cheaply. My profits, and probably more than my profits, would be all given away. No man in his senses will do such a thing.

*Jackson.*—But why may not all masters give more?

*Smith.*—Don't you see they are all competing against each other. They try to save off every item of expenditure, and wages among the rest.

*Jackson.*—And how have they all come to an understanding on the subject? What is it that regulates their offer to me of 20s. weekly?

*Smith.*—The thing which governs them is the general supply of hands—the supply according to the demand. There is a certain quantity of work to be done here and elsewhere, and a certain quantity of hands to do it. If there be much work, and comparatively few hands, wages will rise; if little work, and an excess of hands, wages will fall. Without any mutual arrangement, the manufacturers come to a uniformity of wages. Indeed, it is not the masters, but the labourers, who settle the rate of wages. They settle it by competing against each other. In the same way that manufacturers compete against one another, so do the labouring classes compete against one another. All find it necessary to work, in order to live; and to get work, they accept of what wages are to be had. If they, however, hear that higher wages are going elsewhere, they carry their labour thither. They there compete with those who are already settled, and perhaps bring down wages to a lower level. Thus, without any mutual understanding among either masters or men, but just by a universal competition, wages get settled down at particular rates.

*Jackson.*—But is it not dreadful that in many instances wages should be so low that people cannot live on them?

*Smith.*—That wages should ever be so low that they cannot procure the ordinary necessities of life, is truly deplorable; but I have already told you that the payment of wages by employers is not a matter of feeling, but of business; they can give no more than others are giving, and that which is given is regulated by the number of hands in proportion to the demand for their services. Let me, if possible, bring this home to your own case. As far as I am aware, neither you nor your fellow-workmen ever give wages or prices merely on the score of compassion, when employing people to do jobs for you or when purchasing articles—to use your own words, in the case of buying shoes, you always go to the cheapest market. Now, have you ever seriously reflected, that by doing so you are helping to press down the wages of labour—the shoemaker in this instance being the employed, and you the employer—just like all ordinary purchasers or wage-payers. First, the public, workmen included, press on the shopkeepers to give their things cheap, then the shopkeepers press in the same way on the manufacturers, and lastly, the manufacturers press on the means of preparation, the wages of their workmen included. You see it all goes in a circle, one pressing on another throughout society; everybody trying to get everything as cheap as they can. If there be any evil in this, the factory or large employers are not the only parties to be blamed. Like you, in making your purchases, or paying for the services you receive, they go to the cheapest market, and only give what is sought; and what that is, is determined, as I have said before, by the competition for employment in proportion to the demand. In a word, it is *the unemployed who determine the rate of wages*. Whether these unemployed be men dismissed in consequence of a slackness of trade, or be new hands, the same result follows. Suppose, for example, in a body of 1000 workmen, there are fifty, equally good with the rest, who cannot find employment; in this instance the rate of wages will not be determined by the 950 employed, but by the fifty unemployed. As a matter of course, masters will employ those whom they can hire at the lowest wages: if the fifty unemployed offer to work for 20s. in place of 25s., they will discharge that number of their present workmen to make room for them. But the surplus of labourers continuing undiminished, the workmen discharged, urged by necessity, gladly offer to work for 20s. a-week also, and thereby supplant fifty more who are getting 25s. In this manner the reduction of wages will extend through the entire trade; the trifling redundancy of fifty workmen, like a trifling excess of commodities in the market, reducing the wages of the entire body of operatives.\*

*Jackson.*—I think you are forgetting the power of combination among workmen to keep up or to raise wages. We can

\* Wade's History of the Working-Classes.

associate in trades' unions—each trade its own union—and all helping and encouraging each other to stand out for a higher rate of wages.

*Smith.*—You can do so undoubtedly, but, as everybody knows, with no good to yourselves. The history of every trades' union is a history of folly, ending in repentance or misery. Got up, for the most part, by a few designing individuals, they are a vain effort to browbeat employers into the terms which they dictate, and, in doing so, tyrannise over the multitudes who would willingly take the current rate of wages. If you will permit me, I will read from a pamphlet in my hand\* the particulars of two of the most powerful *strikes* for wages on record; the first, that at Preston, in Lancashire, in the winter of 1836-7: and the second a few months later at Glasgow, in Lanarkshire.

“The strike at Preston began by the workmen employed in the cotton manufacture of the place becoming discontented with the rate of wages allowed, which averaged for each man, after all deductions, 22s. 6d. per week. The main reason for the discontent was, that the spinners of Bolton had higher wages; but this higher rate, it seems, was more ideal than real, for the Bolton prices rose and fell with the times, whereas the Preston prices were fixed, and were in the aggregate, or long-run, as advantageous for the regular workman. Be this as it may, a union, which had formerly existed, commenced operations for raising the wages of the spinners.

Great excitement was produced, and nearly the whole of the spinners, not previously members of the union, were induced, or coerced by threats and intimidating means, to join the union; and under this semblance of strength, they, on the 13th of October, appointed a council, which commenced sitting at a public-house in the town.

The first act of the council was to wait on one of the most extensive houses in the town, who were known to be very strict in requiring from their hands an engagement not to belong to any trades' union, and demand an advance in the spinners' wages; to which request the house refused to accede. Immediately after this, six spinners in the employment of this house became insubordinate, and were discharged, the remaining spinners threatening thereupon to leave their work, unless the six men were restored to work. The house then ascertained from their hands that they were in reality seeking, by advice of the spinners' council, to obtain the Bolton list of prices for spinning, the like demands being made simultaneously by the spinners of all the other masters in the town. The masters showed no disposition to give way to these demands made on them; and the result was, that all the spinners throughout the town united

\* A paper read before the British Association at Liverpool, and printed in the Working Man's Companion for 1838.

in giving notice to their masters of their intention to quit their work.

The masters now held a meeting, at which it was determined to offer the spinners an advance of ten per cent. on their gross earnings, or about 3s. 4d. per week, on the condition that they would detach themselves from the union. This offer was in many instances accepted by individual spinners; but the council of the union assuming the right to return an answer in the name of the whole body, rejected the offer of the masters, and renewed their demand of the 'Bolton List of Prices,' unaccompanied by any condition relative to the union.

To these terms the masters refused to accede, and on Monday morning, the 7th November, the spinners discontinued their attendance, and the factories were closed. At this time the operatives amounted to 8500 persons.

Of these	660	were spinners.
	1320	were piecers, children employed by the spinners.
	6100	were card-room hands, reellers, and power-loom weavers.
	420	were overlookers, packers, engineers, &c.

Making 8500 persons.

Of this number, it may be said that only 660 (that is, the whole of the spinners) voluntarily left their work, the greater part of the remaining 7840 being thereby thrown out of employment.

During the first fortnight of the turn-out, no change was apparent in the condition of the workpeople; some meetings were held both by masters and men, but nothing resulted from them. At the commencement of the second fortnight, complaints began to be heard from the card-room hands, and from the shopkeepers of the town.

Early in December, when the mills had been closed for a month, the streets began to be crowded with beggars, and the offices of the overseer were besieged with applicants for relief. The inmates of the workhouse began to increase rapidly, and scenes of the greatest misery and wretchedness were of constant occurrence. At this period the spinners were receiving from the funds of the union five shillings a-week each, and the piecers, some two, and others three shillings a-week; the card-room hands and power-loom weavers [forming, be it observed, nearly three-fourths of the whole number out of employment] were destitute of all means of support, receiving no assistance except such as the masters afforded them, which (except in the cases of eighteen or twenty individuals who had not joined the union) extended only to one meal a-day for each person.

In December, £100 was granted by the corporation towards relieving the general distress, and a meeting was convened for the purpose of raising a further sum, and of considering the most effectual means of putting an end to the turn-out; but nothing resulted from it. Towards the middle of December, when the

turn-out had lasted six weeks, it was evident that the funds of the union were nearly exhausted.

By the end of December the distress had become universal and intense, and the masters came to the resolution of opening their mills, in order to give those who wished for it an opportunity of resuming their work. In doing so, they announced their determination to abide by their former offer of an increase of ten per cent. on the rate of wages; but to require from all those who should enter the mills a written declaration to the effect, that they would not, at any future time, whilst in their service, become members of any union or combination of workmen.

Immediately on the re-opening of the mills, which took place on the 9th of January, all the card-room hands rushed anxiously to their work; but the continued absence of the spinners rendered it impossible to give them employment.

At the end of the first week after the mills had been opened, forty spinners were at work, of whom eighteen were those who, as before stated, had not joined the union, and the remaining twenty-two had never before been regularly employed in that kind of work.

In the course of the second week the number had increased to 100, of whom some were entirely new to the work, and three were seceders from the union; and at the end of the third week there were 140 spinners at work, some of the additional forty having been procured from neighbouring towns. Besides this, in two of the factories a few self-acting mules, or spinning-machines, were substituted for common mules, thereby dispensing with the services of the spinners. As the number of the spinners increased, of course a corresponding increase took place in the number of persons employed in the other departments.

Towards the middle of the fourth week the supplies from the funds of the union suddenly stopped, and those who had depended on this resource had no alternative left but to endeavour to obtain readmission to the factories. On the 5th of February, exactly three months from the day on which the mills were first closed, work was resumed in all the mills to its usual extent; but about 200 of the spinners who had been most active in the turn-out, were replaced by new hands, and have since either left the town, or remain there without employment. No systematic acts of violence, or violations of the law, took place during the turn-out. Detachments of military were stationed in the town to preserve order, but their services were not required. Some inflammatory handbills appeared on the walls, but without creating much sensation.

While the turn-out lasted, the operatives generally wandered about the streets without any definite object: seventy-five persons were brought before the magistrates, and convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct; twelve were imprisoned or held to bail for assaults or intimidation; about twenty young females became prostitutes, of whom more than one-half are still so, and



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of whom two have since been transported for theft; three persons are believed to have died of starvation; and not less than 5000 must have suffered long and severely from hunger and cold. In almost every family the greater part of the wearing apparel and household furniture was pawned. In nine houses out of ten, considerable arrears of rent were due; and out of the sum of £1600 deposited in the Savings' Bank by about sixty spinners or overlookers, £900 was withdrawn in the course of the three months; most of those who could obtain credit got into debt with the shopkeepers. The trade of the town suffered severely; many of the small shopkeepers were nearly ruined, and a few completely so.

The following estimate may be made of the direct pecuniary loss to all classes of operatives in consequence of the turn-out:—

The wages of the 660 spinners for 13 weeks at 22s. 6d.	£9,652	10	0
1320 piecers for 13 weeks, at 5s. 6d.	4,719	0	0
6520 weavers, card-room hands, overlookers, engineers, &c. &c. for 13 weeks, averaging 9s.	38,142	0	0
Estimated loss sustained by hand-loom weavers in consequence of the turn-out,	9,500	0	0
Estimated loss sustained by clerks, wagoners, carters, mechanics, dressers, sizers, &c. in consequence of the turn-out,	8,000	0	0
Total,	£70,013	10	0
From which must be deducted—			
Estimated amount of wages earned during the partial resumption of work between the 9th January and the 5th February,	5,013	0	0
Estimated value of relief given by the masters,	1,000	0	0
Other private charity and parish relief,	2,500	0	0
Allowance to the spinners and piecers from the funds of the union,	4,290	0	0
	£12,803	0	0
Leaving a net pecuniary loss to the whole body of the Preston operatives of,	£57,210	10	0
(But to the town at large it may be said the loss was that of the whole sum of £70,013, 10s., as the amount of the deductions are mostly of a charitable nature.)			
Loss to the Preston operatives,	£57,210	10	0
The loss to the masters being three months' interest of £800,000, some of which being sunk capital was not only unproductive, but was taking harm from being rendered useless, has been estimated at,	45,000	0	0
And the loss sustained by the shopkeepers from loss of business, bad debts, &c. &c.	4,986	0	0
Making the total loss to the town and trade of Preston, in this unavailing struggle,	£107,196	10	0

The strike of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, which took place in the summer of 1837, lasted from the 8th of April till the 1st of August, being a period of seventeen weeks and five days. The

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following is the statement of the loss to the operatives alone, independent of the loss of the masters, merchants, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and others:—

700 spinners struck work ; their average wages were 32s. per week ; they had sometimes been higher ; this makes,	£19,040 0 0
2100 piecers, and 2100 card and picking-room hands, employed at the factories under the spinners, were, in consequence of that strike, thrown out of employment ; their average wage was 8s. per week,	28,560 0 0
Loss to the operatives themselves by wages,	£47,600 0 0

From a speech made by Mr Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, at a late trial of a cotton-spinner for violent intimidation, it appears that this amount of loss is by far the least part of the injury sustained. Speaking of the strike, he says, 'Its ruinous consequences upon the industry and prosperity of the manufacturing classes are already frightfully apparent. The return of the commitments for the county of Lanark exhibits a melancholy increase of crime during the last year, and which will forcibly attract the attention of the legislature. At the Christmas jail delivery last year, only seven prisoners remained in custody for trial in Glasgow. By the schedule I hold in my hand, there are at this moment sixty-eight, almost all committed during the last two months! Nor is this result surprising. During the disastrous strikes of the last summer, twenty or thirty thousand young persons of both sexes were thrown idle for many months in Glasgow and its immediate neighbourhood, almost all accustomed to high wages, and too often to habitual intemperance. Nine-and-twenty thousand persons in Glasgow are directly or indirectly employed in the manufacture of cotton goods, the great majority of whom were thrown idle by the spinners' strike; and this calamitous event took place at a period of unexampled distress from the general commercial embarrassments of the country, and hardly any means of absorbing the helpless multitudes in other trades existed. For the skilled workmen who arranged their strikes, the cotton-spinners, iron-moulders, colliers, or sawyers, funds were provided from the resources of the associations to which they severally belonged; but for the unhappy persons whom they employed in their labour, the piecers, pickers, drawers, &c. no provision whatever existed, and they were thrown, in vast and appalling numbers, far beyond the reach either of public or private charity, on the streets, or into public-houses, to while away the weary hours of compulsory idleness. The results may easily be anticipated. The wretched victims of this tyranny all got deeply into debt if they had any credit, and if they had none, sunk into such habits of idleness, profligacy, and intemperance, that great numbers of them have been permanently rendered mere nuisances and burdens to society. The cotton-spinners' strike alone instantly threw six or seven thousand women and children out of employment for a long

period; eight thousand human beings were retained in a state of destitution and wretchedness for four months, merely at the pleasure of fifteen men.

Nor have the effects of this unhappy and unnatural system upon society been less disastrous. The cotton-spinners' strike cost the persons who were employed in that trade—spinners, piecers, and others—above £50,000! The loss to the masters was at least as great: that to the persons whom they employed or dealt with for provisions or other articles probably still greater. £200,000 were lost to Glasgow and its vicinity in four months, without a shilling being gained by any human being, by the strike of this trade alone! The total loss sustained by Lanarkshire between the strikes of the colliers, the iron-moulders, sawyers, and spinners, last year, was at least £500,000. Society cannot long go on under a repetition of such shocks: capital will migrate from the country where it is subject to such calamities. And what is most remarkable, these grievous blows were inflicted by the working-classes on themselves at the very time when commercial credit was reeling under the effects of the convulsion of last year, and the most respectable establishments with difficulty sustained themselves against the accumulated pressure of diminished orders and increased embarrassments. The principle of the operatives has too often been by combination and violence to force up their wages during prosperity, and by combination and violence to prevent them from falling in adversity; hoping thus to avert from themselves the law of nature, and build up on the foundation of intimidation a durable prosperity amidst the fleeting changes of human affairs.'”

*Jackson.*—These were certainly very badly managed affairs; but trades' unions are not always so unsuccessful. There are many instances of their keeping up wages without loss, stoppage, or violence.

*Smith.*—I do not doubt they may sometimes cause a feverish rise of wages; but in the main, they are productive of great misery to the working-classes themselves. Supposing them to be successful, they defeat their own ends. Trade is a most delicate plant; it cannot endure being tampered with—

“You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.”

The raising of wages at one place to an unnatural level sends the trade to another place, or quenches the trade altogether. Combinations, when of frequent occurrence, or when the demands of the workmen are exorbitant, cause the removal of factories to other situations where the proprietors may be free from the improper control of their men. Of this it would be easy to give many instances. The combinations in Nottinghamshire of persons under the name of Luddites, drove a great number of lace frames from that district, and caused establishments to be formed in Devonshire. The increase of the silk trade at Manchester is

partly owing to its migration from Macclesfield, which for some time suffered considerably from the restrictions placed on labour by the unions. Norwich has suffered the same evil. "The business of calico-printing," says a gentleman conversant with the subject, "which had been long carried on in Belfast, was taken from it in consequence of the combination of the men engaged in it. The party who had embarked his capital in the trade sold off his materials; and the result was, that one hundred and seven families were thrown out of bread. In the town of Bandon, a cotton factory was established, which was like to give employment to many persons in that neighbourhood. The proprietor fitted up his machinery, and had received several orders; when that was known to the workmen, they turned out for higher wages. The proprietor remained long enough to complete the orders he had got, but then gave up the business; and thus that neighbourhood lost an outlay in wages of £11,000 or £12,000. With respect to the city of Dublin, he was sure he did not overstate the matter, when he said that wages to the amount of £500,000 a-year were withdrawn from it in the manufacture of almost every article of consumption. In the foundry trade alone, not less than £10,000 a-year was sent out of Dublin, which would have been retained if the system of combination did not exist. Not very long ago there were four ship-builders in extensive business in Dublin; there was at present not one—the trade had been removed to Drogheda and to Belfast; and if a vessel coming into the port required repairs, she was cobbled up in such a way as to enable her to get across the Channel, or to get down to Belfast, where she could be thoroughly repaired. What was the cause of this? It was, that, when there was any business, so as to give employment to the workmen, they at once turned out for higher wages." Other instances have occurred where still greater injury has been produced by the removal of a portion of the skill and capital of the country to a foreign land. Such was the case at Glasgow, as stated in the Fourth Parliamentary Report respecting artisans and machinery. One of the partners in an extensive cotton factory, fettered and annoyed by the constant interference of his workmen, removed to the state of New York, where he re-established his machinery, and thus afforded to a rival community, already formidable to our trade, at once a pattern of our best machinery, and an example of the best methods of using it.\*

Strikes also lead to the superseding of hand labour by machines. In 1831, on the occasion of a strike at Manchester, several of the capitalists, afraid of their business being driven to other countries, had recourse to the celebrated machinists, Messrs Sharp and Co. of Manchester, requesting them to direct the inventive talents of their partner, Mr Roberts, to the construction of a self-acting

\* Babbage on Machinery and Manufactures.

mule, in order to emancipate the trade from galling slavery and impending ruin. Under assurances of the most liberal encouragement in the adoption of his invention, Mr Roberts suspended his professional pursuits as an engineer, and set his fertile genius to construct a spinning automaton. In the course of a few months he produced a machine, called the "Self-acting Mule," which, in 1834, was in operation in upwards of sixty factories; doing the work of the head spinners so much better than they could do it themselves, as to leave them no chance against it.

In his work, the "Philosophy of Manufactures," Dr Ure observes on the same subject—"The elegant art of calico-printing, which embodies in its operations the most elegant problems of chemistry, as well as mechanics, had been for a long period the sport of foolish journeymen, who turned the liberal means of comfort it furnished them into weapons of warfare against their employers and the trade itself. They were, in fact, by their delirious combinations, plotting to kill the goose which laid the golden eggs of their industry, or to force it to fly off to a foreign land, where it might live without molestation. In the spirit of Egyptian task-masters, the operative printers dictated to the manufacturers the number and quality of the apprentices to be admitted into the trade, the hours of their own labour, and the wages to be paid them. At length capitalists sought deliverance from this intolerable bondage in the resources of science, and were speedily reinstated in their legitimate dominion of the head over the inferior members. The four-colour and five-colour machines, which now render calico-printing an unerring and expeditious process, are mounted in all great establishments. It was under the high-pressure of the same despotic confederacies that self-acting apparatus for executing the dyeing and rinsing operations has been devised."

The croppers of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the hecklers or flax-dressers, can unfold "a tale of wo" on this subject. Their earnings exceeded those of most mechanics; but the frequency of strikes among them, and the irregularities in their hours and times of working, compelled masters to substitute machinery for their manual labour. Their trades, in consequence, have been in a great measure superseded.\* I might easily multiply examples of the injuries suffered by unionists from strikes, for they are very numerous; but I think I have said enough to convince any reasonable man that trades' unions, as generally conducted, have a most pernicious result. They are got up for the most part with a singular disregard of justice and benevolence. Their promoters too frequently forget that others less fortunate and skilful require to live beside themselves. Working-men in full employment, for instance, sometimes combine to deter masters from receiving more than a certain number of apprentices. This may

\* Wade's History of the Working-Classes.

serve the purpose of combiners at the time, but it is clearly oppressive to the young persons who wish to be employed. It is equivalent to saying to these persons—"We shall keep all the work to ourselves, on our own terms; you shall have none of it, even although you should starve." I have heard instances of journeymen tailors combining to prevent women from being employed in their profession, and what was this but condemning women to idleness and starvation, in order that the tailor-unionists might maintain their prices? It is somewhat remarkable that working-men, who manifest so keen a sense of injury on their own persons, should care so little for oppressing and grievously injuring others. In all the strikes which I have heard of, the welfare of the head workers seems alone to be consulted; no one appears to care for throwing idle and starving the many thousands of inferior workers, such as boys, women, and girls. Your own common sense must perceive that such conduct is dictated by a spirit of selfishness, and has for its aim the most complete monopoly. I need say no more on trades' unions as they have been too commonly managed. Many a well-meaning man has lived to lament he ever had anything to do with them.

*Jackson.*—Sir, I have listened patiently to your account of trades' unions. I think, with you, that they may be carried much too far. Still, it does not seem unreasonable for men to unite to make the most of their labour—to prevent the oppression of masters disposed to do them injustice.

*Smith.*—It is certainly quite reasonable for men to sell their labour at as high a rate as possible, whether as individuals or as masses; but they commit a prodigious error, and also a crime punishable by law, when they proceed the length of preventing others from underselling them—when they threaten, bully, and actually inflict bodily injuries on those who are inclined or necessitated to work at wages somewhat lower than what the union dictates. You talk of oppression. There is no oppression on the face of the earth so great as this.

*Jackson.*—But surely there is nothing criminal in a union laying down rules for a uniform rate of wages; I mean, that a master shall not pay some one wage and some another?

*Smith.*—Nothing criminal, but something very wrong and very foolish. Combinations to enforce a uniform rate of wages is an evil most detrimental to the workmen themselves. Such rules can mean only—that the *least* skilful shall be paid as high wages as the *most* skilful; the idle and dull as much as the most expert. According to this preposterous arrangement—concocted, no doubt, by the dunces of the profession—no inducement is held out to a man to distinguish himself. If such a system had prevailed forty years ago, we should never have heard of Telford, or Rennie, or a hundred other men who raised themselves above their fellows. I wonder such a shrewd fellow as you, Jackson, should not see this.

*Jackson.*—Why, I confess I never saw it in that light before. There is such a deal of stuff talked, that it is long before one gets at the truth. One thing, however, still seems a little puzzling. How is it that men are paid so differently? Some persons, who live a very genteel and easy sort of life, get large payments, while we working-men are pushed off with a pound a-week or so.

*Smith.*—That is a very reasonable question, and I will answer it, I hope, to your satisfaction. The recompense of labour depends on what the labour is. If the labour is of a simple kind, which any able-bodied man may perform with little training, so many will resort to it in comparison to the demand, that their wages will be comparatively small. The labour may be dangerous, or it may be painful, but these circumstances do not affect the rate of payment. An abundance of men can always be obtained to fight and run the risk of being shot, for a shilling a-day; and plenty of men can always be procured to work in a ditch at about the same recompense. It is different with professions requiring long and expensive study, as that of medical men. No person can be fully educated as a practising surgeon at a less cost than £800, independently of six or seven years of study. Comparatively few men, therefore, follow this profession; and, their services being in demand, they receive correspondingly high payments. An unthinking person would perhaps consider that, as a medical man gives only a word or two of advice when called upon in a case of illness, he should be paid only an insignificant fee; but a moment's thought will show you, that before he was able to give this advice, he expended years in study, as well as large sums of money; and that, therefore, he is entitled to be paid accordingly. Society might indeed refuse to make such payments to men belonging to the learned professions; but the consequence would be, that no one would consider it worth his while to follow them. We should have no physicians or surgeons, for example; and when any person became affected with disease, or met with an accident, such as a fractured limb, he would be left to his fate, or committed to the charge of ignorant pretenders. Thus, all things considered, it is better to pay such men a fitting sum for their labours than to treat them indifferently. Another thing very materially affects the rate of remuneration—the precariousness of employment. Porters, hackney-coachmen, and others who are employed only by fits and starts, must be paid accordingly. A porter may consider a shilling little enough for going an errand, because, perhaps, he may have only one such job in the day. Attorneys, whose employment is very irregular, are usually paid on this principle. You will give one of them 6s. 8d. for writing a letter, which seems a high payment; but, laying the expense of his preliminary education out of the question, he has not perhaps more than one or two such letters to write per day; therefore he

must charge for his idle as well as his employed time. The payments in some businesses are governed by the disreputability of the employment; while, on the other hand, you will find men of education, ability, and leisure, engaging in pursuits attended with vast trouble, merely for the sake of doing what is held in popular estimation. You know, I daresay, many men who eagerly seek to be members of parliament, members of town-councils, and of other public bodies, without any pecuniary remuneration at all. They are willing to put themselves to a vast deal of trouble for the mere honour of the office.

*Jackson.*—I confess it is rather strange I never heard such explanations before. Another question occurs to me. I wish to know if the amount of wages does not depend on the price of the common necessaries and luxuries of life? I have heard it confidently asserted that they do.

*Smith.*—That is a department of the wage-question on which there have been great differences of opinion. My own conviction is, that the lowering of prices would not make the slightest difference in the rate of wages, as long as the number of hands seeking employment remained the same, and there was the same amount of labour to give them. Some persons have argued, that if bread and beef, and some other articles, were to fall in price, the working-man, by being able to buy his usual quantity of provisions for less money, would accept a wage proportionally lower. This seems to me a fallacy, unless we can suppose a very material change taking place in the tastes, habits, and desires of the labouring classes. The working-man, as you know, always tries to get as high a price as possible for his labour, without regard to what he can buy with the money. When an operative applies for work at a factory, and seeks 3s. a-day, the employer does not say to him, "Bread has now fallen, and you must take only 2s. 9d. a-day." If he said so foolish a thing, the man would reply, "What does it signify to you what I can buy with my money? I seek 3s. a-day for my labour, because that is what everybody else is paying; and if you will not give so much, I will hire myself to some other master. If the employer, therefore, wanted hands, he would be compelled to take the man at his own terms of 3s. daily. I have supposed this case, but it admits of proof by comparing the wages of operatives, domestic servants, and others, during the last thirty years, with the average price of grain in each year. The weekly wages of stone masons, carpenters, and similar artisans, have generally, during the past thirty years, varied from 14s. to 22s., while the average price of a quarter of wheat, barley, and oats, has varied from 84s. 6d. to 178s.; the highest wages, in some instances, being given in the cheapest years. In some parts of Lancashire, weavers and spinners received 20s. per week in 1826-7, and 14s. in 1839-40. In 1815, the average daily wage of a slubber [operative who



attends a spinning-machine] was 2s. 6d. or 2s. 8d.; it is now 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. The daily wage of a carder in 1815 was 1s. 2d.; it is now 1s. 6d. Piecers, who are young boys or girls, got 7d. a-day in 1815, and they now have 9d. It is needless to multiply examples. From all evidence, it appears that prices of food are no way concerned in the payment of wages.

*Jackson.*—Well, you have said enough on that point; and I now come to a question more intimately concerning the subject of wages. Would it not serve a good purpose to settle the rate of wages by law? You have said that workmen cannot force wages *up*, nor employers force them *down*, by combinations. Now, might not a law be made to compel certain wages to be paid according to the work done?

*Smith.*—No such law could ever be founded in justice. Wages are paid out of the profits of trade, and as these profits are constantly fluctuating, it might happen that a manufacturer would be called on to pay more than he could afford, or what was warranted by the state of the labour market. If more than he could afford, manufacturers would of course cease giving employment, and many of them would probably go to other countries. If the wages were higher than were warranted by the state of the labour market, then the obligation to pay them would be to tyrannise not only over the employers, but over a large number of unemployed working-people, who would gladly labour for wages of lower amount. I will not deny that in some very steady trades a fixed tariff of wages, as, for example, that each man should receive 5s. a-day, would perhaps for a time answer pretty well; but, unless you could insure that the quantity of labour would keep pace with the number of hands, a time would come when the system would be deranged; in short, the time would arrive when one portion of workmen would be employed at the standard wages, and another portion would be left unemployed, and reduced to beggary.

*Jackson.*—You are reasoning, I think, on a supposition that all should be paid 5s. a-day. But suppose the law to enforce a much lower rate?

*Smith.*—That would produce an evil of a different kind. It might be giving less than ought to be given, and that would be a tyranny over the workmen. Besides, by wages being fixed unalterably at a low rate, all who were employed would be on a dead level. The most idle and most industrious, the most stupid and the most skilful, would be paid alike. I have already pointed out the evil of such a regulation.

*Jackson.*—As far as I can understand your doctrines, you mean to establish, that if wages be left to themselves, they will find their level. How, then, does it occur that one employer will sometimes be found paying higher wages than another?

*Smith.*—No rule is without exceptions. As a general rule, employers seldom speak to each other about their affairs. The

spirit of rivalry keeps them apart. Each tries to have the best machinery and the best men. For the most part, employers are anxious to keep good hands whom they have had for some time, and in whom they can repose confidence. Some, however, are much more considerate than others on this point, and will make a sacrifice in order to keep men to whom they are attached. I have myself often kept my hands on when I was really working at a loss; not only from motives of personal esteem, but because, if I had paid off these men, it might have been difficult to re-engage them: they would have dispersed themselves to seek employment elsewhere. In this way steady men may be said at all times to command the support of their employers, and will in many cases receive wages considerably higher than what are paid generally in the trade. Good character, in short, always commands its price; and to reach this stamp of superiority ought to be every working-man's aim.

*Jackson.*—Well, although I agree in the truth of many of your remarks, I remain satisfied that the labouring-classes have much to complain of. Their condition does not seem to be improving, or keeping pace with the increasing wealth of the country. Can you suggest no means for its practical improvement?

*Smith.*—That is a question different from that on which we started. The object of our conversation was to clear up differences between employers and employed, and I have done my best to show you that if the working-classes are badly off, it is not the employers as a class who are to blame. When you ask if no means can be suggested to improve the condition of operatives, we get into a quite new question; we get into a discussion, I apprehend, on the general condition of society—a subject of a very difficult kind, on which there are a variety of opinions. However, since you have asked the question, I will try to answer it. I acknowledge, with great pain, there is a considerable amount of destitution demanding compassion and alleviation. By a concurrence of causes, general and particular, large numbers of the labouring population have got into a condition of considerable embarrassment and suffering—from want of education, abandonment to bad habits, and loss of self-respect, perhaps natural incapacity to compete with more skilful neighbours, also by fluctuations constantly increasing the mass of destitution in our large towns. The misfortunes and imprudences of the higher order of workmen and the mercantile classes also cause much destitution, and swell the numbers of the unemployed.

*Jackson.*—You are describing what seems an incurable evil. Surely there must be some remedy for this state of things?

*Smith.*—Of course there is; but time is required to digest and point out what shall be the proper remedy. In the meanwhile, viewing the destitute with compassion for their poverty and misfortunes, it is the duty of the more fortunate classes to relieve them by every means in their power; and the wish to do

so is amply testified in the establishment of hospitals, infirmaries, charitable institutions, and poor laws. I am not without hopes, also, that education—that is, a more perfect fitting of the poorer classes for the difficulties they have to encounter—would considerably assuage the evil; but this must be a matter of time and consideration. Passing therefore from the condition of the actually pauperised classes, let us turn to the state and prospects of the working-man. I would divide plans for his improvement in circumstances into two kinds—1. Those which he may carry out himself; and, 2. Those which may be executed by the state.

Beginning with the former kind, I should say that the working-man should *avoid an early and imprudent marriage*. Many of the manual labouring-classes seem to entertain loose notions on this subject; they generally marry when young—some even before they are out of their apprenticeships, at all events before they are able to maintain a wife and family comfortably. A man of honourable feelings should be startled at the idea of marrying and bringing children into the world to drag out a half-starved existence, or be cut down in their early years by the effects of misery. He will not multiply competitors for his own and his neighbour's labour, or do that which will subdivide a morsel already too small, and make all, himself included, the more wretched. He will not do this if he *have* good feelings and just views; but he will do it if he want these great distinctive features of an estimable character.

*Jackson*.—These be hard words on poor men, sir. Surely it is natural and right to marry when one has a mind to it; and I am strongly of opinion that a country must be in a very bad state when men and women are prevented from marrying in their young days; because, if they have to wait till they are up in years, they cannot expect to live to rear and look after a family. A pretty pass things have come to when the working-classes are told not to marry till they are old men!

*Smith*.—I think you are stating the case too strongly, Mr Jackson. I do not advocate the postponement of marriage till old age. What I want to recommend is, *prudence in waiting for a few years, till the man has saved a little money, and the woman perhaps saved something also*. Then they may marry prudently. Marriage is a sacred and proper institution. No other state of life is so productive of happiness, or length of days, provided the parties are well matched, and desirous of assisting and comforting each other. I am well aware that it might be better if marriage could be entered upon earlier than it is; and I fully agree with you in saying that things cannot be in a good state when marriage, at a reasonable age, is reckoned imprudent. But you know in this, as in many other matters, we must take things as we find them. We must temporise till means be devised for improving our existing situation. I therefore assert

that, according to all principles of justice, propriety, and expediency, a man ought to pause before he rushes into matrimony, and not only plunges a confiding female into irretrievable ruin, but brings beings into the world whom he has not the means of supporting.

*Jackson.*—I certainly don't think any well-meaning man would do so.

*Smith.*—Well-meaning! He must be something more than well-meaning people. Half the errors in society are done by well-meaning people. I say a man ought to think seriously, and with foresight, when he undertakes to maintain a family; but let me continue my observations as to what means the working-classes should adopt for their own benefit. I have said that one great cause of distress in circumstances is *early or imprudent marriage*. A second cause of misery is *the general want of economy, along with intemperance*. You complain of low wages. I have told you they cannot at present be raised. May you, then, not try to economise what you actually receive? My belief is, that, properly expended, wages, as now paid, are not insufficient to the respectable support of the employed in towns. Taking, for instance, the skilled operatives occupied in the building and furnishing of houses, in making clothing, and in working in mines and manufactories, I should think their average incomes, in good and bad times, afford the means of comfortable subsistence. But the misfortune is, that their earnings in brisk times are often wastefully expended. I could produce numberless instances of working-men realising from £2, 10s. to £2, 18s. weekly, for years, and yet they are always as poor as ever—poorer than many who do not realise above 15s. weekly. I shall give you a few examples. Some time ago I visited a large manufacturing establishment in London, where as many as three hundred persons are employed. Of these a hundred men receive each on an average £1, 15s. for working five days in the week. They decline coming to labour on Monday, which they habitually make a holiday, and, I was told, thus regularly lose 7s. each weekly. Besides this loss, I was informed that each expends not less than 7s. weekly for beer. The establishment, in fact, supports a public-house. Now, are not such facts deplorable? Here are a hundred men voluntarily losing 7s. every week by leaving off work on Monday, and losing 7s. by intemperance—making a loss of 14s. weekly, or £36 per annum. Among the whole hundred, as much as £3600 are annually wasted, or worse than wasted; for the expenditure leads to loss of health, and lasting degradation of habits. Not one of them saves a penny. When any slackness of trade takes place, and they are paid off, they actually beg; for what is going round with subscription papers but begging? Such men ought not only to be comfortable in circumstances, but to have money saved. But the truth is, the working-classes know little about saving. Few of them,

in comparison to their numbers, put money into savings' banks. For example, it was lately found that out of 14,937 deposit accounts in the savings' bank in the great manufacturing town of Manchester, only 4181 were the deposits of working-people. A similar result is shown by returns from the savings' banks of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee; and it may now be taken as a well-ascertained fact, that the working-classes do not save money according to their means. So common, indeed, is it to see men with moderate wages saving, and men with large wages extravagant, that many persons have come to the conclusion, that high wages prove a curse more than a blessing. The curse, however, is brought on the workmen entirely by themselves.

I observe from a pamphlet lately issued in Manchester, that the foreman of a cotton factory had been employed to inquire into the condition of the workmen in the mill in relation to their earnings, and he discloses the following facts:—"Carder and manager, with £1, 15s. a-week, ten years in work—extremely poor. Carder, with family earnings, £3 a-week, seven years in work—in great poverty. Dresser, with family earnings, £3, 10s. a-week, ten years in work—in great poverty. Mule-spinner, with family earnings, £1, 15s. a-week, five years in work—in poverty. Another mule-spinner, with family earnings, £1, 18s. a-week, five years in work—in poverty. Spinner and manager, with family earnings, £2, 10s. a-week, twelve years in work—died in great poverty. Mechanic, with family earnings, £2, 5s. a-week, seven years in work—in poverty. Overlooker, with family earnings, £3, 10s. a-week, seven years in work—in poverty." The reasons given for these deplorable exhibitions of poverty are—"extravagance, improvidence, want of domestic management, intemperance, immorality."

The writer of the account goes on to say, "It is not unusual for the week's earnings of many operatives to be consumed in luxury and drunkenness on the evening of Saturday and on Sunday. The consequence is, their families drag out the remainder of the week amidst privations extending even to the common necessities of life. To obtain food, an article of furniture or of dress is taken to the pawnbroker, and a few shillings are borrowed on its security. This money has to be so minutely subdivided, that domestic articles are necessarily purchased in almost the smallest possible quantities; consequently, 30 and even 60 per cent. are not unfrequently paid over and above the prices for which these articles might have been procured. Improvidence is by no means confined to the labouring population of the manufacturing districts. A friend informs us that a similar social evil prevails amongst the fishermen on the coast of Yorkshire. Three men and a boy have been known to take in one night, under favourable circumstances, fish which they sold the following morning for £20. Instead of carefully husbanding their respective shares of this sum, they with their families

immediately resorted to over-feeding and drinking; and, between waste and extravagance, contrived to spend every farthing of the money before the end of the week. Where such improvidence prevails, home soon presents no attraction for its inmates. Within its walls mutual recriminations are chiefly heard. Destitute of comfort, it is shunned. The beer-house, the gin-shop, debating clubs, infidel meeting-houses, or seditious assemblies, are the places frequented in its stead.\*

On the want of economy among the working-classes generally, I have observed some striking particulars in a "Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of England," which was laid before parliament in 1842. Be so good as peruse the following passages, including a contrast in the economy of families. "It is unquestionably true that the deplorable state of destitution and wretchedness, the existence of which is too notorious to be denied, might in most cases have been averted by common prudence and economy. The disgusting habits of self-indulgence, in both males and females, at the beer and spirit-shops, with their want of economy in expending their weekly income, keeps them in a continued state of destitution and filth, and explains the reason why some families of the labouring-classes support themselves in cleanliness and comparative comfort with limited means, whilst others, with the largest amount of income, are always to be found in a state of want and wretchedness. The following cases will serve as examples:—

1.

Cellar in Wellington-Court, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; a man, his wife, and seven children; income per week £1, 11s.; rent 1s. 6d. per week; three beds for seven, in a dark unventilated back-room, bed covering of the meanest and scantiest kind—the man and wife occupying the front-room as a sleeping-room for themselves, in which the whole family take their food and spend their leisure time. Here the family is in a filthy destitute state, with an income averaging 3s. 5½d. each per week, four being children under 11 years of age.

2.

Cellar in York Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; a man, a hand-loom weaver, his wife and family (one daughter married, with her husband, forms part of the family), comprising altogether seven persons; income £2, 7s., or 6s. 8½d. per head; rent 2s. Here, with the largest amount of income, the family occupy two filthy, damp, unwholesome cellars, one of which is a back place without pavement or flooring of any kind, occupied by the loom of the family, and used as a sleeping-room for the married couple and single daughter.

1.

In a dwelling-house in Chorlton union, containing one sitting-room and two bedrooms; a man, his wife, and three children; rent 2s. 6d. per week; income per week 12s. 6d., being an average of 2s. 6d. per week for each person. Here, with a sickly man, the house presented an appearance of comfort in every part, as also the bedding was in good order.

2.

In a dwelling-house, Stove Street, one sitting-room, one kitchen, and two bedrooms; rent 4s. per week; a poor widow, with a daughter also a widow, with ten children, making together thirteen in family; income £1, 6s. per week, averaging 2s. per head per week. Here there is every appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

\* Pamphlet published by Benjamin Love. Manchester: 1843.

## THE EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

3.

John Salt, of Carr Bank (labourer); wages 12s. per week; a wife, and one child aged 15; he is a drunken disorderly fellow, and very much in debt.

4.

William Haynes, of Oakamoore (wire-drawer); wages £1 per week; he has a wife and five children; he is in debt, and his family is shamefully neglected.

5.

George Locket, of Kingsley (boatman); wages 18s. per week, with a wife and seven children; his family is in a miserable condition.

6.

John Banks, of Cheadle (collier); wages 18s. per week; wife and three children; his house is in a filthy state, and the furniture not worth 10s.

7.

William Weaver, of Kingsley (boatman); wages 18s. per week; wife and three children; he is a drunken disorderly fellow, and his family entirely destitute.

8.

Richard Barlow, of Cheadle (labourer); wages 12s. per week; wife and five children; in miserable circumstances; not a bed to lie on.

3.

George Hall, of Carr Bank (labourer); wages 10s. per week; has reared ten children; he is in comfortable circumstances.

4.

John Hammonds, of Woodhead (collier); wages 18s. per week; has six children to support; he is a steady man, and saving money.

5.

George Mosley, of Kingsley (collier); wages 18s. per week; he has a wife and seven children; he is saving money.

6.

William Faulkner, of Tean (tape-weaver); wages 18s. per week; supports his wife and seven children without assistance.

7.

Charles Rushton, of Lightwood-fields; wages 14s. per week; he supports his wife and five children in credit.

8.

William Sargeant, of Lightwood-fields (labourer); wages 13s. per week; he has a wife and six children, whom he supports comfortably."

So much for a general want of economy, arising, I believe, from a sheer heedlessness of consequences. With respect to *intemperance* as a cause in itself for depressed circumstances, a very fearful tale can be told. A few facts on this subject will be sufficient to give you an idea of the enormous expenditure on liquors of an intoxicating nature. According to returns issued by the Excise, the following quantity of spirits was entered for home consumption in 1843:—British spirits, 20,642,333 gallons; foreign spirits, 3,464,074 gallons; total, 24,106,407 gallons, which would cost the public at least £30,000,000. So much for spirits; now for malt liquor. It appears that the brewers in 1841 used 3,686,063 quarters of malt, which, I learn from a person skilled in those matters, would produce 10,765,352 barrels of porter, stout, ale, and beer. Taking these at an average price, they would altogether cost the public not less a sum than £25,000,000. Of wines, it is calculated that about 7,000,000 gallons are consumed annually, costing the public about £10,000,000. Altogether, the sums spent in the United Kingdom on intoxicating liquors of one kind or another amount to *sixty-five millions of pounds sterling annually*, or considerably more than the whole revenue of the country. In all probability, thirty out of the sixty-five millions are spent by the working, at all events the struggling, classes.

We have here a very fearful picture of intemperance. The money spent, the time lost, the health deranged, the morals deteriorated, and the universal poverty and misery created, are not

all the evils produced. We must take into account what social benefits are forfeited. The breadth of land devoted to the growing of grain to be employed in making porter, ale, beer, and spirits, is incalculable; and if it were employed in producing food, we should most likely have bread at half its present price. As much grain is made into malt as the whole annual importation of foreign grain. In short, without going farther into this monster evil, we may be well assured that *intemperance* alone, independently of everything else, is a grand cause of general distress, and that if we could remove *that*, the condition of the working-classes would rise under every difficulty, and they would enjoy a degree of comfort of which they have as yet had no experience.

It is very generally allowed, and with much truth, that a great cause of the want of economy, the intemperance, and the heedlessness of the working-classes, is that state of *contented ignorance in which the bulk of them continue to remain*. A more general system of education would, of course, do much to remedy this evil; but, after all, *on people's own exertions* depend their becoming more wise and prudent. Of late years, a great advance has taken place in almost every art and science, but the lower classes generally have not kept pace with the progress made by others. Intelligent and benevolent men have exerted themselves to establish mechanics' institutions, public libraries, and other means for improving the minds of the people; but, on the whole, the working-classes have looked on such efforts with indifference, and institutions specially for their benefit have been attended chiefly by other parties. In short, it is only the thinking and steady few—the honourable aristocracy of workmen—who habitually attend such establishments, who read during their spare hours, or who have any real care for acquiring useful knowledge. The consequence of this apathy is, that while the instructed part of society has been shooting ahead, a large proportion of uninstructed has fallen behind, and is getting into a situation more and more hopeless.

*Jackson.*—Sir, you talk as if the working-classes had plenty of time on their hands to do these things. You seem to forget that they must labour hard for subsistence. What can a man do who has to work at a fatiguing employment ten hours a-day?

*Smith.*—I am not forgetting that working-men have little time to spare. Still they could, for the most part, do something useful with that little. Some, indeed, spend every Monday in sheer idleness; and if all the hours which are generally lost by lounging in the streets and beer-shops were put together, they would come to a great deal at the end of every year. Your class seem to entertain the notion that the odd times not employed at work are of no value. This is a serious mistake. Even with a clear half-hour a-day, something useful may be done. The most distinguished men in ancient and modern times are known to have raised themselves in the world by dint of self-improvement during



small snatches of time, through a series of years. There are instances even of slaves studying during short intervals of their tasks, and fitting themselves for posts of honour. But the chance of rising in the world is an inferior motive for self-cultivation. Supposing a workman to be steady, and in regular employment, his situation may confer as much happiness as if he occupied a higher station. I know of nothing so well calculated to assuage the hardships of one's lot as a habit of reading instructive and entertaining books. The mind is expanded; a world formerly supposed to be dull and miserable is seen to abound in beauties, and a new relish is given to existence, however drudging be the occupation. Besides, I cannot sympathise in the idea that working-men are to be pitied because they labour. Labour is not an evil, but a positive blessing; it is only injurious when carried to excess. All the comforts that render life agreeable have been prepared by some kind of labour. Nor is labour dishonourable. The operative in his working attire, and at his duties, is an object of respect, while the mere idler merits only our compassion. Labour never fails to produce cheerfulness and good health, and is so essential for the due enjoyment of existence, that persons who do not require to labour for subsistence, almost, without exception, labour for pleasure. The condition of the operative is not perhaps what it may be rendered in a more enlightened state of society; nevertheless, he commits an error when he thinks he is the only hard-wrought man. His duties are plain before him; and when these are performed, he is at his ease. The employer, on the other hand, is consumed with cankering cares and anxieties. He has to contrive what will be most answerable—how his capital or hard-won earnings may be risked with the least chance of loss. Nor are persons belonging to the higher professions free from the most grinding harassments. Their minds are worn down with thought, and they often sink beneath the burden of their labours. I mention such things for the purpose of reconciling you to labour—to show you that, in moderation, it is a blessing; and that at all events others work as painfully as those who, by use and wont, are called the working-classes. Labour, I say, is only to be condemned in excess, when it injures health, and leaves *no* time for a fair share of enjoyments. Every individual ought to possess at least two or three hours daily, independently of the hours for meals and for sleep, to be used in recreative, mental, or out-door exercises. At present, I am glad to see there is a general impression that the hours of labour in many businesses are too long, and are likely to be shortened.

We now come to the plans which should be adopted by the state. I will not plunge into the great sea of politics to discuss projects affecting the position of the working-classes; neither will I mix up with the present question any inquiry as to how far improvements in the commercial and fiscal policy of the country would tend to meliorate their condition; although I may

briefly say, that *any plan by which we could greatly increase employment, would certainly increase the comforts of the working-classes.* I shall therefore, in the meanwhile, confine myself to measures which, not being the subject of any party differences, might easily be carried into effect.

FIRST, I would mention *emigration* as a means of relieving the labour market. I am not one of those who consider it a panacea for all our ills; but I think it a good thing in itself, since it tends to spread population into the waste places of the earth, and so far extends human happiness; and I believe that when it so happens that a man finds himself at a loss for employment here, he may, if a suitable person for the purpose, go elsewhere with advantage to himself, and also to the benefit of those who stay behind.

*Jackson.*—We generally regard it as a hardship for the working-man to have to emigrate for the sake of a livelihood.

*Smith.*—A hardship it may certainly be considered; and so it is a hardship for him to have to shift from his birthplace to a town thirty miles off in search of work. Are there not many such hardships and trials incidental to this sphere of existence? We have all to encounter hardships occasionally, for the sake of ultimate advantages. I tell you, however, I do not press emigration as a remedy of wide and gracious promise. I only say that many persons might do better as emigrants in new fields than they can do here; and it is one of the resources which present themselves to men in certain circumstances of difficulty, and may be advantageously embraced by them. I may, however, remark to those who condemn emigration totally, that if there never had been any such thing, we should not have been here; for Great Britain was originally peopled by emigrants from the continent of Europe, and we are their descendants. Allow me now to proceed to the next means of improvement.

SECOND, A measure for establishing a *universal system of education*, gratuitous, or at least suitable to the means of the poorest families, and which would insure that every individual shall grow up an instructed being—instructed not only in the principles of religion and morality, but in such departments of science as will give him a proper idea of external nature, and of what is most conducive to his own health and happiness. Along with this species of instruction, it would be of the utmost importance to teach females many useful arts; in particular, those which bear on domestic economy—cookery, cleanliness, needlework, and the rearing of children. To bring up children with good habits is in itself a matter demanding the most careful attention of parents.

THIRD, As a prevention of much disease, family distress, and mortality; as a means of assuaging intemperance, and of arresting the progress of moral deterioration, I would advocate an effective law for enforcing at the public expense *proper sanitary regulations*, especially in large towns and manufacturing dis-

tricts: for example, ventilation, sewerage, drainage, and a plentiful supply of pure water. The advantages of some such law would be immense. All would to a certain extent benefit by it; but none so much as the working-man. I am afraid, however, you scarcely see how this can be?

*Jackson.*—No; but I will listen to your explanations.

*Smith.*—I have not time now to enter into a regular explanation of the principles of ventilation, but shall confine myself to the remark, that, for want of it, as well as from the want of cleanliness, many thousands of deaths occur every year. It is calculated that as many persons die annually in Great Britain from fevers and other diseases which could be prevented by prudent foresight, as were killed at the battle of Waterloo. The poor are the principal sufferers. Keeping their windows shut, they breathe impure air in their dwellings, and by the over-crowding of close workshops, they may be said to be constantly drawing an invisible poison into the lungs. Want of drainage produces equally hideous ravages. Husbands and fathers of families, mothers, and children, are carried off, without knowing what it is that kills them. The deaths in themselves are lamentable, but not less so is the misery caused among the surviving families. Wives become widows, and cannot support their young children. They struggle on amidst poverty and privations, and perhaps at length sink under their complicated affliction. And to think that all this misery might have been averted by an attention to certain well-known rules for preserving health! The thought is most distressing.

*Jackson.*—No doubt it is, but the poor are not alone to blame. They must generally rent any house they can get, and they must labour in any workshop where they can find employment.

*Smith.*—There is much truth in your remark; but it is not all the truth. Many possess no means of procuring better houses than they now have; but a vast number who are more fortunate might combine to build comfortable and cheap dwellings. Why do the working-classes not become their own capitalists?

*Jackson.*—Their own capitalists! You mean that they should lay out money on buildings?

*Smith.*—Yes.

*Jackson.*—You must excuse my laughing at such an idea. Where is the money to come from?

*Smith.*—From savings, to be sure. Instead of constantly throwing away money on intoxicating drinks, let every sixpence be saved for what is absolutely useful. The operatives of Manchester or Glasgow could find little difficulty in saving £20,000 annually in this way, and under proper direction they might soon have an enormous capital at disposal. I have already noticed what immense sums are now thrown away in strikes, without doing the least good; all which sums at least might be saved. Had we time to spare, I could perhaps show you how the work-

ing-classes, by economising their ordinary means, might in no long period of time rise prodigiously in the social scale. At present, they have too little consideration of what accumulated savings might amount to at the end of a year. They look only at their wage as a weekly small sum, instead of what it would amount to yearly. They will speak of having only 25s. weekly; whereas, if this be regularly paid, they should consider that they command a salary of £65 a-year, and save from it accordingly. Thus, taking it by the year, many workmen enjoy a salary of from £75 to £100, this last being as large as that of many gentlemen who contrive to maintain a highly creditable appearance, and give their families an excellent education. But whether workmen speak of wages as a weekly or yearly remuneration for labour, the amount, if at all reasonable, is of inferior moment. I mean, that whether a man has a shilling more or a shilling less per week, is positively of no consequence in comparison to the proper disposal of his wages, or in comparison to the preservation of life or health. We hear of strikes from differences with employers as to shillings and pence, but I cannot remember of any general remonstrance from workmen against being killed by the foulness of the atmosphere in which they are put to labour.

*Jackson.*—That may be true; but are not employers much more blameable for not taking a little more care of their men?

*Smith.*—Too often blameable, I allow. Employers are, generally speaking, too little regardful of either the health or lives, not to speak of the morals, of those to whom they give employment; and there, I own with sorrow, a great sin may be said to lie at their door. But I begin, I think, to see the dawn of a better state of things. Employers have been roused by example to do more for the comfort of their men than formerly. There is a spirit of improvement abroad, likely to lead to the best results. Workmen are beginning to inquire into the means for improving their moral and physical condition; to attach themselves to benefit and temperance societies; to wish for improved dwellings. All such movements are cheering; they are in the right direction. I consider them the turning-point for the working-classes. Carried out in their fullest extent, they would soon put a new face on society. Thousands of valuable lives would be saved annually: with an airy and clean dwelling, home would become more attractive—the physical energies, no longer depressed by contact with impurity, would not require the stimulus of intoxication, and temperance would be the result. Attracted to open playgrounds, gardens, and rural scenes at leisure hours, the general health would be improved, and the growth of mean habits and indulgences materially prevented.

*Jackson.*—I am glad to hear you speak so cheerfully of what may be done for our class. I thank you, sir, for your good wishes, and will think of what you have mentioned. [They shake hands, and Jackson retires.]



## “TIME ENOUGH.”

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighbourhood of Kilbaggin by the name of BURNT EAGLE, or, as the Irish peasants called him, “Burnt Aigle.” His accent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—TIME. He certainly was not of the neighbourhood in which he resided, for he had no “people,” no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle’s donkey. At that time he lived in a neat pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage. During the latter years of his life, these rooms were kept in order by two sisters; what relationship they bore to my old friend, I will tell at the conclusion of my tale. They, too, always called him Burnt Aigle; all his neighbours knew about them—and the old man would not be questioned—was, that he once left home suddenly, and, after a prolonged absence, returned, sitting as usual between the panniers on a gray pony, which was young then, and, instead of his usual merchandise, the panniers contained these two little girls, one of whom could walk, the other could not: he called them Bess and Bell; and till they

were in a great degree able to take care of themselves, Burnt Eagle remained entirely at home, paying great attention to his young charges, and exciting a great deal of astonishment as to "how he managed to keep so comfortable, and rear the children:" his neighbours had no idea what a valuable freehold the old man possessed—in his time. When Burnt Eagle first came to Kilbaggin, he came with a load of fresh heather-brooms, in a little cart drawn by a donkey; but besides the brooms, he carried a store of sally switches, a good many short planks of wood, hoops large and small, bee-hives, and the tools which are used by coopers and carpenters: these were few, and of the commonest kind, yet Burnt Eagle would sit on a sort of driving-box, which raised him a great deal above the level of the car, into which he elevated himself by the aid of a long crutch that always rested on his knees: there he would sit; and as the donkey jogged quietly, as donkeys always do, through the wild and picturesque scenery of hill and dale, the old man's hands were busily employed either in weaving kishes or baskets, or forming noggins, or little tubs, and his voice would at times break into snatches of songs, half-English, half-Irish; for though sharp-mannered, and of a sallow complexion that tells of melancholy, he was cheerful-hearted; and his voice, strong and clear, woke the echoes of the hills, though his melodies were generally sad or serious.

I never heard what attached him to our particular neighbourhood, but I have since thought he chose it for its seclusion. He took a fancy to a cottage, which, seated between two sand-hills covered by soft green grass and moss, was well sheltered from the sea-breeze that swept along the cockle-strand, and had been the habitation of Corney the crab-catcher, who, poor fellow, was overtaken by a spring-tide one windy evening in March, and drowned. For a long time "Crab Hall," as it was jestingly called, was untenanted, and when Burnt Eagle fell in love with it, it was nearly in ruins. Some said it was not safe to live in it; but my old friend entered the dwelling, together with the donkey and a gray cat, and certainly were never disturbed by anything worse than their neighbours, or a high storm. It did not, however, suit Burnt Eagle's ideas of propriety to suffer the donkey to inhabit any portion of his cottage dwelling; and accordingly, after repairing it, he built him a stable, and wove a door for it out of the sally switches. His neighbours looked upon this as a work of supererogation, and wondered what Burnt Eagle could be thinking of, to go on slaving himself for nothing. What would ail a lone man to live in our town?—wasn't that enough for him? It would be "time enough" to be building a house when he had some one to live in it. But he went on his own way, replying to their remonstrances with a low chuckling laugh, and darting one glance of his keen piercing eyes upon them, in return for the stare of lazy astonishment with which they regarded his proceedings.

Burnt Eagle was, as I have said, an admirable economist of time; when he took his little car about the neighbourhood with brooms, or noggins, or baskets, or cockles, or anything else, in fact, that might be wanted, he never brought it home empty; when he had disposed of all his small merchandise, he would fill it with manure or straw, which the gentry or farmers gave him, or he gathered on the roads. If he could bring nothing else, he would bring earth or weeds; suffering the latter to decay, preparatory to the formation of a garden, with which he proposed to beautify his dwelling; the neighbours said it would be "time enough" to think of getting the enrichment for the ground when the place was laid out for it. But Burnt Eagle would not be stayed in his progress by want of materials. So, not until he had everything ready, even a sty built for the pig, and a fence placed round the sty to prevent the pig from destroying his bit of land when it was made and cropped, not until then did he commence: and though the neighbours again said "it would be 'time enough' to deprive the pig, the craythur, of his liberty when the garden was to the fore," Burnt Eagle went on his own way, and then every one in the parish was astonished at what he had accomplished.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labour, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow: the fence was formed round the little enclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewn abundantly on the strand; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this enclosure was perfected, and a very neat gate of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

"Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear," said Mrs Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor *bocher*\* was doing at the place, "that was good enough for Corney the crab-catcher without alteration, dacent man! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencing at?"

"Why, I thought I tould ye, Mrs Radford, whin I taught ye the *tight* stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here; I understand flowers, and the gentry's ready to buy them; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they'll grow of themselves while I'm doing something else. Isn't it a beautiful thing to think of that!—how the Lord helps us to a great deal if we only do a *little* towards it!"

\* A lame man.

“How do you make that out?” inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful seapink. “All that’s wanted of us,” he said, “is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn’t God’s goodness do all the rest?”

“But it would be ‘time enough,’ sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready,” said his neighbour, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

“And have all the neighbours’ pigs right through it the next morning?” retorted the old man, laughing; “no, no, that’s not *my way*, Mrs Radford.”

“Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle,” said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

“Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma’am?” inquired Burnt Eagle.

“No, I thank ye kindly; it’s not out I see,” she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

“That’s a bad plan,” observed our friend, who continued his labour as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

“What is, Aigle dear?”

“Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma’am; it might chance to burn ye, and it’s sure to waste the tobacco.”

“Augh!” exclaimed the wife, “what long heads some people have! God grant we may never want the bit o’ tobacco! Sure it would be hard if we did; we’re bad enough off without that.”

“But if ye *did*, ye know, ma’am, ye’d be sorry ye wasted it; wouldn’t ye?”

“Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it.”

“If you expected an inimy to come and burn yer house” (“Lord defend us!” ejaculated the woman), “what would you do?”

“Is it what would I do? bedad, that’s a quare question. I’d pervint him, to be sure.”

“And *that’s* what I want to do with the poverty,” he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. “Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is somehow or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it.”

“Ah, thin, how?” said Mrs Radford.

“By forethought, prudence; never to let a farthing’s worth go to waste, or spend a penny if ye can do with a halfpenny. Time makes the most of us—we ought to make the most of him; so I’ll go on with my work, ma’am, if you please; I can work and talk at the same time.”



Mrs Radford looked a little affronted; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favourite maxim, "Fair and aisy goes far in a day."

"So it does, ma'am; nothing like it; it's wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it, keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I'm tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs; and when I'm wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather! And when I've had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms."

"We burn that," said Mrs Radford.

"There's plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting; it's a sin, where there's so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips," replied Eagle.

"Bedad, I don't know what ill luck sea-timber might bring," said the woman.

"Augh! augh! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, maybe, extravagance."

"Well, thin, Aigle dear!" exclaimed Mrs Radford, "what's come to ye to talk of extravagance?—what in the world have poor craythurs like us to be extravagant with?"

"Yer time," replied Burnt Eagle with particular emphasis; "yer time."

"Ah, thin, man, sure it's 'time enough' for us to be thinking of that whin we can *get anything for it*."

"*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma'am: the only work it 'ill ever do of itself, if it's let alone, will be destruction."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs Radford indignantly, "it's a purty pass we're come to, if what we do in our own place is to be *comed* over by a stranger who has no call to the country. I'd like to know who you are, upsetting the ways of the place, and making something out of nothing like a fairy man! If my husband *did* go to the whisky shop, I'll pay him off for it myself; it's no business of yours; and maybe we'll be as well off in the long-run as them that are so mean and thoughtful, and turning their hand to every man's trade, and making gentlemen's houses out of mud cabins, and fine gardens in the sand-hills; doing what nobody ever did before! It won't have a blessing—mark my words! Ye're an unfriendly man, so ye are. After my wearing out my bones, and bringing the children to see ye, never to notice them, or ask a poor woman to sit down, or offer her a bit of tobacco, when it's rolls upon rolls of it ye might have *unknownst*, without duty, if ye liked, and ye here on the sea-coast."

"I have nothing that doesn't pay duty," replied Burnt Eagle, smiling at her bitterness. "I don't go to deny that the excise is hard upon a man, but I can get my bit of bread without breaking the law, and I'd rather have no call to what I don't rightly understand. I am sure ye're heartily welcome to anything I

have to give. I offered to make a gate for yer sty, to keep yer pig out of the cabbages, and I'm sure——"

Again Mrs Radford, who was none of the gentlest, interrupted him.

"We are ould residenters in the place, and don't want any of your improvements, Misther Burnt Aigle, thank you, sir," she said, drawing herself up with great dignity, thrusting her pipe into her pocket, and summoning her stray flock, some of whom had entered Crab Hall without any ceremony, while others wandered at their "own sweet will" in places of dirt and danger—"I daresay we shall get on very well without improvement. We're not for setting ourselves above our neighbours; we're not giving up every bit of innocent divarsion for slavery, and thin having no one to lave for what we make—no chick nor child!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Burnt Eagle fiercely, and he shook his crutch at the virago, who, astonished at the generally placid man's change, drew back in terror; "go home to yer own piggery, follow yer own plan, waste the time the Almighty gives to the poorest in the land, gossip and complain, and make mischief; what advice and help I had to give, I gave to ye and to others ever since I came in the place; follow yer own way, but lave me to follow mine—time will tell who's right and who's wrong."

"Well, I'm sure!" said Mrs Radford, quailing beneath his bright and flashing eye, "to think of that now! how he turns on us like a wild baste out of his sand-hole, and we in all frindship! Well, to be sure—sure there was 'time enough'——"

"Mammy, mammy!" shouted one of the seven "hopes" of the Radford family, "ye're smoking behind, ye're smoking behind!"

"Oh, the marcy of Heaven about me!" she exclaimed, "Burnt Aigle's a witch; it's he has set fire to me with a wink of his eye, to make his words good about the coal and the pipe in my pocket. Oh, thin, to see how I'm murdered intirely through the likes of him! I've carried a live-coal in my pocket many's the day, and it never sarved me so before! Oh, it's thue, I'm afeared, what's said of ye, that ye gave the use of one of yer legs to the devil—mother of marcy purltect me!—to the devil for knowledge and luck; and me that always denied it to be sarved so. Don't come near me—I'll put it out meself; oh, to think of the beautiful *gownd*, bran new it was last Christmas was a year! Am I out now, children dear? Oh, it's yer mother's made a show of before the country to plase him! What would come over the coal to do me such a turn as that *now*, and never to think of it afore! Oh, sorra was in me to come near yer improvements!"

"Mammy," interrupted the eldest boy, "don't be hard upon Burnt Aigle; there's the coal that dropt out of the pipe, red hot

still—see, here where ye stood—and the priest tould ye the danger of it long ago.”

“Oh, sure it’s not going to put the holy man’s advice ye are on a level with Burnt Aigle’s! Come, we’ll be off. I meant to take off my beautiful *gownd* before I came out, but thought it would be ‘time enough’ whin I’d go back. And to see what a *bocher* has brought ye to, Judith Radford.” And away she went, fuming and fretting over the sand-hills, stopping every moment to look back at the devastation which her own carelessness had occasioned her solitary dress. Burnt Eagle imagined he was alone, and kept his eyes fixed upon the foolish woman as she departed, but his attention was arrested by Mrs Radford’s second daughter, who stole round the lame man, and touched his hard hand with her little fingers.

“Ye’re not a witch, are ye, daddy?” she said, while looking up smilingly, but with an expression of awe, in his face.

“No, darlint.”

“’Twas the coal done it—wasn’t it?”

“It was.”

“Well, good night, Burnt Aigle; kiss little Ailey—there. Mother will forget it all, or have it all out—the same thing, you know. I havn’t forgot the purty nogging you gave me; only it hurts mother to see how you get on with a little, and father blames her, and gets tipsy; so just go on yer own way, and don’t heed us. Mother wants *that the sun should shine only on one side of the blackberries*; but I’ll larn of ye, Daddy Aigle, if ye’ll tache me; only don’t bother the mother with what she has no heart to, and sets the back of her hand aginst.” And after asking for another kiss, the little barefooted pretty girl—whose heart was warm, and who would have been a credit to any country if she had been well managed—darted over the banks like a fawn, her small lissom figure graceful as a Greek statue, her matted yellow hair streaming behind her, and her voice raised to the tune of “Peggy Bawn.”

“It’s truth she says—God’s truth, anyway,” said Burnt Eagle, as he turned to enter his cottage. “It’s truth; they set the back of their hand and the back of their mind against improvement; they’d be ready to tear my eyes out if I tould them what keeps them back. Why, their own dislike to improvement, part; and the carelessness of their landlords, part; the want of sufficient employment, a great part; and, above all, their being *satisfied with what they get, and not trying to get better*. As long as they’re content with salt and potato, they try for nothing else. Set John Bull down to salt and potato, and see how he’ll look; and why shouldn’t you get as good, Paddy agrah! But no; you wont; a little more method, a little more capital employed amongst you, and plenty of steadiness, would make you equal to anything the world produced since it was a world. But no: ye keep on at yer ould ways, and

yer ould sayings, and all things ould, and ye let others that haven't the quarter of yer brains get the start of ye. Yet where, Paddy, upon the face of the earth, is a finer man or a brighter head than your own?" The old man shut his door, and lit his lamp, which was made of a large scallop-shell, the wick floating in oil he had extracted from the blubber of a grampus that otherwise would have decayed unnoticed on the shore.

I have told all I heard as to Burnt Eagle's first settlement in what I still call "my neighbourhood." I will now tell what I know, and what occurred some time after. I very well remember being taken by my mother, who was a sort of domestic doctor to the poor, to see Judy Radford, who, plunged into the depths of Irish misery, was mourning the loss of her husband, drowned because of the practice of the principle that it was "time enough" to mend the boat; "it had taken the boys often, and why not now?" But the boat went down, and the poor, overworked, good-natured father and his eldest son were lost! We could hardly get to the door for the slough and abominations that surrounded it. "Judy," said my mother, "if this was collected and put at the back of the house, you need not have come begging to the steward for manure."

"Och, ma'am, wont it be 'time enough' to gather it when we have the seed-potatoes?—sure it *was always there, and the young ducks would be lost without it.*"

"Such a heap of impurity must be unhealthy."

"We has the health finely, thank God! if we had everything else;" and then followed a string of petitions, and lamentations, and complaints of her neighbours, all uttered with the whine of discontent which those who *deserve* poverty indulge in, while those who are struggling against it seek to conceal, from a spirit of decency, the extent of their wants. "Indeed, ma'am," she continued, "the ill-luck is after us: my second boy has, as all the country knows, the best of characters, and would have got the half acre at the Well corner if he had gone to his honour in time for it, and that would have been the help to us sure enough; but we thought there was 'time enough,' and Bill Deasy, who's put up to all sorts of sharpness by Burnt Aigle, got the promise."

"Well, did Ailey get the flax-wheel I told her she could have from Lucy Green until she was able to buy one?"

"Oh, ma'am, there it is again; I kep her at home just that *one* day on account of a hurt I got in my thumb, and thought it would be 'time enough' to be troubling yer honour for a plaster if it got worse—which it did, praise be to God!—and never did a hand's turn with it since; and whin she went after it, Miss Lucy had lint it, and was stiffer about it than was needful. My girl tould her she thought *she'd* be 'time enough,' and she hurt her feelings, saying, 'she thought we'd had enough of "time enough" among us before.' It was very sharp of her; people can't help their troubles, though that ould thriving *bocher*,

that's made all he has out of the gentry, never scruples to tell me that I brought them on myself."

"I must say a word for Burnt Eagle," said my mother; "he has made all he has out of himself, not out of the gentry; all we did was to buy what we wanted from him—one of his principles being, never to take a penny he did not earn."

"And very impudent of him to say that, when the gentry was so kind as to offer him money—setting himself up to do without help!" said Mrs Radford, whom we were fain to leave in the midst of her querulous complainings.

We now proceeded along the cliffs to the *bocher's* dwelling: to visit him was always a treat to me; but childhood's ready tears had been some time previously excited by the detail of his sorrow for his companion and friend; for such the poor donkey had been to him.

The struggle which took place between his habit of making the best and most of everything, was in this particular instance at war with the affection he had borne his dead favourite; he knew her skin was valuable, and he did not see why he ought not to use it: one of our friends had called accidentally at the cottage, and found Burnt Eagle standing beside a deep pit he had excavated in the sand-hill, intended for the donkey's grave; he had a knife in his hand, and had attempted the first incision in its skin.

"It can't be any hurt to a dead animal, sir," he said, "and yet I can't do it! It seems like taring off my own flesh: the poor baste had such a knowledge of me—such a feeling for me—up hill and down dale—it *knew all my poverty, and was through the world with me, in throuble that was harder to bear than poverty*—and if ever I struck it a hasty blow, it would look in my face like a Christian. It was neither giddy, nor greedy, nor wilful, *though it was a she*; and the low whining it would give me of a morning was like the voice of a dear friend. I know the skin would be useful; and the times are hard; but I can't, sir, I can't; *it would be like skinning a blood relation*;" and he threw the knife from him. The finest sea-pinks of the banks grow on the donkey's grave!

We found our humble friend surrounded by business, and indeed we jested with Mrs Radford's daughter, Ailey, who met us at the gate, for visiting her old sweetheart. The yellow-headed child had grown into a fine young woman; the old man's precept and example had been of use to her; whatever she had learnt of good, she had learnt from him. She had been tying up some flowers for her friend, and hastened to tell us that Burnt Eagle had been making her a flax-wheel, and she was to *knit out* the money for it in stockings; but her mother knew nothing of it, and we mustn't tell. I was lifted, for the first time, on the gray pony, the poor donkey's successor, and galloped it, to Burnt Eagle's delight, over a sand-hill. There

was something to love and respect in the old man's countenance: I remember him so well that day, leaning on the top of his staff at the gate of his little garden, which had become celebrated for beautiful flowers: there he stood—I can close my eyes and see him now!—his small figure bent over his stick; his thick, long, gray hair curling on the white collar of his shirt; his eyes rendered more brilliant by the healthy complexion that glowed upon his cheeks; his jacket of gray frieze girded with a leathern belt, that was garnished by such tools as he was constantly requiring; the outline of his form, thrown forward by the clear sky; the roll of the distant waves, the scream of the sea-gull; the cottage, so picturesque, its white smoke curling up, up, up, till it mingled with the air: I can hear the warning voice of my dear mother intreating me not to canter; the admonishing yet pleased tone in which the old man spoke to his new purchase; the sleepy look of his dog Blarney, as he half wagged his tail and opened one eye to observe what passed:—in the distance, the old ruined church of Kilbaggin, standing so bravely against sea and land storms; my own heart echoing the music of the pony's feet, as, despite all warning, he cantered right merrily over the sward; happy, happy was I then as any crowned queen! how fresh the breeze!—how clear the air!—faster, good pony; don't lag on my account—well done!—there's mettle in you, that there is! Oh, memory!—I open my eyes. It was indeed but memory, for here is my desk, and there my books and town-bred flowers, and my pretty quiet greyhound; and the sea, the ruins, the cottage, those lofty hills and toppling cliffs, are now far, far from me, yet near my heart as ever. And poor Burnt Eagle!—But I must not anticipate, and will only say, that if we endeavour to improve our generation with as much zeal and sincerity as did that old man, we shall owe Time nothing.

I have seen lately in Ireland as well-built and as well-kept cottages as I ever saw in England: they are not common—would to God they were!—yet I *have* seen them, and in my own county too, where, I trust, they will increase. But when I was a very little girl, they were far less numerous, and Burnt Eagle's was visited as a curiosity; the old man was so neat and particular: the windows—there were two—looked out, one on his little garden, the other commanded the vista that opened between the sand-hills; and when the tide was in, the cockle-strand presented a sheet of silver water; the rafters of the kitchen were hung with kishes and baskets, lobster-pots, bird-cages, strings of noggins, bunches of skewers, little stools, all his own workmanship; and the cabbage and shrimp-nets seemed beyond number; then brooms were piled in a corner, and the handles of spades and rude articles of husbandry were ready for use; there was a grinding-stone, and some attempt at a lathe; and the dresser, upon which were placed a few articles

of earthenware, was white and clean: a cat, whom Burnt Eagle had not only removed, but, in defiance of an old Irish superstition, carried over water, was seated on the hearthstone, and the old man amused us with many anecdotes of her sagacity. One beautiful trait in his character was, that he never spoke ill of any one; he had his own ideas, his own opinions, his own rules of right, but he never indulged in gossip or backbiting. "As to Mrs Radford," he said, when complimented on the superior appearance of his own cottage, "the hand of the Lord has been heavy on her to point out the folly of her ways, and *that* ought to tache her: those who cast the grace of God from them are very much to be pitied; for if it's a grace to the rich, it is surely a grace to the poor. But the people are greatly improved, madam, even in my time: the Agricultural Societies do good, and the Loan Societies do good, and there's a dale of good done up and down through the counthry, particularly here, where the landlords—God bless them!—*stick to the sod*; and the cottages are whitewashed, and ye can walk dry and clane into many of the doors; and some that used to turn me into ridicule, come to me for advice; and I'm welcome to high and low; not looked on, as when I came first, with suspicion: indeed, there are not many now like poor Mrs Radford: but Ailey will do well, poor girleen!—she always took to dacency."

"You certainly worked wonders, both for yourself and others; I think you might do me a great deal of good, Burnt Eagle, by telling me how you managed," said my mother.

"Thank you, my lady, for the compliment; but, indeed, the principal rule I had was, 'NEVER TO THINK THERE WAS TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT WANTED DOING.' I've a great respect for time, madam; it's a wonderful thing to say it was before the world, and yet every day of our lives is both new and ould—ould in its grateness, yet new to thousands; it's God's natural riches to the world; it never has done with us, till it turns us over to eternity; it's the only true tacher of wisdom—it's the Interpreter of all things—it's the miracle of life—it's flying in God's face to ill-use it, or abuse it; it's too precious to waste, too dear to buy it; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer! Oh, my lady, time is a fine thing, and I hope little miss will think so too: do, dear, remember poor Burnt Aigle's words, never to think it 'TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT IT'S TIME TO DO.'"

"I wish," said my mother, "that you had a child to whom to teach so valuable a precept." The old man's lips (they were always colourless) grew whiter, and he grasped the top of his crutch more firmly; his eyes were rivetted as by a spell; they looked on nothing, yet remained fixed; his mouth twitched as by a sudden bitter pain; and by degrees tears swam round his eyelids. I could not help gazing on him; and yet, child though I was, I felt that his emotion was sacred; that he should be

alone; and though I continued to gaze, I moved towards the door, awe-struck, stepping back, yet looking still.

"Stay, stay, miss," he muttered.

"Sit down; you are not well," said my mother.

"Look at that child," he continued, without heeding her observation; "she is your only one, the only darlint ye have; pray to the Lord this night, lady, this very night, on yer bended knees, to strike her with death by the morning, before she should be to you what mine has been to me." He staggered into his bedroom without saying another word. My mother laid upon the table a parcel containing some biscuits I had brought him, and we left the cottage, I clinging closely to her side, and she regretting she had touched a string which jarred so painfully. I remember I wept bitterly; I had been so happy with the pony, which I fancied worth all the horses at our house; and the revulsion was so sudden, that my little heart ached with sorrow; I wanted to know if Burnt Eagle's daughter had been "very naughty," but my mother had never heard of his daughter before.

What I have now to tell has little to do with the *character* of my story, but is remarkable as one of the romances of real life, which distance all the efforts of invention, and was well calculated to make an impression on a youthful mind. The next morning, soon after breakfast, my cousin came to my mother to inquire if she knew anything of the destruction of a provincial paper, the half of which he held in his hand. "I wanted it," he said, "to see the termination of the trial of that desperate villain Ralph Blundel at the Cork assizes." "I think I wrapt it round the biscuits Maria took to Burnt Eagle," said mamma, "but I can tell you the termination of the tragedy. Blundel is executed by this time; but the sad part of the story is, that a young woman, who is supposed to have been his wife, visited him in prison, accompanied by two children; he would not speak to her, and the miserable creature flung herself into the river the same night."

"And the two children?"

"They were both girls, one a mere baby; there was nothing more said about them."

Tales of sorrow seldom make a lasting impression even on the most sensitive, unless they know something of the parties. We thought little, and talked less of Ralph Blundel; but we were much astonished to hear the next morning that Burnt Eagle had set off without anything in his creels. This was in itself remarkable; and it was added, that he appeared almost in a state of distraction, yet gave his cottage and all things contained therein in charge to his friend Ailey. Time passed on, and no tidings arrived of the old man, though we were all anxious about him. Some said one thing, some another. Mrs Radford hinted, "the good people had got him at last," and began to speculate on the



chance of his never returning, in which case she hoped Ailey would keep Crab Hall. He had been absent nearly six weeks, but was not forgotten, at all events by me. I was playing one summer evening at the end of the avenue with our great dog, when I saw Burnt Eagle jogging along on his pony. The animal seemed very weary. I ran to him with childish glee, forgetting our last interview in the joy of the present. I thought he looked very old and very sad, but I was delighted to see him notwithstanding. "Oh, Burnt Eagle!" I exclaimed, "Gray Fan staved in Peggy's best milk-pail, and cook wants some new cabbage-nets; and I've got two young magpies, and want a cage; and grandmamma wants a netting-pin; and—but what have you got in your panniers?" and I stood on tiptoe to peep in; but instead of nets or noggins, or cockles, or wooden ware, there was a pretty rosy child as fast asleep in the sweet hay, as if she had been pillowed on down.

I was just going to say, "Is that your little girl?" but I remembered our last meeting.

"That's little Bell, miss," he said, and his voice was low and mournful. "Now, look in the other, and you will see little Bess," and his smile was as sad as any other person's tears would have been.

I did look, and there was another! How astonished I was!—I did not know what to say. That child was awake—wide awake—looking up at my face with eyes as bright, as blue, as deep, as Burnt Eagle's own. He wished me good-by, and jogged on. I watched him a long way, and then returned, full of all the importance which the first knowledge of a singular event bestows. The circumstance created a great sensation in the country. The gentry came from far to visit Burnt Eagle's cottage. Civil he always was, but nothing could be extracted from him relative to the history of his little protégées: the priest knew, of course, but that availed nothing to the curious; and at last, even in our quiet nook, where an event was worn threadbare before it was done with, the excitement passed away, and my mother and myself were the only two who remembered the coincidence of the old man's emotion, the torn newspaper, and Burnt Eagle's sudden disappearance.

Bess and Bell grew in beauty and in favour with the country. They were called by various names—"Bess and Bell of Crab Hall," or "Bess and Bell Burnt Aigle," or "Bess and Bell of the sand-hills."

For a long time after the old man's return, he was more retired than he had been. He was melancholy, too, at times, and his prime favourite Ailey declared "there was no plasing him." By degrees, however, that moroseness softened down into his old, gentle, and kindly habits. He would not accept gifts of money or food from any of us, thanking us, but declining such favours firmly. "I can work for the girls still," he would say; "and

by the time I can't, please God they'll be able to work for themselves; there's many wants help worse than me." It was a beautiful example to the country to see how those children were brought up; they would net, and spin, and weave baskets, and peel osiers, and sing like larks, and weed flowers, and tie up nosegays, and milk the goats, and gather shell-fish, and knit gloves and stockings, emulating the very bees (of which their protector had grown a large proprietor) in industry; and in the evenings the old man would teach them to read, and the nearest schoolmaster would come in and set them a copy, for which Burnt Eagle, scrupulously exact, would pay night by night, although the teacher always said "it would be 'time enough' another time;" and the old man would reply, while taking the pence out of his stocking-purse, "that there was no time like the present; and that if folks could not pay a halfpenny to-day, they would not be likely to be able to pay a penny to-morrow." The neighbours laughed at his oddity. But prosperity excites curiosity and imitation; and his simple road to distinction was frequently traversed. Solitary as were his habits, his advice and humble assistance were often asked, and always given.

When we left our old home, we went to bid him farewell. He was full of a project for establishing a fishery, and said, "Some one had told him that the Irish seas were as productive as the Irish soil; that there was a new harvest every season, free of rent, tithe, or taxes, and needing only boats, nets, and hardy hands, to reap the ocean-crop which Providence had sown. I've spoke to the gentry about it," he said, "but they say 'they'll see about it,' and it 'ill be 'time enough.' *If my grave could overlook a little set of boats,*" he added, "going out from our own place, I'd rest as comfortable in it as on a bed of down; but if they stick to 'time enough,' the time will never come!"

"Burnt Aigle," said Bell, who was growing a very tall girl—girls do grow so fast!—"you said 'time enough' to Bess yerself yesterday."

"When, avourneen?"

"When she asked you when she might begin to think about—about—oh, you know what."

"I can't think of anything but the fishery—what was it, a chora?"

"Oh, thin, it was a sweetheart," said the merry maid, covering her blushing face with her hands, and running away.

"See that now, how they *turn on me!*" he exclaimed, while his eyes followed her. "Well, Miss Bell, maybe I won't be even with you 'time enough.' God bless her, the gay light-hearted girlieen!—the life is in her heart and the joy in her eye!—only she's too like *them that's gone!* But, sure, out of the deep pit of throuble rose up the joy and pace to me in the end, though at first it drove me for ever from my own people; and I've done my best for *her* that's gone; and poor Ailey is married to a dacent

boy, and will do well. *An empty heart's a lonely thing in a man's bosom*—but the counthry and the girls has filled mine—God be praised for his goodness! I knew ye mistrusted how it was—on account—but it's all over, my lady; *and for a poor ould sinner like me, I've had a dale of happiness!* I never ill-treated Time, and he has never ill-treated me. Maybe I'll never see either of you again; but oh, miss dear, don't forget yer counthry, and don't think there'll be 'time enough' to do it a good turn, but do it at *onct*—do—and God bless you! It's to manage time rightly—that's a fine knowledge—it's a grate knowledge, and would make a poor man's fortune, and tache a rich one to keep it. You'll do a good turn for the counthry, and think always there's no time like the present."

I saw the old man no more; but the last time I visited Kilbaggin I stood by his grave. It was a fine moonlight evening in July; and Bess and Bell, the former being not only a wife, but a mother, had come to show me his last resting-place: they had profited well by his example, and Bess made her little boy kneel upon the green sward that covered his remains. "He died beloved and respected by rich and poor," said Bell (Bess could not speak for weeping), "and had as grand a funeral as if he was a born gentleman, and the priest and minister both at it; and the Killbarries and Mulvaney's met it without wheeling one shillala, and they sworn foes, only out of regard to his memory, for the fine example he set the counthry, and the love he bore it."

The old ruined church of Kilbaggin overlooks the entrance to its pretty silver-sanded bay, and the voices of the fishermen, who were at that time putting out to sea, availing themselves of the beauty and stillness of the night, arose to where we stood. I shall never forget the feelings that crowded on me; the ocean was so calm, the moonlight so bright: the picture of the good old man who lay beneath, where the innocent baby was still kneeling, came before me: I remembered the useful and virtuous tenor of his life, the heroism with which he withstood envy, and persevered in the right way: the white sails of the fishing-boats glimmered in the moonlight; it was Burnt Eagle who had stirred up the hearts of the people to the enterprise, which now brought plenty from the teeming ocean to many a cottage home.

"I mind, when you war going to England first," said Bell, "his saying, that if his grave could overlook a little fleet of boats going out from our own bay, he'd be happy as on down: sure he may be happy now!—his good thoughts, and quiet good actions, *blossom over his grave.* I remember how delighted he was with the first regular boat that went; it was built by Bess's husband. What a happy man he was, to be sure! and how he sat on the cliff, shading his eyes with his hand from the sun, though he had lost sight of the sail long before; and then he knelt down and raised his ould hands to heaven and blessed us both."

"That's enough," said Bess; "sure the lady knew the good

MY NATIVE BAY.

that was in the *ould pathriot*, who asked her—if ever she could—never to think it ‘time enough’ to do a good turn for the country, but to believe *there’s no time like the present fôr doing that and everything else.*”

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MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,  
As ere it was of yore  
When, in the days of hope and love,  
I stood upon its shore ;  
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,  
As once in youth it smiled,  
When summer seas and summer skies  
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt  
Since then upon its breast ;  
The sea—how oft have tempests broke  
Its gentle dream of rest !  
So oft hath darker wo come o’er  
Calm self-enjoying thought ;  
And passion’s storms a wilder scene  
Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, passed  
In wretchedness and pain,  
I come and find those seas and skies  
All calm and bright again.  
The darkness and the storm from both  
Have trackless passed away ;  
And gentle as in youth, once more  
Thou seem’st, my native bay !

Oh that, like thee, when toil is o’er,  
And all my griefs are past,  
This ravaged bosom might subside  
To peace and joy at last !  
And while it lay all calm like thee,  
In pure unruffled sleep,  
Oh might a heaven as bright as this  
Be mirrored in its deep !

## MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

It is found by careful inquiries that *one half of all the children born in England and Wales die before they reach their fifth year.* In some towns and districts the proportion of deaths is not more than a third; but the general average of infant mortality is as here stated. The greatest proportion is in the large manufacturing towns. In Birmingham, for example, from June 1838 to July 1839, the total number of deaths of all ages was 3305, of which number 1658 were under five years of age; and of this last number *more than one half died in their first year!* Such a universally large mortality of infants must unquestionably arise chiefly from some species of mismanagement—most likely ignorance of the proper means to be employed for rearing children. Besides the loss of so many infants, society suffers seriously from the injuries inflicted on those who survive. The health of many individuals is irremediably injured, temper spoiled, and vicious habits created, while they are still infants. Whatever, indeed, be the original or constitutional differences in the mental character of children, it is consistent with observation, that no small proportion of the errors and vices of mankind have their source in injudicious nursery management. As ignorance is clearly at the root of this monstrous evil, we propose to offer a few short and easily comprehended directions to mothers and nurses regarding the proper treatment of the children under their charge.

### BODILY HEALTH—FOOD.

To preserve the infant's life, to enable it to grow in bulk and strength, and to perform without pain all its functions, is the first consideration. The child, however, may be rendered weakly and ailing, and even depraved in disposition, by causes operating on the mother before its birth; and therefore, during this critical period, the expectant mother should avoid, as far as possible, all distress or anxiety of mind, severe bodily fatigue, or any species of intemperance. Neither, on the other hand, should she pamper herself with unaccustomed indulgences. A plain and nourishing diet, and moderate exercise in and out of doors, along with serenity of mind, are alone desirable.

There are many old-fashioned and not very intelligible rules about the first feeding and suckling of an infant. The best rule of all is, to put the child to the breast as soon as it will suck, and as soon as the mother is able to receive it. The law of nature is, that the mother should nurse her own child, by which means the proper affectionate relation is maintained between them. A wet-nurse should only be employed in cases of urgent necessity; she should be healthy, near in age to the mother, nearly the same time confined, and of good habits and dispositions.

The child should be accustomed from the first to regularity of suckling or taking food, though there may be times when it is necessary to depart from the strictness of this rule. During the first month it should be suckled once in every two hours, and afterwards every three or four hours. Foment the breasts with warm water if the milk does not flow; avoid rubbing the breasts with spirits. If there be too much milk, drink little, and take opening medicine. Let the dress about the bosom and chest be loose and easy.

The diet of a person engaged in nursing should be nutritious, but not heavy. A person of full habit will require less nutriment than one who is less robust. Generally, women will suckle best on a plain diet, with diluting drinks—such as tea, toast and water, or gruel. Porter, ale, beer, spirits, wine, or any other stimulating drink, should not be taken, unless by the recommendation of a medical attendant.

The digestive organs of infants being adapted for milk, no other kind of food should be given, unless when neither a mother's nor nurse's milk can be obtained. When it is absolutely necessary to bring up the child by spoon, feed it sparingly and slowly with a thin gruel made from well-boiled grits, sweetened with a little sugar. If a suckling-bottle is employed, keep it very clean. The least sourness will disorder the infant.

Weaning may take place when the child is from six to nine months old, according to the strength and health of the mother or nurse, the health of the child, and the season of the year. The early appearance of teeth may likewise influence this important step. The weaning should not be in cold weather.

At whatever age or season, the weaning should be gradual. Begin by giving a little grit-gruel, and, after a time, give thin pap, made from finely-brayed stale bread or biscuits, and warm water, with a little sugar. Remember that sugar turns acid in the stomach, and must be used very sparingly.

The first change of food sometimes disorders the system. Two or three days should be allowed for the experiment, and if the diet does not agree, food from arrowroot may be tried, as likely to prove more suitable. Should all be found equally improper, weak chicken, veal, or calf's-foot broth, beef-tea freed from fat, and thickened with soft-boiled rice or arrowroot, may be tried. The great point is to begin by slow degrees, giving a small quantity of the thickened food once in the twenty-four hours, and that in the forenoon, in order that its effects may be observed, and the night's rest remain undisturbed. Food should always be given about the warmth of the milk as it comes from the breast.

When infants are fed by the spoon, it is not unusual for the nurse to ascertain the warmth by putting every spoonful to her own mouth, a habit equally disagreeable and unnecessary. After feeding, the child should be raised up, when it will more easily

get rid of the air which is generally introduced into the stomach during eating. Where there is much disposition to flatulency, an infant should be carefully watched, the accumulation of air occasioning what are called stoppages. If these occur in sleep, they may prove fatal to life; and even when the child is awake they are dangerous, as, when affected by them, it cannot cry out, and its breath is for the time stopped.

Over-feeding and improper diet are the main causes of the ailments of children. During the first few weeks of life, infants endure none but physical evils; they are exempt from anxieties, from disappointments, from hopes and fears; but unfortunately, their sorrows, pains, or anger, are always traced to hunger, and eating is adopted as the universal cure. This goes on till the child is of an age to comprehend and believe that to eat and drink is the greatest happiness and the greatest good. There is no doubt that the easiest method of stopping crying is to stop the mouth, especially where the senses are not active enough to find pleasure from observation. The means of relief are then necessarily limited; yet change of position, loosening the dress, giving the legs and thighs entire liberty, chafing them, gentle exercise by the nurse moving her knees from side to side while the child lies across them, or walking about the room and pressing it to the bosom, are all of them expedients which may be easily resorted to, and which often have the desired effect.

Some mothers and nurses, to save themselves trouble, endeavour to keep children quiet, or make them sleep, by administering various kinds of cordials, spirits, and drugs; all of which are decidedly pernicious, and the practice of giving them such things cannot be spoken of without the severest reprobation. We warn parents and nurses against a practice so dangerous to their young charge. The articles given irritate the tender stomach, and though they may lull and stupify for the moment, they greatly injure the health of the child, if they do not very speedily cause its death.

For several months after birth, a child, if in health, eats and sleeps alternately; and its occupations for the day may be as follows:—Suppose it wake at seven in the morning, it then takes the breast; after washing and dressing, it will take another meal and a long sleep, bringing it to noon, when it is again refreshed, and, if the weather be warm, carried abroad; sleep usually follows upon going into the air, and three o'clock may have arrived before it again requires the breast. From this time until undressed for the night, it should not be lulled to sleep; but if the child be much inclined for repose, it should not be prevented. It is desirable to give a child the habit of sleeping throughout the night. At six, preparations are made for bed; the undressing and washing produce a certain fatigue; and when the child has again sucked, it will probably fall asleep, and remain in that condition for hours. It is a good plan to accustom

an infant to suck just before the mother goes to bed, and this it will do, even if asleep. It should also at the same time be cleaned. If it wake up, allow it to stretch its limbs before the fire; rub its loins, thighs, legs, and feet, to give exercise and refreshment, and prepare for another long sleep. Between this and seven, it will wake once or twice again, and require nourishment.

## SLEEP.

It is very desirable, for the convenience of a mother and her assistants, that her infant should fall asleep without rocking or hushing, and repose in a bed instead of a cradle. As far, therefore, as possible, it should be trained to these habits. For its falling asleep and going quietly to bed, warmth is the main requisite. See, therefore, before laying an infant down, that the feet, hands, and face are comfortably warm; that every part of the body is supported, and the limbs uncramped; the head and shoulders being raised a little by the pillow sloping gradually to the bed. Blankets are better than sheets. The covering should be so arranged, that while there is sufficient space to breathe freely, the face is kept warm. It is better not to take up a child the instant it wakes (particularly if it have not been long asleep), nor if it cries after being laid down: change of posture, or slight patting on the back, should be tried. If these fail, it should be taken out of bed and quieted in the arms. Change of linen may be necessary: in short, patience, perseverance, and ingenuity, should be put in practice, with a view to produce comfort without leading to bad habits.

## CLOTHING.

An infant should be kept warm and comfortable, but should not be made hot either by clothing or when in bed.

The dress should be simple, light, and easy. A fine linen or cotton shirt next the skin is desirable, and over that light flannel, with a frock of linen or cotton.

Looseness is another requisite in an infant's dress: there should be a free circulation of air between the skin and the clothes, as well as a slight friction upon the surface. All confinement distresses, and, when it amounts to tightness, it may occasion deformity before the evil is suspected. Full room should be allowed for the growth which is continually and rapidly going on. For this reason every part of the dress should fasten with strings; and in tying these strings, the greatest care should be taken not to draw them too tight. Employ pins as little as possible.

Formerly, there was a very absurd and vicious custom of swaddling up children tightly in a mass of clothes, and covering their heads with double and even triple caps. In some parts of France the heads of infants are still confined in this manner, and their bodies being swathed up like little mummies, they are



carried occasionally on the back or under the arm of the mother ; a custom which is known to have a most prejudicial effect upon the growth and strength of the population. In most cases in our own country, from a mistaken tenderness, infants are over-clothed, and both their bodies and heads are consequently kept in a too highly heated condition.

We repeat, let the general dress be light and loose ; and let the head, if well covered with hair, and if the season be warm, be left bare, at least within doors. At the utmost, cover the head with only one light cap, except when going into the open or cold air, when it may be sheltered by a loose hood or additional cap. A light shawl laid round the child when walking out with it is also required.

The practice of making *very* long dresses is in the course of being given up. The frock should only be so long as will cover the child's feet, and enable the nurse to balance it on her arm. The feet may be covered with light woollen shoes.

In some cases it may be necessary to wrap the middle of the body in a cloth or band ; but this should be done with care. With some children the band is necessary for many months : when it is discontinued, the stay or waistcoat is usually worn as a sort of support to the rest of the clothing.

There is little doubt that the eruptions to which the infants of the poor are subject, chiefly arise from want of cleanliness and warmth. In this country, where changes of temperature are sudden and continual, judicious clothing is the only safeguard ; summer apparel cannot be safely adopted and laid aside at a given period, nor can the same dress be always worn at noon and in the evening. However warm the clothing, infants should not be carried abroad in very cold weather : their lungs cannot bear a low temperature, and there is no exercise to keep the blood equally distributed.

#### WASHING AND DRESSING.

For the health and comfort of an infant, it should be washed every morning and evening, and not in a slovenly, but in a complete though gentle manner. The reasons for such frequent ablutions are these :—The pores of the skin convey useless matter from the system ; and that matter is apt to remain upon the skin, so as to clog up the pores, and prevent them from performing their functions, unless it be washed off.

The washing should be performed in warm water, with soap and fine flannel, or sponge. Do not employ cold water, for it may produce serious illness, if not death. Formerly, there was a notion that bathing infants in cold water made them hardy ; this is now proved to be absurd. Great care should also be taken to prevent draughts of cold air from coming upon them. They can only be safely undressed beside a fire for the first four months.

On preparing for dressing and washing, every necessary article

should be near at hand; it is a sign of mismanagement when a nurse has to rise to fetch anything: the *horse* or screen, with the clean linen conveniently placed, will keep off draughts; the basket, basin, soap, sponge, and towel, should be laid within reach, and in such order that there can be no confusion, and that the clothes shall not fall into the water, nor the wet sponge and towel find their way into the basket. The nurse, being thus prepared, with the addition of a flannel apron and a low chair, strips the infant, and having washed its head with soap, rubs it dry, and puts on a cap. The face, throat, chest, arms, and hands, are then successively sponged as plentifully as the child can bear (soap is not always required), and tenderly but thoroughly wiped. The infant is turned over, and the back, loins, and legs are abundantly covered with water; the left hand holding the child, its legs hanging over the knee, so that the water flows from them into the basin. The thighs, groins, &c. require great attention both in washing and wiping. The corner of the apron should then be turned up, so that there is a dry surface for the child to rest on while it is carefully wiped. The creases in the neck, arms, and thighs, the bend of the arms, legs, and the ears, must be thoroughly washed and dried. As the friction between the parts increases the perspiration and the liability to fraying the skin, they should, after wiping, be slightly powdered with unscented hair-powder or pounded starch. All fresh clothing should be aired before a fire previous to putting on.

It is by no means uncommon to rub a new-born babe with spirits, to prevent its taking cold after washing; but the stimulus thus given to the skin is injurious, and must be painful, while the rapid evaporation occasioned by the application of spirits, tends to produce instead of to prevent cold. Never allow spirits to touch an infant. After washing and drying, rub the skin with the hand or a flannel glove; this restores the circulation to the surface, and is agreeable and soothing. Morning and night, this washing, from head to foot, must be repeated, while every impurity, from whatever cause, should be immediately removed from the skin during the day. If a child vomit its food, or there is much flow of the saliva from teething, the face and throat should be washed once or twice during the day. Before the clothes are put on, the child should be allowed to kick and stretch its limbs upon the lap; this affords an opportunity of ascertaining its healthy condition. At no period of childhood should this attention be omitted: any little defect in walking, running, or even sitting, should be inquired into, and the cause ascertained.

An infant may cry considerably while being washed and dressed. When not violent and continuous, crying is serviceable: it gives the only exercise to the lungs, voice, and respiration, that infants can bear or take. As they grow older, and acquire other powers, crying is diminished. Tenderness and dexterity are nevertheless

## MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

in all cases needful; when roughly handled, the sight of the basin and the sound of the water are the signals of suffering and sorrow, and it may be years before a child can regard washing as a source of comfort. This it is, and ought to be: every pains should therefore be taken to soften its discomforts to the young and tender. When the child is old enough to be amused, a playful gentle manner on the part of the nurse will render the operation so pleasurable, that all painful recollections will fade away, and agreeable ones only remain.

A mother or nurse will save herself much trouble, and also benefit the child, by implanting habits of cleanliness. It may be observed, that every animal teaches its young to be cleanly, and so also should a human being be taught. Teach it, therefore, to make signs and utter sounds significant of its wants, and attend to it accordingly. It may be safely averred, that no child was ever dirty in habits who did not owe it to its nurse.

## AIR AND EXERCISE.

Infants, as well as people of advanced life, ought to breathe pure air. If they draw into the lungs impure or confined air, they become sallow, and pine, and die. Beds and sleeping-rooms should be airy and well ventilated. The door of the room should be left open during the day, and also the window for a few hours, unless in extremely cold weather.

With pure air, a child will not only be healthy, and ruddy in complexion, but be kept in good temper, although its food should be scanty and poor. The enjoyment of fresh air, indeed, compensates many disadvantages of condition.

A young infant should be allowed much repose. As it advances in strength and powers of observation, it may be moved about, and taught to sit up and notice objects. In carrying, it should first recline, and afterwards sit on one of the arms of the nurse, but held also by the hand of the other arm. It should not be dandled, or heaved up and down, or otherwise moved quickly, till at least six months old, and able to take pleasure in motion.

When it has gained strength, and can be trusted by itself, it may be laid on the carpet, or on a cloth upon the floor, and allowed to roll and sprawl. This kind of indulgence is better than continually holding it on the knee or in arms, and will be very acceptable to the child if it be able to notice objects, and can play with toys, or little articles placed before it. In lifting or setting it down, place the hands round the waist; never hang it by the arms, even for a moment.

The best way to teach a child to walk is to leave it to itself. When it has attained the proper strength, it will raise itself to its feet, holding by chairs or anything else in its way.

In fine weather, carry out the child regularly in arms. Do not, however, place it on the ground or the grass till it be able to

walk and move about. It may be suffered to roll about upon a cloth spread on the grass on a fine day.

We have observed that many women in the humbler ranks of life spend the greater part of their time lolling about doors with a child in their arms. The keeping of a child seems, indeed, to be an excuse to some women for all kinds of slovenliness in dress and household disorder. By accustoming a child to amuse itself on a cloth on the floor, or in any other manner within reach, much of this valuable time might be saved, and the child be also greatly benefited.

## ILLNESSES.

A child with a good constitution, and properly fed and treated, will escape many disorders. If it become ill, it has not most likely had fair play. The most common illness is from pains caused by improper feeding. If not of a serious nature, requiring medical treatment, the use of the warm-bath will frequently remove infantile ailments. The water should be warmed to 96 degrees of the thermometer; that is, blood heat. A very young infant should not remain in the bath more than six or eight minutes. The head and loins should be supported by the hands of the nurse, so that the whole person may be at ease, and entirely covered, except the head and face. Never bathe a child for eruptive complaints, for the chill afterwards may drive the eruption inwards.

Boys are much more difficult to rear than girls. A fit of crying that would throw a boy into convulsions, will seldom do so with a girl. Greater care must therefore be employed in nursing boys than girls. The hot-bath is one of the readiest and best remedies for a convulsion.

The small-pox was formerly the most fatal disorder known in this country. It may now, however, be prevented by imparting a small quantity of matter from the udder of a cow to a wound made in the arm of a child. This is called *vaccination*, and should be performed either at a vaccine institution, or by a skilled medical attendant who has the command of fresh matter.

We beg to impress upon all parents that it is their bounden duty to save their children from death, disease, and disfigurement, by a means so simple, safe, and free from suffering, as vaccination. We would only caution them not to be deterred by the objections raised by ignorance and prejudice against what may be justly pronounced as one of the most beneficial discoveries of modern times. Our explicit direction is, *let the child be vaccinated from six weeks to two months after birth.*

The cutting of the teeth is generally more or less trying to children. One of the first symptoms of teething is a heat in the mouth, perceptible while sucking. Other symptoms are a flowing of the saliva, eagerness in the child to convey everything to the mouth, and biting and grinding the gums together. The

flow of the saliva is very advantageous; it diminishes the inflammation and irritability of the gums, which are generally excited by the process of teething.

It has long been customary to give an infant a coral or an ivory ring to bite; but hard substances tend to bruise and inflame the gums: the best article is a small ring of India-rubber. A crust of bread is agreeable and serviceable, but requires care; when it has been sucked for some time, it is apt to break, and lumps may be swallowed, or stick in the throat. A moderately relaxed state of bowels is advantageous. The medical attendant will give directions in case of the appearance of illness. Lancing the gums is often of great utility.

#### DEFORMITIES AND IMPERFECTIONS.

The deformities and malformations found at birth are not so frequent as those which occur afterwards. These are either the consequences of predisposition to disease, inherited from parents, and increased by bad nursing, or are altogether the result of accidents, neglect, or injudicious management. Parents are obviously bound to take every reasonable precaution in order to guard their children from the occurrence of these inflictions, and should they occur, to endeavour to repair or subdue them.

One of the most distressing forms of bodily infirmity in children is contortion of the spine, which arises in most instances from the child receiving a fall or some other external injury, neglected at the time of its occurrence. Weakness and deformity of the legs have often a similar origin, though constitutional disease and imperfect nursing are likewise predisposing causes.

When children are undressed at night, it is advisable to encourage them to run about the room, stoop, kneel, sit down, and rise again, &c. The mother may then observe the action of the muscles and joints, and so be enabled to detect the first symptoms of any injury, the marks of any hurt, or the evidences of any contractions or distortions, whether they arise from weakness or bad habits of muscular action. If the cause can be traced, a remedy may be more easily applied. In some cases surgical aid may be necessary, and it should be obtained without delay.

Some children are born *tongue-tied*, the tongue being too much bridled to the bottom of their mouth, by which they are prevented from sucking properly. If not remedied, this peculiarity will impede their utterance in after-life. It is the duty of the nurse to mention to the medical attendant that there is such a defect, and he will remove it by a slight cut with a pair of scissors. Some mothers are so heedless as to see their children suffering for weeks and months, and even languishing, from this easily remedied evil, without taking the trouble to correct it.

In the event of children being born with a *hare-lip*, as it is called, or any similar malformation, or with a redundancy in the number of fingers or toes, the medical attendant must be per-

mitted to remedy the defect at the time he thinks proper ; but, generally speaking, the more early that all such peculiarities are removed the better.

Stammering and lisping arise generally from contracting a bad habit, and may easily be prevented by careful nurses. From the first symptoms of speech, the child should be accustomed to speak slowly and correctly.

The weakness of the organs of vision has a tendency to produce squinting. Light shining always from one side, or the placing of a knot of ribbon over one eye, will lead to a habit of looking obliquely, and therefore all such causes of derangement should as far as possible be avoided. The infant must be guided in its efforts to look as well as to speak. It should be held fairly towards the light, or towards any bright object, and at such a distance as will accommodate the focus of its vision, and cause it to use both eyes alike. The habit of looking obliquely either with one eye or both, is that which has to be chiefly guarded against, and corrected when it occurs. Obliquity of vision may arise from natural defects, but that is seldom the case ; in almost every instance squinting is a result of sheer carelessness of the mother or nurse.

#### MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL TRAINING.

The first care of a mother, we have said, is to rear her child in sound bodily health ; her second is to rear it in such a manner that it will grow up sweet-tempered and amiable, possessing good habits and dispositions—all which is comprehended in the term *moral training*. It is of the greatest importance that she, or the nurse on whom the duty devolves, should attend to the necessary rules on this subject.

Let it be thoroughly understood that the human being, at the very dawn of intelligence, possesses various tendencies or desires, some requiring to be encouraged and rendered habitual, and others which, for his own comfort and that of his fellow-creatures, must be kept in subjection. The latter seem by far the most ready to manifest themselves. The infant will show a disposition to beat and rob his neighbour, will be insolent, greedy, cruel, and violent, before he will manifest any of the better dispositions, with the exception, perhaps, of an affectionateness towards those from whom he is accustomed to receive benefits. The first business, then, of education, is to check and put under habitual subjection all the former dispositions, and to draw forth and put into habitual exercise all that are opposite, such as kindness, justice, and self-denial.

Parents who are fully impressed with these considerations should take the greatest possible care not to put the nursing and training of their children into the hands of ignorant or unprincipled domestics. One week's misusage by these persons will ruin the best-laid plans of a mother ; the mind of the infant will

receive an injury which not all the education of after-years will be able to remedy.

The following points ought to be universally attended to by nursing mothers and servants:—

Crying is usually the means employed by a child to get what he wants. Do not yield to this bad practice; if you do, he will grow up wilful and cunning, and you will have inflicted an injury on his moral qualities.

By the exercise of great patience and good temper, by kindness of manner, kind looks, and kind words, make the child know, by repeated experience, that he is not to obey every first impulse; and that self-control, a thing which even an infant can comprehend, is necessary to his own comfort.

Whether the defects of character in a child be hereditary or acquired, they should be treated with consideration, and every means short of severity adopted for their removal. Parents commit a dreadful error when they attempt to govern their children by fear, by threats of punishment, blows, violent language, and angry gestures. A child should never hear an angry word, and never receive a blow. He must be governed by *love*, not by fear; by example and quiet admonition, not by harsh words and precepts. Some parents may perhaps say that, unless they chastise their children, they could not govern them. They are, however, themselves to blame; for, in the first place, not checking with all gentleness the earliest acts of disobedience, they first spoil their children, and then punish them for being spoiled.

Love, then, should be the impelling reason, the directing power of education. Where love influences the parent, the children of a family will be actuated by the same spirit—a spirit subversive of selfishness. Dissimilar as all characters are, different as all intellects are, and different as all situations are, the great duty of life is the same—the promotion of the welfare and happiness of our fellow-men. There are few errors, perhaps none, which do not affect the happiness of others as well as of ourselves; each individual who improves himself, improves society; and every mother who rears her child aright, aids the universal progress towards excellence.

Mutual confidence should be a governing principle in the communion between parent and child. This cannot exist where the former acts only as a judge and lawgiver, who acknowledges no compassion, no sorrow, who cannot weep and hope with the offender. The few words, "*I am sorry that you are angry,*" "*try to be good, and I will help you,*" "*wipe away your tears, and let me hear what vexes you,*" are more likely to overcome error, or turn away wrath, than stern commands or cold disapprobation; for this treatment does not conceal that there is error, or disguise its evils, while it differs totally from the compassion which fondles or coaxes, and bribes a child to soften its violence or

withdraw its opposition. Nothing can be more beautiful than the conduct of a child reared under the influence of love. He enters among strangers unabashed and undismayed, ready to welcome and be welcomed, seeking happiness, and prepared to find it in everything, and with everybody; so willing to be pleased that every gratification, however trifling, is prized and enjoyed; habituated to cheerfulness, yet so full of the sympathy he has so largely enjoyed, that he does not lose sight of the comfort or sorrows of others; there is no selfishness in his enjoyments; the mind is active and energetic, and the whole character beaming with intelligence and happiness.

Reverse this picture, and see the child who has been governed by fear—a suspicious timid glance, an endeavour to escape observation, no spontaneous prattle, no words or actions pouring out the unrestrained thoughts and feelings; nothing truly enjoyed, because there is an undefined fear of doing or saying something which may provoke rebuke; or if there be enjoyments, they are received in silence, and in that solitude of heart which leads to selfishness. Candour is a quality to be encouraged in children; indeed it is natural to them; their helpless dependant nature leads them to seek and bestow confidence; they have no reasons for concealment but such as fear induces.

The greatest and most common error in the training of children is allowed to be *irregularity of behaviour towards them*. At one time they are coaxed, petted, and indulged in every fancy, and at another they are scolded, abused, and cruelly chastised. One moment a mother will be seen fondling her child, and the next pouring out her wrath upon him. Impetuous in temper, she will, for a trifling fault, inflict personal punishment on her infant, and then, moved by compassion or remorse, seize him up in her arms, and cover him with caresses. All this is decidedly improper, and ruinous to the dispositions of children. Let it be remembered that *example* will go a great way in communicating both good and bad habits to children; and it is required of those who undertake the duty of infant education, that they should learn to know themselves, and command themselves. Another common error is favouritism in families. One child, because he happened to be first born, or is called by a particular name, or from some other equally absurd cause, or perhaps from mere caprice, is idolised and advanced, while all his brothers and sisters are treated with indifference. Much dispeace and petty misery have arisen from this system of favouritism, which, wherever it occurs, is discreditable to the parental relation. All the children in a family, whatever be their capacities, and whether male or female, should be treated with equal consideration and kindness. On no account prefer one to another.

Children are naturally truthful. Nature does not lie. Let nothing be done to alter this happy disposition. Cultivate in



them the love of truth, candour, and the confession of error. It is lamentable to think what fearful falsehoods are uttered to deter children, to keep them quiet, or to make them obedient. Threats of being taken by old men, and black men, and other like terrors, are resorted to by ignorant and foolish servants to frighten them, and make them lie still in bed. It is ascertained that *death, fits, idiocy, or insanity*, have been the consequences of such inhumanity. But, setting aside the probable chance of such calamities, there are other *certain* results: if the child discover the falsehoods practised upon him, he becomes boldly indifferent to the threats, is more disobedient and wilful than ever, disbelieves all that is said to him, and, finding no respect for truth in others, has no regard for it himself.

Firmness in adhering to promises, or any particular line of discipline in relation to children, is of first importance. If the mother allow her child to transgress her orders and set her at defiance, she is clearly unfit for the performance of her duties. Prevent disobedience with temper and decision.

Some children early evince a love of cruelty: they torture insects; they destroy wantonly, and pull in pieces, break, crush, and tear everything that comes in their way. To cultivate the opposite feeling is the mother's part: she must prevent every circumstance that can encourage the propensity, manifesting dislike at its exhibition. No better check can be found than occupation, giving a child something to do that will employ its energies harmlessly. She ought to show it how animals should be treated, first making use of a toy, teaching the child to feed, and caress, and protect the representation of the dog or horse, and taking it away on the first exhibition of unkindness. No child should be allowed to witness the death of trapped mice, rats, the drowning of puppies and kittens, &c.; they cannot be made sensible of the reasons for their destruction; they do not know the nature of suffering and death, but only derive amusement from the spectacle, and learn to look upon pain as matter for sport and pastime.

Children not unfrequently acquire habits of violence from their mother, who in this, as in many other points, errs from ignorance. Should the child accidentally knock his head against the table, the fond and foolish parent will tell him "to beat the table." This inculcates the passion of revenge; and afterwards through life, the child, become a man, furiously resents all real or imaginary injuries. A child should on no account be told to box or beat anybody or anything. Neither should he be taught to scold or abuse what has hurt him. On the contrary, he should be taught to forgive injuries, to endure sufferings with fortitude, and to entertain kindly feelings towards all.

All children require amusement. From the time they are able to notice objects, they take a delight in toys, pictures, music, and other attractions of the eye and ear. Playing with toys may be

said to be not only an amusement, but the proper occupation of children. Let them, therefore, have what toys you can afford to purchase. Such things as a box of wooden bricks, wherewith to build houses, or a slate and pencil, are inexhaustible sources of recreation. "Books of prints, of birds, or animals in general, may be employed with great advantage, because they excite questions, afford the parent opportunities of giving much valuable oral instruction, and induce that love of inquiry, which is the parent of knowledge. Those who possess a garden have fewer difficulties to encounter in providing amusement for their children. The spade, the wheel-barrow or wagon, the hoop, kite, and ball, are too excellent and too well known to need recommendation here; neither need we name the doll for girls, which affords constant and varied amusement and occupation, and may be made the means of inculcating much that will be subsequently useful and admirable in a female.

These toys may also be made useful in teaching order, carefulness, and steadfastness. The seeds of perseverance may be sown, by insisting on a child's remaining satisfied with one plaything for a reasonable space of time. Such a habit would also prevent envy or discontent. A child who is early accustomed to be satisfied with its own allotment, will scarcely be discontented at a later period. A love of order may be encouraged by the habit of putting the various toys in their respective places after use; and such a habit eventually leads to systematic carefulness and economy."\*

Girls possess a desire for nursing dolls; it arises from an original propensity of the mind—the love of children. Provide dolls, therefore, for infant girls. Besides amusing them, the making and putting off and on of the dolls' clothes, teaches lessons of neatness, and cultivates sentiments of affection.

While on this subject, it may be proper to caution parents against giving their children toys of a kind likely to encourage warlike or savage propensities; such as mimic guns, swords, or other military accoutrements. We have remarked that toys of this kind are commonly given to children in France, a practice which perhaps tends to nourish a love of war in our neighbours. We hope English parents will avoid this folly, and impart toys only of a simply amusing or improving tendency.

The propriety of inculcating habits of cleanliness has already been spoken of. Let children be taught to be not only cleanly in person, but cleanly and delicate in manner. As soon as they can assist themselves, give them a place at table, and accustom them to the use of the spoon, fork, and knife, and also to arrange the food on the plate, so that it may be eaten with attention to the method usually observed; the meat, vegetable, and bread following each other in regular succession, with a proper pro-

\* Quarterly Journal of Education.

portion of salt. Drinking or speaking with the mouth full, putting the fingers into the plate and mingling the food, should be checked at first.

Children cannot be taught what is termed manners without rendering them affected. But they may be taught to practise politeness, gentleness, courtesy, and a regard for the rights of others. This is best done by a good example, and by the exercise of the qualities recommended. Vague admonitions to "behave themselves" are next to useless. If brought up properly, they will not probably have a disposition to behave ill.

A child's moral and intellectual faculties will be advantageously brought out by mixing with other children of the same age. The child is to be pitied who has no playmates or companions. Hence the exceeding usefulness of infant schools, to which all young children should, if possible, be sent, especially when systematic training cannot be carried on at home. The principles upon which infant schools are established may be explained as follows:—

*Exercise, confirmed into habit*, is the true means of establishing the virtuous character, as far as it can be established by human means. This may be realised to a certain extent in well-regulated families; but home-training is for the most part badly conducted, and hence the necessity for gathering children together into a place fitted up for the purpose, under the eye of well-trained instructors. In conducting an infant school, it is advantageous to have a large number of pupils, so as to present a variety of dispositions—an actual world into which a child may be introduced; a world of infant business and infant intercourse; a miniature of the adult world itself. This intercourse, however, is not carried on at random, each infant only bringing its stock of selfish animalism to aggravate that of its playmates. It is correctly systematised, and carefully superintended. The infants are permitted to play together out of doors in unrestrained freedom, both for the sake of health and recreation; a watchful eye being all the while kept upon the nature and manner of their intercourse. Watching over their actions towards each other, the best opportunity is afforded for enforcing the practice of generosity, gentleness, mercy, kindness, honesty, truth, and cleanliness in personal habits; and all occasions of quarrel, cruelty, fraud, or falsehood, are minutely and patiently examined into; while, on the other hand, all indelicacy, filthiness, greediness, covetousness, unfairness, dishonesty, violence, tyranny, cruelty, insolence, vanity, cowardice, and obstinacy, are repressed by the moral police of the community. The teasing of idiots or animals is also held in just reprobation. A taste for refinement, and a regard for the beautiful in nature and art, are carefully inculcated. The assembled children are shown how beautiful are the flowers of the fields and gardens; how beautiful and interesting are the animals which minister to man's wants;

how splendid is the sky with its multitude of stars ; and how great and good and kind is the God who made them all.

Besides the moral habitudes and refinements of feeling produced by three or four years' practice in an infant school, the whole carefully identified with religious obligation, the child's intellectual or knowing faculties are also beneficially trained. The stimulus of numbers works wonders on the child, and brings out his observing and remembering intellect in a manner that will surprise his family at home. Everything which he sees fills him with wonder, delight, and ardour. Instead of his early education being confined to words, he is made acquainted with the real tangible world, and is prepared not only for instruction in schools of an advanced kind, but for acting his part as a useful and intelligent member of society.

We are aware that objections have been made to infant education in schools, but on no proper grounds. It is unsuspected by the objectors that man is a moral as well as an intellectual being ; that he has *feelings* which require education, and that on the right training of these depend the happiness of the individual and the welfare of society, infinitely more than on the highest attainments merely intellectual. Now, the education of the feelings has been shown to be the primary and permanent object of the infant school system. It has, moreover, been distinctly laid down, that these feelings are incomparably more easily bent and moulded to good in infancy than in after-years ; that after six years of age, their effectual culture is, in many cases, nearly hopeless ; hence to delay it till this age (two to six being the proper period of infant schooling) would be to leave it out of education altogether ; and this, to the heavy cost of society, has been hitherto the ignorantly adopted alternative.

The advantages of training in infant schools are now so generally recognised, that these institutions may be considered to rank among the accredited means of national instruction. We therefore conclude by earnestly recommending their universal establishment ; and shall rejoice to know that parents, not possessing approved means of home-training, send their children to them.

As in a succeeding paper we shall treat of the management of children of an advanced age, or what may be termed the Fireside Education of a Family, we need not here extend our observations on infant management. With regard to the directions already given, we feel assured that, if followed out by a nurse or mother capable of realising them in their letter and their spirit, they would have the best effects on children, and be productive of the greatest benefit to society.\*

\* For a full exposition of infant management, we refer to the works entitled "Infant Treatment, under Two Years of Age," and "Infant Education, from Two to Six Years of Age," both issued in connexion with CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.



## PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER.\*

**A**T the beginning of the present century, and during the consulate of Bonaparte, few young men of fortune made so brilliant an appearance amidst the learned and accomplished society of Paris as Charles Veramont Count de Charney. This gentleman, a type of many of his class, possessed natural powers of mind of no mean order; he spoke and wrote various languages, and was acquainted with most of the ordinary branches of knowledge. So far, his talents might be called enviable; while his fortune and station afforded him the most favourable opportunity of surrounding himself with all that could gratify his taste or desires. What, then, was wanting to render Charney happy in himself and with the world? His moral perceptions had been deadened. To a coarse mind, forgetful of everything but transitory indulgences, this would perhaps have been no source of immediate disquietude; but Charney's was not a coarse mind. He was fond of reasoning with the subtlety of a scholar on subjects of an aspiring kind—on the meaning of the universe of which he formed an atom—on creation and providence; and, blinded by prejudice, all his reasonings ended in difficulty, doubt, scepticism. He saw not, because his heart was untouched, that, reason as we will, all things—all design, order, beauty, wisdom, goodness—must ultimately be traced to one great First

\* This simple narrative is an abridgment and adaptation from the French of X. B. Saintine. The original, in the compass of a volume, has been exceedingly popular in France, where it is considered by the well-disposed as a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion and morals, and, from its style, likely to influence minds who would turn away from formal treatises of natural theology.

Cause—that all moral attributes and excellences are dependent from the throne of God.

With a mind groping in the wrong direction for something whereon to repose, it is not wonderful that Charney was dissatisfied. There was nothing on which his affections could be satisfactorily placed. The world was to him a sort of wilderness, in which he discovered nothing to love, admire, or venerate. Wrapped up in his own self-sufficiency, he esteemed no one. Heaven spread her bounties around: they were enjoyed, but not with a thankful heart.

Incapable of making private friends, Charney affected to take an interest in the welfare of an entire people—so much easier is it for a man to be a patriot than a philanthropist. Under the impression that the system of government at the time was detrimental to public welfare, he enrolled himself as a member of a secret society, whose object was to subvert the existing order of things. The particulars of the conspiracy are of little consequence; it is enough that the projects of the association occupied Charney during the greater part of the years 1803 and 1804, and were finally discovered by the police, who extinguished them with little difficulty. These were times when no great ceremony was employed in seizing and confining persons accused of political offences. Bonaparte was not a man to be trifled with. The leaders of the conspiracy were quietly removed from their homes, condemned almost without a trial, and separated from each other. In the eighty-six departments of France there were many prisons.

It was in the fortress of Fénestrelle that Charles Veramont Count de Charney was incarcerated, being accused of an attempt to overthrow the government, and substitute anarchy and disorder. Let us behold him the tenant of one rude chamber, with no attendant but his jailer, instead of the luxurious master of a princely mansion! Yet he was supplied with all necessaries. It was the weight of his own thoughts which appeared insupportable. However, there was no escape from them, for all correspondence with the world was forbidden; and he was not allowed to retain books, pens, or paper. The chamber which he occupied was situated at the back of the citadel, in a little building raised upon the ruins of the old fortifications, now rendered useless by modern inventions. The four walls, newly whitewashed, left not even a trace of any former occupant; a table of just sufficient size for him to eat from; one chair, which, standing singly, seemed to warn him that he must not hope for a companion; a chest, that contained his linen and clothes; a little cupboard of worm-eaten wood, painted white, with which contrasted strangely a costly mahogany dressing-case inlaid with silver, and which was the only remnant of his past splendour; a narrow but clean bed; and a pair of blue linen curtains, that seemed hung at his window in mockery, for through its thick bars, or

from the high wall which rose about ten feet beyond it, he neither feared the impertinence of curious eyes, nor the overpowering rays of the sun. Such was the furniture of his prison-chamber. The rest of his world was confined to a short stone staircase, which, turning sharply round, led to a little paved yard, that had formerly been one of the outworks of the citadel. And here it was that for two hours a-day he was permitted to walk. This even was a privilege; for, from this little enclosure, he could behold the summits of the Alps, which lay behind his prison, though not the rocks and forests with which they were studded. Alas! once returned to his chamber, his horizon was bounded by the dull wall of masonry that separated him from the sublime and picturesque scenery which might have relieved the tedium of the day. At the extremity of the wall was a little window, breaking alone its uniformity; and here, from time to time, Charney fancied that he recognised a melancholy figure.

This was his world—where his demon of THOUGHT still possessed him; and here, by ITS dictation, he wrote the most terrible sentences on the wall, near to the sacred keepsakes of his mother and sister! By turns he directed his mind to the merest trifles—manufactured whistles, boxes, and little open baskets of fruit stones—made miniature ships of walnut shells, and plaited straw for amusement. To vary his occupations, he engraved a thousand fantastic designs upon his table; houses upon houses, fish upon the trees, men taller than the steeples, boats upon the roofs, carriages in the middle of the water, and dwarf pyramids by the side of gigantic flies! Perhaps, however, the greatest interest this victim of ennui experienced, was the curiosity he felt concerning the figure he sometimes saw at the little window to which we before alluded. At first he took the stranger for a spy, placed there to watch his movements; and then he fancied he was one of his enemies enjoying the sight of his degradation—for Charney was the most suspicious of mortals. When at last he questioned the jailer, the poor man only deceived him, though unintentionally.

“He is one of my own countrymen, an Italian,” said he; “a good Christian, for I find him often at prayers.”

Charney asked, “Why is he imprisoned?”

“Because he tried to assassinate General Bonaparte,” returned the jailer.

“Is he, then, a patriot?”

“Oh no; but he lost his son in the war in Germany, and that maddened him. He has but one child left—his daughter.”

“Oh, then it was in a transport of passion and selfishness?” replied Charney. And then he continued, “Pray, how does this bold conspirator amuse himself here?”

“He catches insects,” said Ludovic the jailer with a smile.

Charney could no longer detest, he only despised him, as he answered, “What a fool he must be!”

“Why, count, is he a fool? He has been longer a prisoner than you have, yet already you have become a master in the art of carving on wood.”

Notwithstanding the irony of this expression, Charney betook himself to his old occupations; and in such wearying puerilities passed an entire winter. Happily for him a new source of interest was opening.

It was a beautiful morning in spring, when Charney, as usual, paced the little courtyard. He walked slowly, as if thus he could increase the actual space which lay before him. He counted the paving stones one by one, doubtless to prove if his former calculations of this important matter were correct. With eyes bent to the ground, he perceived an unusual appearance between two of the stones. It was but a very little hillock of earth open at the top. Stooping down, he lightly raised some of the particles of soil, and now saw a little blade of vegetation which had scarcely yet escaped from a seed, which had been dropped probably by a bird, or wafted thither by the wind. He would have crushed it with his foot, but at that instant a soft breeze brought to him the odour of honeysuckle and seringa, as if to ask pity for the poor plant, and whisper that it also would perhaps some day have fragrance to bestow! Another idea also stayed his movement. How had this tender blade, so fragile that a touch would break it—how had this tender blade been able to raise itself, and throw from it the hard dry earth almost cemented to the stones by the pressure of his own feet? Interested by the circumstance, again he stooped to examine the infant plant.

He perceived a sort of soft coating, which, folding itself over the young leaves, preserved them from injury, while they pierced the crust of earth and burst into the air and sunshine. Ah! said he to himself, this is the secret. It derives from nature this principle of strength, just as birds, before they are hatched, are provided with beaks to break the egg-shell. Poor prisoner! thou at least in thy captivity dost possess an instrument for thine own liberation. He looked at it for a few moments, but thought no more of crushing it.

The next afternoon, while walking, again, from sheer absence of mind, he nearly stepped upon the little plant. Yet he paused instinctively, surprised himself at the interest it awakened. He found that it had grown in the four-and-twenty hours, and that, having basked in the sunshine, it had lost the sickly paleness he had noticed the previous day. He reflected on the strange power this feeble stem possessed of nourishing itself, and acquiring the various colours assigned to its different parts. “Yes,” thought he, “its leaves will of course be of a different shade from the stem; and its flowers, I wonder what colour they will be? How is it that, fed from the same source, one imbibes blue, and another scarlet? They will so show themselves, however; for,



notwithstanding the confusion and disorder there is in the world, matter certainly obeys regular, though blind laws. Very blind," he repeated to himself; "if I needed another proof, here is one. These great lobes, which helped the plant to burst through the earth, are now quite useless; but still they hang heavily upon it, and exhaust its sap!"

While the count thus reasoned, the evening drew on; and though it was spring-time, the nights were cold. As the sun sank, the lobes he had been watching rose slowly before his eyes, and as if to justify themselves in his opinion, drew nearer to each other, enclosing the tender leaves, folding their soft wings over the plant, and thus protecting it from cold, or the attack of insects! Charney understood this silent answer all the better from perceiving that the outer coating had been eaten the preceding night by the slugs, whose silver trail still remained upon the surface.

This strange dialogue, carried on by thought on one side, and action on the other, could not rest here; for Charney was too much accustomed to dispute, to yield his opinion at once to a good reason. "It is all very well," said he to himself; "as it often happens, several fortunate accidents have combined to favour this little plant. Armed at first with a lever to raise up the earth, and a shield to defend it from injury, there was a double chance of its existence; but for these, the germ would have been stifled, as doubtless myriads of the same species are, which nature having imperfectly formed, are unable to preserve themselves, or perpetuate their kind. Who can know the number of these unfinished productions? Bah! there is nothing in all I have noticed but a lucky chance."

Count Charney, nature has still an answer to all your arguments. Be patient, and perhaps you will discover that this frail production was providentially placed in the courtyard of your prison for a useful purpose. You are right in thinking that these protecting wings will soon be insufficient for the purpose; but then they will wither and fall, no longer wanted. For when the north wind shall blow from the Alps damp fogs and flakes of snow, the new leaves still in the bud shall find there a safe asylum, a dwelling prepared for them, impervious to the air, cemented with gum and resin, which, increasing according to their growth, will only open in genial weather; and when returning sunshine calls them forth, they press together, thus borrowing and lending fraternal support, and find themselves provided with a downy covering to protect them from atmospheric changes. Be sure, wherever danger increases, the care of Providence is redoubled.

The prisoner still watched the changes of the plant. Again he argued, and again it had a ready answer. "Of what use is this down upon the stem?" said Charney.

The next morning he saw that the down was covered with a

light hoar-frost, which had thus been held at a distance from the tender bark!

"At all events, it will not be wanted in the summer," continued the count; and when warm weather came, behold the plant was stripped of its first mantle, and its fresh branches were free from a covering no longer necessary. "But a storm may come, and the wind will scatter, and the hail will tear thy tender leaves."

The wind blew, and the young plant, too weak to wrestle with it, bent to the earth, and so found safety. It hailed; and now, by a new manœuvre, the leaves arose, and pressing together for mutual protection around the stem, presented a solid mass to the blows of the enemy: in union they found strength; and though the plant sustained some slight injury, it came out of the conflict still strong, and ready to open to the sunbeams, which soon healed its wounds!

"Has Chance intelligence?" asked Charney; "can it join spirit to matter?" From attempting to discover some of the properties of this humble plant, and watching over its progress towards maturity, he unconsciously learned to love it; and *it was the first thing which he loved*, for his heart was at length touched. One day he had watched it longer even than usual, and surprised himself in a reverie beside it. His thoughts were calmer and sweeter than any he had experienced for a long time. Presently, on raising his head, he perceived at the window we before noticed the stranger, who evidently was watching him, and whom Charney had called in derision the *fly-catcher*. At first he blushed, as if the other had known his thoughts; and then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. What room was there for contempt? Was not his own mind absorbed in a very similar manner? "Who knows," said he, "this Italian may have discovered in a fly things as worthy of being examined as I have in my plant."

On re-entering his chamber, the first object which struck him was a sentence he had written on his wall about two months before—it ran thus:—

"Chance is the parent of creation."

He took a piece of charcoal, and wrote beneath it—"Perhaps!"

Charney chalked no more upon the wall, and only carved upon his table representations of flowers and leaves. His hours of exercise he passed almost entirely by the side of his plant, watching its growth, and studying its changes; and often, when returned to his chamber, he continued to gaze on it through the grated window. It had now, indeed, become his favourite occupation—the only resource of a prisoner! Will he tire of it as he had done of every other amusement? We shall see.

One morning, while looking at the plant from his window, he saw, or fancied, that the jailer, in crossing the courtyard with hurried strides, brushed so close to the stem that he almost

crushed it. Charney trembled from head to foot. When Ludovic brought him his breakfast, he set about offering his petition, which was, that he would have the goodness to walk carefully, and spare the only ornament of the yard. But simple as the request may appear, he scarcely knew how to begin. Perhaps the regulations for cleaning the prison might be so rigid, that destruction must await the little thing; and if so, how great was the favour he had to ask! At last, however, mustering up courage to speak of such a trifle, he begged Ludovic—who, though the warden of a prison, and sometimes rough in manner, was not by any means a hard-hearted man—to spare the plant in which he had begun to take such a friendly interest.

“Why, as for your wallflower——” began Ludovic.

“Is it then a wallflower?” interrupted the count.

“Oh, I don’t know I am sure; but all such things seem to me more or less wallflowers. But this I will say, that you are rather late in recommending it to my care. Why, I should have put my foot upon it long ago, had I not seen that you were interested in it.”

“Yes, I do feel an interest,” said Charney in a confused manner.

“Hush, hush,” returned the other, winking his eye with a comical expression; “people must have something to care about, and prisoners have no choice. Why, I have known great people, clever people—for they don’t send fools here—amuse themselves at little cost. One catches flies—no great harm in that; another—and here he winked again—“carves with his penknife all sorts of monstrous things upon his table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture. Some make friends of birds, and some of mice. Now, so much do I respect these fancies, that I have sent away our cat, though my wife doted on her, for fear of her killing them. Perhaps she might not have injured them, but I would not run any risk; I should have been a villain if I had; for all the cats in the world are not worth the bird or mouse of a prisoner.”

“It was very good of you,” replied Charney, feeling himself humbled at being thought capable of such childish tastes. “But this plant is for me something more than an amusement.”

“Well, what matters it? If it reminds you of the tree under which you prattled to your mother in your childhood, so much the better. The superintendent has not spoken about it, and as for me, I shut my eyes to things I don’t wish to see. If it should grow to be a tree, and so be able to help you over the wall, it will be another affair; but we have no need to think of that yet a while,” he added with a laugh; “though, I am sure, I wish you the free use of your legs with all my heart; but this must happen according to order. If you were to try to escape——”

“What would you do?”

“Do! Why, it should be over my body; I would shoot you myself, or tell the sentinel to fire, with as little remorse as if you

were a rabbit. But touch a leaf of your wallflower! No, I have not a heart for that. I have always considered that man unworthy of the dignity of being a jailer, who would crush a spider that a prisoner had become attached to; it is a wicked action—a crime. Talking of spiders," continued Ludovic, "I'll tell you a story about a prisoner who was let out at last by the help of the spiders."

"By the help of the spiders!" exclaimed Charney with astonishment.

"Yes," replied the jailer; "it is about ten years ago; Quatremer Disjonval was his name. He was a Frenchman, like you, though he had employment in Holland, and sided with the Dutch when they revolted. For this he was put into prison, where he stayed eight years, without having even then a prospect of being released—for I heard all about him, count, from a prisoner we had here before you came—and who formed an acquaintance with the spiders; though, luckily, Bonaparte gave him the use of his legs again, without waiting so long for it as his friend had done. Well, this poor Disjonval having nothing to amuse himself with during these eight long years, took to watching the spiders; and at last, from their actions, he could tell what the weather would be for ten, twelve, or fourteen days to come. Above all, he noticed that they only spun their large wheel-like webs in fine weather, or when fine clear weather was setting in; whereas, when wet and cold were coming, they retreated clean out of sight. Now, when the troops of the Republic were in Holland, in December 1794, a sudden and unexpected thaw so altered the plans of the generals, that they seriously thought of withdrawing the army, and accepting the money that the Dutch would have willingly paid to be free of them. But Disjonval, who thought any masters would be better than his present ones, hoped, beyond all things, that the French would be victorious; and knowing that only the weather was against them, watched his friendly spiders with redoubled interest. To his joy, he discovered that a frost was coming; a frost which would render the rivers and canals able to bear the weight of the baggage and artillery. He contrived to have a letter conveyed to the commander-in-chief, assuring him that a frost would set in within fourteen days; he, either believing what he wished, or really putting faith in a prisoner's experience, maintained his ground; and when, at the end of twelve days, every river was frozen over, Disjonval no doubt felt that, if the French gained the day, he deserved his freedom at their hands. And he had it too; for when they entered Utrecht in triumph, one of the first orders issued was for the liberation of Quatremer Disjonval. This is a fact, count; though I heard it said that afterwards he continued his affection for the spiders, and wrote about them too. Ah, it is a curious thing how much such insects know, or at least how much they do, that we can't at all

understand! They must be Heaven-taught too, for they do not even seem to teach one another."

Charney was touched by this recital, for well could he enter into every feeling of Disjonval; and his heart was softened by Ludovic's attention to his plant. Yet, now that he began to respect his jailer, his vanity urged him the more to give some reason for the interest he took in such a trifle. "My dear good Ludovic," said he, "I thank you for your kind consideration; but I must repeat to you that this little plant is to me more than an amusement. I am studying its physiology;" and as he saw that the man listened without understanding, he added, "besides, the species to which it belongs possesses, I think, medicinal properties which are most valuable in certain attacks of illness to which I am subject!" He had descended to a species of falsehood. But, alas! this had seemed to him less humiliating than to acknowledge himself pleased with a trifle.

"Well, count," said Ludovic, preparing to leave the room, "if your plant, or its kind, has rendered you so much service, I think you might have shown your gratitude by watering it sometimes. Poor PICCIOLA!\* poor little thing! it would have perished of thirst if I had not taken care of it. But adieu, adieu."

"One instant, my kind Ludovic," exclaimed Charney, more and more surprised at discovering the character of the man; "is it possible that you have been thus thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet never mentioned your goodness to me? I intreat you accept this little present as an earnest of my gratitude, though it is impossible I can ever repay you;" and he presented a little silver-gilt cup which belonged to his dressing-case. Ludovic took it in his hand, examining it with some curiosity.

"Repay me for what, Signor Count? Flowers only ask a little water, so we can let them drink without being ruined at a tavern." And he replaced the cup in the dressing-case.

The count moved nearer, and extended his hand; but Ludovic drew back in a respectful manner, exclaiming, "No, no; a man only gives his hand to a friend and an equal."

"Then, Ludovic, be you my friend."

"No, no; that would not do," replied the jailer; "one should have a little foresight in this world. If we were to be *friends*, and you were to try to escape, how should I have the heart to cry 'fire!' to the soldiers? No; I am your keeper, your jailer, and most humble servant."

And now that Charney has learned another lesson—the lesson that *good* as well as evil is woven in that strange tangled texture, human nature—we must hurry over some of the succeeding events, and relate but briefly how he was attacked by illness, and

\* Picciola—pronounced Pitchiola—is an Italian word signifying poor little thing.

how his rough friend Ludovic tended him through it. The reader must, however, remember, that in making his urgent, but, as it proved, most unnecessary supplications for his plant, the count had even descended to something like a falsehood; for he had said that he thought the plant possessed medicinal properties, a declaration which the honest jailer called to mind when he beheld his charge suffering from the delirium of fever. It is true the medical attendant of the prison had been called in; but whatever his judgment might be, his skill seemed unavailing. Charney was apparently in extreme danger, when, amidst the wildest ravings, he passionately exclaimed, "Picciola—Picciola!" In an instant Ludovic concluded that it was for curing this disorder the plant was famed; but how to apply it was the question. Yet the thing must be tried; so, after a consultation with his wife, it was determined to cut some of the leaves, and make a decoction of them. Bitter—nauseous was the draught (probably a great recommendation in Ludovic's opinion); but, administered at the crisis by means of which nature was working her cure, it had all the credit. Yet to describe Charney's horror at the discovery of the mutilation to which his Picciola had been subjected, is impossible; but he felt it was the punishment of his falsehood; and so, as a medicine, it worked a moral change, if not a physical one! Neither may we describe very accurately how, before his attack of illness, Charney erected what he called "the palace of his mistress." He had been frightened one day by beholding the house-dog pass through the yard, for he feared that a lash of his tail might injure the beloved Picciola. Yes, Picciola was now her name, the title bestowed on her by the kind-hearted Ludovic, who was called her godfather. Although the nights were cold, and his allowance of firewood at all times insufficient, yet Charney cheerfully robbed himself day by day of some portion of his little store, till, with the aid of cords which he carefully spun from his linen, he erected a defence around the plant.

By the physician's orders the count had now permission to walk in the courtyard whenever he pleased, though he was still too weak to take much advantage of the favour. Perhaps, however, there was something in his convalescent state favourable to contemplation; certain it is that he revelled in it more than ever. There was little to break in upon his reveries; the only event the solitary could bring to mind was, that he had once seen a second figure at the window where he had before noticed the entomologist. As for Ludovic, he might be a little more communicative; but he was in no degree more complying than his office lawfully permitted. Charney was anxious to procure pens and paper, that he might note down the observations he was daily making on his plant; but these were obstinately refused, as against orders.

"Why not write to the superintendent for permission?" said Ludovic. "I dare not, and will not give them you."

"Never," exclaimed the count, "will I ask him to grant me a favour."

"As you please," returned Ludovic coldly, singing one of his native Italian airs as he left the chamber of his prisoner.

Too proud to humble himself to the governor, Charney was still unwilling to abandon his design. With the aid of his razor, he formed a pen of a tooth-pick; his ink was made from soot dissolved in water, and mixed in a gilt scent-bottle; and instead of paper, he wrote on his cambric handkerchief. Picciola was now in flower, and among the phenomena she revealed to him, he observed that the flower turned towards the sun, following the orb in its course, the better to absorb its rays; or when, veiled by clouds which threatened rain, the sun was no longer visible, Picciola bent down her petals, as mariners fold their sails, to prepare for the coming storm. "Is heat so necessary to her?" thought Charney; "and why? Does she fear even the passing shadow which seems so refreshing? But why do I ask? I know she will explain her reasons." He who had almost denied a God began to have faith in a flower!

Picciola had already proved a physician; and on an emergency she might serve for a barometer. Now she fulfilled the uses of a watch!

By dint of watching and observing, Charney remarked that her perfume varied at different periods of the day. At first he thought that such a notion must be a delusion of the imagination; but repeated trials proved to him its reality. At last he could declare the hour of the day with certainty, simply from inhaling the odour of his plant. Picciola was now in full blossom; and, thanks to Ludovic, who assisted the prisoner to construct a seat in the courtyard, the invalid could enjoy the society of his favourite for hours at a time. It sometimes happened that, towards the close of day, he sunk into a waking dream—a reverie—in which the imagination, triumphing over the body, carried him to distant and most different scenes. Once he thought himself in his old mansion; it was the night of a festival—the noise of a hundred carriages rattled in his ear, and the gleam of torches flashed in his eye. Presently the orchestra sounded, and the fête began. The brilliant light of chandeliers flooded the ball-room, where jewels gleamed and feathers waved upon the fairest forms. There was the haughty Tallien and the beautiful Recamier; and Josephine the consul's wife, who, from her goodness and grace, often passed for the loveliest of the three. Others were, beside them, adorned with every aid which taste and dress could lend to youth and beauty. But it was not one of these that, in Charney's reverie, riveted his attention. He distinguished a young girl simply attired in white; her native grace and faint blush were her only ornaments; and as he gazed upon her the other figures faded from his view. Presently they were alone, and as in thought he approached her more nearly, he observed that in her

dark hair she wore a flower—the flower of his prison! Involuntarily he extended his arms to clasp her, but in an instant she faded from his view—the flower and the girl losing themselves in one another. The walls of his mansion grew dim; the lights were gradually extinguished; till, reason dethroning fancy, the prisoner opened his eyes! Behold, he was still on his bench, the sun was setting, and Picciola before him.

Often he dreamed thus; but always the young girl with the flower—Picciola personified—was the prominent figure of his charming vision. He knew it was no memory of the past; could it be a revelation of the future? He cared not to inquire; he only felt that it was happiness to cherish the beloved image. It was something to occupy his heart as well as his mind; a being to understand and answer him, to smile with and love him, to exist but in the breath of his life—his love. He spoke to her in imagination, and closed his eyes to behold her. The two were one—the one was double!

Thus the captive of Fénestrelle, after his graver studies, tasted the richest elixir; entering more and more into that region of poesy, from which man returns, like the bee from the bosom of flowers, perfumed and loaded with honey. He had now a double existence, the real and the ideal, the one the remainder of the other; without which, man tastes but half the blessings lavished on him by the Creator! Now Charney's time was divided between Picciola the flower and Picciola the fair girl. After reason and labour came joy and love!

Charney became daily more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his flower, his silent teacher and companion. But his eyes were unable to follow the regular but minute and mysterious changes of its nature. He was one day more than commonly depressed in spirits, and at the same time angry with himself for yielding to his feelings, when Ludovic brought him a powerful microscope, the loan of the stranger at the window, with which the latter had been accustomed to examine his insects, and by the aid of which he had numbered eight thousand divisions in the cornea of a fly! Charney trembled with joy. The most minute particles of his plant were now revealed to his sight, magnified a hundredfold. Now did he believe himself on the high road to the most wonderful discoveries. He had before examined the outer covering of his flower, and he is prepared to find that the brilliant colour of the petals, their graceful form and purple spots, and the bands, as soft to the eye as velvet, which complete the outline, are not there only to gladden the sight with their beauty, but that they also serve to collect or disperse the sun's rays according to the wants of the flower. Now he perceives that these bright and glossy particles are unquestionably a glandulous mass of the absorbing vessels, endowed with a mysterious power to respire air, light, and moisture for the nourishment of the seed; for without light there would be no



colour; without air and heat, no life! Moisture, heat, and light! of these the vegetable world is composed, and to these must its atoms return when they die!

During these hours of study and delight, Charney, unknown to himself, had two spectators of his actions; these were Girhardi and his daughter, who watched him with intense and kindly interest.

The daughter was one of those rare beings presented now and then to the world, as if to show that nature *can* surpass a poet's dreams. Educated entirely by her father, the motherless girl was devoted to him; for though her beauty, her virtue, and her acquirements, had won for her many lovers, her heart, however tender, had never been deeply touched. She seemed to have no thought, but her one grief—her father's imprisonment. She felt that her place was not among the happy, but where she could dry a tear or call up a smile; and to do this was her pride and triumph. Until recently, such had been her only thoughts; but since she had seen Charney, she had learned to take an interest in, and feel compassion for him. Like her father, he was a prisoner, which alone was enough to awaken her sympathy; but the love he bore to his plant—the only thing to which his heart clung—gave birth to feelings of the deepest pity. It is true that the commanding person of the count might have had some weight in prepossessing her in his favour; though assuredly, had she met him in the hour of his prosperity, she would not have distinguished him for such qualities. In her ignorance of human life, she classed misfortune among the virtues; and this was the charm which had kindled her heart's warm sympathy.

One morning Girhardi, not content with waving his hand from the window by way of salutation, beckoned Charney to approach as near as possible, and modulating his voice, as if in great fear that some one else would hear him, exclaimed, "I have good news for you, sir." "And I," replied Charney, "have my best thanks to offer for your goodness in lending me the microscope;" and, perhaps, in his life Charney had never before felt so deep a sense of obligation.

"Do not give me any thanks," returned Girhardi; "the thought was Teresa's, my daughter's."

"You have a daughter, then; and they permit you to see her?"

"Yes; and I thank God that they do, for my poor child is an angel of goodness. Do you know, my dear sir, she has taken a great interest in you; first when you were ill, and ever since in watching the attention you bestow on your flower. Surely you must have seen her sometimes at the window?"

"Is it possible; was it your daughter?"

"Yes indeed; but in speaking of her I forget the news I have to give you. The emperor is going to Milan, where he will be crowned king of Italy."

"What emperor?"

"Why, General Bonaparte to be sure. Did you not know that the first consul has assumed the title of emperor—the Emperor Napoleon—and having conquered Italy, he is going to Milan to be crowned king of that country?"

"King of Italy!" exclaimed Charney; "but what then; he will be more than ever your master and mine. As for the microscope," continued Charney, who thought much more of his Picciola than this great event, and who knew not what was to follow—"as for the microscope, I am afraid I have already kept it too long; you are depriving yourself of it. Perhaps at some future time you will lend it to me again?"

"I can do without it; I have others," replied the kind old man, guessing from Charney's tone how unwilling he was to part with it. "Keep it, keep it as a remembrancer of your fellow-captive, who, believe me, feels a deep interest in you."

Charney strove for words to express his gratitude; but the other interrupted him, saying, "Let me finish what I had to tell. They say that at the approaching coronation many pardons will be granted. Have you any friends who now can speak for you?"

Charney shook his head mournfully as he replied, "I have no friends."

"No friends!" echoed the old man with a look of compassion; "have you, then, doubted and suspected your fellow-creatures, for friendship surely exists for those who believe in it? Well, well, if you have not, I have friends whom adversity even has not shaken; and perhaps they may succeed for you, though they have failed for me."

"I will ask nothing of General Bonaparte," replied the count in a tone which betrayed his rooted hate and rancour.

"Hush!—speak lower—I think some one is coming—but no;" and after a moment's silence, the Italian continued in a manner so touching, that reproach was softened as if falling from the lips of a father. "Dear friend, you are still angry, though I should have thought that the studies you have now for months pursued, would have extinguished in your heart the hatred which God condemns, and which causes so much misery in the world. The perfume of your flower should have taught you charity. I have more cause to complain of Bonaparte than you have, for my son died in his service."

"And it was his death you strove to revenge?" replied Charney.

"I see that you, too, have heard that falsehood," said the old man, raising his eyes to heaven, as if appealing to the Almighty. "It is true that in my first moments of agony, when the people were rending the air with their acclamations of joy for victory, my cries of despair were heard in an interval. I was arrested, and unfortunately a knife was found upon me. Informers, who lived by perjury, made it appear that I had designs on the life of Bonaparte; and he who was only a bereaved father, mourning

in his first agony, they treated as an assassin. I can believe that the emperor was deceived; and were he so very bad a man, remember he might have put us both to death. Should he restore me to liberty, he will but repair an error, though I shall bless him for his mercy. For myself, I can endure captivity, for I have faith in Providence, and resign myself to the will of God; but my misfortune weighs heavily on Teresa—though we both suffer less from being together—and for her sake I would indeed wish to be free. Surely you, too, have some being who loves you, who suffers for you, and for whose happiness, if not for your own, you will sacrifice this false pride? Come, let my friends do what they can for you.”

Charney smiled bitterly. “No wife, nor daughter, nor friend weeps for me!” said he; “no human being sighs for my return, for I have no longer gold to bestow. What should I do in the world, where really I was no happier than I am here? But could I find there friends and happiness, and recover fortune, I would still repeat ‘No’ a thousand times, if I must first humble myself to the power I struggled to overthrow!”

“Think again.”

“I never will address as emperor him who was my equal.”

“I implore you not to sacrifice the future to this false pride, which is vanity, not patriotism. But hark! now some one is indeed coming—adieu!” and Girhardi moved from the window.

“Thanks, thanks for the microscope!” cried Charney, before the other had quite disappeared.

At that moment the hinges of the gate creaked, and Ludovic entered the courtyard. He brought with him the provisions for the day; but perceiving that Charney was deep in thought, he did not address him, though he slightly rattled the plates, as if to remind him that dinner was ready; while he silently saluted my lord and my lady, as he was accustomed to call the man and the plant!

“The microscope is mine!” thought Charney; “but how have I deserved the kindness of this benevolent stranger?” Then seeing Ludovic cross the yard, his thoughts turned to him, as he mentally exclaimed, “Even this man has won my esteem; under his rough exterior, what a noble and generous heart there beats!” But, while he pondered, he thought another voice replied, “It is misfortune which has taught you to estimate a kindness. What have these two men done? One has watered your plant unknown to you; the other has procured you the means of examining it more narrowly.” “But,” returned Charney, still arguing with himself, “the dictates of the heart are more true than those of the reason; and my heart tells me that theirs has been no common generosity.” “Yes,” replied the voice, “but it is because this generosity has been exercised towards you, that you do it justice. If Picciola had not existed, these two men would still have been despised. One

would have remained in your eyes an old fool, given up to the most contemptible trifling; and the other a coarse, and sordid, and vulgar creature. Encased in your own selfishness, *you* never loved before; and now it is because you love Picciola that you understand the love of others; it is through her they have been drawn to you!"

And Charney looked by turns at his plant and his microscope. Napoleon, emperor of France, and king of Italy! The one-half of this terrible title had formerly induced him to become a furious conspirator, but now its magnificence scarcely dwelt in his mind for a moment. He thought less of the triumphs of an emperor and a king, than of an insect which wheeled with threatening buzz around his flower!

Provided with the microscope, now his own, Charney pursued his examinations with avidity; and were we writing a botanical work, instead of a narrative, we should be tempted to follow his discoveries step by step. But this may not be; though our story illustrates a *truth*. It is enough that, like one who stumbles in the dark, and consequently has often to retrace his steps, one theory was often overthrown by another in the mind of Count Charney. Yet nature was his teacher—the plant, and the bird, and the bee; the sun, and the wind, and the shower! His present enthusiasm compensated for his past ignorance; and, though he called to mind but vaguely the system of Linnæus, it was after the careful and soul-thrilling examinations which revealed to him the nuptials of the flowers, that he first perceived, however dimly, the chain which binds the universe. His eyes wandered, the microscope was laid aside, and the philosopher sunk on his rustic bench overpowered by his emotions.

"Picciola," he exclaimed, "I had once the whole world in which to wander; I had friends without number, or at least such as usurped that title; and, above all, I was surrounded by men of science in every department; but none of these instructed me as thou hast done; and none of the self-styled friends conferred on me the good offices which I have received from thee; and in this narrow courtyard, studying only thee, I have thought, and felt, and observed more than in all my previous life. Thou hast been a light in the darkness, a companion to relieve my solitude, a book which has seemed to me more wondrous than every other, for it has convinced me of my ignorance, and humbled my pride: it has convinced me that science, like virtue, can only be acquired by humility; and that to rise, we must first descend: it has shown me that the first rail of this mighty ladder is buried in the earth, and that by this we must begin to climb. It is a book written in characters of light, though in a language so mysterious, that we should be lost in awe and wonder were not every word a consolation. The world thou hast opened to my view is that of thought—of the Creator, of Heaven, of the Eternal. It is the law of love

which rules the universe; which regulates the attraction of an atom, and the path of the planets; which links a flower to the stars, and binds in one chain the insect which burrows in the earth, to haughty man who raises his brow to heaven, seeking there—his Creator!" The agitation of Charney increased as the struggle in his heart continued; but he murmured again, "Oh God! oh God! prejudice has dulled my reason, and sophistry has hardened my heart! I cannot hear THEE yet, but I will call upon THEE; I cannot see, but I will seek THEE!"

Returned to his chamber, he read upon the wall, "God is but a word." He added, "Is not this word the one which explains the enigma of the universe?"

Alas! there was still doubt in the expression; but for this proud spirit to doubt, was to know itself half-conquered; and to Picciola he still turned to teach him a creed, and convince him of a God!

In contemplating and questioning the page of nature which was opened to him, time passed quickly away; and when exhausted by deep thought, he indulged in those reveries in which the fair girl floated before his eyes, linked in a mysterious manner with his beloved Picciola. Not only the outward events, the changes and progress of his plant, were chronicled on the cambric, but the inner world of poesy, the life of his day-dreams, was interpreted there, though perchance vaguely; for language has its limits, and cannot always reach to thought.

Once, however, his vision was painful; for suddenly the young girl became pale, as if by the finger of death. She stretched her arms towards him, but he was chained to the spot; an unseen obstacle interposed, and the dreamer awoke with a cry of agony. Strange, that another cry echoed his own, and that in the voice of a woman! Happy was he to find his anguish but a dream; himself upon the rustic bench, and Picciola blooming beside him; yet he felt that the shadow of evil was upon him. Honest Ludovic came running to the spot. "Oh, count," said he, "you are taken ill again, I fear; but never mind, Madame Picciola and I will cure you."

"I am not ill," replied Charney, scarcely yet recovered from his emotion. "Who told you so?"

"Why, Mademoiselle Teresa, the fly-catcher's daughter; she saw you from the window, heard you scream, and ran to send me to your assistance."

Charney was touched; he remembered the interest the young Italian had taken in his illness, and it was to her thoughtfulness he was indebted for the precious microscope. He felt himself all at once overpowered with gratitude; and strangely mingling the ideal of his dream with the figure he had once or twice seen at the window, he remembered that the latter had no flower in her hair. Not without some self-reproach, not without a trembling hesitation, did he gather one of the flowers from

Picciola. "Formerly," murmured he, "I lavished gold and jewels on worthless women and false friends, without a feeling of regret; but oh, if a gift be valued in proportion as the giver prizes it, never, I swear, have I bestowed anything so precious as the flower which I borrow from thee, Picciola!" Placing it in Ludovic's hand, he continued, "Give this from me to the old man's daughter. Tell her that I thank her from my heart for the interest she takes in me, and that the poor and imprisoned Count de Charney possesses nothing of more value to offer for her acceptance."

Ludovic took the flower with an air of stupefaction; for he had been so accustomed to consider the prisoner's love for his plant as all-engrossing, that he could not understand how Mademoiselle Teresa's slight service had deserved what he knew was the most munificent return. "Well," said he, after a moment, "they can now judge from this specimen what a sweet thing my god-daughter is!"

Charney pursued his examinations, and every day some new wonders were developed. Picciola was in the height of her beauty; not less than thirty flowers graced her stem, and numerous buds had still to open, when, one morning approaching her with the joy of a lover, and yet with the gravity of a man about seriously to study, he started on perceiving that his beloved Picciola was beginning to droop. He supplied water to the plant with his most tender care; still she drooped the next day also. Something was wrong. On examining minutely into the cause of the illness, he learned, what he ought to have already looked for, that the stem, pressed between the edges of the two stones through which it had struggled into existence, was too slender to maintain the circulation in the plant. The stem must be set free from this tightening pressure, or death will be the consequence. Charney saw all this, and knew but one means to save the companion of his imprisonment. Alas! how could he save her? The stones must be broken or removed, and dare he hope that this indulgence would be granted? He waited impatiently for the next appearance of Ludovic, and communicated to him the disaster, with a humble request that he would furnish him with tools to release the plant from its bondage.

"Impossible," answered the jailer; "you must apply to the superintendent."

"Never," cried Charney impetuously.

"As you like; but I think this pride is somewhat out of place. I shall speak to him about it I tell you."

"I forbid you," replied the count.

"You forbid me—how amusing! Do you suppose I am to be ordered by you? But never mind; let her die if you like; it is nothing to me. Good morning."

"Stay," returned the count; "would the superintendent understand this favour—the only one I will ever ask?"

“Understand! Why not? Isn't he a man? Cannot he understand, like me, that you love your plant? Besides, I'll tell him that it's good for fever—for all sorts of sickness; and he's not strong; he suffers terribly from rheumatism. Well, well, you're a scholar; now prove it; write him a letter, not too long—pretty phrases.”

Charney still hesitated, but Ludovic made a sign of Picciola dying. The other gave a faint token of assent, and Ludovic went away.

In a few minutes afterwards, an official, half-civil half-military, appeared with pen and ink, and a single sheet of paper bearing the superintendent's stamp. He remained present while Charney wrote his request; then reading it, he sealed and took the letter away.

Reader, do you rejoice at the changed heart, or do you despise our noble count for thus conquering his pride to save a drooping flower? If the latter, you understand not the crushing influence of captivity on the haughtiest spirit; you imagine not the one strong love of a desolate heart, which perhaps saved the mind from madness or idiocy. The weakness of which you accuse him, was the very necessity of his mind, impelled by love and gratitude. Would that such holy springs were always near to bend the proud spirit!

Three hours dragged slowly away, and no answer came to the petition. Charney's agitation and anxiety were extreme. He could not eat. He tried to persuade himself that a favourable answer must arrive; that it would be impossible to refuse so simple a request. Yet, alas! concession might be too late; Picciola was dying! Evening came, and no relief to his anxiety; night, and Charney could not close his eyes.

The next morning brought the brief answer, that “the pavement of a prison-yard was one of its walls, and must be inviolable!”

And so Picciola must die? Her odours no longer proclaim the hour truly; she is like a watch whose springs are disordered; she cannot entirely turn to the sun, but droops her flowers, as a young girl would close her dying eyes, rather than meet the gaze of the lover she parts from with anguish! And Charney is in his chamber writing with care and diligence on one of his finest handkerchiefs!

His task completed, the handkerchief was carefully folded; then returning to the courtyard, and passing Picciola with the murmured exclamation, “I will save thee!” he attached the little packet to a cord which he found suspended from Girhardi's window. In an instant it was drawn up.

Yes! Charney had humbled his pride yet more: to save Picciola he had addressed a petition to Napoleon! And Teresa Girhardi, the voluntary denizen of a prison, had undertaken to be the bearer, although Charney knew not at the time *who* was

the messenger her father had promised to find. Few were her preparations, for every minute was precious; and, mounted on horseback, accompanied by a guide, in less than an hour she had left the walls of Fénestrelle. It was evening when they arrived at Turin; but, alas! the first news which greeted her was, that the emperor had set out for Alessandria. His visit had made a fête-day, and the people were too busy and elated to answer her anxious questions very readily; yet her resolution was instantly taken to follow at all hazards. Here, however, the guide learning that the distance to Alessandria was at least equal to double that which they had already traversed, refused to accompany her a step farther; and leaving her, as he said, to a night's repose at a little inn, he coolly bade her good evening, as he should set out on his return the first thing in the morning. Although, for a moment, almost paralysed with the sense of her desolation, the noble-hearted Teresa faltered not in her resolution. She could hear of no conveyance till the morrow, but it was torture to think of losing the night in inactivity.

Seated in the chimney-corner enjoying their supper were a couple, man and wife, who were evidently travelling with merchandise. It is true Teresa had just heard the order given to feed their mules, which were sent to the stable; it is true she heard their expressions of delight at being housed after their journey; yet on their assistance she built all her hopes.

"Pardon my question," said she in a trembling voice to the woman; "but what road do you take when you leave Turin?"

"The road to Alessandria, my dear!"

"To Alessandria! It is my good angel which has led you hither."

"Your good angel, then," replied the woman, "has led us through a very bad road."

"What is it you mean?" said the man, addressing Teresa.

"Most urgent business calls me to Alessandria. Will you take me?"

"It is impossible," said the woman.

"I will pay you well," continued Teresa; "I will give you ten francs."

"I don't know how we can do it," replied the man; "the seat is so narrow, it will hardly hold three; though you are not very large to be sure. But we are only going to Revigano, which is but half way to Alessandria."

"Well, well, take me so far; but we must set out this instant."

"This instant! What an idea: we cannot start till the morning."

"I will pay you double the sum."

The husband looked at his wife, but she shook her head, exclaiming, "The poor beasts; it would kill them!"

"But the twenty francs," murmured he.



And the thought of twenty francs had so much weight, that before the clock struck eleven, Teresa found herself in the cart seated between the worthy pair.

In her impatience, winged horses would scarcely have contented her; but the slow pace of the mules, with their bells jingling in measured time at every step, seemed insupportable. "My good man, make them go a little faster," said she.

"My dear child," replied he, "I do not like spending the night in counting the stars any more than you; but I am carrying earthenware to Revigano, and if the mules trot, they will break it all to pieces."

"Earthenware! oh!" groaned Teresa, while the tears streamed down her cheeks; "but at least you can make them go a little quicker?"

"Not much."

And so was performed the half of her journey. The seller of earthenware put her down on the roadside at the break of day, wishing her safe at her journey's end.

"Tell me, sir," said Teresa to the first person she met, "how I can procure a conveyance to Alessandria?"

"I do not think you will find one," replied the stranger; "the emperor reviews the troops at Marengo to-day, and every carriage, every place, has been engaged these three days."

To another she put the same question. "You love the French, do you? that accursed race!" was the answer he gave between his set teeth.

At last she got a ride for a mile or two, till one whose place had been engaged was taken up. And so, by degrees, she found herself on foot among the crowd of sight-seekers who thronged to Marengo.

A magnificent throne, surrounded with tricoloured flags, had been erected on a hill which overlooked almost the spot where, five years before, the battle of Marengo had been fought; and here the conqueror had determined to review his victorious troops. The aides-de-camp, covered with their glittering orders, passed rapidly to and fro; the trumpet and the drum sounded; banners floated in the breeze, and the plumes in the helmets waved. Napoleon was at the head of his guards; Josephine, surrounded by her ladies, was seated on the throne, with an officer by her side, deputed to explain to her the military evolutions. Interested as the empress was, she yet observed some slight disturbance near her; and on inquiring the cause, was told that a young woman, at the risk of being trampled down by the horses, had, under cover of the smoke, made her way across the line, and was earnestly beseeching permission to present a petition to her majesty.

What was the result of the interview will by and by be seen.

Over the dreary prison of Fénestrelle a yet darker cloud seemed to hover. Charney counted the minutes, and, unconscious

who the messenger really was, sometimes blamed his tardiness, sometimes his own folly in daring to hope. The fourth day arrived; Picciola was at the point of death; and Girhardi came no more to the window, though from his room could be heard mingled prayers and sobs. The proud Charney hung despairingly over his plant. For her he had humbled himself to the dust, and yet was he to lose the charm of his life, the sole object of his love! Ludovic crossed the courtyard. Since the prisoner's affliction, the jailer had resumed his harsh deportment; for, as he dared not act, he would not speak kindly.

"Ludovic, what have I done to you?" exclaimed Charney in his wretchedness.

"Done! nothing at all," replied the other.

"Well, then," continued the count, seizing his hand, "save her now. Yes, the superintendent has no need to know it. Bring me some earth in a box—but for a moment will the stones be removed. We will transplant her."

"Don't touch me," replied Ludovic roughly, drawing away his hand. "Deuce take your flower, she has worked nothing but mischief. To begin with yourself, you're going to fall ill again I know. You had better boil her down into drink, and have done with her."

Charney looked unutterable indignation.

"However," pursued Ludovic, "if it only affected yourself, it would be but your own affair; but the poor fly-catcher, he'll never see his daughter again, that is certain."

"His daughter!" exclaimed Charney in astonishment.

"Yes, his daughter. You may whip the horses, but who can tell where the carriage will roll? You may fling a dagger, but who can tell whom it shall wound? They've found out that you have written to the emperor—through the guide, I suppose."

"His daughter," repeated Charney, deaf to all else.

"Why, did you suppose your message would go by telegraph?"

Charney buried his face in his hands.

"Well, they've found it out," repeated the jailer; "and it is a good thing I had no suspicion. But she is not to be admitted to see her father again: they told him so yesterday. But your dinner is getting cold."

The count threw himself on his bench. For a moment he thought of at once destroying Picciola, instead of watching her lingering death; but his heart failed him; and he dwelt on the generous girl who had devoted herself to his cause, and whose punishment, and that of her good father, would be so heavy. "Oh," he exclaimed, "if they would but open again to thee these prison gates, how willingly would I purchase the favour by sacrificing the half of my life! Blessings on you, ye noble pair!"

In less than half an hour two officers presented themselves in the courtyard, accompanied by the superintendent of the prison, who requested Charney to return with them to his chamber.

The superintendent was a bald-headed man, with thick gray mustachios. A scar, which divided his left eyebrow, and descended to his lip, did not greatly improve his countenance; but in his own estimation he was a person of great consequence, and on the present occasion he assumed more than an ordinary degree of dignity and severity. He began the conversation by requesting to know if Charney had any complaint to make with regard to his treatment in the fortress of Fénestrelle. The prisoner replied in the negative. "You know, sir," continued the great man, "that in your illness every attention was paid to you. If you did not choose to follow the doctor's advice, it was not his fault, nor mine; and since then, I have accorded you the unusual favour of walking when you pleased in the courtyard."

Charney bowed and thanked him.

"However," said the superintendent, with the air of a man whose feelings had been wounded, "you have infringed the rules of the fortress; you have injured me in the opinion of the governor of Piedmont, who doubts my vigilance, since you have succeeded in sending a petition to the emperor."

"He has received it then?" interrupted Charney.

"Yes, sir."

"What says he?" and the prisoner trembled with hope.

"What says he! Why, that for thus transgressing orders, you are to be conveyed to a room in the old bastion, which you are not to quit for a month."

"But the emperor," exclaimed Charney, striving to wrestle with the cruel reality which thus dispelled his hopes—"what says his majesty?"

"The emperor does not concern himself with such trifles," replied the superintendent, seating himself as he spoke in the only chair. "But this is not all; your means of communication discovered, it is natural to suppose your correspondence has extended further. Have you written to any one besides his majesty?"

Charney deigned not to answer.

"This visit has been ordered," continued the superintendent; "but before my officers commence their examinations, have you any confession to make? It may be to your advantage afterwards."

The prisoner was still silent.

"Do your duty, gentlemen."

The officers first looked up the chimney, and then proceeded to rip open the mattress of the bed; then they examined the person of the count, and the lining of his clothes, while the superintendent walked up and down the room, striking every plank with his cane, to discover, if he could, a receptacle for important documents, or the means of escape. But nothing could they find except a little bottle containing a dark liquid; this was, of course, the prisoner's ink. There remained the dressing-case to be examined, and when they asked for the key, he dropped rather

than gave it. The rage of the superintendent had now conquered all his politeness; and when, after opening the dressing-case, the officers exclaimed, "We have got them, we have got them," his delight was evident. From the false bottom they drew the cambric handkerchiefs, closely written over; and of course they were considered as the most important proofs of a conspiracy. When Charney beheld his precious archives thus profaned, he rose from the chair into which he had sunk, and extended his arm to seize them; but though his mouth was open, words he had none. These signs of emotion only convinced the superintendent of the importance of their prize, and by his orders the handkerchiefs, bottle, and tooth-pick, were packed up. A report of their proceedings was drawn out, and Charney was requested to sign it: by a gesture he refused, and his refusal was added to the list of his transgressions. Only a lover who is losing the portrait and letters of an adored mistress whom he has lost for ever, can understand Charney's deep anguish. To save Picciola he had compromised his pride, almost his honour; he had broken the heart of an old man, and blighted the existence of his daughter; and that which alone could reconcile him to life is ruthlessly snatched away with all its fond memorials.

Yet deeper agony was reserved for him. In following the superintendent and his satellites across the courtyard, on their way to the old bastion, they approached the dying Picciola; and the ire of the great man, already at fever-heat from Charney's contemptuous silence, was yet increased by the sight of the props and defence placed round the plant.

"What is all this?" said he to Ludovic, who came at his call. "Is this the way you watch your prisoners?"

"That, captain," replied the jailer with hesitation, drawing his pipe from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he made a military salutation—"that is the plant I told you of, which is good for gout and other illness."

"Don't talk such trash to me," returned the superintendent; "if these gentlemen had their will, I suppose they would turn the fortress into a garden or menagerie. But come, tear it up, and sweep all this away."

Ludovic looked at the plant, at Charney, and then at the captain, and murmured some words of excuse.

"Hold your tongue, and do as I order you," thundered the captain.

Ludovic took off his coat, his cap, and rubbed his hands, as if thus to gain courage. Then he took away the matting, and made himself very busy in tearing it up and scattering it about the yard. One by one he plucked up the sticks and palings which supported the stem, and broke them singly across his knee. A stranger would have thought that his love for Picciola was changed to hatred, and that thus he was executing vengeance.

Meanwhile Charney stood motionless, gazing at Picciola as if

to protect her with his eyes. The day had been cool, and the plant was refreshed; it seemed as if she had gained strength but to die the harder. And what now should fill the void in the prisoner's heart? what now should chase the evil spirits that had possessed him? who now should teach him holy lessons of wisdom, and instruct him to look up "through nature to nature's God?" Must his sweet day-dreams never return? must he live his old life of apathy and disbelief? No; death at once would be preferable. At that moment the old man approached the window, and Charney almost expected that, maddened at being deprived of his daughter, he came to triumph at the misery of him who had been the cause. But when he looked up, and their eyes met; when he beheld the trembling hands of Girhardi stretched through the bars of his prison, as if imploring mercy for the plant, Charney's heart smote him bitterly for his evil thought, and, rising at the wand of sympathy, a tear rolled down his cheek—the first he had shed since childhood!

"Take away this bench," cried the superintendent to the loitering Ludovic; and slowly as he worked, its supports were at last removed. Nothing now remained but Picciola in the midst of the ruins.

"Why kill it? it is dying," exclaimed Ludovic, once more risking the captain's anger by his supplication.

The great man only answered by a smile of irony.

"Let *me* do it," cried Charney passionately, on whose brow large drops of agony had gathered.

"I forbid it," and the captain stretched his cane between Count Charney and the jailer.

At that moment two strangers entered the courtyard. At the noise of their footsteps, Ludovic turned his head and relinquished his hold of Picciola. Charney and he showed emotions of surprise. The strangers were an aid-de-camp of General Menon and a page of the empress! The former presented a letter from the governor of Turin to the superintendent, who, as he read, testified every sign of astonishment. After a third perusal of the paper, and with a suddenly-assumed air of courteousness, he approached Charney, and placed it in his hands. With a trembling voice the prisoner read as follows:—

"His majesty, the emperor-king, commands me to make known his consent to the petition of Monsieur Charney relative to the plant which grows in the courtyard of Fénestrelle. The stones which incommode it are to be removed. You will be pleased to see that this order is executed, and will communicate with the prisoner on the subject."

"Long live the emperor!" cried Ludovic.

"Long live the emperor!" murmured another voice, which seemed to come from the wall.

"There is a postscript from the empress," whispered the page: and Charney read on the margin—

"I recommend Monsieur de Charney especially to your kind offices. I shall be obliged by your doing all you can to render the position of the prisoner as little painful as possible.

(Signed) JOSEPHINE."

"Long live the empress!" shouted Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and remained some moments gazing on the paper mute and motionless.

Although Charney was permitted to retain his accustomed chamber, and the superintendent was even so far calmed as to send very often his complimentary inquiries after Picciola, he still thought himself justified in transmitting the handkerchiefs he had seized to the nearest authorities; who, however, not being able, as they said, "to obtain the key of the correspondence," despatched them to the minister of police at Paris, to be by him examined and deciphered. Charney, meanwhile, was supplied with writing materials, and resumed his studies with avidity. But, alas! Girhardi was no longer to be seen at the window; for the superintendent, not daring to act harshly by Charney, had vented his spite on Girhardi for the share he had taken in the transaction, by removing him to a distant part of the fortress. Charney would really have been happy could he have forgotten that this tried friend was suffering for him.

Events, however, were hurrying on. Charney ventured to solicit the favour of a work on botany; and the next day came a package of books on the subject, with a note from the governor, observing that, "as her majesty was a great botanist, she would probably be pleased to learn the name of the flower in which she was so greatly interested."

"And must I study all these," exclaimed Charney with a smile, "to compel my flower to tell me her name?"

But with what exquisite sensations did he once more turn the leaves of a book, and gaze on printed characters? Nevertheless, the authors differed so greatly in their systems of classification, that after a week's laborious research, he gave up his task in despair. Nor was this the worst; for, in questioning the very last flower that Picciola bore, examining it petal by petal, it fell to pieces in his hand, thus destroying his hope of preserving the seed.

"Her name is Picciola!" exclaimed Charney in grief and anger; "and she shall have no other—Picciola, the prisoner's friend, companion, and teacher." As he spoke, there fell from one of the books a slip of paper, which contained these words—"Hope, and tell your neighbour to hope, for God does not forget you."

The writing was that of a woman, and Charney could not doubt it was placed there by Teresa. "Tell your neighbour to hope." "Poor girl!" thought he, "she dare not name her father, and is unconscious that we no longer meet."

The very next morning Ludovic entered his chamber with

a countenance radiant with joy, and informed him that the apartment next to his was to be occupied by Girhardi, and that they were to share the courtyard between them! And the next moment his *friend* stood before him. For an instant they looked at each other, as if doubting the reality of their meeting, till Charney exclaimed, "Who has done this?"

"My daughter, undoubtedly," replied the old man; "every happiness I derive through her."

Charney again pressed Girhardi's hand, and drawing forth the slip of paper, presented it to him.

"It is hers, it is hers; and behold the hope is realised!"

Charney involuntarily stretched forth his hand to recover the paper; but he saw that the old man trembled with emotion, that he read it letter by letter, and covered it with kisses. He felt that, precious as it was, it no longer belonged to himself. Our egotist was learning gratitude and generosity!

Their first thoughts, their first discourse, were of Teresa; but they were lost in conjecture as to where she could be, and how she had obtained such influence. After a while, the old man looked up, and read the sentences which the philosopher had inscribed on his wall. Two of them had already been modified; a third ran thus:—"Men exist on the earth near to each other, but without a connecting link. For the body, this world is a crowded arena, where one is battled with and bruised on all sides; but for the heart, it is a desert!"

Girhardi added—"If one is without a friend!"

The captives were indeed *friends*, and they had no secrets from each other. Girhardi confessed *his* early errors, which had been the opposite extreme to those of his companion. Yes, the benevolent old man had once been the morose superstitious bigot; but this is not the place for his story; nor may we repeat those holy conferences which completed the change Picciola had begun. But *she* was still the book, Charney the pupil, and Girhardi the teacher.

"My friend," said Charney to the old man as they were seated on the bench together, "you who have made insects your study, tell me, do they present as many wonders to your view as I have found in Picciola?"

"Perhaps yet more," replied Girhardi; "for methinks you are only half acquainted with your plant, unless you know the nature of the little beings which so often visit her, and fly and buzz around her. By the examination of these creatures, we discover some of the hidden springs, the secret laws, which connect the insect and the flower, as they are bound to the rest of the universe." While he spoke, a butterfly of gorgeous colours, as if to verify his words, alighted on a sprig of Picciola, shaking its wings in a peculiar manner. Girhardi paused.

"Of what are you thinking?" said Charney.

"I am thinking," returned the other, "that Picciola herself

will help to answer your former question. Behold this butterfly, she has just deposited the hope of her posterity on one of the branches."

Charney gazed with attention, and beheld the gay insect fly away, after having hardened the eggs with a sort of gummy juice, which caused them to adhere firmly to the tender bark.

"Think you," continued Girhardi, "that all this happens by chance? Believe it not. Nature, which is God, provides a different sort of plant for every different sort of insect. Every vegetable thing has its guests to lodge and to feed! This butterfly, you know, was itself at first a caterpillar, and in that state was nourished by the juices of such a plant as this; but though, since her transformation, in her winged state she has roved from flower to flower, now that the hour of maternity approaches, she forgets her wandering habits, and returns to the plant which nourished herself in a former state. And yet she cannot remember her parent, and will never see her offspring; for the butterfly's purpose is accomplished—it will shortly die. It cannot be a recollection of the plant which prompts the action, for its appearance is very different from that it bore in the spring. Who has given the insect this knowledge? Observe, too, the branch which it has chosen; it is one of the oldest and strongest—one not likely to be destroyed by the frost of winter, nor broken by the wind."

"But," said Charney, "is this always so? Are you sure that it is not your imagination which sees order in mere chance?"

"Silence, sceptic," replied Girhardi with a faint smile; "have patience, and Picciola herself shall instruct you. When the spring comes, and the first young leaves begin to open, the insect will burst from its shell; then, but not till then, not till the proper food is within its reach. Of course you know that different trees burst into foliage at different periods; and in the same manner the eggs of different insects open at different times. Were it otherwise, there would indeed be distress and confusion. Were the insects to arrive first, there would be no food; and were the leaves full grown before the arrival of the caterpillars, they would be too hard to be separated by their tender jaws. But Nature provides all things aright—the plant to the insect, the insect to the plant."

"Picciola! Picciola!" murmured Charney, "what new wonders hast thou to show me?"

"They are infinite," continued the old man; "imagination is exhausted in attempting to conceive the variety, yet exactness, of the means employed to continue the existence of different creatures. The telescope conveys to us an idea—faint and imperfect though it be—of the vastness of creation; the microscope shows us that the particles of matter are, in their minuteness, equally incomprehensible. Think of the cable of a spider—let us call it so—being composed of a hundred threads; and these, doubtless, are again as divisible. Look at others of the insect



tribe, how curiously their bodies are provided and protected—some with a scaly armour to protect them from injury; a network to defend their eyes—so fine, that neither a thorn, nor the sting of an enemy, could deprive them of sight: creatures of prey have nimble feet to chase their victims, and strong jaws to devour them, or to hollow out the earth for a dwelling, in which they place their booty or deposit their eggs. Again, how many are provided with a poisoned sting with which to defend themselves from their enemies. Ah, the more close our examinations, the more clearly do we perceive that every living thing is formed according to its wants and circumstances; so wondrously perfect, that man—supposing, for an instant, he had the power of creation—must injure, did he dare to alter, the merest trifle; so wondrously perfect, that man is awed by the very thought and contemplation of such infinite wisdom. Man, who is sent naked into the world, incapable of flying like the bird, of running like the stag, of creeping like the serpent; without the means of defence among enemies armed with claws and stings; without protection from the inclemency of the seasons among animals clothed in wool, or scales, or furs; without shelter, when each has its nest, or its shell, its den, or its hole. Yet to him the lion gives up its dwelling, and he robs the bear of its skin to make his first garments; he plucks the horn from the bull, and this is his first weapon; and he digs the ground beneath his feet to seek instruments of future power. Already, with the sinew of an animal and the bough of a tree, he makes a bow; and the eagle which, seeing his feebleness, thinks him at first a sure and easy prey, is struck to the earth only to furnish him with a plume for his head-dress. Among the animal creation, it is man alone who could exist on such conditions. But man has the spiritual gift of intelligence, which enables him to do these things; to take a lesson from the nautilus, ere he constructs his first frail bark; or to find that science only reveals the geometrical precision with which the bees work.”

“But, my teacher,” interrupted Charney, “it seems to me that the inferior animals are more perfect than we, and ought to excite our envy.”

“No; for man alone is endowed with memory, foresight, the knowledge of right and wrong, the power of contemplation; and for him alone is there the provision of a future state. Such as the lower animals are, they have ever been; if they are created perfect, it is because for them there is no higher destiny. From the beginning of the world, the beavers have built their dwellings on the same plan; caterpillars and spiders have spun their webs in the same fashion; and the ant-lions have traced, without compasses, circles and arches. One universal law has governed all; man alone is permitted to exercise free-will, and therefore for man alone can virtue or vice exist. The world, too, is his to traverse from pole to pole; he pitches his tent in the desert,

or builds a city on the banks of a fertilising river; he can dwell among the snows of the Alps, or beneath the sun of the tropics; he bends the material laws to his purpose, yet receives a lesson from the insect or the flower. Oh yes," he cried; "believe what Newton says—'The universe is one perfect whole; all is harmony; all the evidence of one Almighty Will. Our feeble minds cannot grasp it at once, but we know from the perfection of parts that it is so!' Oh that proud man would learn from the flower, and the bee, and the butterfly!"

At that moment a letter was brought to Girhardi. It was from Teresa, and ran thus:—"Is it not a happiness that they permit us to correspond? Kiss this letter a thousand times, for I have done so, and thus transmit my kisses to you. Will it not be delightful to exchange our thoughts? But if they should permit me to see you again! Oh, pause here, my father; pause, and bless General Menon, to whom we owe so much. Father, I come to you soon, in a day or two; and—and—oh, pray for fortitude to bear the good tidings—I come to lead you to your home—to take you from captivity!"

Yet his joy was moderated by the thought that Charney would again be solitary.

She came. Charney heard her step in the next room; he conjectured what her person could be—he could not picture it. Yet he trembled with apprehension: the polished courtier grew bashful and awkward as a schoolboy. The introduction was appointed to take place in the presence of Picciola, and the father and daughter were seated on the bench when Charney approached. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes with which they had been mutually connected, there was restraint in their meeting; and in the beautiful face of the young Italian, Charney at first persuaded himself there was nothing but indifference to be read. Her noble conduct had only proceeded from a love of adventure and obedience to her father's commands. He half regretted that he had seen her, since her presence dispelled the dim and shadowy thoughts he so long had nourished. But whilst they were seated on the bench, Girhardi gazing at his daughter, and Charney uttering some cold and unmeaning phrases, Teresa turned suddenly to her father, by which means there escaped from the folds of her dress a locket, which she wore suspended round her neck. Charney perceived at a glance that a lock of her father's white hair was on one side, and on the other, carefully preserved beneath the crystal, a withered flower. It was that he had sent her by Ludovic!

A cloud seemed to pass away from before the eyes of Charney. In Teresa he recognised Picciola, *the fair girl* of his dreams, with the flower resting on her heart, not in her hair. He could but murmur some words of rejoicing; but the ice was broken, and they understood how much they had mutually thought of each other. She listened to his history from his own lips; and

when he came to the recital of all he endured when Picciola was about to be sacrificed, Teresa exclaimed with tenderness, "Dear Picciola, thou belongest to me also, for I have contributed to thy deliverance!" And Charney thanked her in his heart for this adoption; for he felt it established more than ever a holy communion between them.

Willingly would Charney have sacrificed for ever liberty, fortune, and the world, could he have prolonged the happiness he experienced during the three days which passed before the necessary forms for Girhardi's liberation were completed. But, in proportion to this happiness, must be the pang of separation; and now he dared to ask himself the bold question, "Was it possible that Teresa loved him?" No; he would not dare so to misinterpret her tenderness, her pity, her generosity; and he tried to believe that he rejoiced; that it would have been an additional pang to think he had ruffled the serenity of her heart. "But I," he exclaimed—"I will love her for ever, and substitute this exquisite reality for all my unsatisfying dreams." This love, however, must be cherished in secret; for it would be a crime to impart it. They were about to be separated for ever; she to return to the world, doubtless to marry; and he to remain in his prison alone with Picciola, and her memory. He tried to assume coldness of manner, but his haggard countenance betrayed him; while Teresa, equally conscious and equally generous, willing to endure all, so that his peace of mind were not injured, assumed a gaiety of manner that ill accorded with the scene. Modesty and timidity, also, conspired to make her conceal her emotions. Yet there are moments when the heart will speak its language without control; and that of their parting was one. But few and broken ejaculations were heard, though Teresa's last words were, stretching out her arms to the plant, "I call Picciola for my witness!"

Happiness must be tasted and lost to be appreciated; and so Charney felt. Never had he so appreciated the father's wisdom and the daughter's excellence, as now that they were no longer beside him. Yet memory was sweet, and his former demon of *thought* was exorcised for ever.

One day, when Charney least expected it, the doors of his prison were thrown open. The persons who had been appointed to examine the handkerchiefs had carried them to the emperor. After looking at them for a while, he exclaimed scornfully, "This Charney is a fool, but no longer a dangerous one; he may make an excellent botanist, but I have no fear of another conspiracy." At Josephine's intreaty his pardon was granted.

And now it was Charney's turn to quit the gloomy fortress of Fénestrelle, but not alone. No; Picciola, transplanted into a large box, was carried away in triumph. Picciola, to whom he owed every happiness; Picciola, who had saved him from madness, who had taught him the consolations of belief; Picciola,

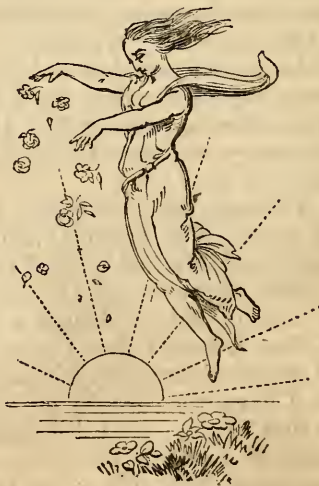
to whom he was indebted for friendship and love; Picciola, who had restored him to liberty!

Now, too, Ludovic, stifling his emotion, extended his rough hand to the count, his *friend*; for he was no longer the jailer. Charney shook it with emotion, exclaiming, "We shall meet again." "God bless you! Adieu, Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months afterwards, a splendid carriage stopped at the state-prison of Fénestrelle. A traveller descended, and asked for Ludovic Ritti. A lady leant upon his arm; they were the Count and Countess Charney. Once again they visited the prison-chamber. Of all the sentences of despair and unbelief which had soiled its white walls, only one remained. It ran thus:—"Science, wit, beauty, youth, and fortune, cannot confer happiness!" Teresa added—"Without love!"

Charney came to request Ludovic to attend a fête which he designed to give at the christening of his first child, whose birth was expected towards the close of that year; and to beseech that he would quit Fénestrelle for ever, and take up his abode with him. The jailer inquired after Picciola, and learned that she was placed close to the count's private study, that he watered and tended her himself, and forbade a servant to touch her.

Ludovic arrived at the count's splendid chateau a few days before the christening. Almost the first thought of the honest fellow was to visit his old friend the prison-flower; but, alas! amid the emotions of love and happiness which had ushered the yet more dearly loved one into the world, Picciola had been forgotten, and was now fading to decay. Her mission had been happily fulfilled.





## LIFE IN THE BUSH.

BY A LADY.

### INTRODUCTION—GOING TO SETTLEMENT.

**T**HE wilds of Australia present at this time some strange scenes. Persons of all characters, and every variety of previous habits, are there planting themselves as sheep-farmers, each family being generally placed in some rude hut in the centre of its "run," or sheep-walk, rarely at less than five miles' distance from another. Thus transferred all at once from parlour life in this country, perhaps from some learned or elegant profession, into a primeval solitude, and left to their own resources, a change of life and occupation is induced such as we have no experience of in civilised climes. Young men who once figured here in quadrille parties, are there seen driving cars and drays, or milking cows; while ladies, who once presided over a refined hospitality in some better part of a British city, are, in "the bush," fain to cook victuals for their husband and his shepherds. Occasional adventures with the savage aborigines streak the homeliness of the picture with something like the hues of romance. But all is not hardship and vexation. Labour and exposure in that country are attended with an excitement which prevents anything like low spirits, and, joined to the fine climate, tend to keep up a tone of health which few in civilised life ever enjoy. Then there is no eye of fashionable neighbour to look pityingly or quizzingly on the mean details of the mud-house and the life which passes within it. Above all, the star of hope is present, instructing how to bear with the present for the sake of the future. It is readily to be supposed that a picture of this strange

kind of life, drawn on the spot, must possess some interest, and such we have now to introduce to the notice of our readers. A married pair of our acquaintance, in the bloom of life, emigrated a few years ago to Australia, taking with them their infant daughter, a shepherd, his wife, and a female servant. They were accompanied by two brothers of the lady, who were associated with the husband in his proposed new course of life. They were upwards of two years upon a "run" in the inland parts of the Port Philip settlement, where they realised, without mitigation of any kind, the whole hardships, difficulties, and troubles, and also the whole of the pleasures, of bush life. The lady lately returned to her native country, and has communicated to us a journal, in which we find a remarkably interesting account of this wild kind of existence. In presenting some portions of it to our readers, we only deem it necessary to remark, that the name is, for obvious reasons, fictitious; and that, from our recollections of the amiable writer, we could scarcely suppose any one of her sex less prepared by education and habits for bush life than she must have been at the time when her husband emigrated.

The family arrived at Hobart Town in October 1838, and her husband and brother soon after proceeded to Port Philip, in order to secure a sheep-farm. They obtained one which was considered of a highly advantageous nature, except that it was a hundred and twenty miles back from the settlement. Meanwhile, at a farm near Launceston, Mrs Thomson gained some insight into dairy management and other branches of rural economy. Having purchased at Launceston a dray and bullocks, also some horses, goats, pigs, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tubs, buckets, and a number of small tin utensils of various kinds, together with some flour and other provisions, they sailed for Port Philip, which they were eleven days in reaching. It is pleasant to hear of neighbourly kindnesses exercised in that remote part of the world. Mrs Thomson mentions that, at her departure from Launceston, she had presents of poultry from various persons; and one lady, whom she had only seen once, made her several large jars of preserves. While lying off George Town, a lady, hearing that one of her own sex with a young child was on board, sent her a box of eggs for the child—a very useful present. "I was fortunate," says Mrs T., "in meeting with kind friends wherever I went." It may here be mentioned, that Mrs T. left her female servant at Hobart Town, so that the only female now with her was the shepherd's wife.

We landed [January 1839] at Point Henry, about eight miles from Corio, which is intended to be a town some future day. I did not go on shore the first day, as my husband, as soon as possible, got the mare and bullocks landed, which he took to Mr Fisher's station, near Geelong. The poor bullocks looked miserably thin, but the mare looked very well, and we were glad they were alive. It took a long time to land all the stock in the

vessel. Some of the bullocks made a great noise; but no wonder; they were all down in the hold during the voyage, and when about to be landed, a broad belt was passed round their body, and they were hoisted up high in the air by a pulley, so as to clear the vessel. They were then lowered into the water near a small boat, in which some men were waiting to catch the animal by the horns, and the others rowed quickly to shore, singing as they went. The poor sheep were not so troublesome; they were just thrown overboard, and allowed to make the best of their way to shore. While my husband was away with the large animals, I remained to look after the small stock. Next morning he came back to the vessel, and my brother James with him, also Mr Yuille, who had left home only a few months before us; but, indeed, I scarcely recognised him, he was such a strange figure. He had allowed his beard to grow to a great length; he wore very rough-looking clothes, and a broad black leather belt round his waist, with a brace of pistols stuck in it. I afterwards found out that the settlers pride themselves in dressing and looking as rough as possible. Our vessel could not get nearer the land than a quarter of a mile, consequently we went out in a small boat; but even in that we could not get near the shore, on account of the water being so shallow. I was carried out by my husband, and all our goods had to be brought ashore in the same way; but every one helped, and we seemed rather to like the *ploy*.

When landed, we looked like a party thrown on a desert island, the shore was so barren, and not a trace of human habitation to be seen, or any of the works of man. All was in a state of nature; and I kept looking round, expecting every moment to see some of the dreaded savages rushing upon us. I did not feel comfortable on account of the natives, I had heard such accounts of them in Van Diemen's Land.

When all our luggage and animals were landed, we began to pack our own and Messrs Donald and Hamilton's dray. This took us a long time. The Messrs Baillie were also with us with their drays, so we made up a strong party. When all were ready to start, I got into a spring-cart which Mr Thomson had borrowed from Mr Fisher for me; but indeed my share of it was very small. It was already so well filled that I could scarcely find a seat. Our shepherd's wife, who was no light weight, took up more than her share of the seat; she carried Agnes [the infant] on her knee. I took possession of the other seat. At my feet were four little dogs of Mr Baillie's, also three cats, some cocks and hens, and a pair of rabbits; at our back were three pigs, and some geese and ducks. We were a noisy party; for at times our road was very rough, and some of our animals were rather inclined to be quarrelsome. The spring-cart went first, then came the five drays, and all the gentlemen walking alongside, with the dogs running beside them. Most of the gentlemen had either pistols at their sides or a gun in their hands. Little

Nanny followed behind, accompanied by old Billy, who had a wonderfully long beard. The country seemed very scrubby and barren, and the trees so dark and ugly, that I was disappointed in the appearance of them. I expected to see beautiful large trees, but I saw none to compare with the trees of my own country. My husband told me to have patience till I went farther up the country; but, after being three years in it, I am still of the same opinion.

We got to Mrs Fisher's about seven o'clock; she received us very cordially. We found tea awaiting us, and I there tasted *dumper* for the first time. I liked it very much: it is like bread, but closer and heavier. I said to Mrs Fisher that she must think we had taken a great liberty in coming in such force upon her; but she did not at all seem to think so. She said she was quite accustomed to have many gentlemen visitors, but she never had had a lady before. I could not at all fancy how she would manage in regard to giving us beds; however, she soon disposed of us very easily. A bed was made up for me, little Agnes, and her maid, on the parlour floor, and all the gentlemen were sent to the wool-shed, to sleep as they best could: fifteen slept in it that night. A few of them had blankets or rugs, but most of them had nothing.

In the morning I asked my husband how he had slept; he said, never better. We remained a week here. Next day we saw some of the natives; they are very ugly and dirty. Some of them wore skins sewed together, and thrown over their shoulders; a few of them had some old clothes given them by the settlers; and some were naked. They kept peeping in at the windows to see us, and were always hanging about the huts. Mrs Fisher called them *civilised* natives, and said they were always about the place. One day I went out to walk with little Agnes in the bush. I was keeping a good look-out for snakes, and was just stepping over what I fancied, by a slight glance, to be a burnt log of wood, but a second look showed me my mistake; it was a native lying on the grass, grinning in my face with his large white teeth. I was rather afraid, but he looked very good-tempered, and laughed. He seemed too lazy to move, so I gave him a nod, and walked on, well pleased he did not think it necessary to accompany me home. My servant Mary was very much afraid of the natives. She would scarcely move out of the hut, and was always crying and wishing herself at home. She said she was determined to make her husband send her home with the first money he made. She wondered why I did not think as she did. She would take comfort from no one, and was quite sure she would be killed by the wild natives when she got up the country.

The township of Geelong consisted of three buildings, all of them stores, where everything was sold at a most extravagant profit. On Sunday, we went to church in Mr Fisher's wool-



shed, and had a sermon from a Wesleyan missionary. His wife commenced the psalm tunes.

We had fixed to begin our journey up the country, and the gentlemen had gone to Geelong to load the drays. I waited for them in Mr Fisher's hut, when in a moment it got quite dark, and the wind roared most tremendously. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed: we were afraid to move. The storm passed over in about ten minutes; but many a tree had been torn up by the roots during that time. When the gentlemen came with the drays, they were so covered with dust, that I could scarcely tell one from the other. Some of them had been knocked down by the tornado, and one of the drays blown over. It was now too late for us to begin our journey, so we remained another night at Mr Fisher's, and started early in the morning. On this occasion we had much difficulty in getting the horses to start: they were ill broken in, and many times they stopped on the road, so that we had often to take some of the bullocks out of the other drays to pull them on again. We travelled the first day thirty miles, quartering for the night at Mr Sutherland's hut, which he kindly gave up for our accommodation. Next day we had to rest the bullocks, so we walked over to Mr Russell's station, about three miles distant, and remained there a night. In the evening we went to see a meeting of the natives, or a *corobery*, as they call it. About a hundred natives were assembled. They had about twenty large fires lighted, around which were seated the women and children. The men had painted themselves, according to their own fancy, with red and white earth. They had bones, and bits of stones, and emu's feathers, tied on their hair, and branches of trees tied on their ankles, which made a rushing noise when they danced. Their appearance was very wild, and when they danced, their gestures and attitudes were equally so. One old man stood before the dancers, and kept repeating some words very fast in a kind of time, whilst he beat together two sticks. The women never dance; their employment is to keep the fires burning bright; and some of them were beating sticks, and declaiming in concert with the old man. The natives, when done with their *corobery*, were very anxious that we white people would show them how we *coroberied*; so we persuaded Mr Yuille to dance for them, which he did, and also recited a piece of poetry, using a great many gestures. The natives watched him most attentively, and seemed highly pleased. After giving the natives some white money, and bidding them good night, we returned to Mr Russell's hut.

Next morning our bullocks were lost—a very common occurrence, it being impossible to tie them, as in that case they would not feed; and unless one has a very good bullock-driver who will watch them, it generally takes several hours to find them in the morning. Numbers of natives came this forenoon to see us. They examined my dress very attentively, and asked the name of

everything, which they tried to repeat after me. They were much amused with my little Agnes, and she was as much pleased with them. I wondered what her grandmamma would have thought, could she have seen her in the midst of a group of savages, and the life of the party. Whenever Agnes spoke, they all laughed aloud, and tried to imitate her voice; and the *pickaninny leubra's* dress was well examined. I put a little night-cap on a native baby, with which its mother was much pleased, and many a little black head was thrust out for one also.

I now began to be a little disgusted and astonished at the dirty and uncomfortable way in which the settlers lived. They seemed quite at the mercy of their hut-keepers, eating what was placed before them out of dirty tin plates, and using a knife and fork *if* one could be found. Sometimes the hut-keepers would cook the mutton in no way but as chops; some of them would only boil it, and some roast it, just as they liked; and although the masters were constantly complaining of the sameness, still it never seemed to enter their heads to make their servants change the manner of cooking; but the truth was, they were afraid to speak, in case the hut-keeper would be offended and run away. The principal drink of the settlers is tea, which they take at every meal, and indeed all the day. In many huts the tea-pot is always at the fire; and if a stranger come in, the first thing he does is to help himself to a panikin of tea. We had neither milk nor butter at any station we were at; nothing but mutton, tea, and damper, three times a-day. Every meal was alike from one week to another, and from year's end to year's end. I was so sick of it, I could scarcely eat anything.

Next day we had our bullocks ready in good time, as we had a long journey before us; at least we hoped to get on a good way. The heat this day was very intense, and we had no shade. I could scarcely bear it; and before evening we had drunk all the water we had brought with us. I thought I should have died of thirst; and we were all suffering alike. Poor little Agnes cried much; at last we got her to sleep and forget her wants. My husband was driving one of the drays, and was so thirsty, that when we came to a muddy hole of water on the path, which the dray had passed through, he lay down on the ground and drank heartily. One of our party, who knew something of the roads, told us we were near water-holes, which raised our spirits. At last we came to them, and both people and animals took many a long drink, although the water was bad, and quite bitter from the reeds which grew in it. We filled our cask, and continued our journey a few miles farther, to a place where we were to sleep in the bush. When we got out of the dray, one of the little kittens could not be seen; but on a nearer inspection, it was found squeezed flat on the seat where our servant Mary had sat: it looked as if it had gone through a mangle. Poor Mary

was much distressed and annoyed by the gentlemen telling her she must be an awful weight.

We had soon lighted a fire at the foot of a tree, and put on a huge pot of water to boil: when it did boil, two or three handfuls of tea were put into it, and some sugar. One of the men made some thick cakes of flour and water, and fried them in grease. We had also some chops cooked, which we all enjoyed, as we had not stopped to eat anything on the road. The tea was not poured out; every one dipped his panikin into the pot, and helped himself. Mary, Agnes, and I, had a bed made with some blankets under the dray, and all the others slept round the fire, taking by turn the duty of watching the bullocks. Before going to rest, the bullock-driver made a large damper, which he fired in the ashes, for our provision next day.

We got up at daybreak, had breakfast, and went on again, and travelled through a forest on fire for forty miles. I was often afraid the burning trees would fall upon us; and we had sometimes to make a new path for ourselves, from the old tracks being blocked up by fallen timber. The fires in the bush are often the work of the natives, to frighten away the white men; and sometimes of the shepherds, to make the grass sprout afresh. A conflagration not unfrequently happens from some one shaking out a tobacco-pipe (for every one smokes); and at this season the grass is so dry that it soon catches fire.

We rested for two hours and cooked some dinner, chiefly that our bullocks might feed and rest during the heat of the day. Mr Yuille and I made some fritters of flour and water. I thought them the best things I had ever ate. The Scotch clergyman from Melbourne passed us on the road. He rebuked our bullock-driver for swearing at his bullocks; but the man told him that no one ever yet drove bullocks without swearing; it was the only way to make them go. We lost a very fine kangaroo dog by one of the drays falling back upon it.

This night we slept at Mr Anderson's hut. He was from home, but had an old woman as hut-keeper, who made us as comfortable as she could; but it was a cold night, and the wind whistled very keenly through a door made of rushes. This was one of the most neatly-kept huts I saw, and the owner of it one of the few gentlemen who kept himself always neat and clean in the bush.

Next day we went over to Mr Yuille's station, where I remained six weeks, until our own hut was put up: the gentlemen kindly gave up their sleeping apartment to me. While at Mr Yuille's station, I gathered a great many mushrooms, the finest I ever saw. I had fortunately a bundle of spices in my trunk, and I made a good supply of ketchup, both for Mr Yuille, and to take to our own station.

I felt distressed to see so much waste and extravagance amongst the servants. Many a large piece of mutton I have seen thrown from the hut door that might have served a large family

for dinner: and unfortunately there is no remedy for this. If the masters were to take notice of it, it would only make them worse, or else they would run away, or, as they call it, *bolt*. I saw plainly that there would be neither comfort nor economy to the masters so long as the country was so ill provided with servants; *they* were the masters; they had the impudence always to keep in their own hut the best pieces of the meat, and send into their masters the inferior bits. I was sorry my servant Mary should have so bad an example, but hoped that she had too much good sense to follow it, as she appeared as much shocked at it as myself.

I was glad when my husband came to take us to our own station, which was about thirty miles farther up the country. Part of the country we passed through was the most beautiful I ever saw, while other portions were very cold and bleak. We stopped at one or two huts, and had mutton, tea, and damper at each of them. We passed an immense salt lake; which is gradually drying up: its circumference is forty miles. Many lakes, both salt and fresh, have dried up lately. The natives say it is the white people coming that drives away the water: they say, "Plenty mobeek long time, combarley white fellow, mobeek gigot"—in English, "Plenty water for a long time, but when the white people come, the water goes away." The natives have some strange ideas of death: they think, when they die, they go to Van Diemen's Land, and come back white fellows. I know a young man who receives many a maternal embrace from an old black woman. She fancies he is her son, who died some time before: she saw him come back, and she calls him always by her son's name. They also believe in a good and evil spirit, and that fire will keep away the bad spirit; consequently, at night, when urgent business prompts them to move about, they always carry a fire-stick; but they do not like moving in the dark.

When we passed the salt lake, the country began to improve. I thought we should never come to our own station, the bullocks travel so very slowly. At last Mr Thomson told me to look forward as far as I could see: we were now at the end of a large plain or marsh. I looked, and saw our pretty little hut peeping through a cluster of trees. I cannot say how it was, but my heart beat with delight the first time I saw that place. I took it for a presentiment of good fortune; and Mary, who had now got over her fear of the natives, seemed to participate in my feelings, for she said, "It's a bonny place, and my heart warms to it."

#### COMMENCEMENT OF BUSH LIFE—JAUNT TO MELBOURNE.

I now hoped that my travels were ended for some time. As we approached the hut, my brother Robert came running to meet us, to my great joy, for I had not seen him for nearly two

months. When we arrived, we found my other brother busy making himself a bedstead. Our house was not nearly finished, as it had neither doors nor windows; nor could we get these luxuries for some months, as many things more immediately necessary were yet to be done; but I did not mind it much—I was getting inured to these little inconveniences. We had plenty of daylight in our hut, as it was built of slabs, or split boards, and every slab was about an inch apart from the next. We passed the winter in this way; but it was never very cold except in the mornings and evenings: we were more annoyed by the rain coming down the chimney and putting out our fire than by anything else. Our hut consisted of three apartments—a water-closet, our bedroom, and a store in the middle, which was afterwards converted into a bedroom for my brother; at first he slept in the sitting-room, until we built a detached store. Mary and her husband had a little turf hut, built a short way behind our hut, which was also used as a kitchen.

It may seem strange, but I now felt very happy and contented. Although we had not many luxuries, we all enjoyed good health, and had plenty to keep us employed: we had no time to weary: the gentlemen were always busy building huts or fences. The first two years of a settler's life are very busy ones, so much is to be done in settling on a spot where the foot of a white man had never been before. I was the first white woman who had ever been so far up the country. I found Mary very ignorant in cooking; however, in a short time she managed pretty well: she was always delighted when I taught her any new dish out of "Meg Dods." I did not know much of cooking myself, but necessity makes one learn many things. We had many visitors, who seemed often to enjoy any little new dish we had: it was a change from that everlasting mutton and damper, and many a receipt I gave away; and to my great delight I got Mary to do as *I* liked, not as *she* liked. Sandy, our shepherd, generally came home in the evening loaded with wild ducks; they were exceedingly good. We also sometimes got wild geese, turkeys, and swans—all good eating: they were a great saving to us, as well as very delightful food. In Melbourne, wild ducks sell at twenty shillings a-pair, and we sometimes had thirty in a week. We had no milk or butter, which I missed at first, but we hoped some time soon to have a few cows: it is very difficult to drive cattle so far up, and we could get none near us. Our nearest neighbours were Messrs Donalds and Hamilton; they were within four miles, and were pleasant neighbours: we often saw them. The Baillies were eight miles on our other side; we also saw them often, and liked them much.

When we had been in our hut about a week, a number of settlers happened to come from different parts of the country. Before it was dark, eight had assembled with the determination

of remaining all night of course. I felt much anxiety about giving them beds; but that was impossible, as we had only one spare mattress. I think they guessed my thoughts, for they told me never to think on giving them anything to sleep on; that no one in this country ever thought of beds for visitors, and that they would manage for themselves. However, I collected all the blankets, pea-jackets, and cloaks I could find, and they all slept on the floor: I heard them very merry while making up their beds. Every settler, when riding through the bush, carries either a kangaroo rug or a blanket fastened before him on his horse, so that, wherever he goes, he is provided with his bed; and as it is not an uncommon circumstance for one to lose himself in the bush, and be obliged to sleep at the root of a tree, he then finds his rug or blanket very useful. William Hamilton lost himself in the bush one night. It became dark, and he gave up hopes of reaching any station that night, as he had not the least idea where he was. He fastened his horse, and lay down at the root of a tree, far from being comfortable, as he had unfortunately no blanket, and, still worse, no tobacco, or the means of lighting a fire. It was a very cold night, and when daylight came, he got up covered with frost: he heard some dogs bark, and soon found out that he was not more than half a mile from Mr Baillie's hut, where he might have passed a much more comfortable night; but he was glad he had not to look long for a breakfast and a fire: no one seems ever to catch cold from sleeping out at night.

We were rather unfortunate in frequently losing our bullocks, which kept back all the buildings. Our bullock-driver was very careless; his only work seemed to be finding his bullocks one day, and losing them the next: he was a melancholy-looking little man, and went by the name of "Dismal Jamie." Mary told me she was sure he had been a great man at home, he read so beautifully, and knew so much; but certainly he knew little about bullock-driving. At this time our dray was often a month away upon a journey to and from the settlement. "Dismal Jamie" broke the neck of a beautiful bullock when he was yoking it up, and next trip he drowned another in a water-hole; but new settlers always meet with a few such accidents. Although bullocks often disappear, and wander far from home, I never heard of any one losing a bullock entirely: they are always found some time, though it may be months after they are missed, having in general gone back to the run they were first put upon.

Buying and selling are favourite amusements in the bush, more particularly if a new settler arrives. Every one wants to buy something of him; and, in general, all bring so many more clothes, &c. than they require, that they are glad to dispose of them. I have seen some rather amusing scenes in this way. No one keeps any money in the bush; so a bill is

generally given on some store in town for whatever is bought. The old settlers would give an enormous price for good firearms; indeed I used to think they would buy anything.

It is a beautiful sight to see a number of emus running across a plain; they run so quickly that a horse can scarcely overtake them. I saw seven one day run across our marsh; but we could get none of them, as we had no horse at hand. Sometimes the natives run like the emu, to deceive the white people; and they imitate them so well, that it is difficult, at a distance, to know them from a flock of emus. Occasionally they take a fancy to stand in such an attitude that you cannot, at a little distance, tell them from the burnt stump of a tree. I used often, when walking in the bush, to fancy a burnt stump was a native, and made myself believe I saw him move. Mr Neven came one evening to our station; he was in search of a new run, his old one at Boning Yong being too small for his increasing stock: he had his dray along with him, carrying provisions, so we gladly exchanged with him mutton for beef: it was a mutual benefit, as we had always mutton, and he had always beef. His bullock-driver uniformly took his little son with him, as he was as good as a native in finding the bullocks for him in the morning. The little boy was about seven years old. Little Agnes was in the servants' hut when he arrived, and she came running to tell me to "come and see the *wee wee man* in Mary's hut;" she had been so long separated from children, that I suppose she thought there were none but herself in the world. The little boy was very ill pleased with Agnes, as she kept walking round him to examine him, asking him many questions, to which he made no reply; till at last she said, "Can no peak any?" when he answered—"Yes," and then sat down to take his supper, accompanied by his tormentor, who was most hospitable in pressing the *wee man* to eat heartily. I got a present of a quart-potful of butter from Mr Neven, which was a great treat to us, as we had seen none since we came up the country: it made us long to have some cows. We had now enclosed a little garden, and Mr Thomson and James tasked themselves to dig up a little bit every day. The ground was very hard, being dug for the first time. We put in many seeds which we had brought from home, also some from Van Diemen's Land, as we were told the home seeds seldom grew.

In the month of September I had to proceed to Melbourne, as I expected to be confined, and we were too far up to ask a medical man to come. I was much grieved at leaving my little girl; but Mary promised faithfully to take great care of her. The weather was very unsettled and rainy, and the roads very bad. I was in a dray, covered by a tarpauline, which made it very comfortable; it was like a covered wagon; and when we could not get to a station at which to sleep, I slept in the dray. My husband was with me, and read to me very often; but we

had often to come out of the dray, to allow it to be pulled out of a hole. I have seen the bullocks pull it through a marsh when they were sinking to the knees every moment: we were often in dread of the pole breaking. We received much kindness at every station we were at. We remained at Mr Reid's hut two days, as both I and the bullocks required rest. We always met with much kindness from Mr Reid: he is a most hospitable person; and as he is much liked, his hut is generally well filled, although off the main track. At this time his hut was full of company; but one room was prepared for us, and about twelve gentlemen slept in the other.

I here met our friend Mr William Hamilton. As he came from the settlement, he brought all the news; but he gave us a sad account of the state of the rivers. He said he was sure we could not cross them—it was difficult for him to cross them three days before, and it had rained ever since. Mr Reid sent off a man on horseback to see the river: he did not bring back a favourable account; but I was determined to try it. Mr Reid and several gentlemen went with us to help us over our difficulty. We crossed one river without much difficulty, though the water was so deep that both bullocks and horses had to swim; but when we came to the next river, the "Marable," it was so deep that we were at a loss how to get over. It was thought decidedly dangerous for me to remain in the dray while it was crossing. Many plans were talked of: at last it was fixed to fell a tree and lay it across, that I might walk over. But in looking about for one of a proper size and position, one was found lying across, which, from appearance, seemed to have been there for years: it was covered with green moss, and stood about twenty feet above the water: notches were cut in it for me to climb up and give me a firm footing, and I walked over, holding Mr Reid's hand. On landing, I received three cheers. Many thanks to Mr Reid and others for their kindness to me on that journey. My husband was too nervous to help me across—he thought his foot might slip. The gentlemen then went to see the dray across, while little Robert Scott and I lighted a fire at the root of a large tree, which we had in a cheerful blaze before the gentlemen came. We then had tea in the usual bush fashion, in a large kettle: it did not rain, and we had a very merry tea-party. I retired to the dray soon after tea. The gentlemen continued chatting round the fire for some time, and then laid themselves down to sleep, with their saddles at their heads, and their feet to the fire.

We breakfasted at daybreak, and started again after taking leave of the gentlemen, except Mr Anderson, who was going to Melbourne: he rode on before to the settlement, to tell Mrs Scott (who expected us at her house) that we were coming. Mrs Scott was a particular friend of my husband at home: she came out to meet us, and I really felt delighted to see her. I had not



seen a lady for eight months. Mrs Scott was exceedingly kind to me, and would not allow me to go to lodgings, as I had intended. Next day being Sunday, I went to church—at least to the room where the congregation met, as no church was yet built in Melbourne. The ladies in Melbourne seemed to consider me a kind of curiosity, from living so far up the country, and all seemed to have a great dread of leading such a life, and were surprised when I said I liked it. I spent Monday evening at Mrs Denny's, a Glasgow lady; but I really felt at a loss upon what subjects to converse with ladies, as I had been so long accustomed only to gentlemen's society; and in the bush, had heard little spoken of but sheep or cattle, horses, or of building huts.

My little boy was born four days after I came to Melbourne; but my husband did not get down from the station for two months, as it was sheep-shearing time—a very busy time for the settlers. He came down with the wool in our own and Mr Scott's dray. Mr Clow christened our baby out of a basin which at one time belonged to the Barony church in Glasgow: it belonged to Mr Scott, whose grandfather had been minister of that church, and he had got the old basin when the church was repaired and a new one substituted. I met with much kindness and attention from the people in Melbourne, particularly Mrs Clow. Our dray was again covered with saplings and tarpauline, and Mrs Scott and her family went along with us as far as their own station. I could not persuade Mrs Scott to go on to our station to remain with us till her own hut was put up: she lived for many months in a tent. We were again much detained on the roads on account of rain, which had rendered them extremely soft; but we got well over the rivers. We had to remain for two days and nights in the bush, for it rained so heavy that the bullocks could not travel: but by this time our party was increased by two drays belonging to another settler, and we had often to join all the bullocks to pull each dray through the marshes and up the hilly ground. We had, at one time, ten pairs of bullocks in the heavy dray with luggage and provisions, and we were in constant dread of the poles breaking. At last one of Mr Elm's drays broke down, and had to be left in the bush, with a man to watch it, till a new pole could be got. I believe the man did not watch it long; he ran off to Melbourne, and left it to its fate. Mrs Scott, her little daughter and servant, and myself and baby, always slept in the dray, and Mr Scott and my husband under it. One morning I got into a little hut with the roof half off; it was empty, and I thought I could wash and dress my baby more comfortably than in the dray. I had not been long in the hut when we were surrounded by natives, all anxious to see what we were about. One or two of the women came into the hut, and touched the *pickaninny cooley*, as they called it: they seemed much amused at his different pieces of

dress, and all the little black pickaninnies tried to cry like him. I seldom ever heard a black baby cry, and when it does so, the mother has little patience with it, but gives it a good blow with her elbow to make it quiet. The women carry their children at their backs in a basket or bag; and when they suckle them, they generally put their breast under their arm; and I have seen them put it over their shoulder. The natives whom we met here knew me. They said they had seen me before, when I went up the country with a *pickaninny leubra*; though I did not recollect any of their faces. When a black woman has a second child before the first can run about and take care of itself, it is said they eat the second one. I have been told this several times; but am not certain if it is really the case, it is so very unnatural; but it is well known they are cannibals, and I know they will not submit to anything that troubles them. They are very lazy, particularly the men. They make their leubras go about all day to dig for maranong, or find other kinds of food for them, while they amuse themselves by hanging about idle. In the evening they meet at their *mi-mi*; the men eat first, and whatever they choose to leave, the leubras and pickaninnies may eat afterward. Sometimes a very affectionate cooley may now and then, while he is eating, throw a bit to his leubra, as we should do to a dog, for which kindness she is very grateful. Maranong is a root found in the ground: it is white, and shaped like a carrot, but the taste is more like a turnip. The leubras dig for it with long pointed sticks, which they always carry in their hands. I have often eaten maranong; it is very good; and I have put it in soup for want of better vegetables, before we had a garden. Vegetables of all kinds now grow here most luxuriantly. We could have peas all the year round, except in June.

When we were within six miles of Mr Scott's station, our pole broke: we got a dray from Mr Neven's station, a few miles off, and went in it to Mr Scott's station, where my husband and I remained two days: we then took our leave, and went on to Mr Baillie's station. Five miles from his hut, our dray broke down again in crossing a creek. I had no alternative but to walk to Mr Baillie's, which I did not much like, as I was far from being strong: we left the dray in charge of our bullock-driver. My husband took out the bullocks, and drove them on to bring back Mr Baillie's dray to carry our goods and drag the dray. I carried the baby, and the way did not seem so long as I expected. We could see Mr Baillie's huts for nearly a mile before we came to them; so I begged my husband to go on quickly, to send the bullocks for our dray before it got quite dark. I felt myself quite safe when in sight of the huts; but before I got to them I had a sad fright: four or five great kangaroo dogs attacked me, almost pulled my baby out of my arms, and tore my dress to pieces: my cries were heard at the hut, and my husband and two or three others soon came to my assistance. I was told the dogs were

only in fun, and would not bite; that they seldom saw a woman, which made them tear my clothes. I thought it was rather rough fun; but I received no harm from them except a torn dress. My long walk had given me an appetite, and I enjoyed my supper very much, and was amused by some of Mr G. Yuille's eccentricities. We got home to our own station next day, after being eleven days on the road. My baby and myself were both very delicate when we left the settlement, and I dreaded much either of us being ill on the road; but we never had a complaint from the day we entered the dray, although the weather was very bad, and our dray sometimes wet through. Such a journey in Scotland would, I am sure, almost kill a strong person; but in Port Philip, so far from killing one, a little delicate baby of two months old could stand it, and gained more strength during that rough journey than he did during a month before with every comfort. I often thought of the words of Sterne—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I found little Agnes at the hut in high health. Mary, in her over-zeal, had fed her, and made her so fat that I scarcely knew her. I suppose she thought the fatter Agnes was the more I should be pleased.

#### RETURN TO THE STATION—DAIRY MANAGEMENT—ANECDOTES OF THE COUNTRY.

During my absence at Melbourne, everything had gone on well at the station; but I soon found that Mary had been managing as she chose too long to like being again under my control. I found her almost totally changed. No one dared to find fault with her; and so far from being of any assistance to me, she became a great torment. The first act of rebellion was her refusal to wash my baby's clothes, on the plea that she was not engaged to do it; so I had to do it myself: the next was, she would not wash any one's clothes unless I cooked for two days. I wondered what her next demand would be; but what could I do?—it would have been very difficult to get another woman-servant. I had so far to humour her, that I cooked one day in the week when she had to wash. She never helped me at all with the children; although, as we had lately got a herd of cattle, I had taken the management of the dairy upon myself—except, of course, milking the cows, which is done by men; but my time was fully employed, and I often envied Mary sitting quietly in her own hut and sewing her own work. I knew well why she behaved in this manner; she wanted me to retain her as a nursery-maid only, and get a man as hut-keeper; but wages were too high for us to do that at this time. We could not get a man under £40 a-year and his rations besides; and provisions were now exorbitant in price. Flour could not be purchased under £80 per ton (formerly we got it for £25), and every other thing

was in proportion. This advance of prices pressed very hard upon the settlers, so that we determined to have no unnecessary expense at the station; and I really liked managing the dairy, although it was sometimes too much for me. If my baby would not sleep when I wanted him, I sometimes laid him on the grass and let him roll about while I was in the dairy; and when he tired of that, I put him in a basket and hung him at my side, as I had seen the native women do.

We were now milking twenty cows, and we sent a great deal both of butter and cheese to market: for the butter we got 2s. 2d. per pound, and for the cheese 1s. 8d. Our cheese was the best that had gone to market, but there was no great demand for it; but if so, a cheese dairy would pay well, even at a shilling per pound; and I should suppose that, as the population increases, there will be a greater demand. We had a ready sale for butter, and contracted with a person to give him butter all the year at 2s. 2d. per pound. With much persuasion I got my brother to bring home some pigs. He seemed to have a great dislike to them; but I could not bear to pour out so much skim milk on the ground every day. Our pigs got on well, and fattened on the milk and whey, and made an agreeable change in our diet. In very hot weather I made cheese when I could get rennet, as the milk did not keep well: our dairy was too small, and not cool enough. In thundery weather I had occasionally to give all to the pigs. I have seen, when a sheep was killed in thundery weather, the whole carcase get quite black in a few hours, and become useless: we found it very difficult to keep meat in any way in summer. We had it killed always after sunset, and then cut up and salted early next morning, and put into a cask under ground. I had made a good supply of mutton hams, which were found useful in hot weather; and our dairy was a great comfort and saving to us, as we could use the milk, prepared in many ways, instead of meat. The shepherds were also fond of it. We gave them no butter except on the churning day, on which occasion I sent them some for tea, which was a great treat.

Bad servants were now our chief annoyance; and it seemed of no use being at the expense of bringing good ones from home, for they soon get corrupted: but I must make an exception in favour of Mrs Clerk, the servant of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, who was the best servant I ever saw: she was always neat herself, and kept everything neat and comfortable about the hut, and never grudged hard work: she was invaluable to her masters. We all went over one day to dine at Messrs Donald and Hamilton's; it was the only visit I ever paid in the bush, although I had many invitations. I of course took the children with me: we enjoyed ourselves very much, and remained all next day. Mrs Clerk joined her persuasions for us to do so, and told us we had not seen half the good things she could make: she spared no pains to make us comfortable, and went through her work both

quickly and well, besides nursing my little boy. After this visit, I had many invitations to visit the neighbours round; which I should have liked very well, but I had too much to detain me at home.

At this time we had a very troublesome old shepherd, who was continually letting his sheep go astray. One morning, when my brother was counting them over, ninety-two were missing. The shepherd could give no account of them, but that the day before the flock had divided, and he fancied he had collected them all again. My brother James took a hurried breakfast, and went with two of our men on horseback to endeavour to track them: they returned in the evening without having seen anything of them: but James determined to go off again early next morning, and, if necessary, remain out several days. One of the men returned in two days, and brought us intelligence that they had found the sheep-track beyond Mr Campbell's station, which was fifteen miles distant. The man returned to try and get a fresh horse from some of the neighbours, but we could not get one for two days. He brought home an emu across his horse, which he had run down. He told us that my brother was out with several gentlemen, and they had a native boy with them who was famous for tracking, but who seemed sadly afraid of going among a hostile tribe of natives, and therefore was of little use. Our own man Sandy, whom we had brought from home, was a good tracker, and could see a mark when no one else could: he had tracked the sheep for nearly a mile on his hands and knees, the marks being too faint to be seen when walking or riding. Mr Alexander and Mr Colin Campbell were exceedingly kind in their assistance to my brother, and were out with him for several days. At last, after fourteen days' riding, the sheep were found a hundred and forty miles from our station. My brother and his friends had almost given up thoughts of looking any longer for them; but they rode on about a mile farther, when they saw them in a hollow, surrounded by about a hundred natives. The men had all hid themselves, having seen the party coming, and left the women and children, who ran about chattering and hiding behind the rocks. The party rode down among them, and a singular scene met their view. The ground was strewed with heads of sheep and bits of mutton, and some of the sheep were as well cut up as if done by an English butcher; the skins were pegged out on the ground, and the fat collected in little twine bags, which the women make of the bark of a tree. Fifty live sheep were enclosed within a brush fence (James said it was the best brush fence he had seen in the country), but they were very thin, the natives being too lazy to take them out to feed. They were killing and eating them up as fast as they could. The gentlemen lighted a good fire by which to watch the sheep all night; but they durst not sit within the glare of it, for fear of the natives taking aim at them, as they knew they were among

the rocks, and very likely watching them, although they did not show themselves. The party slept little that night; they cooked and ate some of the mutton; and the little native boy they had to track for them, although in great fear of the other natives, devoured nearly a whole leg. They started early next morning, driving the sheep before them, and loaded with spears, tomahawks, waddies, and baskets which they had taken from the natives. The native boy mounted a horse, saying he would not walk a step; but as he mounted, he slipped off again, and the horse started on; the little fellow caught hold of the tail, and allowed himself to be dragged on till he got a good firm hold, and then sprung on the horse's back. James said he never saw a cleverer piece of agility in a circus. On their way home they killed an emu; but they could not carry it with them, being already well loaded. When James and our shepherd Sandy came near our hut, they fired off their pistols to let us know they had found the sheep; but we did not understand the signal, and I was very much frightened. We at home had been living in great anxiety while my brother was away. I was at the station with only Mary and the children through the day, and our comfort was not much increased at night by knowing that the two old shepherds were at home. We had seen, two days before, seven wild natives run past our hut at a little distance, all naked, which gave us a great fright; I thought Mary was going into a fit. I got my pistol, which I had hanging in my room, loaded; Mary then went for hers, and we walked up and down before the hut for about an hour. My husband was at the settlement during all the anxious time we had had at the station, and he heard nothing of our loss of sheep until his return home.

Besides the occasional frights of this kind from natives, with whom it was no easy matter to be on good terms, we were at times troubled with wild dogs, which proved a very serious annoyance. These animals generally discovered themselves when they came by setting up a most piteous howl, which was the signal for sallying out in pursuit of them; for, if let alone, they would make no small havoc with the live stock. They seldom escaped. One of our sheep dogs had a most inveterate hatred to them, and he always tracked them, and often killed one of them without assistance, although they are very tenacious of life. They are more like a fox than a dog; are of a reddish-brown, and have a very thick bushy tail. When one is killed, the tail is cut off as a trophy, and hung up in the hut; the shepherds generally get five shillings from their master for every wild dog they kill. My husband saw a wild dog which was supposed to be dead; its tail was cut off, and in a few minutes it got up and began to fight again with the dogs; but it was soon overcome.

Australia, as is well known, possesses many beautiful birds, and of these we seldom wanted visitors, particularly parrots and cockatoos; but I never heard any sweet-singing bird, such as the

larks and blackbirds of Scotland, and this I thought a great drawback on their elegance of plumage. Some of the birds uttered very strange sounds, as if speaking. I heard one every morning say—"Eight o'clock," and "Get up, get up:" another used to call out—"All fat, all fat:" and another was continually saying—"Potato, potato," which always put us in mind of our loss in having none, nor any other vegetables at all. Parrots are very good eating; many a parrot-pie we had. The white parrots are, I think, the best; next, the white cockatoo.

I now come to the year 1840. Provisions at this time became very high in price. Flour, as I have mentioned, was £80 a ton, and it was scarcely to be had in a good condition; tea, £16 a chest; sugar, 6d. a pound; meat, butter, and cheese, were, unfortunately for the farmers, the only things which fell in price. We could now get only 1s. 10d. for butter, and 1s. for cheese.

Our station had now a great look of comfort about it. We had plastered the outside of our hut with mud, which made it quite close: we had windows and good doors, and a little flower-garden enclosed in front: we had built a good hut for our servants, a new store, a large dairy under ground, a new wool-shed, and had two large paddocks for wheat, potatoes, &c. and we had now plenty of vegetables. We had also put up a larger stack-yard, as our cattle were increasing, and a large covered shed for the calves at night; also to milk in. About five miles from the home station, we had formed an out-station for the sheep, which secured to us a large tract of land, as no new settler can come within three miles of a station. Every one thought highly of our station; and we were well off for water, having several large *water holes* (as they are always called here, but at home we should call them lakes or large ponds); and when the rains come on, these ponds are joined together in a river, which comes down very rapidly. We often had a river running past our huts, where a few minutes before I had walked over on dry land. An immense number of ducks and geese came down with the water: I have seen our man Sandy kill seven or eight at a shot just opposite the huts. We had had a good many visits from the natives lately. They were much encouraged at Mr Baillie's station, and we began not to turn them away so quickly as we used to do; but we never allowed them to sleep at the station, except one big boy, "Tom," whom we had determined to keep if he would remain, thinking he might be useful in finding stray cattle or sheep. Tom was very lazy; but he was always obliged to chop wood or do some work, else he got nothing to eat; which we found to be the only way to make the natives active.

In some of the fresh-water ponds there are found immense quantities of mussels, which the native women dive for. We often saw numbers of shells lying in heaps where the blacks had been eating them. They are also fond of a large grub found generally in the cherry and honeysuckle tree: they can tell, by

knocking the tree with a stick, if any grubs are in it. When they knock the tree, they put their ear close to listen, and they open it with a tomahawk at the very spot the grubs are to be found. It is a large white grub, with a black head. I know a gentleman who was tempted to taste them from seeing the natives enjoy them so much, and he said they were very good, and often ate them afterwards. Manna falls very abundantly from the gum-trees at certain seasons of the year. I think it was in March I gathered some. It is very good, and tastes like almond biscuits. It is only to be procured early in the morning, as it disappears soon after sunrise. We sometimes got some skins of the opossum and flying-squirrel, or tuan, from the natives. It was a good excuse for them to come to the station. I paid them with a piece of dress, and they were very fond of getting a red pocket handkerchief to tie round their necks.

#### MODE OF LIVING—REMOVAL TO MELBOURNE.

We were visited one day by a very large party of natives; I am sure there were a hundred of them. I happened to be alone in the hut. Some of the men came into it, and examined all they saw very attentively, especially the pictures we had hanging on the walls. They were much taken with a likeness of my mother, and laughed heartily at some black profiles; they said they were "black leubras." I told them to leave the hut, but they would not; and one, a very tall fellow, took the liberty of sitting down beside me on the sofa. I did not much like being alone with these gentry, so I rose to go to the door to call some one, but my tall friend took hold of my arm and made me sit down again; on which I cried out sufficiently loud to alarm my husband, who was building a hut behind. He came in and turned them all out; but they still kept hanging about the station for some time. My husband took his gun and shot some white parrots, which were flying in an immense flock overhead. Some of the natives ran and picked them up, and thrust them into some hot ashes, where they had lighted a fire, without even taking the feathers off. They were soon cooked in this way, and I believe ate very well. I had often seen black Tom cook parrots and cockatoos in this manner. The natives will eat anything that comes in their way. I saw a woman take a piece of sheep-skin, singe the wool off, and then begin to eat it, giving her baby a piece of it also. Much to my surprise, they actually ate a large piece of the skin. All these natives left us before sun-down, and went to Mr Baillie's, where they were always allowed to remain as long as they chose. He was too kind to them, and gave them great encouragement in his own hut. We always expected to hear of some mischief there. At last one of them threw a spear at the groom, which stuck in his arm; it gave him great pain, and he went to the settlement to consult a doctor. In many instances the undue



severities of the settlers lead to reprisals from the natives, who are apt to inflict vengeance in a very indiscriminate manner.

At this time I had a pleasant visit from Mrs Gibson and her brother; they were on their way to a new station about fifteen miles beyond us. I was delighted to have the privilege of talking to a lady again: it was more than a year since I had seen one; and my little girl had not words to express her delight and astonishment. The sight of a "white leubra," as she called her, seemed for a time to take away her speech; but she soon began to question her very closely as to where she came from, and whether there were any more like her in her country. I am sure Agnes dreamed of her all night, for she often spoke of the beautiful lady in her sleep; and the moment she was dressed in the morning, she went to look again at her. Mrs Gibson was much amused at Agnes's admiration. I did all I could to persuade her to remain some time with us, and allow her brother to go on, and have some place comfortable for her to go to; but she would not. Some time after this Mrs Gibson's courage was well tried. She had occasion to go a journey on horseback, and not knowing the road, she took a native with her as guide. When they were at some distance from home, the man wanted her to dismount, and indeed tried to pull her off her horse. He did not know she had a pistol with her; but she pulled out one and presented it at him, telling him that unless he walked on before the horse, and showed her the proper way to go, she would shoot him. Had she appeared at all afraid, most likely he would have killed her; but her courage saved her, and she arrived safely at her journey's end.

When all the gentlemen were from home, one of the shepherds came to my hut door to tell me that, in counting over his sheep, as they came out of the yard, he missed twenty-five. He was a stupid old man, so I asked the stock-keeper to get his horse and ride over the run; but he proposed driving the sheep over the same ground they had gone the previous day, in hope that the lost ones might join the flock. This was done; and when the sheep were again put into the yard, they were found all right. We had many alarms about losing sheep; but, except the time they were taken by the natives, we always found them. One night it had become dark, and there was no appearance of the sheep coming home. At last the shepherd arrived in a great fright, and said he had lost all the sheep—he could tell nothing about them. Every one, except Agnes and I, went out immediately to look for them in different directions. It came on a dreadful night of rain, thunder, and lightning, and was very dark: the men returned one by one, and no sheep were to be seen. I was sitting in no very comfortable state in the hut, and taking a look at the door every five minutes, although it was so dark that I could not see a yard before me. Little Agnes was in bed, as I thought fast asleep; but she called to me, and said, if I

would allow her to stand at the window, she would tell me when they were coming. I put her on a seat at the window, where she had not stood long, listening very attentively, till she told me they would soon be here, for she heard them far away. I thought she was talking nonsense, as I could hear nothing, neither could any of the men; but Agnes still said she heard them coming; and she was right, for in a few minutes my husband sent to tell me they were all safe in the yards. He and one of the men had found them in a hollow about a mile from home; but our next alarm was for James, who was still absent. My husband fired off several pistols, that he might know all were found if he was still looking for them; and we put a light in the window to guide him. He came in about twelve o'clock; but would scarcely own he had lost himself, although we knew very well he had; however, we all enjoyed our supper and a good blazing log-fire, and were very thankful we had the sheep safe.

We often killed kangaroos; they are very palatable, particularly the tail, which makes excellent soup, much like what is called hare-soup. My friend Willy Hamilton declared he never ate better soup at any dinner-party at home. I sometimes made cakes, which were much admired by the visitors at our hut; and it was a fixed rule always to have a large pudding on Sunday, as we were sure to have some of our neighbours with us to dinner. We had an old man who made so good a pudding, that we had it every Sunday for six months; and many came to eat of this mess, the fame of which had spread far and wide. We often gave the receipt for it; but no one made it so well as old Williams.

My husband or my brother read a sermon on Sunday; indeed we kept up the form of a religious service as near as we could. Generally all our servants joined us; but if they did not feel inclined of themselves to come, it was in vain to try to persuade them. I have sometimes seen our neighbours' servants come in also. We had many letters from home, which were a great pleasure to us. We had also received a large box, containing a spinning-wheel, and many very useful things, from my mother. She would certainly have been pleased had she seen us unpacking it, and examining everything in it; it made me think of days gone by, when we were children, at the opening of a New-Year's box. I am sure we were quite as happy. We received soon after this a box of preserves, and some other articles, from the same kind hand, and they were highly valued, as we could get nothing of that kind at Port Philip. Little or no fruit was yet to be met with in the colony; but in our garden we had some young gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes, from which we hoped soon to have some produce. We had also a row or two of strawberry plants.

On New-Year's day 1841, some of our neighbours came to dine with us. I was very anxious to have either a wild goose

or turkey, but none of the shepherds could see one to shoot for me, so I had determined to have a parrot-pie instead: but on New-Year's morning, while we were at breakfast, two turkeys were seen flying over our hut, one of which was immediately brought down. I must describe our New-Year's dinner, to show what good things we had in the bush. We had kangaroo-soup, roasted turkey well stuffed, a boiled leg of mutton, a parrot-pie, potatoes, and green peas; next, a plum-pudding and strawberry-tart, with plenty of cream. We dined at two o'clock, a late dinner for us, as twelve is the general hour; and at supper or tea we had currant-bun, and a large bowl of curds and cream. We spent a very happy day, although it was exceedingly hot: the thermometer was nearly 100 in the shade. Our friends rode home to their own stations that evening: it is very pleasant riding at night after a hot day.

All the stations near us commenced their poultry-yards from our stock. We got 12s. and 15s. a-pair for hens, which was the Melbourne price. Had we been nearer town, we might have made a great deal by our poultry. Eggs are also very dear in town, sometimes 8s. and 10s. a-dozen. I was much annoyed by the hawks carrying off the young chickens. We lost a great many in this way, as we had not a proper house to put them into; but the gentlemen always promised to build one when they had nothing of more importance to do. They rather slighted the poultry, although they were very glad to get the eggs to breakfast, as well as a nice fat fowl to dinner. We never fed the poultry; they picked up for themselves, except when I now and then threw them a little corn to keep them about the huts. They roosted on a large tree behind our hut. I was astonished to see how soon the hen begins to teach her chickens to roost. I have seen one take her chickens up to roost in the tree when they were little bigger than sparrows, and scarcely a feather in their wings. I used often to admire the hen's patience in teaching her family to mount the tree: it took her a long time every evening to get them all up, for many a tumble they had, and many times she flew up and down for their instruction; but she seemed very happy and satisfied when she got them all under her on the branch.

A melancholy accident happened at a station near us. A young gentleman who had lately arrived in the colony went to pay a visit there. He jumped into a water-hole to bathe; the hole was small but deep. He was well warned of this; but nothing would dissuade him from going in, and he was drowned before any assistance could be rendered. His body was not found for several days, although the hole was dragged with chains; but some natives were set to dive for it, and one of them brought the body up immediately, which was buried next day in a wood near the hut. The funeral was attended by several settlers in the neighbourhood, and the service for the dead was

read by the gentleman whose guest the deceased had been. A funeral in the bush is a very rare and a very impressive occurrence. I only know of one other spot where a white man is buried; it is the grave of a shepherd who was speared by the natives some time ago, and the valley where he now lies is called the Murderer's Valley. I never passed through it without feeling a kind of horror. The grave is fenced in by a rough paling.

In the bush no one is ever allowed to go from a hut without eating, or remaining all night, although an entire stranger. We were once sadly deceived by a man who walked into our hut, and introduced himself as a new settler who had come to our neighbourhood. None of us were acquainted with him; but we very soon saw he had not the manners of a gentleman, although he was perfectly at ease, spoke much of his large herds of cattle, and the difficulty he had in bringing his sheep up the country so as to avoid the different stations, as there is a heavy fine for any one driving scabby sheep through a settler's run, except during one month in the year. This pretended gentleman also talked as if on intimate terms with one of the settlers we knew, and told us much news, some of which astonished us not a little. He dined with us, and begged to know how the pudding was made. I offered to write him the receipt, which I did, although I am sure he could not read it. In a few days we heard he was a hut-keeper, and an old prisoner, who had been sent by his master to tell us he had some young bullocks to sell, as he knew we wanted to purchase some; but this message was delivered to us as a piece of news. I was rather annoyed at being deceived in this way; but in the bush it is no easy task to tell who are gentlemen and who are not from their dress, or even manners, as a few of them pride themselves in being as rough as possible.

We began to think that there were too many masters at one station; and my husband's relations at home had expressed their surprise that he did not leave the young men to manage the station, and find something to do near a town. The situation of his family induced my husband to think seriously of this proposal; but the only happiness I had in the idea of leaving the station was, that I should be able to pay more attention to Agnes, who was now four years old, and almost running wild. In short, for one reason and another, it was resolved that we should seek a new home; and for that purpose my husband proceeded to Melbourne to make the necessary inquiries. After an absence of three weeks he returned, having taken a farm in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, to which we were immediately to proceed. This proved a fatal step, and the beginning of many misfortunes; but I shall not anticipate. My husband brought with him our old friend Mrs Scott, who had come to see us before we left the station, and she remained till the day of our departure, accompanying us on the journey.

Accommodated in a spring-cart, which was provided with a few necessaries for our use, we departed from the station on the first morning of sheep-shearing, and certainly not without a degree of regret; for, all things considered, we had enjoyed at it a happy bush-life, to which I now look back with pleasure. It was early morning when we set out, and the first place at which we stopped was the station of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, where we breakfasted, and found a hearty welcome. From this we proceeded to the station of my brother Robert. Fortunately we found him at home, but quite alone; not even the hut-keeper was with him, as he had taken the place of a shepherd who had run away. The two little huts were perched on the top of a steep bank or craggy rock, at the bottom of which was a deep water-hole. It had the strangest appearance possible; at a little distance it looked not unlike a crow's nest, and must have been a very dismal place to be left alone in for such a length of time as my brother occasionally was. I was very sorry for him, and did not wonder at his complaining of being dull sometimes. I told him we had come to lunch with him, but he said he hoped we had brought the lunch with us, as he had nothing to give us but damper. The rations were done, and more had not come from the home station. We were well provided in the spring-cart; so Robert and I laid out a lunch, and he took a damper he had made out of the ashes. We could not remain with him very long, as the day was pretty far advanced, and we wished to get to Mr Anderson's station, where my husband had promised to remain a short time, as Mr Anderson was ill at Geelong.

Before we had got above four miles from my brother's, the wheel of our cart, in going through a creek, got into a hole, and the vehicle was upset. We were all thrown into the water, but were not hurt, and our greatest difficulty was getting the cart up again. We had to take out the horses, and get into the water and lift it up, as it lay quite on its side. It took all the party's united strength to lift it. We were quite wet already, so we did not mind standing in the water to do this duty; it was rather refreshing, the day had been so hot. I undressed my infant, and rolled him in my cloak; but all the rest of us had to sit in wet clothes: we were so much pleased, however, at getting up the cart, that we did not think much of it, and were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, when, in going up a very stony hill, down it went again. I felt much stunned, as I was thrown with my head on a stone; but I was not insensible. The thought of my infant was uppermost; he was thrown several yards out of my arms; but the cloak saved him. He was creeping off on hands and knees out of it, quite in good humour, as if nothing had happened. Agnes was also unhurt, except a bruised cheek; but she was much concerned about a kitten she had got from her uncle Robert, which was squeezed

under a carpet-bag. The most unfortunate of our party was poor Mrs Scott, who was thrown violently on the ground, and lay seriously stunned. On inquiring into her condition, she said that her leg was broken, and in great pain. This was terrible news in such a place as we were; but on examination, the case was not so bad: the knee was out of joint, and her ankle already much swollen from a very bad sprain. By her own directions I pulled her leg till the knee-joint went into its place. She had been thrown with her head down the hill, and she suffered so much pain, that she could not allow us to move her; but we propped her up with stones and a carpet-bag, and what more to do we could not tell.

We were far from help: it was already nearly dark, very cold, and we had nothing to light a fire; in a word, we were in a miserable state. My husband at length remembered an out-station of Mr Learmonth's, not above half a mile from us. He immediately went there for help, and two mounted police happened fortunately to be at hand. One of them rode back for my brother Robert to come to us, and the other assisted my husband to carry Mrs Scott on a hurdle to the shepherd's hut, while I went on before with the children, to try to get a bed ready for her. The walk put my baby fast asleep, so I laid him down in a corner of the hut wrapped in my cloak, while Agnes went to the fire to dry her clothes, not looking very contented. The shepherds were very kind, and gave up their hut to us at once; and the old hut-keeper begged me to let the poor sick lady have the best bed. I looked at the beds, but it was really difficult to say which was best, as one was an old sheep-skin, and the other a very dirty blanket, spread on some boards. I chose the sheep-skin for Mrs Scott, and my husband carried her into the hut and laid her on it. By this time my brother Robert had arrived with a bottle of Scotch whisky, which my husband had left with him. Mrs Scott took a little of it, which appeared to revive her, for she seemed in great agony from being moved. Her knee was continually going out of joint when she moved, so I split up the lid of an old tea-box I saw in the corner of the hut, and bound the pieces round her knee with a bandage made of a part of my dress; and I succeeded better than I expected, as it did not again come out of its place. I never saw any one bear pain with more composure and cheerfulness than my poor friend. My brother rode on to tell Mr Scott, and to get a doctor from Geelong. I bathed Mrs Scott's ankle often during the night with some hot water in which meat had been boiled; it was the only thing I could get. It relieved her for a little; but we passed a sad night, as we had no dry clothes. My husband was also much bruised, and the horse had trod on his foot, which was very painful; but he said nothing about it till next day, when he could scarcely put it to the ground.

The hut to which our misfortunes had thus conducted us was a

miserable place, and I was afraid to try to sleep, there were so many rats running about, and jumping on the beams across the roof. I was, however, very tired, and unconsciously fell asleep for a little; but when I awoke, three rats were fighting on the middle of the floor for a candle I had lighted and placed there stuck in a bottle, there being no candlestick. I rose and separated the combatants. Poor Mrs Scott had never slept: she said a rat had been watching her all night from the roof. The rats here are very tame and impudent, and not easily frightened, but are not so disgusting in appearance as the rats in England; they are larger, and their skin is a beautiful light-gray. I shall ever remember this dismal night, which seemed protracted to an unusual length. Day at last dawned, and allowed those who were able to move about and render assistance as far as circumstances would permit. With the help of the shepherd I prepared breakfast, and afterwards dinner, for the party. We were much afraid, when the afternoon arrived, that we should have to pass another night in the hut; but at four o'clock, greatly to our delight, Mr Scott made his appearance, and soon after a dray, in which a bed was placed for Mrs Scott. It was with difficulty she was lifted into it. I sat beside her with the children, and my husband sat on the other side to keep her steady. Mr Scott was on horseback. In this way we arrived at Mr Anderson's station late at night, as we were obliged to travel very slowly on account of our unfortunate patient.

We found Mr Anderson's hut locked up, and the keys were at Mr Yuille's, three miles off. However, my husband opened the window with little difficulty, as it had no fastening; so it seemed of little use having the door locked. We soon got a fire lighted by his woman-servant, and had tea and nice comfortable beds, which we indeed much required. Mrs Scott was taken home next day; but many months elapsed before she could walk about. We remained at Mr Anderson's station a short time. While there, we went over to dine with Mr Yuille. I saw many improvements about his station; but his own hut was still without windows. I expressed my astonishment at this; but he said that he had been so long without them, that he would still continue so, and he did not see the use of them. We ate some of the largest lettuces here I ever saw. Mr Yuille takes great pleasure in his garden, and keeps it in order entirely himself.

We were now in the Boning Yong district, which takes its name from a very high mountain, on the top of which is a large hole filled with water. It is quite round, as if made by man, and there are fish and mussels in it. Boning Yong is a native name, and means *big mountain*. I like the native names very much: I think it a great pity to change them for English ones, as is often done. Station Peak is also a peculiar-looking mountain, and is the boundary between the Melbourne and Geelong districts.

We spent several days at Mr Scott's station, which is for cattle

and dairy-husbandry. He had some of the finest cows I had seen in the country; and the dairy was well managed by a young woman whom the family had brought from home; and they fortunately did not require to keep many servants, the children were so useful, and never idle. His two little boys managed the cattle as well as any stock-keeper could do, and everything seemed in a fair way of prospering at the station. A large family in these colonies is a blessing and fortune to their parents, if well-doing.

In travelling down to Melbourne we did not require to sleep in the bush, as there are now several public-houses on the road. The first we came to was not at all comfortable; and the keeper performed the paltry trick of hiding our bullocks, thereby compelling us to remain at his house till they were found, which was not accomplished until we offered a reward for them. We heard many complaints of "planting" bullocks (the colonial expression) at this house. We were more fortunate in the next we arrived at, in which we slept one night, and were exceedingly comfortable. It is kept by a Dr Grieve. On leaving next morning, Mrs Grieve gave me a nice currant loaf for the children to eat in the dray.

I was astonished, when I visited Geelong on our way down, to see the progress made in building. I had not seen it since we first landed in the country, at which time three stores were all the buildings in the township. Now, it is a large and thriving place. Such is the rapid way that towns get up in this new and enterprising colony.

#### FARM NEAR MELBOURNE—CONCLUSION.

Our unfortunate journey from the bush station was at length brought to a close. After remaining two days in Melbourne, to purchase provisions and some articles of furniture, we proceeded to the farm which we had reason to expect would be our future home. I liked its appearance very much; it was agricultural, with ten acres already in crop, and about thirty cleared. The soil was rich and productive, and immediately we got a garden fenced in, and soon had a supply of vegetables. To complete the establishment, we procured some cows from the station, these animals being reckoned my private property. The chief drawback to our comfort was the want of a house, and we were compelled to live in a tent till one could be prepared for our reception. I was assisted in the domestic arrangements by an aged but willing and active woman, whom we had engaged as servant. Our neighbours round called upon us; but all were men, and I saw no ladies while at the farm for a period of eight months.

All went on well with us till the month of February, when the heat became almost insupportable, the thermometer in our tent being at 110 degrees almost every day, and sometimes 120. It was like living in an oven. All around the country was parched up to a degree which I am unable to describe. Everything was



as dry as tinder; and while in this state, some shepherds, either heedlessly or maliciously, set the grass on fire a few miles from our farm, and it came down upon us in a tremendous flame, several miles in breadth. Long before I could see it from the tents, I heard the crackling and falling of trees. My husband was in town, also our ploughman with the dray; and we had only one man at the farm, as little work could be done at this season. This man told me he had seen the fire, and that it was coming down as fast as he could walk, and would be upon us in half an hour, when all our tents, &c. would be burned. For a moment I stood in despair, not knowing what to do. I then thought our only chance of safety would be to burn a circle round the tents. I sent the children to the next farm with old Mrs Douglas, our ploughman's wife. Nanny Douglas, a strong active girl, was with us; so we lighted a circle round the tent I occupied, which was the most valuable. We procured branches, and kept beating the flames, to keep them from burning more than a space several yards broad, that the flames might not pass over; but before we had finished the burning, Nanny, who was naturally anxious about her own property, began to burn round her own tent. The fire was too strong for her to keep it down alone, so I saw her tent catch fire at the back, while she was busy beating out the flames in front. I ran to help her to pull down the tent, which she and I did in a few minutes. The tent was nearly all burned, but nothing of consequence was lost inside. Nanny was in a sad state, knowing that her father had several pounds of gunpowder in a basket under his bed. In trying to save this tent I nearly lost my own, which caught fire; but Nanny, with great activity, ran with a bucket of water she was carrying to throw on the burning tent we had pulled down. She threw it over the part that had caught fire, while I beat with my branch; and we had only a hole about three yards square burned in our tent, and part of our bed which was next that side. We had now got the circle burned, and sat down to rest and contemplate the mischief we had done. We soon found that our exertions might have been spared; for, by the intervention of our ploughed land and a bend in the creek, the fire was divided before it reached us, and went burning and crashing down on each side, several hundred yards from us. It was an awful sight, and I shall never forget it. As it unfortunately happened in the heat of the day, Nanny and I were quite knocked up, and we lay on the ground to rest outside the tent for nearly an hour. Mrs Douglas came home with the children, and began to arrange the beds, &c. in the third tent we had for cooking in.

One of our neighbours, who lived several miles from us, knowing the fire must be near our farm, and my husband not at home, kindly rode over to see if he could assist us. I was glad to see him, as I felt very anxious about my husband, not knowing what might befall him upon his return, as it was now near sun-down,

and the fire very near the road he had to travel. Our kind neighbour offered to go to meet him if I could give him a horse, which we soon did, as I had had them tied in a safe place on the other side of the creek. He fortunately met the dray not very far off, and pointed out a road by which they might still get home ere the fire reached it. Had they been ten minutes later, they could not have got home that night, the fire burned so fiercely, and the horses were afraid of it. My husband and the men sat up all night watching the fire in the woods, which, owing to the darkness, was a most splendid sight, looking like a large town highly illuminated. Next day the conflagration returned upon us in another direction; but we were better prepared for it, and it was kept back by beating it out with branches. All the gentlemen and servants from our farm, and our neighbours, were employed nearly all day in beating it out, and it was again watched all night.

This fire did much damage to several farms in our neighbourhood, in burning down crops and fences. It burned for nearly a week, and keeping it down was very fatiguing work, owing to the extreme heat of the weather. But, fortunately for the country, we had some very heavy rain, otherwise I am sure we should have had no food left for our cattle, the pasture being nearly all burned. It was astonishing how soon the country looked green again. After two nights of heavy rain, the grass began to spring afresh.

This fire was our crowning misfortune; for though it did little damage to the property, it led to personal illness, against which it was not easy to bear up. I caught a violent cold from being overheated while putting out the fire round our tent; Nanny also was ill, and unable to do any work for three weeks. Notwithstanding all my care, I could not get rid of my complaint, as the rains had set in, and our tents, clothes, and beds, were constantly wet. To increase my distress, I was seized one night with asthma, which increased every day. In this exigency my husband had a temporary hut put up for me, which would keep out the wet. It was put up in a week; and although not quite dry, we were very glad to get into it. It was made of young trees or saplings, sunk about a foot in the ground, and nailed at the top to a frame of wood. The saplings were placed quite close, and the walls were then plastered outside and in with mud, and washed over with lime. The roof was of broad paling, and we were very comfortable. Our hut was twenty feet by twelve; but I had a division of canvass put up in the middle for a sick daughter of Mrs Douglas, who had come to try if country air would benefit her. After being three weeks with us, she was advised by our medical attendant to return to the town, where she died in a few days.

I was now very ill, and could not lie in bed with asthma and cough, and my husband was also suffering severely from the

effects of cold. Things were now in such a state, that it was found impossible to go on with the farm, which we therefore let; and my husband being so fortunate as to get an office under government, we removed to Melbourne. At first we could not find a house in Melbourne except a new one, and we were afraid to live in it. We were obliged to go to an inn, intending to look about for another house; but I was laid up there for three weeks with a very severe attack, from which I was not expected to recover.

We were exceedingly anxious now to send the children home to my mother, as I was told if I had many such attacks I could not live. I felt this myself; but we could not make up our minds about parting with the children, although we knew that Port Philip was a sad place for children to be left without a mother to watch over them; but as I got stronger, I could not bear the idea of parting with them, and determined to take great care of myself. We removed to our new house because we could not find another; but it was very damp. I had a threatening of my old complaint, and my husband insisted on my leaving it immediately. He found another, a very comfortable one, and I continued pretty well in it for two months. I had only a few slight illnesses; but I durst not go out if the weather was at all damp. I had great difficulty in getting a servant when we came to town; indeed I was without one for some weeks. At last I got a little girl of twelve years of age, till I could hear of a woman-servant. This little girl would not come for less than seven shillings a-week; and instead of being any assistance to me, was a great plague. She was always leading the children into mischief; and whenever I wanted my servant to work, I had to go and bring her home from a game of romps with some neighbouring children. I sent her home at the end of the week with her seven shillings, well pleased to get quit of her; and that very day an Irishwoman came to the door asking me if I required a servant. She had landed from an emigrant ship three days before. I was delighted to see her, and bade her come in and I would try her. She turned out an honest well-behaved girl, but very slow and very dirty; her wages were twenty pounds a-year. Several ships arrived soon after this with emigrants, and servants began to find great difficulty in getting situations; they were to be seen going about the streets inquiring of every one if they wanted servants. Of course the wages came quickly down: men were now to be hired for twenty and twenty-five pounds a-year, and women from twelve to fifteen. One man I knew, who a month before would not hire under seventy pounds, said he would now be glad of a situation at twenty-five; which he could not get. The servants seemed astonished at the sudden change of things, for which they were not at all prepared.

From compassion, we allowed a number of female emigrants to live in a detached kitchen we had, until they could find situa-

tions as servants. They had little money, and lodgings were very high in price. These girls had come out with most magnificent notions, and were sadly disappointed when they found that situations were so difficult to be procured. Affairs, generally, were beginning to wear a threatening aspect; yet, in this country there is a lightness in the air which seems to prevent one feeling misfortunes so deeply as in England.

Most people like Port Philip after giving it a fair trial, as the delightful and healthful climate compensates for many disagreeables which one has not been accustomed to. The great thing is to get over the first feeling of surprise and disgust. Many find it impossible to do so, and return home to disgust others with their story; but I never yet met one who said, after being in the colony two years, that he would wish to leave it to return home, except for a visit. And this, certainly, notwithstanding what I suffered, is my own feeling towards the country.

To conclude these rough notes: I now commenced a school in Melbourne, and had great encouragement to go on with it, having been offered a number of boarders, indeed more than I could have taken charge of. After a short trial, I was unpleasantly reminded that my health was too uncertain to attempt carrying my plans into execution, otherwise all would have been well. Misfortunes did not fall singly. We had received at this time a severe and unexpected pecuniary disappointment from home, which, I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the fine light air of Port Philip, made me very ill. My husband insisted on my going home to my mother with the children until his affairs were arranged, and I may consider myself very happy in having such a home to go to. Had I not been leaving my husband behind me in bad health, I could almost have considered our misfortunes a blessing, as it gave me the unspeakable delight of again seeing my mother—a happiness I had for some time ceased to hope I should ever enjoy, and which had been my only serious regret after leaving home.

I left Melbourne on the 10th September 1841, with the intention of returning; but that must be determined by my health and other circumstances.





## WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

**S**URROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inaccessible valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat against oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these persons, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was

chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and, by a most unjustifiable stretch of ambition, wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the Waldstatte, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them at the same time to renounce their connexion with the German empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

Proud of his great rank, uniting, as he did, in his own person the dignities of the house of Austria and the imperial throne, Albert was indignant at the refusal by which his propositions were followed, and forthwith resolved to hold no measured terms with what he deemed a set of rude peasants. His first impulse was to decide the question by the sword; but the result of any sudden attack was doubtful, and he finally resolved to proceed cautiously in his movements. Disguising his intentions, therefore, he confined himself, in the first instance, to introducing as governor Hermann Gessler of Brunegg, along with small parties of Austrian soldiers, after which his design of subjugating the district became too manifest to its unhappy inhabitants.

Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. The seat of his assumed authority was at Altorf, a small town near the head of the lake of Lucerne, on which the Waldstatte bordered, and surrounded by some of the most romantic scenery in Switzerland. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man; as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did a part of Switzerland, under the vice-regal domination of Gessler, produce its WILLIAM TELL. Not much is really known of this patriot, but the little that has been wafted by history and tradition to our times is interesting, and possesses all the charm of poetry and romance.

William Tell, according to the best accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions, and earnestly requesting him, with his latest breath, to work diligently for his subsistence, and to die, should it be needed, in his country's service. These admonitions, addressed to a highly sensitive mind, were not disregarded. Having consigned

his father's body to the tomb, he gave himself up to the labours of the field, and by his assiduous industry, is said ever to have reaped a plentiful harvest.

Rising at dawn of day, he stood behind his rude plough, and left it only when darkness summoned both man and beast to repose. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his small boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was prodigious, being, it is said, double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all out-door sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. Meanwhile, in his humble home, he remained without a mate; and desirous of finding a partner who might grace his little domain, he fixed his attention on Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. His advances being well received by both father and daughter, Tell in due time called Emma his wife, and henceforth his mountain home was the scene of happiness and contentment. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, carried him to the fields and pastures to instruct him in the works of nature, and spared no pains at home to cultivate and enlighten his mind. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing a friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Unterwald. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was this associate. Although similar in many salient points of character, there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, was capable of very great actions, without being prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter,

Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the joys of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost license to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried, "What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?" History records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. "How long," exclaimed she, "shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?" The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but settled, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and explained to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from



the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonized friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest intreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Rhigi. This mountain rises in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragging old Melchthal before Gessler, he ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Rhigi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for Rhigi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Rhigi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. "Go," said my father, "and tell Arnold of this new villany of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwald for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli."\*

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and

\* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.

the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of honour, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. "Werner Stauffacher," cried Tell, "the time is come for action;" and without a moment's delay, he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero's hand, "Friend, let us begin; I am ready." After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when the whole were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher's house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured. Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. "Arnold awaits us," cried William, "and the fate of our country depends on this interview." With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common

in these mountain lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shown to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added—"We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people."

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a signal fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

"Wherefore," demanded the incensed bailiff, "hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?"

"Verily," answered Tell with mock humility, "how this happened I know not; 'tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart."

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner's name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so much respected throughout the whole canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. "While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good fortune to bear away the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refusest this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good fortune; and finding the governor inexorable, our hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were

handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow!

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him:—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but," added he, "tell me, what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle? One was surely enough." Tell replied, with some slight evidence of embarrassment, "that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve;" an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. "Nay, nay," said he; "tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son." At these words the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words: "I am about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences."

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little

port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe conduct of his armed dependants, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal fire to rouse the cantons; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which, giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, who were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives: the wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, pale and horror-stricken, prayed for life; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers

of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. "And see, my lord," said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—"all, even the pilot, are paralysed with terror, and he is totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well-skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?" Gessler's fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master's hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemming in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offered not a single platform where human foot could stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to Gessler, who, with angry voice, demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, turned the helm hard a-port, which brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his faithful bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang lightly on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for



the heights which border the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and choosing a small hollow in the road, hid himself under cover of the brush, intending to remain in ambush until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. It appears that the governor had the utmost difficulty to save himself and his attendants after this sudden disappearance of their pilot, but at length succeeded in effecting a safe landing at Brunnen. Here they provided themselves with horses, and proceeding in the direction above alluded to, advanced towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as "the hollow way," and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death. He instantly, therefore, showed himself, and seizing an opportune moment, pierced Gessler to the heart with one of his arrows.

This bold deed accomplished, the excited hero effecting his escape, made the best of his way to Art, and thence soon gained the village of Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. The news, however, which Tell brought, removed the necessity for further immediate action, and prompt measures were taken to arrest the progress of their allies. A joy, which deeply proved the wrongs of the people, spread over the whole land, and though they delayed to strike the blow for universal freedom from the Austrian yoke, the final decision of the conspirators was only the greater.

On the morning of New-Year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was adroitly taken possession of, and its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, during the earlier hours of the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, marched towards the lake Lowerz, and destroyed the fortress of Schwanau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously dis-

playing an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hill-sides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete route, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

All that remains to be told of the Swiss hero's life is the immemorial tradition, that Wilhelm Tell, the same who shot Gessler in 1307, assisted at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337, and perished in 1350 by an inundation which destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. According to Klingenberg's chronicle, however, written towards the close of the fourteenth century, when many of his contemporaries were still living, Wilhelmus Tellus of Uri, as he calls him, the liberator of his country, became, after the battle of Morgarten, administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, where he died in 1354.

Switzerland owes more to the archer of Bürglen than, at a rough glance, she might be supposed to do. It was his bold and decisive act which first roused within its people that spirit of independence, before slumbering, and since so great in its results:

Tell showed them, by his example, what courage and prudence could effect, and gave an impulse to his countrymen of which they have not failed to take advantage.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons: the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom: about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. We shall not pursue the history of the events which immediately followed, for they disclose a sickening scene of war and bloodshed; but at once state the conclusion, that at the battle of Sempach, fought on the 9th of July 1386, the Swiss were again victorious over the Austrians. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the convention of Sempach. A further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with her other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural pursuits, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.

We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris: war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon

further strengthened by the addition of Argovia. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours: the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton: the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually styled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people, than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole

delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverdun in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some

shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenberg, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenberg withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovia, Thurgovia, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose, sounding a bugle at ten at night for a departure, and on the following morning reaching the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The

weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying, "Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory!" The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Leman. The route was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

\* The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long

remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels, Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold* :—

“There is a spot should not be passed in vain—  
 Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men  
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
 Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain ;  
 Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,  
 A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
 Themselves their monument.” \* \* \*

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Lemman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535 the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese ; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, partly within whose waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated ; among others, François de Bonnivard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles, and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a



portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

#### SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—*Helvetia* being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. In 1830 a considerable reform of abuses was generally effected, and since that period Switzerland has been, politically, not only the most free, but also one of the most prosperous and happy countries in Europe.

It now comprehends twenty-three cantons, as follows:—Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schweiz, Unterwalden, Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle-town, Basle-country, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin, Vaud, Valais, Neufchatel, and Geneva; the whole containing about two millions and a half of people. The cantons, though in some cases not larger than an English county, are each independent states as far as internal government is concerned; and are united only in a confederacy for mutual protection and general interests.

Deputies sent by each meet and form a diet or parliament, the seat of which is alternately at Berne, Lucerne, and Zurich.

In Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Zug, Glarus, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin, Vaud, Valais, and Geneva, the constitutions are democratic; in the remaining cantons they are of a mixed aristocratic and democratic character. Neufchatel possesses a peculiar constitution. Although enjoying the name of a canton, and admitted by representation into the diet, it is in point of fact a principality, under the control of Prussia, in virtue of a hereditary family claim of the Prussian monarch. This claim, by which an annual tribute is imposed, is the last wreck of arbitrary authority within the Swiss territories.

Some cantons are Roman Catholic, and others Protestant. Except in Geneva, there is little practical toleration of any belief not generally professed; and this intolerance is perhaps one of the least pleasing traits in the Swiss character. German is the language of the greater number of the cantons; French is spoken only in Geneva, Vaud, and Neufchatel; and Italian in part of the Grisons and Tessin. Elementary education is widely established, and the country possesses some learned societies; but, on the whole, Switzerland has made a poor figure in literature, and the public mind is more occupied with the real than the imaginary or the refined.

#### SOCIAL CONDITION—MANUFACTURES.

The principal towns in Switzerland are Berne, Basle, Zurich, Lucerne, Lausanne, and Geneva. Berne is generally esteemed the capital: it certainly is one of the most elegant and wealthy of the cities. In the different towns and villages throughout the country, manufactures are carried on to a considerable extent for home consumption and export. The manufacturing industry of Switzerland in some measure takes its tone from the distinctions of race in the population. The Germans engage in the manufacture of iron and machinery, linens, ribbons, silk, cotton, pottery, and some kind of toys; while the French, from their superior artistic tastes, employ themselves in making watches, jewellery, musical boxes, and other elegant objects. Iron of a superior quality is found in one of the cantons; and coal is also dug, but it is of a poor quality, and wood forms the chief fuel. Salt is now made within the canton of Basle, and in the Valais. From the prevalence of rapid running streams, there is an abundance of water-power in almost all quarters.

Geneva and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence

of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages:—

“As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock, which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil. Our mountaineers were frequently compelled, before the introduction of the above-named industry, to seek for work during the summer months among the people of the surrounding country. They rejoined their families in the winter, being enabled, from their economical savings, the moderateness of their wants, and the produce of a small portion of land, to supply themselves with the necessaries of life. And it must be remarked, also, that the entire liberty which they enjoyed, united to the absence of any description of taxation, greatly tended to relieve the hardships of their lot.

For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed;

several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is not more than eighty or ninety years since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period, also, that dates the change which has taken place in the country of Neufchatel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence.

Thus, in defiance of the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome, in spite of the obstacles which were opposed to the introduction of the produce of our industry into other countries, and notwithstanding the prohibitions which enfeebled its development, it has at length attained a prodigious extension. It may be further remarked, that, from the upper valleys of Neufchatel, where it originated, it has spread from east to west into the valleys of the Jura, and into the cantons of Berne and Vaud; and further, that all these populations form at present a single and united manufactory, whose centre and principal focus is in the mountains of Neufchatel."

It is very pleasing to know that the watchmaking trade of Neufchatel continues to prosper in spite of all the restrictions of surrounding states. In 1834, the number of watches manufactured annually in the canton was about 120,000, of which 35,000 were of gold, and the rest of silver. When to this we add the watches manufactured in the adjoining canton of Geneva, an idea may be obtained of the magnitude of this flourishing branch of trade. It is extremely probable that not fewer than 300,000 watches are exported annually from Geneva and Neufchatel. The greater proportion are necessarily smuggled out of the country, in consequence of the heavy duties or positive prohibitions of France, Austria, and other nations, through which they must go to find an outlet to America, England, Turkey, and countries still more remote. Latterly, by the lowering of import duties, many Swiss watches are imported in a regular way into England.

The manufacture of wooden toys, such as small carved figures and boxes, is also carried on in the mountainous parts of Switzer-

land, many of the rural labourers employing themselves on these articles at leisure hours, and particularly during the winter season, when out-door labour is stopped. Among the hills near Unterseen and Interlaken, we have observed a number of these interesting domestic manufactories, by which, at little cost, many comforts are procured.

Appenzell takes the lead in cotton manufactures, and Zurich in the spinning and weaving of silk. It is most extraordinary how the manufacture of these bulky articles should prosper, considering the distance of the country from the sea. Surrounded by hostile, or at least rival and jealous neighbours, and with a long land-carriage, on which heavy tolls are imposed, to and from sea-ports, the Swiss still contrive to carry on a successful foreign trade, and even outdo the French and Germans in point of skill and cheapness. The whole social condition of the Swiss is curious. The bulk of the country is divided into small possessions, each cultivated or superintended by its proprietor. There are few persons with large estates; and "landed gentlemen," as they are termed in England, are almost unknown. The rural population, therefore, whether agriculturists in the valleys or plains, or sheep or neat-herds among the hills, are, for the greater part, only a superior kind of peasants, few of whom possess the wealth or comforts of modern Scotch farmers. In some districts the people unite the character of agriculturists and artisans. On certain days or seasons, or at certain hours, they work on their little farms, and the rest of their time is employed in weaving, toy-making, or in some other handicraft. Instead of confining themselves to towns, the Swiss operatives prefer working in villages, or in cottages scattered on the faces of the hills; for there they are near the gardens or fields which they delight in cultivating, and there they can unexpensively keep a cow, goat, or pig. A great number have goats, for the sake of their milk, and because their keep is next to nothing in the way of outlay.

The diligence with which the families of Swiss workmen pursue their labours in and out of doors at these rural retreats, is spoken of by all travellers as a kind of wonder; and in the neighbourhood of Zurich it appears in its most captivating form. Wandering up the slopes of the hills, we perceive numerous clusters of cottages, inhabited principally by weavers, from which the sound of the shuttle is heard to proceed. Here, as elsewhere, the cottages are chiefly of wood, but substantial, and are generally ornamented with vines clinging to the picturesque eaves of the roof. All around are patches of garden, or small enclosed fields, sufficient, probably, to pasture one or two goats, with some ground under crops of potatoes. Industry is everywhere observable. If the husband is at the loom, his wife is out of doors at the potato-ridges; a girl is winding bobbins, and a boy is attending the goat. Baby leads the only sinecure life, and is

seen sprawling at his ease on a cushion laid on the ground at a short distance from the mother. The people, in this way, are constantly at work. They may be seen labouring in the fields before sunrise and after sunset. With all their labour, in and out of doors, families do not realise above eight or nine shillings each weekly. Provisions are cheaper than in England, and the taxes are few and light; but, with these advantages in their favour, the Swiss do not realise so high a remuneration as English operatives. Yet, with their few shillings weekly, they are generally better off than workmen in this country, because they are exceedingly economical. The Swiss operative employs his spare hours in making his own or his children's clothes, and his wife and children are all productive in some humble way; so that, being frugal and easily contented, the family is never ill off. All contrive to save something. With their savings they build or buy a cottage, and purchase a piece of ground; and to attain this amount of riches—to have this substantial stake in the country—is their highest ambition. That a large proportion of English and Scotch workmen could in the same manner, and with their comparatively high wages, attain the same degree of wealth and respectability, there can be no reasonable doubt. The sixty millions of pounds spent annually in Great Britain on intoxicating liquors, could buy many a comfortable cottage, surrounded by a productive field or garden, the seat of health and happiness.

The most remarkable point in the social economy of Switzerland, is the universal principle of freedom in trade, in which respect it has no parallel on the face of the earth. While in Great Britain the principles of a free exchange of commodities are still nothing more than a theory, in Switzerland they are a practical good. A free export and import are permitted. The government has no custom-house establishment, either in reference to the general frontiers, or the frontiers of the respective states: the only impediment to the transport of goods of any description, in any direction, is the exaction of tolls, at the rate of about one penny per hundredweight, for the benefit of the cantonal revenues; from which, however, the roads are kept in repair. At all the great outlets from Switzerland, strong bodies of *douaniers*, or armed custom-house officers, are stationed by the authorities of other nations, for the purpose of rigorously examining and taxing all articles that come out of the Swiss territory; but within the Swiss side of these outlets, there are no officials to pay the least attention to anything that comes into the country; and, in point of fact, the French, Germans, and other neighbours, export to Switzerland whatever goods they please, including all kinds of foreign produce, without being charged any duty whatever. This very remarkable state of things is partly ascribable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others

contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. Another cause, perhaps, is the vast expense which would be necessarily incurred by attempting to watch a widely-extended boundary beset by active contrabandists. It is at the same time fair to state, that in all the deliberations of the Swiss authorities for a number of years, there appears to have been a great unanimity of feeling on the propriety of abstaining from restrictions on commerce. A committee appointed by the diet in 1833, to consider the subject of foreign relations, made the following report, one of the most extraordinary ever uttered by the members of a legislative body:—

“First—The Swiss confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and manufacture. Second—Under no circumstances and no conditions shall it form a part of the French custom-house system, of the Prussian commercial league, or the custom-house line of any foreign nation. Third—It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade. Fourth—It shall, as far as possible, discuss and establish conventions with the neighbouring states for the disposal of agricultural and vineyard produce and cattle, for obtaining the free ingress of corn, and for maintaining the daily, reciprocal, economical, neighbourly, and border traffic and market transactions. Fifth—Wherever a free trade is not obtainable, it shall endeavour to remove all prohibitions, to lower duties, and to secure the power of transit on the most favourable terms. Sixth—When exceptional favours can be obtained, they shall be used for the advancement of those measures which lead to the accomplishment of the ends proposed; so, however, that exchanges be not thereby limited, nor personal liberty interfered with. Seventh—In the interior of Switzerland, it shall make every exertion to assist industry, and to remove impediments to intercourse; taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers.”

All restrictions on the importation of articles from other countries being thus removed, it might be supposed by some that the country would be deluged with foreign manufactures, greatly to the injury of native capitalists and workmen. But this does not appear to be the case. In several branches of manufacture the Swiss excel; and the opportunity of buying certain kinds of foreign produce, at a particularly cheap rate, enables the people to encourage the growth of other manufactures in their own country. The peasant who buys an English-made knife at half what he could buy a Swiss one for, has a half of his money remaining wherewith to purchase a native-made ribbon; hence, Swiss manufactures of one kind or other are sure to be encouraged.

## FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England; these generally reach it by ascending the Rhine in steam-vessels as far as Strasburg, and thence by railway to Basle. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from twenty to thirty miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now daily traversed by a small steamboat.

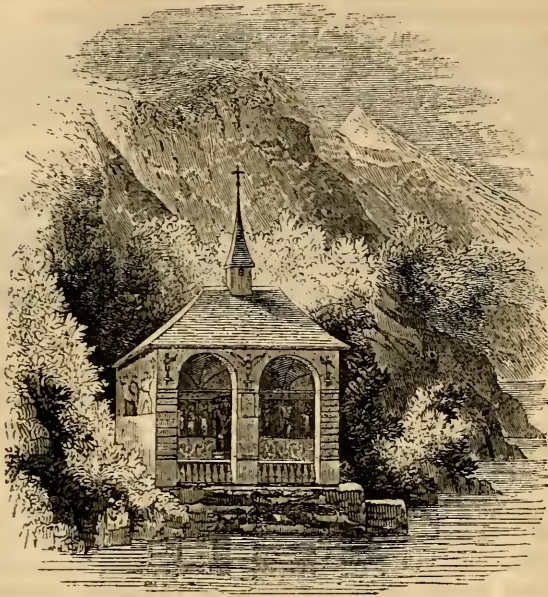
The thing which imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connexion with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked. In the true spirit of a poet, Rogers has referred to the sentiment which thus clothes the rugged headlands and steeps of Lucerne with hallowed recollections:—

“ That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,  
 Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,  
 Built by the giant race before the flood ;  
 Where not a cross or chapel but inspires  
 Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God  
 From god-like men. \* \*  
 That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,  
 Training a band of small republics there,  
 Which still exist, the envy of the world !  
 Who would not land in each, and tread the ground—  
 Land where TELL leaped ashore—and climb to drink  
 Of the three hallowed fountains ? He that does,  
 Comes back the better. \* \*  
 Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory,  
 Graven with records of the past,  
 Excites to hero-worship.”

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons, from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schweitz, as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the



water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only

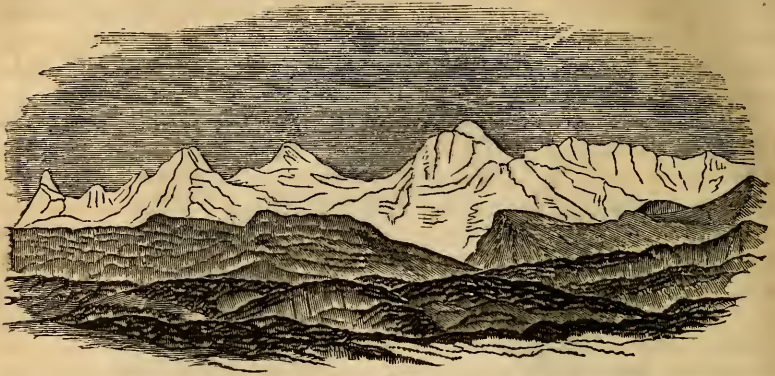


Tell's Chapel.

means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Küssnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate; and only once a-year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles farther on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finisterarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. We present in next page a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direc-



tion from Lake Lemman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. *Cretins* occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently *goitres* than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Lemman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Lemman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial

pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Lemman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steamboats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a depôt for military stores. The buildings are entire, but uninhabited. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shows on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice, overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the "Prisoner of Chillon" of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of

this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic license has therefore been taken in the forcible lines—

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod—  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—  
 By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God!”

The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron, may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.





## THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS CROWE, AUTHORESS OF "SUSAN HOPLEY."

**I**CANNOT encourage a boy of your age in begging, said a gentleman to a little lad about ten years old, who intreated him to give him a halfpenny; "you should work, not beg." "I have not got any work," answered the boy. "Would you do it if you had?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the boy.

"What are your parents?" asked the gentleman. "My father's dead," replied the child, "and my mother begs, and sends me out to beg; but I keep away from her, because she beats me."

"And where do you sleep at night, when you don't go home?"

"Anywhere I can—under a hedge, or in a doorway; sometimes I get into a stable-loft or an empty cart."

"That's a miserable life," returned the gentleman; "come with me and I'll give you a trial. What is your name?"

"George Macmahon."

"Come along, then, George Macmahon. Now, if you are wise, this may prove the turn of your fortune; but remember, beginnings are slow; you must work first for small wages till you are stronger and able to earn more; but if I see that you are willing to work, I will do what I can for you."

This gentleman, whose name was Herriott, was the overseer of some public works; so, as George's capabilities were yet but limited, he put a hammer into his hand, and set him to break stones, promising that if he were diligent, and broke as many as

he could, he should have eightpence a-day, and a place to sleep in at night.

George Macmahon set to his work apparently with a good heart. The stones were not very hard, and they had already been broken into small pieces—his business was to break them still smaller; and when he exerted his strength and struck them a good blow, he could do it very well. However, when he had worked a little while, he began to make rather long pauses between his strokes, and to look a good deal about him, especially when any well-dressed persons passed that way; and once or twice, when he thought no one was looking, he threw down his hammer, and applied himself to his former trade of begging for a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. When he had in this way made out some three or four hours, he was accosted by an acquaintance of his, a boy about his own age, who was also a beggar. The only difference in their situation was, that the mother of the latter was very sickly, and unable to support him; but she did not beat him, and would not have sent him to beg if she could have done anything better for him.

“What!” said the new-comer, whose name was John Reid; “have you got leave to break stones?”

“Yes,” answered George, “a gentleman has given me a job; I am to have *eightpence* a-day and a place to sleep in;” and George at that moment felt himself a person of considerable consequence.

“I wish he would give me a job too,” said John; “do you think he would?”

“You can ask him if you like,” answered George; “that’s his office, and I saw him go in there just now.” So John presented himself to Mr Herriott, and said he should be very glad if he would give him a job as he had done to George Macmahon; and after asking him a few questions, Mr Herriott supplied him with a hammer, and set him to work.

It was quite evident, from the way he set about it, that it was John Reid’s intention to break as many stones as he could; and accordingly, by night his heap was much larger than George Macmahon’s, although he had not worked so long; but then he hit them with all his might, did not make long pauses between his strokes to look about him, and when any well-dressed persons passed, instead of slipping away to beg for a halfpenny, he only grasped his hammer with more firmness, gave harder blows, and appeared more intent upon his work; for, thought he, it makes one look respectable to be employed, but everybody despises beggars. At night they each got their eightpence; for although George had not worked as hard as he could, Mr Herriott did not wish to discourage him; and having bought themselves some supper, they were conducted to a shed, where they passed the night on some clean straw—a much more comfortable bed than they were accustomed to. On the following morning they both repaired to their toil at the sound of the bell

—John Reid with rather augmented vigour; but after the first half hour, George Macmahon's strokes became lighter, and his pauses longer, till at last he threw down his hammer and burst out into a fit of laughter.

"What's the matter?" said John; "what are you laughing at?"

"Why, I am laughing to think what fools the gentlefolks must be to suppose we'll work for eightpence a-day at breaking these stones, when we can earn a shilling a-day by begging, and our food besides; for people give us enough to eat at their doors, and then we can spend our money in drink."

"But, then," said John, "we are only beggars, and that's such a disgrace."

"Disgrace!" said George; "pooh! who cares for that? Surely it's better to live without working, if one can?"

"I don't know that," said John: "besides, you know, if we go on begging, we shall never get to be better off—we shall always be beggars to the last; but if we work when we are young, we may grow rich by the time we are old, and live like the gentlefolks."

"It's a long time to wait for what may never happen," replied George; "besides, I'm tired of work—it makes my arm ache. There's a carriage coming down the hill with some ladies in it!" added he suddenly, and away he ran to beseech the ladies to give him a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. They threw him sixpence. "Now, look here," said he to his comrade; "here's nearly a day's wages just for the asking; one must break a pretty lot of stones before one earns sixpence. Come along; throw down your hammer, and let's be off before Mr Herriott sees us."

"No, I shan't," responded John; "I shall stay here and break the stones; but I wish, if you mean to go, you would call and tell my mother where I am, and that she shall see me on Sunday."

"Sunday!" cried George; "you don't mean to stay here till Sunday, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said John; "I'll stay as long as they'll keep me."

George went away laughing at the folly of his companion; and when he met Jane Reid begging, he told her she might expect to see John before Sunday, for he was sure his arm would be so tired that he would soon give up breaking stones.

But George was mistaken: John's arm was tired at first, it is true, but it soon got accustomed to the labour, and then it ceased to ache, and grew daily stronger. Mr Herriott paid him his eightpence every night, and let him sleep in the shed; but he took little more notice of him, for he looked upon it as pretty certain that he would follow the same course as George Macmahon had done, and disappear; and he was justified in thinking so, for he had put several beggar boys to the same proof, and

not one of them had held out above a couple of days. However, when a week had elapsed, and John Reid was still hammering away as hard as ever, he began to think better of him—spoke to him encouragingly as he passed, showed him how to do his work with the greatest ease to himself, and occasionally sent him out a slice of bread and meat from his own kitchen. In short, John Reid grew into favour, and Mr Herriott began to think of putting him into some employment more fit for him than breaking stones, which he was scarcely strong enough to do yet with advantage to himself or his employer. He therefore took him off the road, and set him to remove some earth where they wanted to make a drain; and when this was done, he was sent amongst the carters, to help to load the carts, and learn how to manage the horses. Thus, as is always the case with boys who are industriously inclined, John got on from one thing to another, till he found the way to make himself really useful; and as he always did whatever was given him to do to the best of his abilities, his services were soon in general request among the men; and John's place became no sinecure. He worked hard all day, but then his wages were raised to six shillings a-week; he had enough to eat, and he could afford to pay for half a bed, which was a comfort he had very seldom enjoyed; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing that he was getting on, and gaining the confidence of his employers. It is true he was often extremely tired after his day's work, yet he felt contented and happy, and rejoiced that he had not followed the example of George Macmahon; for he had earned a treasure that George knew nothing of—the treasure of hope—hope for the future—hope that he might some day have good clothes and a nice house, and live comfortably “like the gentlefolks,” and be called *Sir*, as Mr Herriott was; for John thought it must be very pleasant to be respected and looked up to. And John was quite right—it was a very legitimate object of ambition; and it would be well if it were more generally entertained amongst the poor, because there is but one road to success, and that is by the way of industry and honesty. John felt this, and that was the reason he liked his work: he saw that it made him respectable, because it is respectable to be useful. Indeed the being useful is the source of the only true respect mankind can ever enjoy; all the homage which is yielded to their other attributes—wealth, station, and power—unless these are beneficially exercised—that is, made useful—is only factitious; a sentiment compounded of fear, baseness, and self-interest.

Amongst the persons under Mr Herriott was a young man called Gale, who acted as clerk and bookkeeper. His connexions were in rather a superior condition of life; but having been himself imprudent, and reduced to distress, interest had been made with Mr Herriott's employers, who had appointed him to the situation he held. But adversity had not remedied the faults



of his character; he was still too fond of company and convivial parties, and not unfrequently, for the sake of yielding to their seductions, neglected his business.

One Saturday, about three months after John Reid's first introduction to Mr Herriott, that gentleman had desired Gale to go to the town, which was about two miles distant, and bring back the money that would be wanted to pay the men's wages at night; but in the morning Gale forgot it, and in the afternoon there was some amusement in the way that made him dislike the expedition. So he looked about for some one to send in his place, and at last fixed upon John, because he could be the best spared, and was the least likely to be missed; his work being of such various kinds, that if he were not seen busy in one spot, he would be supposed to be busy in another. So he despatched John with a note, desiring the money might be given to the bearer; and although the agent thought *the bearer* rather an odd person to be intrusted with so large a sum, he did not consider himself justified in withholding the money; and consequently John received a bundle of bank-notes, which he buttoned carefully up in his pocket, and set off back again. On his way he fell in with Maggy Macmahon, George's mother. She was begging; and seeing that he looked decent, and no longer wore his beggar's rags, she told him that she supposed, now he was grown such a great man, he could afford to give a poor body a penny. John had some pence in his pocket; and more, perhaps, from a little pardonable vanity than from charity—for he knew Maggy to be a bad woman—he unbuttoned his pocket in order to comply with her request; but he had no sooner done so than she caught sight of the bank-notes, and made a snatch at them, calling him, at the same time, a young thief, and asking him where he had stole all that money from. Failing, however, in her object, she tried to seize him by the collar, but John slipped through her fingers and took to his heels. She ran after him for some time, calling "*Stop thief*"—but as there was nobody at hand to stop him, and as, being half-intoxicated, she could not overtake him herself, she soon gave up the chase, and John arrived safe with his charge, and delivered it to Gale. But Maggy, who had heard from her own son where John was employed, was shrewd enough to guess that he had been sent to fetch the money to pay the week's wages, and that, probably, on the following or some other Saturday, he might be employed on the same errand; and as the road was not much frequented, it occurred to her that, with a coadjutor, if not alone, she could hardly fail to obtain the booty.

It happened as Maggy had expected. John having been found a faithful messenger on the first occasion, the next time Gale's engagements made it inconvenient for him to go himself, he despatched him again. John went, accordingly, and received the money; but remembering what had happened on his former

expedition, and having the fear of Maggy before his eyes, he hid the money this time in his bosom, resolving to run all the way back, and not to answer her if she accosted him. But Maggy was too cunning for him; she had watched him up to the town; and not doubting the purpose of his errand, she waylaid him on his return, selecting for her purpose the most lonely part of the road, and taking her son George with her as a reinforcement. Thus, when the poor boy approached, she suddenly darted out from her concealment, and seizing him by the arm, told him that if he did not give her the money he was carrying she would kill him; but instead of doing what she desired, John cried out for help, and struggled hard to get away; and as he was an active boy, he did at last succeed in releasing himself from her grasp; but unfortunately, just as he was taking to his heels, his clothes having been loosened in the scuffle, the bundle of notes fell from his bosom to the ground, and were in an instant picked up by George, who had been hitherto an inactive spectator of the conflict. As soon as Maggy saw that her object was attained, she made no further effort to detain John; but, deaf to his intreaties to restore him the money, she, with her son, started off in an opposite direction, declaring that if he attempted to follow her she would take his life. But John, too much alarmed at his loss to heed her threats, persisted in following her, hoping to meet some one to whom he could appeal for assistance; but Maggy obviated this danger by cutting across the fields, till at length, finding she could not get rid of him, she turned suddenly round, and with a savage blow felled him to the earth. By the time John had risen and wiped the blood from his face, Maggy and her son were far out of his reach, so there was nothing left for him but to pursue his way home, which he did with a heavy heart, greatly fearing that this misfortune would bring him much trouble, and perhaps be the occasion of his losing his situation.

As may be imagined, Gale, when he heard John's story, was extremely frightened, and, consequently, extremely angry, for he knew very well the fault was his own, and that his neglect of duty would now be disclosed to Mr Herriott; and as fear and anger are apt to render people very unjust, he refused to believe John's account of the matter, accusing him in one breath of carelessness, and in the next of dishonesty, threatening to turn him off, and to have him up to the police; but as he could not do either of his own authority, he began by dragging him to Mr Herriott's office, and presenting him to that gentleman in the guise of a culprit brought up for chastisement. After reproving Gale severely for delegating a commission of such a nature to another, and especially to a boy who had so lately been taken off the streets, Mr Herriott turned to John to hear what he had to say for himself, not doubting that the temptation had been too strong for a lad brought up under circumstances so unfavourable, and that he was really guilty of appropriating the money. "But

who has given you that blow on the face?" inquired he, on observing that John's nose had been bleeding, and that his mouth was swollen.

"Maggy Macmahon," said he, "because I ran after her to try to get the money back; and after she had knocked me down, she ran so fast that I could not overtake her; but if you'd be pleased to send to where she lives, perhaps you might catch her, and get it yet."

This suggestion, whether honestly offered or not, Mr Herriott thought it right to follow; so, having hastily gathered an outline of the case from John, he despatched him, with three of his most trusty workmen, to look after Maggy, giving the men strict orders not to let John escape, nor even to lose sight of him for a moment. But neither Maggy nor George was to be found at their lodgings; neither did they return there all night; so on the following day, the police having been put upon the alert, the expedition presented themselves before Mr Herriott with John still in their custody, but without any tidings of the money. The disappearance of the mother and son was in some degree a confirmation of the boy's story, and disposed Mr Herriott to listen with a more believing ear to what he said. Still it was possible that there might have been collusion amongst the parties, and that John's share of the booty was somewhere secured for him till he could accept it without danger; and then it occurred to Mr Herriott that very likely it had been given to his mother. The police were therefore desired to investigate the matter, and keep a close eye upon Jane Reid's proceedings; but, on inquiry, it appeared that Jane Reid was in the hospital ill of a fever, and had been there for some days. So far the circumstances were favourable to John, as was also the discovery that he had brought the money safely on a former occasion; therefore, though still uncertain what to think, Mr Herriott did not turn him away, but merely kept him under strict *surveillance*, desiring the men he could trust to lose sight of him as little as possible. Thus John went on as before, doing his duty as well as he could; but he was not so happy, because he felt he was suspected; and he saw little hopes of his justification, for Maggy and George returned no more to their lodging, nor did the police succeed in tracing them.

However, fortunately, when people intend to do right, being watched is much to their advantage; and so it proved with John, for the more narrowly his conduct was observed, the more reason Mr Herriott saw to approve it; and as time advanced, and his acquaintance with John increased, he became thoroughly satisfied that the account the boy had given of the notes had been correct, and that he had actually been robbed of them. This conviction was accompanied by a great increase of interest for John, who, he felt, had been injured by the suspicion, and had thus had an additional difficulty thrown in his upward path, and one that, in a less well-disposed boy, might have discouraged

him altogether from well-doing; for, besides the mortification of being doubted, John had many crosses to bear from Gale, who resented the loss of the money as the cause of his own exposure, and took many opportunities of making the culprit feel the weight of his displeasure. But Mr Herriott's favour and good opinion were the road to fortune, and John seeing that, bore Gale's ill-will with patience; and accordingly, in spite of it, he rose from one thing to another, till he found himself in a situation of trust and authority, being employed as clerk and overseer under Mr Herriott, with a salary of one hundred pounds a-year. This happened when John was twenty-five, exactly fifteen years after the time when he had found George breaking stones, and had asked Mr Herriott to let him have a hammer and give him a job.

John Reid was now a very happy young man, and his mother was a happy woman; for, having recovered from her fever, she was now kindly provided with every comfort in a neat and decent house by her dutiful son, and did not any longer need to lower herself by begging for a subsistence. John was the more happy from the contrast betwixt the present and the past, his comfortable and respectable situation being very unlike the prospect that had opened itself to him in his early years, when, a beggar born, he saw no hopes of ever being anything else; and nothing else would he ever have been, had he not had the wisdom to seize upon fortune, and having once laid hold of her, taken good care not to let her go again. The opportunity had offered—John had *seized* it—George had *refused* it—and these reflections led him often to think of George, and to wonder what was become of him; the more especially as he could not but remember that George was, in fact, the humble instrument of his own good fortune; for had he not seen him breaking the stones, it never would have occurred to him to make the application for himself.

It happened, on the occasion of some public rejoicing, that the men were allowed to leave work early, and some indulgences were given to permit of their spending the evening convivially together; but Mr Herriott particularly charged John to see that there was no drunkenness or disorder; and with this view, John put on his hat and cloak a little before midnight, in order to ascertain that the party had broken up, and that the men had retired peaceably to their beds. It was in the depth of winter, the weather was very cold, and the snow was lying three feet deep upon the ground. Having seen that the place where the men had supped was empty, and that all was apparently quiet in the cottages where they slept, Reid gladly turned towards his own dwelling, for the cold gusts of wind that seemed to blow through him, and the sharp sleet that drove against his face, brought out in bold relief the comforts of his tidily-furnished room, bright fire, and wholesome bed; but as he passed a temporary building which had been run up to defend some stores from the weather, he

fancied he heard a groan. He listened, and it was repeated. "Ah!" thought he, "after all I am afraid they have not been so steady as I had hoped; this is some drunken fellow, I suppose, paying the penalty of his excesses;" and he turned into the shed to see who it was. He had a lantern in his hand, and by its dim light he perceived a bundle of rags in one corner, whence the sounds proceeded, and on touching the object with his foot, a face was lifted up from the heap—a face on which death was imprinted, and which, with its hollow eyes, stared upon him with a meaningless stare, that showed that the senses were paralysed by the wretchedness to which the body was reduced. Seeing that this poor creature must die if he remained exposed to the cold of the night, John called up one of the workmen, and with his assistance removed him to a warmer situation; and there, after a little while, the heat of the stove, and a glass of warm brandy and water which they procured from Mr Herriott's house, restored the sufferer to consciousness. John then offered him something to eat; but he shook his head, and said if it had come earlier it might have done him good, but that now he believed he was past eating. And so he was—and yet he was but a youth; but intemperance when he had money, and want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather when he had none, had done the work of years, and he had reached the last stage of his pilgrimage upon earth. In the morning, Mr Herriott, hearing of the circumstance, came to see him, and perceiving that death was fast approaching, he asked him where he came from, and if he had any friends? The man lifted up his heavy eyelids on hearing the interrogation; but when his eyes fell on Mr Herriott's features, a ray of intelligence and recognition shot from them. "Ah, sir!" said he, "I know you, but you have forgotten me."

"Did I ever see you before?" said Mr Herriott.

"You once gave me a job, sir, and said you'd be a friend to me," answered the miserable creature; "but I hadn't the sense to see what was for my own good. There was a boy, called John Reid——"

"Ah!" said Mr Herriott, interrupting him, for he recognised at once who the stranger was, and saw the importance of seizing the opportunity to clear his friend John's character from the shadow of an imputation—"I remember you now, and John Reid too; but John got into trouble about some money that he lost betwixt this and the town. Did you ever hear anything of it?"

"Did he lose his situation for it?" said the dying man, making an effort to raise himself on his elbow—"that was hard—very hard, for he couldn't help it; we took the money from him, I and my mother—but it did us no good; it was soon gone, and then she took to thieving to get more, and made me thief too. It's too late now; but if I'd stayed and broken the stones, it might have been different with me this day; but I was idle, and let the

chance slip by me, and I never got another. I wish I could live my life over again, and I would behave differently; but that is impossible. I can now only hope that God will have mercy on me." In a few minutes the poor wretch breathed his last, presenting a melancholy sight to those who saw him expire.

And such was the dismal end of George Macmahon, the beggar, who refused to work because he could get a shilling a-day and his food without the inconvenience of labour.

But John Reid, who reflected that a beggar can never be anything but a beggar, and who thought it must be pleasant to be respected, and wear good clothes, and be called "*Sir*, like the gentlefolks," lived to see his honest ambition realised; and after passing his existence in peace, plenty, and contentment—having risen step by step, till, at Mr Herriott's death, he was appointed to that gentleman's situation—died at a good old age, on a bed surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, to whom he left a comfortable provision, and the blessed inheritance of a *good name*.

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## THE WIDOW'S SON.

A TALE.

BY MRS STONE, AUTHORESS OF THE "COTTON LORD."

"COME, Susan, do not take on so; it is true the death of your husband is a sad loss; still it is your duty to submit."

"I know that," said Susan to her visitor; "I know that; but it *is* main hard." And the new-made widow wrung her hands, and wept in the extremity of grief. Just then a gentleman entered the cottage.

"I'm glad you're come, sir, for Susan's in a sad way; mayhap you can make her hear reason."

"She must have time, poor woman; she must have time. Don't bother her, Betty; let her weep; it will do her good."

So saying, the gentleman, who was Mr Fenton, the master of the free grammar-school, sat down, took the widow's only child, a boy of about four years, between his knees, and began to talk to the visitor on indifferent topics.

By degrees the paroxysm of the poor woman's grief subsided; though she still wept, her tears fell calmly, and she was able to look about her, and to pay some attention to the conversation of those who were around.

Mr Fenton, though he appeared to take no notice, had observed her from time to time, quietly waiting till she would be in a state to "hear reason," as her friend Betty termed it, before he ad-

dressed her; and when he did so, to Betty's great surprise, it was to talk hopefully of the future, not to lament over the past.

"What a fine boy Tommy is grown," said he, stroking the boy's head; "how old is he now?"

"I am five year old," said Tommy, quite manfully.

"Five years! why, you're growing quite a man. What do you mean to do with him, Susan?"

"I know not, sir; he's owre young yet for aught. He's a good child, but a sore burden for a lone woman to have to keep."

"A sore burden! not at all, if you train him up well, and make him useful. He might do something now."

"No, no; he's owre young yet for aught but play."

"My good woman, the plays children find for themselves are far harder and more toilsome than any work I would put him to. The habit, the early habit of industry and usefulness, is what you must try to give your child; and that habit alone is the best fortune he can have. But, as I said, he is not too young even now to achieve something useful, as well as to gain a habit of industry. He can pick up stones, I warrant."

"Yes, to be sure," said the widow.

"Yes, and I'll be bound he could weed out the groundsel and chickweed in a garden bed, if he were kindly and plainly shown which they are."

"Yes, he's a sharp boy, and minds what's said to him."

"Sharp and attentive, and five years old! oh, never tell me he can do nothing. I hear you begin your charring again on Monday, and Mrs Fenton says, that now the school's so full, she can find you almost constant employment at our house. Now, Susan, listen to me. Bring your boy with you; I have a small field I want cleared of stones; I have some rough but very easy and light work in my garden. I will take care that the child is properly set agoing. Thus he will be out of harm's way; he will be acquiring a habit of industry, besides learning his letters; and he will be even earning a trifle towards his own support. You will mind what I say?"

"I will, sir, and I offer you many, many thanks."

The good effect of this judicious kindness on the poor woman was immediate; for the remainder of the funeral week, instead of being passed in vain tears and lamentations, was busily occupied in mending up Tommy's clothes, that he might "go decent o' Monday."

Monday came, and Tommy was duly initiated into the mystery not merely of filling a little basket with stones, and emptying it again (for in that he was, like the rest of the world of children, a tolerable proficient), but he was taught always to empty the basket at one spot, so as to make a heap; and he directly felt a laudable pride in the size of his heap, and worked manfully.

It was no very long time before Tommy became really useful, for he was docile, and attentive, and industrious. The school-

master—whose servant, before her marriage, Susan had been, and who respected her for her strict integrity and steady industry—kept, amid his own important avocations, an observant eye on her boy, and took care that some sort of work, suited to his age, should always be found for him. In due time Tommy was elevated to the post of errand-boy and shoe-cleaner to the school, and there was now no need to seek out for work for him; his own vocation brought him abundance; but the principle of industry was already securely inculcated; the boy never shirked his work.

It was about this time that Mr Fenton frequently observed Tom and his own son, who was a year or two younger, in earnest conference apart from the other boys. Their usual rendezvous was the steps of a dry-well in the playground. One day he came upon them quite unexpectedly, and both boys started, whilst his own endeavoured to huddle something into his pocket.

“What is that you are hiding, Harry?” said Mr Fenton. “Give it to me.”

“Please, father, it’s only this,” said the boy, holding out a tattered horn-book.

“Why do you hide this, Harry? What are you doing with it?”

“Only teaching Tom to read, father.”

“Which is creditable both to you and him. You need not be ashamed of it, either of you. So, you wish to learn to read, Tom?”

“I would give all I have in the world to learn, sir.”

“Well, my boy,” said Mr Fenton, smiling, “it shall not cost you so much as that; nevertheless, you must pay for it.”

Tom stared at the idea of *his* paying, and so did Harry.

“What I mean is this, Tom: you are hired here to perform certain duties; you are paid for doing them; and I must have none of them omitted, or even neglected. But, by *working a little harder*, you may contrive to have a spare hour in the afternoon, and that hour you may spend in the schoolroom. This extra work, Tom, this coming an hour earlier in the morning, or working in your dinner hour—for one or the other you must do—this is the way in which you must pay for your learning; and, as you grow older, you will find that nothing great or important can be achieved without self-denial and exertion; you must begin to practise both *now*, even to learn to read.”

A proud day was it for Tom Multon, and for his happy mother, when, with newly-washed hands, and a face as shining as soap and water could make it, he made his first appearance in the schoolroom as a *scholar*. He blushed scarlet, and felt painfully confused as he glanced timidly round and saw the jeering and quizzical looks that were cast on him; but Harry Fenton smiled kindly on him; and the usher, who had been previously instructed by Mr Fenton, called him to a form near himself, and immediately set him to work.



From this day Tom never once missed his afternoon attendance at school; his time of entering became earlier and earlier, till at last he habitually came in almost as soon as the bell rang. Mr Fenton at first made some remark, as, "Are you not too early, Tom?" but the invariable answer was, "I've done my work, sir, every bit of it;" and as the answer was always true, as nothing of his regular employment was ever neglected, the schoolmaster ceased to notice the matter.

He could not shut his eyes, however, to the extraordinary progress Tom made in his schooling. The usher, who began to take quite a pride in the boy, frequently called his attention to the fact, and begged him to enlarge the circumscribed plan which he had laid down for his learning. For a long time Mr Fenton refused to do this. He was afraid of entailing misery on the boy, by giving him tastes beyond what his station in life would permit him to gratify. His mother was earning her bread by the sorest drudgery; the boy had no prospect but of doing the same; and he thought that, by enabling him to read English, to write a little, and cast common accounts, he was giving him learning sufficient to make him respectable in his own station of life, and even to elevate him moderately above it. He was not proof, however, against the repeated hints of his usher, the solicitations of his own son, and more especially the patient perseverance of the boy himself, when he found that he had absolutely, against orders, been secretly toiling at the Latin grammar. Moreover, he began to feel that, possessing, from his own position, every facility to help Tom forward, he might himself be doing wrong to repress, determinately, the evidently strong bent of his disposition. The boy was quiet and docile, perseveringly *industrious* in all he had to do, but above all, *fond of his book*.

So, having at length made up his own mind, the schoolmaster betook himself to the widow, to induce her to dispense with the present profit of her son's labour, and to let him give himself entirely to the school. She remonstrated sorely: "she saw no good so much learning would do him; she was a lone widow; she had nobody to work for her; and she could not afford to keep a great boy like him in idleness."

The schoolmaster urged her to try, for her boy's sake, for his future good; and at length, but not without considerable difficulty, he obtained her consent, promising that she should be at no expense about books, and that he would endeavour to help her in the matter of clothes.

These latter stipulations Mr Fenton managed in a peculiar way; for, with a heart open as the day to charity, he had not a purse wherewithal to second his wishes.

"I have a great favour to beg of you, Mr Courtney," said he to a gentleman who had come to take his son home for the holidays.

"Pray, name it, Mr Fenton; I shall feel much pleasure in obliging you, if it be in my power."

"It is quite so; easily so. I have a *protégé*, a poor lad, humble and industrious, but with such an irrepressible love of books that it is useless to attempt to curb it. I am willing to give him the run of the school; his mother, a hard-working woman, consents to give up his time; but we are at a loss for clothes and books. Your son is about a year older, and my petition to you is, that I may have Master Edward's cast-off suit, at the end of each half-year, for poor Tom Multon."

"Oh, willingly—most willingly."

"And perhaps I may be permitted to take Master Edward's school classics as he relinquishes them: truth compels me to say, they will hardly grace your library shelves after they have done duty here."

There is hardly need to add, that ready permission was granted, and, moreover, that a lasting interest in his fortunes was thus awakened for Tom in Mr Courtney's breast. Similar applications were made, as they became requisite, by Mr Fenton to other parents, and with the like success. Thus was the errand-boy provided regularly and permanently with clothes, with books, and placed in the path of scholarship. And he became a scholar; not a great, not a shining one, but a safe, a sure, a correct one. He was always assiduous, always attentive, always industrious. If he made no great or sudden steps forward, he never retrograded; and thus gradually and surely winning his onward way, he was fully qualified in a few years to succeed, in the post of usher, the young man who had so kindly and cordially co-operated with Mr Fenton in his education. And it may be doubtful whether Tom Multon himself, now called Mr Thomas, was more proud of his advancement than was his ever kind patron, Mr Fenton, or his fast friend, Harry Fenton, who was now bound for the university.

But there was yet another who, silent, unobserved, unsuspected, watched Tom Multon's progress with a far deeper interest than either his patron, his school-friend, or even she who watched his cradle, and fostered him with a mother's love. This was a young girl of domestic habits and retired manners, gentle and unobtrusive, who had been nurtured from infancy in the house which now, since he assumed the duties of usher, was also his home. Rose Fenton was an orphan, but not a destitute one, for her good uncle and guardian had taken care that the little patrimony bequeathed to her should not diminish in his hands. She was kind and good-tempered, a clever housewife for her years, obliging to those about her, and very good to her poor neighbours. Her uncle used to say jokingly, but most kindly, that she was "cut out for a parson's wife;" but at present all Rose's hopes and wishes seemed to be centred in the home of her childhood. But ere long they began to stray, and

it could not escape the notice of so observant a person as Mr Fenton, that a warm and mutual attachment was ripening between his usher and his niece.

At first this sorely grieved and perplexed him; for he felt, naturally enough, the inequality of their stations; for though bred up in a homely and domestic way, Rose Fenton had a right to look to a much higher marriage than one with the child of charity, the son of his charwoman, Susan. But when, again, he reflected on the youth's course of conduct even from his cradle until now; his unvarying integrity, industry, and docility; his good temper, his kind disposition, and the advance in station which his own unwearied perseverance had already achieved—he thought perhaps he might rather congratulate his niece than otherwise. He determined to let matters take their course.

But whatever hopes Thomas Multon might secretly cherish, he was too prudent as yet to give any expression to them. True, he had made his way wonderfully; but he felt he had yet much to achieve ere he dared to whisper his hopes to Miss Fenton, or seek the approbation of her uncle. His mother was yet drudging as a servant; she, who had for years deprived herself of every superfluity, in order to procure him the necessaries of life whilst he was a schoolboy—a mere burden on her hands. His first object must be to place her above want. He had, from the moment he received a fixed allowance as assistant teacher, set aside a part of it for her; but she, with the energy which had characterised her, placed it, with her other little savings, to accumulate. "She did not need to rest yet," she said. Nevertheless, her son hoped to see her rest before long.

So some years passed away, whilst he continued patiently toiling through his duties as usher, but devoting, unremittingly, his private hours to study, with a view to qualify himself for the function of a clergyman. Mr Fenton would fain have dissuaded him from the last step, as he saw little prospect of advancement for him; but in this one instance Multon's wishes were too powerful to be persuaded away. Ordination at that time, and in that district, was easily obtained, without those fitting and decent preliminaries which are now indispensable; and being fortunate enough, through Mr Fenton's influence, to obtain a nomination to an adjoining curacy, the duties of which would not interfere with those of the school, he was ordained by the bishop of the diocese. And this great point being achieved, our errand-boy, now the Rev. Thomas Multon, asked and obtained Mr Fenton's consent to a union with Rose, so soon as he should have obtained the means to support her in respectability and comfort.

These came suddenly, as good fortune generally does, and from an unlooked-for quarter. On entering the little parlour one day at tea-time, a few months after his ordination, Mr Multon was surprised to find an elderly gentleman whom he

## THE WIDOW'S SON.

did not know, and a young man in a military undress, whom he was some time in recognising as Edward Courtney, the youth to whose library and wardrobe he had himself been indebted for several years. The gentleman had been making a tour in the northern counties, and at the earnest desire of the younger one, had turned aside to visit his old schoolfellow. His greeting to Mr Multon was frank and cordial, that of the old gentleman was kind and even respectful, for Mr Fenton had been preparing the way for his young friend's appearance.

No allusion whatever was made to his circumstances that night; but a few weeks afterwards, a letter arrived from the elder Mr Courtney to Mr Multon, presenting him the rectory of Northerton, in —shire, worth £200 a-year, with a commodious parsonage house. And thus was the poor widow's son rewarded for his perseverance in well-doing.

A few years ago, a friend paid me a morning visit, bringing with her a young lady of most prepossessing appearance, and of gentle manners and speech; and who, I was informed, was Rose Multon, the daughter of the rector of Northerton—one of six children, united and affectionate, and as much respected as their parents.

“And what of old Susan,” inquired I, “as her old acquaintance here still call her?”

“Old Mrs Multon,” replied my friend, “lives happily in a small cottage near her son, which, partly from her own former savings, and partly from his liberality, she is able to keep in very comfortable order. I hear but of one dissatisfaction in the family.”

“What is that?”

“It is the rector himself, who complains that his children have quite superseded him in his mother's good graces, and that he really often fancies that she does not think half so much of him now as she did when he was an ERRAND-BOY.”





SELECT POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

LET not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.



MY loved, my honoured, much respected friend !  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;  
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end :  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;  
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,  
 I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;  
 The shortening winter-day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough :  
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :  
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,  
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' :  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neibor town :  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame perhaps to show a braw new gown,  
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;  
 Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears ;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,  
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;  
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play :  
 " And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !  
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !"

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,  
 With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,  
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;  
 A strappin' youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en ;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave ;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave :  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

Oh happy love !—where love like this is found !  
 Oh heartfelt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !  
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 “ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !—  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food ;  
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :  
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,  
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;  
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;  
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace  
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride ;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
 And “ Let us worship GOD ! ” he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,  
 Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—  
 How Abram was the friend of GOD on high ;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How HE, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :  
 How his first followers and servants sped,  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ; [mand.  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's com-

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"\*  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
 The power incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;  
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

\* Pope's Windsor Forest.



Then homeward all take off their several way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
 That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide ;  
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"  
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;  
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

Oh Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
 And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

Oh Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
 Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert ;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!  
 —ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
 Mak haste, set by your wheel.

Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
     For there's nae luck about the house,  
     There's nae luck ava;  
     There's little pleasure in the house,  
     When our goodman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,  
 Put on the mickle pot;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat:  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
     For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,  
 Have fed this month and mair,  
 Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare:  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw;  
 Its a' for love of my goodman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
     For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
 My bishop-satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue,  
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
     For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,  
 His breath's like caller air,  
 His very foot has music in't,  
 When he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
     For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,  
 That thrill'd through my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe;  
 Till death we'll never part:  
 But what puts parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa':  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
 I glory in the sacred ties  
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain:  
 A mutual flame inspires us baith—  
 The tender look, the melting kiss;  
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;  
 I ken thy wish is me to please;  
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,  
 That numbers on us look and gaze.  
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,  
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;  
 And aye when weary cares arise,  
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and tak my rest;  
 And if that aught disturb my dear,  
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
 And beg her not to drap a tear.  
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;  
 United still her heart and mine;  
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

WINIFREDA.\*

AWAY ; let nought to love displeasing,  
 My Winifreda, move your care ;  
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors  
 With pompous titles grace our blood ;  
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
 And to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
 Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke :  
 And all the great ones they shall wonder  
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess ;  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
 For we will live a life of reason,  
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 While round my knees they fondly clung ;  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

FIRESIDE COMFORTS.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
 In folly's maze advance ;  
 Though singularity and pride  
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,  
 Nor join the giddy dance.

\* The name of the author of this beautiful address to conjugal love, written upwards of a century ago, is uncertain.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
 To our own family and fire,  
 Where love our hours employs ;  
 No noisy neighbour enters here,  
 No intermeddling stranger near,  
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breast this jewel lies,  
 And they are fools who roam ;  
 The world hath nothing to bestow,  
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
 And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
 We, who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know,  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;  
 If tutored right, they'll prove a spring  
 Whence pleasures ever rise :  
 We'll form their mind with studious care,  
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
 And crown our hoary hairs ;  
 They'll grow in virtue every day,  
 And they our fondest loves repay,  
 And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys ! they're all our own,  
 While to the world we live unknown,  
 Or by the world forgot.  
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state,  
 We look with pity on the great,  
 And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,  
 But then how little do we need,  
 For Nature's calls are few !  
 In this the art of living lies,  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our power ;  
 For, if our stock be very small,  
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,  
 Patient when favours are denied,  
 And pleased with favours given ;  
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
 This is that incense of the heart,  
 Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;  
 But, when our feast is o'er,  
 Grateful from table we'll arise,  
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;  
 Its chequered paths of joy and wo  
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
 Without a trouble, or a fear,  
 And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
 And cheer our dying breath ;  
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
 And smooth the bed of death.

—COTTON.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.\*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
 Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn ?  
 'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,  
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;  
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,  
 An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

\* Motherless child.

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,  
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!  
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,  
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,  
Now rests in the mools where their mammy is laid;  
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,  
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour of his birth,  
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,  
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,  
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,  
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:  
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,  
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

—WILLIAM THOM.

DUTIFUL JEM.

THERE was a poor widow, who lived in a cot,  
She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got;  
Her windöws were broken, her walls were all bare,  
And the cold winter-wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,  
Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were thin;  
And bread she'd have wanted, as many have done,  
If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

But he lovèd her well, like a dutiful lad,  
And thought her the very best friend that he had;  
And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew  
Was the most wicked thing he could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,  
While his poor mother hardly could hobble about,  
And he thought it his duty, and greatest delight,  
To work for her living from morning to night.

So he started each morning as gay as a lark,  
And worked all day long in the fields till 'twas dark:  
Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,  
And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

And oh, how she loved him! how great was her joy!  
To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy:  
Her arm round his neck she would tenderly cast,  
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled fast.

Oh, then, was not little Jem happier far,  
 Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are?  
 For as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and joy,  
 To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

—JANE TAYLOR.

IN THE SEARCH OF GOOD HUMOUR.

In the search of good humour I've rambled all day,  
 And just now honest truth has discovered her way;  
 When rubbing his telescope perfectly clear,  
 Called out, "I have found her," and bade me come here.

I'm grown weary of wit, who but dresses for show,  
 And strives still to sparkle as much as your beau;  
 For, if he can shine, though at dear friends' expense,  
 He will raise contributions on feeling and sense.

Then learning is proud, nor can trifle with ease,  
 Though in this little life 'tis oft trifles that please;  
 Unbending austerity, wrapt up in self,  
 Is so like a miser when hoarding his pelf.

Strong reason's a warrior that fights out his way,  
 And seldom has leisure to rest or to play;  
 Nay, so rough has he grown, unless great things are done,  
 He thinks that all useless went down the bright sun.

Oh! 'tis gentle good humour that makes life so sweet,  
 And picks up the flow'rets that garnish our feet;  
 Then, from them extracting the balsam of health,  
 Turns the blossoms of nature to true sterling wealth.

—MISS BLAMIRE.

TO MY MOTHER.

OH thou whose care sustained my infant years,  
 And taught my prattling lip each note of love;  
 Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,  
 And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,  
 Which nature gave me at life's opening day;  
 To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
 Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,  
 What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?  
 Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief  
 Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,  
 Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?  
 Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,  
 And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?



Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,  
 And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?  
 Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,  
 In all the agony of love and wo?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,  
 Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,  
 Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,  
 Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,  
 By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;  
 Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,  
 That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,  
 Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,  
 To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,  
 Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

—DAVIDSON, AN AMERICAN POET.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.\*

“YOU took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,  
 To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;  
 And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,  
 Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in wo?  
 No; I would rather share *your* tear than any other's glee,  
 For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE WORLD  
 TO ME.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne;  
 There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.  
 I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,  
 I cry, ‘Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on him;  
 Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;  
 Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him  
 whole!’

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,  
 How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?  
 I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,  
 And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.  
 There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,  
 And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no  
 wrong:

\* The above admirable lines, we understand, originally appeared in the Monthly Repository for May 1834, under the signature of M. L. G.

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind ;  
 I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind ;  
 I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got  
 Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.  
 But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,  
 Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something  
 know ?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me ;  
 Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.  
 If you will read, I'll sit and work ; then think when you're away ;  
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.  
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,  
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers ;  
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,  
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your  
 mind."

CASA WAPPY.\*

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
 Our fond, dear boy—  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy ?  
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our death,  
 Casa Wappy !

\* \* \*

Thou wert a vision of delight  
 To bless us given ;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight,  
 A type of heaven :  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self than a part  
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy !

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,  
 'Twas cloudless joy ;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy !  
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,  
 That found thee prostrate in decay,  
 And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy !

\* From "Domestic Verses, by Delta" (D. M. MOIR, Esq.) 1842. Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled ;  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child !  
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;  
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
 Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,  
 Thou meet'st my sight ;  
 There dost thou glide before me still—  
 A form of light !  
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
 Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,  
 Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,  
 With glance of stealth ;  
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow  
 In buoyant health :  
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,  
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,  
 Thy clasping arms so round and white,  
 Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
 Thy bat, thy bow,  
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;  
 But where art thou ?  
 A corner holds thine empty chair,  
 Thy playthings idly scattered there,  
 But speak to us of our despair,  
 Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word—  
 To glad, to grieve—  
 Was sweet as sweetest song of bird  
 On summer's eve ;  
 In outward beauty undecayed,  
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
 And like the rainbow thou didst fade,  
 Casa Wappy !

\* \* \*

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
 In life's spring-bloom,  
 Down to the appointed house below,  
 The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,  
The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"  
Return—but with them bring not thee,  
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers  
Revive again)—  
Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
For aye remain?  
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave  
The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
Yet God forget our child to save?—  
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so  
Thus man could die,  
Life were a mockery, Thought were wo,  
And Truth a lie;  
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,  
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,  
And all our hopes to meet again,  
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!  
With beam of love,  
A star, death's uncongenial wild  
Smiling above;  
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
That led thee back from man to God,  
Casa Wappy!

\*

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\*

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—  
Pride of my heart!  
It cannot be that long we dwell,  
Thus torn apart:  
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:  
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,  
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
Casa Wappy!



CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.



CHAMBERS'S  
MISCELLANY  
OF  
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING  
TRACTS



EDINBURGH  
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS





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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.  
1847.



GREAT poet has said—

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

How much truth there is in this saying, is strikingly shown in the history of Grace Darling; for, being in what is called a humble station in life, she, acting well her part in it, and having on one occasion manifested some of the highest qualities which belong to human nature, became, for these reasons, an object of respect and admiration to persons of every rank and condition, and acquired a celebrity which may be said to have spread over the greater part of the civilised world. Nobles of the highest rank, and even royalty itself, felt the demands which the singular worth of this young woman made upon them, and vied with individuals of her own class in doing her the honour she deserved.

Grace Darling was one of a numerous family born to William Darling, lighthouse-keeper. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, originally a cooper at Dunse, in Berwickshire, removed to Belford, in Northumberland, and finally settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne islands on the coast of the last-mentioned county. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. The qualities required in the keeper of a lighthouse are of no common kind: he must be a generally intelligent, as well as steady and judicious man. Moreover, in so solitary a situation as the Longstone lighthouse, where weeks may pass without any communication with the mainland, he would need to be of that character which has resources within itself, so as to be in a great measure independent of the rest of society for what may make life pass agreeably. In such a situation, the mind of an ordinary man is apt to suffer from the want of excitement and novelty; while a superior mind only takes advantage of it for improving itself. Of this superior character seems to be William Darling, the father of our heroine. He is described as uncommonly steady and intelligent, and of extremely quiet and modest manners. It speaks great things for him, that his children have all been educated in a comparatively respectable manner—his daughter Grace, for example, writing in a hand equal to that of most ladies.

Grace was born, November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. Of the events of her early years, whether she was educated on the mainland, or lived constantly in the solitary abode of her parents, first at the Brownsman, and afterwards on the Longstone island, we are not particularly informed. During her girlish years, and till the time of her death, her residence in the Longstone lighthouse was constant, or only broken by occasional visits to the coast. She and her mother managed the little household at Longstone. She is described as having been at that time, as indeed during her whole life, remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In person she was about the middle size—of fair complexion and a comely countenance—with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realisation of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," says he, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that

daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself.”

There is something, unquestionably, in the scene of Grace's early years which was calculated to nurse an unobtrusively enthusiastic spirit. The Farne islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in some instances surrounded by precipices, they are the residence of little besides sea-fowl. On the principal one (Farne), in an early age, there was a small monastery, celebrated as the retreat of St Cuthbert, who died there in the year 686. “Farne,” says Mr Raine, in his history of Durham, “certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or the repose of the hermit could only be interrupted by the scream of the water-fowl, or the roaring of the winds and waves; not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the island; but this would still more effectually win the recluse from the world, by teaching him a practical lesson of the vanity of man and his operations, when compared with the mighty works of the Being who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

Through the channels between the smaller Farne islands the sea rushes with great force; and many a shipwreck, of which there is no record, must have happened here in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century ago, a Dutch forty-gun frigate, with all the crew, was lost among the islands. In the year 1782, a large merchant-brig, on her return voyage from America, was dashed to pieces amongst them, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. During the dreadful gale which continued from January 31st to February 8th, 1823, three brigs and a sloop were wrecked in their vicinity, but all the crews were saved except one boy. Another brig was dashed to pieces on Sunderland Point, when all on board perished; and a large brig and a sloop were wrecked on the Harker. Mr Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says, “It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests, since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning

the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds, like great round ropes and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

Living on that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean—with the horrors of the tempest familiarised to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea, with the distant sail on the horizon—Grace Darling was shut out, as it were, from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr John Humble, formerly master of the Neptune, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday the 5th of September 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained—Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards; in all, sixty-three persons.

The Forfarshire was only two years old; but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage reappeared, and continued for about six hours; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engine-man, Allan Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable, so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the Forfarshire, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers; and Mrs Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that "all was not right," that if her husband, who is a glassman, had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage.

and passed through the "Fairway," between the Farne islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense, that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the Forfarshire's timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.

At this juncture a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was Mr Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trousers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore part remained on the rock.

The captain and his wife seem to have been amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass in the fore part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here also a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

The sufferers, nine in number (five of the crew and four passengers), remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak—exposed to the buffeting of the waves amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr and Mrs Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period in the day, a reward of £5, offered by Mr Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the perils of that terrible passage then, would have done the highest honour to the well-tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm! Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them! Mr Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being always at hand.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have



been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide again ebbed.

It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock: and when there, a danger—greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it—arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

The sufferers were conveyed at once to the lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time; and owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. A boat's crew that came off to their relief from North Sunderland were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.\*

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathising thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most

\* The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the Forfarshire, by Darling and his daughter, were—John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tulloch, carpenter, Dundee; and John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew: D. Donovan, fireman and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; and Mrs Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The party in the boat, also nine in number, were picked up next morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields. The entire number saved was therefore eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder, including the captain and his wife, Mr Bell, factor to the Earl of Kinnoull, the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld, and some ladies of a respectable rank in society, perished.

instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks: the president presented her with a handsome silver teapot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. A public subscription was raised with the view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about £700. Her name was echoed with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for; and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat, for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is, indeed, gratifying to state, that, amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her, never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone lighthouse with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet, a more honourable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland; and thus affording, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.\*

\* William Howitt gives the following account of his interview with Grace Darling:—"When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top lighthouse, and had seen its machinery—had taken a good look-out at the distant shore—and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of striped printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided—just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are.

She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said, 'How do you do, sir?' Her figure is by no means striking; quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion, that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind."

It is a melancholy reflection, that one so deserving should have been struck down almost ere yet the plaudits excited by her noble deed had died away; that the grasp of death should have been fastened on her almost before enjoyment could have taught her to appreciate the estimate formed of her conduct. "Whom the gods love, die young," 'twas said of old, and unquestionably the fatality which often attends deserving youth (and of which her fate presents so striking an instance) originated the idea. Consumption was the disease to which she fell a victim. Having shown symptoms of delicate health, she was, towards the latter end of 1841, removed from the Longstone lighthouse, on the recommendation of her medical attendant, to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler for change of air. Her wish was complied with; but she found no relief; and at the request of her father she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her own physician to give her the benefit of his medical advice. All, however, was of no avail. Her father anxiously desiring that she should return amongst her family, she was accordingly removed once more to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her decease. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland, without a single attendant, and attired in the most homely manner, repaired to Grace Darling's lodgings, for the purpose of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. For some time previous to her death, she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching; but this gave her no uneasiness. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout.

Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on the 20th of October, 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur. The funeral took place at Bamborough on the following Monday, and was very numerously attended. The pall was borne by William Barnfather, Esq., from Alnwick Castle, Robert Smeddle, Esq., of Bamborough Castle, the Rev. Mr Mitford Taylor, of North Sunderland, and Mr Fender, surgeon, Bamborough. Ten of the immediate relatives of the deceased, including her father, and brother William, as mourners, followed by Mr Evans, officer of customs, Bamborough, and a young man from Durham,

who is said to have cherished an ardent affection for the deceased, formed the funeral procession, which was accompanied by an immense concourse of persons of all ages and grades in society, many of whom seemed deeply affected.

It may be here mentioned, as illustrative of Grace Darling's character, that she received numerous offers of marriage, many of which might have been considered advantageous, but all of which she declined, usually alleging her desire never to change her condition whilst her parents were alive. It is said that, on the occasion of her being introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, his Grace told her that he hoped she would be careful in such matters, as there would be sure to be designs upon her money; and she told him she would not marry without his approbation.\*

We may here properly take occasion to advert to a disposition which strangers have observed to prevail amongst the inhabitants of the fishing villages adjacent to the scene of the wreck, to depreciate the greatness of Miss Darling's deed, by speaking lightly of the danger to which it subjected her. We do not ascribe this altogether to a spirit of envy or detraction, but rather conceive it to be in a great measure the natural effect of those people's habitual situation, relatively to the scene of the wreck, and the circumstances with which it was attended. They are persons who have husbands, and fathers, and brothers, almost daily exposed, in following their pursuits as fishermen, to the dangers which Darling and his daughter voluntarily encountered from an impulse of humanity. However paradoxical may seem the assertion, it in reality was not amongst people thus familiarised—all of them in idea, and most of them in reality—with scenes of tempest and danger, that the warmest appreciation of such conduct was to be expected. Striking as was the case, there was nothing in it which was sufficiently contrasted with the incidents of their daily life to stir their feelings on behalf of the heroine. It was to

“The gentlemen of England  
Who live at home at ease,”

and the ladies, nursed in the lap of luxury, whose cheeks “the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit too roughly,” and who had never known aught of a scene of tempest and shipwreck beyond what the boards of a theatre or the pages of a romance might have taught them—it was to them that the idea of a girl, under a humane impulse, voluntarily taking a boat's oar to drift

\* The proceeds of the public subscription (about £700) were funded for Miss Darling's use under the trusteeship of the Duke of Northumberland and Mr Archdeacon Thorp. This sum is understood to have been inherited by her father. Some other sums which had been directly sent to her as tributes to her worth, were divided by the amiable young woman amongst her brothers and sisters.

through wind and tide amongst those jagged rocks, came home with electrifying effect; and it would have been strange had it been otherwise.\*

## VOLNEY BECKNER.

HEROISM in a humble station in life was not more remarkably exemplified in the case of Grace Darling than in the instance of Volney Beckner, an Irish sailor boy.

Volney was born at Londonderry in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a seafaring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow also was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly wakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, such was the life of

\* This account of the latter years of Grace Darling, as well as the narrative of the rescue, is extracted, with permission, from a memoir of the young heroine which appeared in the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*, February 4, 1843.

Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trustworthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity, saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill, and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life

for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard—"Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor boy—Volney Beckner.

JAMES MAXWELL.

THE preceding instances of heroism in humble life, have a fine parallel in that of the late James Maxwell, whose sacrifice of self to duty and humanity has rarely been surpassed. James was of a family of brave men, natives of Stirlingshire. Having a number of years ago wished to emigrate to Canada, the family removed westward, intending to sail from the Clyde; which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person intrusted with the money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and absconded; so that they were compelled, for want of funds, to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They were all first-rate men, and employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels, either at home or abroad. James was appointed to act as pilot on board a fine steam-vessel called the Clydesdale, of which the master was a worthy young man, named Turner.

About the year 1827, the vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage across the Channel, with between seventy and eighty passengers, Maxwell became sensible at intervals of the smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavouring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he too had perceived it; but neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger also observed this alarming vapour, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven o'clock at night this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Maxwell was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the odour of burning timber. At last he sprung upon deck, exclaiming, "Maxwell, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" James calmly inquired, "Then shall I put about?" Turner's order was to proceed. Maxwell struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered, "Oh, God Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and, oh God, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!"

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, we cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter-gallery, where the self-devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless; for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals, the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!



The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Maxwell, whose feet were already roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward; but this could not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he run her into the open space, and alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore—all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all of them have given, when driving over the wide sea in their flaming prison, to the man who would have promised them safety! But when this heroic man had accomplished the desperate undertaking, did the gratitude of this multitude continue beyond the minute of deliverance! We believe it *did not!* One man exclaimed, "There is my trunk—I am ruined without it: five pounds to whoever will save it!" Maxwell could not hesitate in relieving any species of distress. He snatched the burning handle of the trunk, and swung it on shore, but left the skin of his hand and fingers sticking upon it—a memorial which might have roused the gratitude of the most torpid savage! But he who offered the reward forgot to pay it to one who could not and would not ask of any one on earth.

As might have been expected, Maxwell's constitution, though very powerful, never recovered the effects of that dreadful burning. Indeed it required all the skill and enthusiasm of an eminent physician under whose care he placed himself, to save his life. Though the flames had not actually closed round him as he stood on his awful watch, yet such was the heat under him and around him, that not only, as we have said, were his feet severely burnt, but his hair, a large hair-cap, and huge dreadnought watch-coat, which he wore, were all in such a state from the intense heat, that they crumbled into powder on the least touch. His handsome athletic form was reduced to the extremest emaciation; his young face became ten years older during that appalling night; and his hair changed to gray.

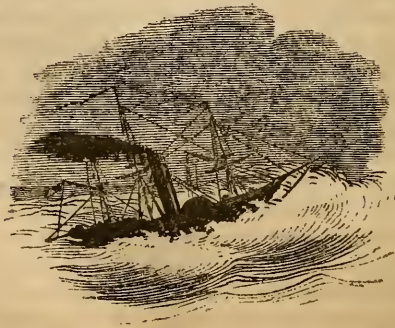
A subscription for the unfortunate pilot was set on foot among the gentlemen of Glasgow some time after the burning. On this occasion the sum of a hundred pounds was raised, of which sixty pounds were divided between the master and pilot, and the remainder given to the sailors. Notwithstanding his disabilities, James was fortunately able, after an interval, to pursue his occupation as a pilot; but owing to a weakness in his feet, caused by the injuries they had received, he fell, and endured a severe fracture of the ribs. The value, however, in which he was held by his employers, on account of his steady and upright

## HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

character, caused them, on this occasion, to continue his ordinary pay during the period of his recovery. After this event, James entered the service of another company (Messrs Thomson and M'Connell), conducting a steam-shipping communication between Glasgow and Liverpool; by whom, notwithstanding the enfeebled state of his body and broken health, he was (as how could such a man be otherwise?) esteemed as a valuable servant.

In the year 1835 the case of this hero in humble life was noticed in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, and roused a very general sympathy in his favour. The subscriptions in his behalf were, at this time, of material service in enabling him to support his family; but misfortunes, arising out of his enfeebled condition, afterwards pressed upon him, and another subscription was made for his relief in 1840. James did not live to reap the full benefit of this fresh act of public benevolence and respect; and shortly after his decease, his wife also died. We are glad to know that enough was realised to aid in rearing and educating the younger children of an excellent individual, who deserved so well of his country.

The preceding instances of personal intrepidity may perhaps serve to convey correct ideas on the nature of heroism. A hero, as we have seen, is one who boldly faces danger in a good cause; as, for instance, to save a fellow-creature from hurt or death—to protect the property of others from violence—and to defend our native country from the attacks of enemies; in each case with some risk to our own person and life. Bravery is a different thing. A robber may be brave; one nation attacking another for the mere purpose of injuring it may be very brave; but bravery in these cases is not heroism. Military commanders have often been called heroes, without deserving the name. They may have been successful in their wars; but if they have not fought for good ends, they are not truly heroes, and are not entitled to such fame as that bestowed on the heroic GRACE DARLING, VOLNEY BECKNER, and JAMES MAXWELL.





## MAURICE AND GENEVIEVE,

THE ORPHAN TWINS OF BEAUCE.

**A**S the traveller from Paris pursues his way southwards through the central part of France towards Orleans and the beautiful river Loire, he has occasion to pass across the great plain of Beauce. This is a wide tract of country, very level in surface, and being generally fertile, it is entirely under culture, and is plentifully dotted over with villages, in which reside the farmers and others who are engaged in rural occupations. In France, there are few farmhouses standing by themselves surrounded by fields, as in England. Those who cultivate the soil reside, for the greater part, in dwellings clustered together in villages, where an agreeable society is formed among the general inhabitants.

The villages in the plain of Beauce are of this kind. Each is a little community of an industrious body of agriculturists, and the tradesmen required to supply their various wants. Every village has a church, an old gray edifice, whose turret may be seen for a great distance on the plain; and a number of these church towers, from being so conspicuous, form stations for telegraphs. The traveller, therefore, as he passes along, may occasionally observe the arms of a telegraph busily at work on a steeple, and in that way helping to convey intelligence across the country between Paris on the one hand, and Marseilles, on the borders of the Mediterranean, on the other.

Each church in this, as well as in other parts of France, is

provided with a curé. These curés are a humble and diligent class of clergymen, labouring in their sacred vocation for a very small salary; and from their kindness of manner, as well as their serviceableness in giving advice, in cases of emergency, to the members of their flocks, they are very generally beloved in their respective neighbourhoods.

In Artenay, one of these peaceful and industrious villages, not many years ago, there lived a humble artisan, Jules Asselin. Jules was a journeyman wheelwright by profession; he made wheels for the cars which were employed by the farmers in carrying their produce to market in Orleans. These carriages would be thought rude in construction by those who are acquainted with the fine large wagons of England; because, besides being clumsy in fabric, they are frequently drawn only by cows or oxen, yoked in pairs by the forehead. Yet they carry large burdens of field produce, and answer very well for the wants of the people. Jules Asselin had regular employment in the making of wheels for these vehicles; and as he was a sober, industrious, and tender-hearted man, fond of domestic happiness, it may be supposed that he was married, and dwelt in a cottage in the village.

It was a pleasure to see the small patch of green or meadow at Artenay, on the occasion of any summer or autumn festival. While the elder cottagers sat at their doors enjoying the sunshine and the scene of gaiety before them, the younger members of the rural community danced in groups on the village green to the merry strains of a violin, played by a native musician. At these scenes of festivity, as is remarked by strangers passing through the country, everything is conducted with much decorum. The people are happy, and relieve the gloom that might creep upon their existence by a light-hearted gaiety; a portion of every festival day, in fine weather, being devoted to the dance and the gleesome song.

At one time mingling in such festivities with neighbours, Jules Asselin and his wife now principally looked on as spectators from the bench at their cottage door; and their pleasure was greatly increased when their two children, Genevieve and Maurice, were old enough to play in the open air around them. These children were regarded with more than ordinary affection. They were twins, and, though differing in sex, bore a remarkable resemblance to each other in features, and also in dispositions.

“How thankful to God should we be,” said Jules Asselin one day to his wife Lisette, “that he has given us two such good and healthy children. What a blessing it is to a poor man to be spared seeing his infants pining and sickly, or, what is worse, possessed of bad tempers and dispositions!”

“We should indeed be grateful,” replied Madame Asselin. “I have never seen them a moment ill since they were babies, though

I fear Maurice is scarcely robust enough for a working-man, which of course he must be. He, as well as his sister, however, are considered the most orderly children in the village; and Monsieur, the curé, was only the other day observing to me, that their mutual attachment was quite charming— But, dear Jules, I think you have suddenly looked melancholy. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Lisette; I was only thinking——"

"You were only thinking! Well, tell me your thoughts. You know you should have no secrets from your little wife."

"Well, then, dear, a sort of feeling came over me; I felt a little distressed as to what would come of these little creatures should Providence remove us from our present earthly scene."

"Oh, Jules, don't talk so; it makes me so very melancholy. You know we are both young yet, and I see nothing against our living many years. Let us hope the best at any rate, and in the meantime do our duty. You remember what the good curé said one day in his sermon—what a great thing it is for a man to know, but how much greater to perform his duty! And if any man does his duty to his family, I am sure you do. Come, cheer up, dear Jules."

"I will. It was a mere passing notion; but now that the thing occurs to my mind, I am resolved to do my best to give Maurice and Genevieve a good education. They shall go to school as soon as they are able to understand instruction, and I will take all the care I can to train them up at home. I will myself teach Maurice drawing and a love of art."

"Oh, delightful! and I will teach Genevieve to sew and spin, and be a nice housewife. And how pleasant it will be to be all together in the winter evenings round the stove; and perhaps we shall try to sing in parts the chanson, 'When swallows return in early spring,' or 'The tender Musette,' or some other pretty country song."

Thus Jules Asselin and his wife Lisette would picture to themselves visions of domestic felicity; and until the twins were nine years of age, everything went on according to their wishes. Who, however, can tell what a day may bring forth? One morning Jules proceeded to his work as usual; in the evening he lay stretched on his bed a lifeless corpse. A scene of joy was suddenly a scene of mourning. Poor Jules was killed by the overturning upon him of a carrier's loaded wagon, the wheel of which he had been called on to repair. The accident was universally mourned throughout the district. All felt acutely the loss of so worthy a man, and were distressed for the fate of the unhappy Lisette and her interesting twin children.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come single. Lisette, a naturally impulsive being, was overwhelmed with the blow, and was in a situation which rendered it doubly afflicting. The shock was too great for her to bear. In three days she lay

stretched a lifeless form beside her faithful Jules, and both were buried in one grave.

This second disaster still more excited the sympathy of the neighbours in favour of the twins, now orphans in helpless childhood. The master wheelwright who had employed Jules, bound in some respects by duty, but still more by a benevolence of disposition, resolved that he would henceforth be a father to the orphans, and take them home to live with his own family—a species of adoption common enough in the villages of France, where the dwellers beneath their thatched roofs consider themselves as the natural guardians of the orphans left among them without home or support.

Briefly must five years be passed over, during which Maurice was instructed in his father's trade, and his sister Genevieve made herself useful in all possible ways to the new parent beneath whose eye they grew up lovingly together. But their protector, too, was taken from them by death; and the son who succeeded him in the workshop did not, alas! inherit with it his father's considerate tenderness for the poor twins. The boy he tasked beyond his strength, and exacted from the girl such humiliating drudgery, that even gratitude to their benefactor could not long reconcile them to slavery with his successor.

Abundance of employment could have been found for the orphans separately; but to live apart had become to them a thought more formidable than any extent of privation together. To work for weeks, perhaps, at distant farms, and leave Genevieve to the mercy of strangers, seemed to Maurice deserting both duty and happiness; while, if Genevieve plied her late mother's skill with some village sempstress, the idea of who would care for Maurice, make ready his simple meals, and keep in order his rustic wardrobe, would haunt her to a degree which made remaining asunder impossible.

Together, then, like two saplings from one parent stem, which the force of the blast but entwines more inseparably, did the orphans struggle on through increasing hardships, until a rich farmer, compassionating their condition, and moved by their rare attachment, once more opened to them a joint home, on terms which, since one roof was to shelter them, they were too much overjoyed even to inquire into.

Here, for two more happy years, the lad found on the extensive farm ample employment—now in his original vocation, making and mending the agricultural implements of the establishment, now as a willing sharer in the labours of the field; while the care of the poultry, and all the miscellaneous duties of a farm in France, lent robustness to the frame of his cheerful sister. A passing smile or shake of the hand through the day sufficed to lighten its toils to both; and to sit together over the fire, or on some sunny bank at its close, was an extent of happiness they never dreamt of exchanging.

But the "course of true love"—even when hallowed, as here, by the sweetest ties of nature—seldom long "runs smooth." Harvest—in Beauce a season of peculiar activity and importance—was progressing amid the most strenuous exertions of old and young; and Maurice, always earliest and latest in the field, though not gifted with a robust, had yet an agile frame, was eagerly engaged in a sultry afternoon in placing, before an impending storm, the crowning sheaf on an immensely high stack, when one more vivid flash than ordinary of the lightning, which had long been playing along the unenclosed corn-fields, struck the exposed pinnacle to which the poor lad clung, and hurled him down, breathless and senseless, among the pile of sheaves collected for a fresh stack below.

When the other workmen, many of them stunned by the same shock, gathered round their late fellow-labourer, they at first concluded him to be dead. A faint sigh undeceived them; but his eyes, when they opened, rolled vacantly round, and vainly did he attempt to utter a word. By feeble signs he pointed to his head as the seat of some fatal injury, of which no external trace could, however, be descried; but the effects of it were manifest in his limbs, which, on their attempting to raise him, bent utterly powerless beneath his weight, and he again fainted away.

It was a sad and sobered group who followed to the farm the wagon containing the well-nigh lifeless body of their light-hearted young comrade. But how powerless are words to describe the state of his sister, when the brother on whom she doted was brought home to her more dead than alive—how she suppressed the first burst of uncontrollable agony, to sit on the bed to which she had helped to lift him—his poor head resting on her bosom, her eyes fixed on her darling twin, in long and vain expectation of some sign of returning life!

Faint tokens came at last to reward her; but the glance of the slowly-reviving one rolled wildly around, without resting on anything, till it met the fixed one of Genevieve, when a scarce perceptible smile crossed the pale lips of the sufferer. "He knows me!" exclaimed the fond girl. "God has spared him to me, and will yet grant me to be the means of restoring him by my care and kindness. We were born together, and together I feel we must live or die!"

The well-known voice found its way to the inmost heart of poor Maurice; fain would he have spoken a word of love and comfort in return, but his paralysed tongue refused its office. All he could do was to point, with a feeble hand, to his forehead, and express, by faint signs, that there was the seat of the malady. The most skilful physician of the district, after an hour of unremitting attention, came to the conclusion that paralysis had, for the present, affected both the head and lower limbs, but that the favourable symptom of his being able to point to the former

gave hopes that consciousness and reason would soon be fully restored.

And when, at the end of a week, the poor fellow stammered forth a few broken words, the first of which were "Genevieve" and "sister," who can tell her joy to be thus called on by the companion of her birth. To think he would no longer be a breathing mass, without the power of expressing a thought or a feeling, seemed reward enough for all her nights and days of anxious watching by his side. Since he had begun to speak, he would, no doubt, soon regain the use of his limbs. His arms got daily stronger, and to the precious word "sister" he would by degrees add the welcome ones "dear girl," "my help," "my comfort," and the yet more affecting request that she would "take pity on him."

"Oh yes, yes!" she would eagerly answer; "God will take pity on us, and let me make you well by dint of care and kindness." But if, as she thus spoke, she inadvertently kissed a little more fervently than usual the sick head which rested on her faithful bosom, the screams of the poor sufferer, and convulsive fits on the slightest pressure, revealed the unchanged cause of his continued helplessness.

The doctor, once more summoned, pronounced the debility of the lower limbs all but hopeless; and the severe winter of 1823 was passed by the twins in a state more easily to be imagined than described. Genevieve devoted all its long nights, and every moment she could snatch from her work through the day, to the couch of the unfortunate cripple, who, though resigned to his own condition, yet prayed to be released by death from being a burden to all around him—to the sister especially whose youth and strength he was wasting, and whose every prospect in life he felt blighted by the calamity which had overtaken his own early career.

"Do you wish *me* dead when you speak so, Maurice?" she would sobbingly reply to these heart-rending lamentations. "Do you think *I* could stay upon earth if you go and leave me? I sometimes think I *am* going too, for my poor head throbs, and my limbs bend under me at times, almost like yours."

"I well believe it," the poor cripple would reply; "but it is all fatigue. You take no rest either by day or night!"

"Oh, never mind that; God has given me strength to work, and the hope of seeing you at work again at your old trade keeps me up. Never lose heart, brother dear! You've seen the corn beat flat many a time and oft by the wind and rain, yet half a day's brisk breeze and sunshine set it all up again finer than ever!"

These encouraging words from the most sensible, as well as most loving of sisters, had the effect of making the poor lad at times look forward to possible recovery; and to keep up his industrious habits and neatness of hand, he amused himself ere



long in his chair with bits of ingenious workmanship; among others, a little model of a four-wheeled wagon on springs, in which it was his utmost ambition to be drawn by some of his comrades to church or the village green on the evening of a holiday, to witness, since he could not share in, the sports of his rustic neighbours.

His sister, who was in the secret, and had furnished all that was required for the construction of the pet model of a carriage, had her own views on the subject, which were, that it should be drawn by no one but herself. And, harnessed in what was to her a complete car of triumph, she was able, after repeated trials, to fulfil her brother's darling wish, that he should attend, on Easter Sunday, the parish church of Artenay, about a mile distant from the farm. The only difficulty (at least in the eyes of the delighted girl) was, how to get her brother—unable to endure, without agony, the slightest jolt—over the roughly-paved village street leading to the church; but so completely had her devoted conduct won on her fellow-servants and their master, that the whole distance (a considerable one) was found by dawn on the eventful day so thickly covered with straw, as to obviate the slightest injury to the invalid. From nine in the morning the church path was lined with inhabitants of the village thronging to sympathise with the happy girl, who, though declining to yield to any one the honour of drawing her brother—a task which she accomplished with a skill and gentleness none other could have shown—was yet astonished and bewildered by the admiring looks and congratulations pressed on her by her kind-hearted neighbours.

The part, however, of the whole scene which went straight to her heart, and touched it most deeply, was the distinction publicly conferred on her by the worthy curé himself, who, pointing her out to his parishioners as a pattern of Christian charity and sisterly affection, and bestowing on the interesting pair his warmest benediction, said to her in a voice of paternal kindness, "Take courage, my daughter; God approves of and protects you."

It was agreeable to poor Genevieve to have these words of commendation and hope addressed to her; not that she required such prompting to do her duty, but because they assured her that her conduct was worthy of esteem. Her sisterly affection was therefore strengthened by the sympathy expressed by the curé, and she felt herself repaid for her days and nights of toil and anxiety. How much more, however, was she repaid by the tearful glance of the brother for whom she had suffered so much; and by his fervent prayers that she might be rewarded by Him who had put it into her heart so to befriend him! One result only she felt could fulfil such a petition, and something whispered to her it would not be denied. But spring had passed away without any marked amendment in

the patient's condition. May had come, and well-nigh gone, and with it the hope that fine weather might do something for the invalid; and, resigned at length to his fate, the young paralytic bade adieu for life to all idea of regaining the use of his limbs.

One evening when, as usual, his indefatigable sister had drawn him to the scene of rural festivity beneath the old elms at the entrance of the village, he was accosted by an old soldier lately come on a visit to a relation in the place, who, after closely questioning Maurice regarding his infirmity, gave him in return the important information, that, in consequence of a splinter from a shell at the battle of Eylau, he had himself been two years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, and subject to spasms in the head, which had nearly bereft him of reason. Of the various remedies prescribed, none, he added, had the slightest success, till sea-bathing, persevered in for a whole summer—plunging in head foremost, and allowing the natural *douche* afforded by the successive waves to play freely, as long as strength permitted, on the affected part—had at length effected a cure. "I was carried to the sea-side in a half-dying state," said the old corporal, "in a litter lent me by my colonel. At the end of a fortnight, strength and appetite began to return, and with them my spirits and hopes of a complete recovery, which took place in the course of three months after. At first I could only walk on two crutches, then I threw one away, and on the 3d of September (a day I shall never forget) I walked, without so much as a stick, a good half mile from the town to visit a couple of old friends. Back I came, still on foot, to finish my course of the baths; and within three weeks after, I was on the top of a coach for my own country as hale and hearty as you see me before you at this moment."

"And where, on earth, are these precious baths to be had?" asked the cripple with eager interest.

"At a place called Boulogne, a seaport town of the Pas-de-Calais,\* some two hundred and fifty miles from hence."

"Two hundred and fifty miles! If I must go so far to be cured, I am pretty sure of remaining ill to my dying day."

"Try and get conveyed there, my good fellow," said the kindly veteran, "and I'll be answerable for your entire recovery."

"What! to get back my poor legs and return to my trade, and be able to gain my own bread, and help my sister! No, no!—such happiness is not for me!" exclaimed the desponding lad.

"There, now, my young friend, you are losing hope. You are like many people who cannot believe in any cure till they see it

\* The Pas-de-Calais is the name of the department in which Boulogne is situated.

performed. Why be so confident in disbelieving the efficacy of sea-bathing? I have known many a poor sickly being braced up by it besides myself. I am no doctor; but you are young, and I can see no reason why you may not get rid of this feebleness, which is perhaps only a sort of disorder of the nerves—a thing bad enough, no doubt. Come, come, cheer up, Maurice; I was, I tell you, radically cured at fifty; why give way to despair?"

"But you don't consider the impossibility of my going in any sort of carriage, even the smoothest voiture, when I faint dead away, or go into fits at the slightest jolt. No, no!—it is the will of God that I should remain a cripple to my life's end, and I only pray he may be pleased to shorten it for my own sake and that of others."

During this conversation Genevieve was an attentive listener; and had the speakers been less engrossed, they must have read on her countenance the lines of deep determination. She took aside the old soldier, to obtain from him the minutest particulars about the wonder-working baths, their proper season, and precise distance, and the easiest and least expensive route by which they might be reached; and no sooner was her plan matured, than she hastened to put it in execution.

The affectionate girl, overlooking all possible difficulties, had actually resolved to draw her brother in his little cart all the way from the centre of France to Boulogne. It was while sitting beside Maurice, and beholding his infirmities, that she had come to this resolution; and her emotions found vent in tears.

"How strangely moved you are, sister," said Maurice to her anxiously; "surely you have something more than usual on your mind?"

"Why should I conceal it longer from you, brother?" was the answer. "I have, I think, discovered the means for your cure."

"And how do you intend to effect this desirable object?"

"By sea-bathing; and I shall draw you myself to the sea-baths two hundred and fifty miles off!"

"You never can have strength to do it."

"And why not?—what is there one cannot do for one's own twin brother?"

"But where is the money to come from for such a journey?"

"Oh, I've got in an old glove round my neck five gold pieces saved out of my wages, more than enough to carry us to our journey's end."

"Ay, but then the getting back again?"

"By that time, please God, you'll be walking by my side, and that will shorten the way, and he will provide for us. Don't you remember the words he put into the good curé's mouth, 'Be of good cheer; God approves and protects you!'"

"Well, sister, I commit myself to his hands and yours. Fulfil his commission, for such it surely is, since you are not daunted by the length of the way."

"Not in the least."

"Or the numberless difficulties you must meet with."

"We'll get over them."

"Or the dreadful fatigue, perhaps beyond your strength."

"Never fear for that; I will manage it nicely; I am very strong."

"Ah! but when you come to have to climb hills!"

"Well, 'tis only taking longer time."

"They will keep us back so; perhaps a whole month on the road."

"Yes, at the very least; so 'tis time we were off."

"And you really wish it?"

"Do I not?"

Both hearts were full, and a long embrace gave vent to feelings unutterable in words.

Genevieve, as may be observed from these traits of character, was not a girl to be turned from her purpose. Possessed of a strong and decisive mind—despising all thoughts of self in a case of such emergency, trusting in God and her own good intentions—she hastened, as we have said, to put her plans in practice.

Genevieve had made up her mind to start on her toilsome pilgrimage on the 3d of June, the birthday of the twins, on which they had never missed visiting for religious exercises the little chapel of St Genevieve, situated a league from where they lived, on the road to Tours. Early on the morning of this anniversary—the sun already shining out cheerily on the plain of Beauce, and the road lined on each side with shady trees—the heroic Genevieve drew her brother along with the apparatus she had prepared for the purpose.

Let us pause a moment to describe this remarkable means of conveyance. It was not without such precautions as her simple wisdom could suggest, or her slender purse afford, that Genevieve had arranged her paraphernalia for the journey. The low carriage, somewhat rude in construction, and mounted on four wheels, was sheltered overhead by a species of canopy, under which Maurice, helpless in his lameness, could recline as on a bed. A leathern strap, a gift from the village saddler, was provided as a harness of draught, when the difficulties of the road rendered such an addition to the ordinary hand-rope necessary. A change of light easy shoes replaced on her feet the clumsy *sabôts*, or wooden shoes of the country, and a gleaner's ample straw-hat served to ward off the scorching rays of the sun. While Maurice was dressed in his Sunday suit, Genevieve prudently retained her working attire; but a small bundle, which otherwise would have told tales, containing her holiday dress, to be assumed on arriving at

their place of destination, was disposed as a pillow in the carriage.

Thus provided for the journey, they proceeded along the road towards the chapel, Genevieve, in her speed at the outset, finding vent for her highly-excited feelings.

"Dear Genevieve, not so fast! not so fast! You'll be out of breath before we reach the chapel; you'll kill yourself with the exertion."

"True, dear brother! I was forgetting that we have *some* way to go. I will be more cautious in future; and you must tell me when you would like to rest."

Suiting her pace to the words, and looking ever round to inquire if her brother felt the least inconvenience, the twins arrived about seven o'clock in the chapel, Maurice nowise fatigued, and Genevieve, heated and tired as she was, but too happy to find herself thus far on her road. Having drawn her brother's vehicle under the porch of the little rustic shrine, and listened devoutly to the matin service performed by a gray-headed chaplain, Maurice observed his sister to remain prostrate, engaged in praying with extraordinary fervour, while big tears coursed each other down her cheeks. Her feelings being relieved, and her resolution strengthened by these acts of devotion, she addressed herself to her task. The road northwards across the plain of Beauce was taken. The journey was begun.

Fain would we follow in all its interesting details the itinerary (unexampled perhaps in the world's history) of the twin travellers, from the very centre of France to one of its farthest extremities; but a few only of its leading incidents must suffice to give an idea of the whole.

Along the planted sides of the great high roads and the level plains, their progress, though slow, was steady: halting for the heat of the day under the trees at the entrance of some hamlet, which afforded the needful supplies; while at nightfall, the humblest decent shelter their slender means could command was sought and generally obtained. To avoid large paved villages, and yet more formidable populous towns, was often a tax on the maiden's ingenuity; yet never, save once (at Etampes), was she compelled—by the impossibility of elsewhere crossing two intersecting streams—to consign to strangers' hands her precious charge, and have her brother carried on a handbarrow from one end to the other of the town.

From hence her forward path was beset with new and unforeseen obstacles. The district is now opened up by a railway between Paris and Orleans; but there was no such conveniency at this time, and if there had, how should the poor twins have been able to pay for its use? They were therefore compelled to take the ordinary route, which abounds in steep hills, up which the strongest horses find difficulty in dragging their customary

loads. No wonder, then, if Genevieve well nigh sunk under hers. Her feet had become so blistered that she was forced to leave off shoes; and being constantly obliged to stop and take breath, she made but little way: yet, after every such halt, the agony of her brother in witnessing her distress would make her resume her task with a cheerful smile.

It was not till after twelve days' weary march, during which she had to climb the hills of Arpajou, Long Jumeau, and Bourg la Reine, that they arrived at the village of petit Mont Rouge, near Paris, where they found in the hostess, the widow of an artillery officer killed at Waterloo, an almost maternal friend. The good woman burst into tears on witnessing one of her own sex so dutifully yet painfully employed—lavished on both travellers the kindest attentions—procured for poor Genevieve (whose chest the strap had begun cruelly to lacerate) a new and more comfortable one—and insisted on her taking a few days' rest; while the misgivings of her brother regarding a delay, the cause of which was carefully concealed from him, were obviated by the kind landlady's positive refusal to make the slightest inroad on their slender stock of coin. On parting, she embraced, with mingled admiration and regard, the recruited wayfarer, and assured her of the ultimate success of her enterprise, which could only, she said, have been dictated by express suggestion from on high.

Cheered by this friendly farewell, Genevieve once more donned her harness—avoided, as directed, the city of Paris, by keeping the line of the new boulevard and Champ de Mars—crossed the Seine in a boat, and, late at night, arrived at St Denis, where a less hospitable reception, alas! awaited the poor travellers. A party of gay young sporting men from town, dining in the hotel, chose to consider Genevieve as an adventuress, and her brother as an impostor, and insulted them accordingly; and while the innocent girl, choking with indignant surprise, was equally unwilling and unable to reply, Maurice, writhing on his seat from inability to chastise such insolence, exclaimed, "Miscreants that you are! the best proof that I am a cripple is my not having the power to punish you as you deserve."

This burst of honest feeling only provoked fresh insults from the giddy crew, to escape from whom Genevieve, in spite of her fatigue, insisted on removing her dear invalid from the inhospitable shelter of the inn to one beneath the canopy of heaven, where the tired girl laid herself down at her brother's feet, her head resting on his knees, and their hands twined together like the branches of the old plane-tree above them; and the fine serene midsummer night was passed by both in peace and safety.

The only other untoward incident which marked the remaining journey was a thunderstorm in the forest of L'Isle Adam, which

brought back on the poor sufferer from a similar visitation a return of his frightful convulsion fits. During its continuance, the poor girl—holding her brother's head on her bosom, her hand fast held over his eyes to shield them from the lightning, sheltering him from the rain, as best she might, with her own body—put up the most piteous prayers to Heaven that she might not thus far have led him only to fall a victim to a second catastrophe—adding the natural, and in her case almost pardonable wish, that if the blow were again to fall, it might in death unite them!

Her fears were not, happily, realised; the storm passed off, leaving the wayfarers unscathed. A three days' fever, however, occasioned by alarm and neglect of her own soaked garments, detained them at their evening's quarters; and Beauvais, the half-way house of their arduous journey, lay yet a good way beyond.

It was reached at last after twenty-two days' march, during which three of the five gold pieces so carefully husbanded had melted away. Fresh courage and economy then became necessary to save the high-minded twins from the humiliation of asking alms; and volumes might be written on the hardships, and difficulties, and privations of the remaining half of the pilgrimage. The country in the neighbourhood of Boulogne being hilly, Genevieve found the draught of the carriage more toilsome than it had been for a week before. In England, probably, under such circumstances, she would have received some assistance from empty return vehicles, but in France there is little general traffic on the public roads. A heavy diligence under the charge of a heartless conducteur, or a heavily laden carrier's cart, are almost the only vehicles bound for long journeys which are met with, and from these she had nothing to expect.

As the poor girl drew her car up the last ascent towards Boulogne, she became giddy with fatigue and mental emotion. In a few minutes she was told she would see the wide open sea, with perhaps the white cliffs of Angleterre in the distance.

"Oh, how delightful it will be, Maurice; I will open the canopy of the car to let you have the first glimpse of the sea, which neither of us have ever seen before."

And when she reached the brow of the eminence, there surely was the sea stretched out, a vast sheet of water, with the white cliffs of England faintly pictured on the horizon. Boulogne, also, with its lofty church spire, was seen in a hollow bay on the coast—the goal of long-cherished hopes. The sensations of the pair on beholding the scene mock description. Maurice, though little less delighted at an event which seemed to him scarce short of a miracle, would have urged on his sister a halt; but, then, to pause within reach of her object was im-

possible, and with quickened step she gained the gates of the town. Her first inquiry was how to reach the baths, and the way by which she was directed to them lay along the shore; when the grand and novel spectacle of the gently-undulating ocean recalled to the twins the wide-waving corn-fields of their native country.

Beneath the shade of an overhanging rock they encountered a group of elegant ladies of different nations awaiting the proper time of tide for repairing to the baths. All gazed with interest on the cripple and his conductress; and when, in answer to their inquiries from what village in the neighbourhood the kind girl was bringing him, he took her by the hand, and, with the eloquence of gratitude, told whence they came, and what she had done for him, the farm-girl of Artenay appeared in their eyes as an angel come down from heaven, whom they felt half tempted to worship, and whom they carried in triumph, sounding her praises to all they met, to the bathing establishment.

Its worthy proprietor received the orphans with all his native goodness of heart, thanked Heaven that they were thrown upon his benevolence, and immediately entered on its active exercise, by consigning Maurice, with as many recommendations as if he had been a sovereign prince, to the skill and attention of two of his most experienced bathing-men.

The twins were established in commodious lodgings, and loaded by the awakened interest of the bathers with everything necessary for their comfort. After ten or twelve dips, a degree of irritability began to be felt in the feet of the patient, which quickly ascending to the knees, called forth the doctor's most favourable prognostics. And how did the heart of Genevieve leap responsive to the happy omen! how thankful did she feel for her own courage and perseverance! And how did her fond brother pour out to her his mingled joy and gratitude, when, by degrees, he could move this or that portion of his crippled limbs, and at length—happy day for both—was able to mount, like his friend the old soldier, a couple of crutches. His first use of them, it may be believed, was towards his sister; and never did mother more fondly hail the tottering efforts of her first-born, than Genevieve, receding playfully to lure him on, and crying, "Courage, brother! a few steps more!" received him at length in her outstretched arms, mingling tears and caresses with fresh thanksgivings for so blissful a consummation.

Boulogne is pre-eminent among the seaports of France for its fine stretch of sands, which are the daily resort of bathers, many of whom come from Paris and other parts of the interior, as well as English from the opposite coast. These sands were a favourite resort of the twins. Carrying a seat almost to the edge of the waves, Genevieve led her brother to it, and



here he inhaled every day the refreshing breezes which played along the surface of the ocean. At other times she would move with him to a sheltered spot inland, where he could have the benefit of milk procured from a farm dairy, and a change of atmosphere.

With these attentions, and an unremitting attendance at the baths, where the salt-water douche continued to prove of the greatest efficacy, Maurice gradually gained strength. At first he could walk on his crutches only a few steps, then a greater distance, and after awhile he accomplished a mile and sometimes two miles. He was now able to perambulate the streets, and to be amused with the shops; in these excursions leaning on his sister's arm, and occasionally resting when a seat presented itself. In their walks through the town, Maurice and Genevieve found themselves the objects of respectful interest. Their mutual affection had become generally known, and what Genevieve had done for her brother was a theme of universal praise. In their rambles through the town, therefore, they were frequently addressed by name, while many would point them out in passing, and say, "There go the twins of Beauce."

When September was past, and the sea-bathing season over, the cure of Maurice was so far completed that he talked of returning homeward, and for that purpose modestly asked the worthy bath-keeper to advance him a small sum, to be faithfully repaid out of his own and his sister's first earnings. This loan, however, was not necessary. The day before that fixed on for their departure, a deputation from the youth of every rank in Boulogne waited on Genevieve Asselin, inviting her to receive on the morrow, at a civic feast, the tribute so richly earned by her sisterly devotion. The poor girl thought it a dream when thus summoned to enjoy honours reserved in her simple ideas for persons of rank alone; and could scarce comprehend when assured that it was the very obscurity of her station which enhanced her merit, and made her worthy of being thus honoured.

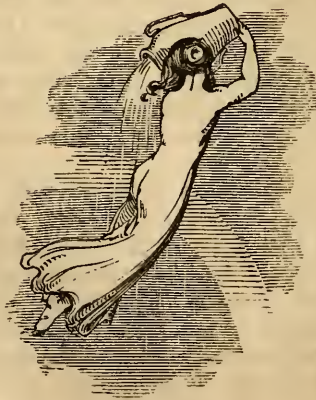
Next day six young ladies came in two carriages to conduct the twins to the spot called Tivoli, in the upper town, where preparations had been made for a fête in commemoration of the purest and most persevering virtue. There the simple timid girl of Beauce, in the garb she had brought from her native village, was crowned with white roses, and at the end of the banquet presented by the spokeswoman of the young women of Boulogne with a purse containing fifty gold pieces, as a willing contribution from sisters of her own sex, justly proud of one who had reflected upon it such unfading lustre.

How the unconscious heroine blushed and resisted; how the sum—one she had never so much as dreamed of possessing—was forced upon her; how she honourably flew to discharge with it


her debt at the baths; but, thanks to their owner's liberality, brought it undiminished away—may be left to the reader's fancy. He may be pleased, however, to learn, that by the physician's advice Maurice exchanged his intended walk home for an inside seat beside his sister in the diligence, on the top of which he insisted on fastening his beloved wagon; that a few days were spent in seeing Paris, which they had once so painfully passed, and in visiting the kind hostess of Mont Rouge, who had acted towards them the Samaritan's part; and that, availing themselves of a return vehicle for Orleans, they reached it late on a Saturday night.

About the hour of ten next morning, just as its inhabitants were proceeding to church, Maurice appeared, now drawing, in his turn, up the street leading to the church, his blushing sister, half-smothered with the flowers showered upon her by the whole closely-following population of her native village.

The good priest, apprised of their happy return, caused the brother to lead his sister to the foot of the altar, and founding on this living text a most affecting exhortation to Christian charity and fraternal love, and again blessing the maid he held out as a pattern to all around, alluded, in a voice faltering with emotion, to his former words of encouragement, asking, "Said I not truly, daughter, that the God who approved would protect you?"



## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

LL excesses are dangerous, and none perhaps more so than an excess in devotional feeling. Of religious excesses, originating either in imposture or the delusions of an overheated temperament, the world has had many lamentable examples. During the last thousand years, there have appeared as many as twenty false Messiahs, besides an incalculable number of persons who have presumed, with equal impiety, to declare themselves to be prophets specially sent by God. History abounds in accounts of these deluded beings, and of their temporary success in working on the credulity of followers. For the sake of general information, and, if possible, to guard simple-minded people from being deceived by the claims of all such pretenders, we present the following account of a few of the principal religious impostors, or at least self-deceived fanatics of modern times, commencing with

### MUNZER AND BOCKHOLT.

In the year 1525, amid the turmoil of the Reformation, there arose a remarkable sect in Germany, headed by a fanatic named Thomas Munzer, who declared himself to be an inspired prophet. The members of the sect pretended to be the peculiar favourites of Heaven, the chosen instruments of God to effect the millennium reign of Christ on earth. They believed that they had familiar personal intercourse with the Deity, that they were on an equal footing with the prophets and apostles of old, and were armed against all opposition by the power of working miracles. Their pretended visions, miracles, and prophecies, soon kindled the flame of fanaticism in the minds of the peasants. Their prophet and leader at length took the field, attended by his deluded followers, with the intention of overturning all governments and laws, giving as a reason that the world was now to be governed by the founder of Christianity in person. The elector of Saxony and other princes raised an army to withstand the dangerous pretensions of the sect. About five thousand were slain in battle, the leader of the mob was executed, and the fanaticism apparently quelled.

A few years later a similar delusion was propagated in Westphalia, a district in lower Germany, by John Bockholt, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden, in Holland—hence his popular name of John of Leyden. This man, with the aid of a few equally infatuated zealots, began to spread his doctrines in Munster, the capital of Westphalia, in the year 1533, and, as in all similar cases, soon gained listeners, some of whom became believers in his pretensions. John of Leyden, like a number of

his predecessors, assumed the character of a temporal prince. He persuaded his credulous followers that a new spiritual kingdom was to be established, and that Munster was to be its capital, whence laws should be sent forth to govern all the kings of the earth. This presumptuous idea was flattering to the mob, and the Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of adherents. As he went on, even the learned, including some monks, joined his sect, until at length he found himself powerful enough to venture on his great project. His followers rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed the magistrates, and became masters of the city. Immediately afterwards John of Leyden was proclaimed *king* of the New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or personal doings of the man who thus got the sway of a great city containing many thousands of people. His extravagances are almost incredible. He married eleven wives, to show his approbation of the polygamy which prevailed in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem; and to assimilate himself to a particular king of the Hebrews, he ran or madly danced, without apparel, through the streets of Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious acts were daily committed by this mock-monarch, whom it is charity to set down as insane. He of course saw visions and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream it was communicated to him, he said, that the cities of Amsterdam, Deventer, and Wesel, were given to him as his own. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither, to spread his new kingdom. In the state of the public mind at the period, these religious embassies were not, as they appear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy gathered so many proselytes, that he attempted to seize on the city. He marched his followers to the town-house on a given day, with drums beating and colours flying. Having seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters there; but the burghers rose, and with some regular troops surrounded the fanatics; the whole of them were put to death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate others of the class.

It may well be imagined that the city of Munster was in a dreadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a doctrine of the sect that all things should be in common among the faithful; and they also taught that civil magistrates were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as well as ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real enthusiasm of belief adding to the evil rather than diminishing it. The following incident is the only one descriptive of the insane and scandalous practices of the sect which we shall venture to record—a specimen is enough. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a private house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having prayed for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off his garments, and throwing them into the flames, commanded the rest to do the same. All did so; and the whole subsequently went out to the streets, which they paraded,

## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

crying, "Wo! wo! wo to Babylon!" and the like. Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they refused to dress themselves, saying, "We are the naked truth!" Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel disgust at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profligates. But when these very persons, instead of being placed in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks of sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne of Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Count Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germany, assembled an army and marched against the city. The fanatics shut its gates and resisted; nor was it until after an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcome. The mock-monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel death, with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end here. The severe laws which were enacted after the deaths of Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread of their principles, were of no preventive value; perhaps the reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediately after the taking of Munster, "the innocent and the guilty were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodigious numbers were devoted to death in the most dreadful forms." There is proof, too, as in the single case detailed, that even where great profligacy characterised their peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up with it such an amount of sincerity as ought to make us think of them with pity as beings labouring under a strange delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring under the common impulses leading to vice. "In almost all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death in its worst forms to a retractation of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments." The more enlightened policy of modern times would either leave alone such unhappy beings, or consign them to the humane treatment of a lunatic asylum.

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### RICHARD BROTHERS.

Richard Brothers was born in Newfoundland in 1760, and for several years served as a midshipman and lieutenant in the British royal navy. In the year 1784 a reduction of the navy took place, and he was paid off, to live for the future upon an allowance of three shillings a-day. No particular eccentricities of conduct characterised Brothers up to the year 1790, when his under-

standing, according to his own showing, began first to be really "enlightened, although (says he) I had always a presentiment of being some time or other very great." The enlightenment took the shape of an objection to the oath which he was obliged by form to take in receiving his half-yearly pay, and which bears to be a "voluntary" attestation that the annuitant has received the benefit of no public employment during the term for which he draws his salary. Mr Brothers found here a difficulty which seems really somewhat puzzling. "I do not wish (he reasoned) to take any oath if I can possibly avoid it, and yet part of my attestation is, that I swear voluntarily. This makes me utter and sign a falsehood, as the oath is compulsory, my pay not being procurable without it." The head of the Admiralty (the Earl of Chatham) would not depart from the ordinary form in such cases, and Mr Brothers was left half starving, for the space of a year or so, on the horns of this dilemma. Anxiety of mind appears to have given the decisive bent, at this period, to his awakening fanatical tendencies.

The next tidings which we have of Mr Brothers result from the application, in 1791, of Mrs Green, a lodging-house keeper in Westminster, to one of the workhouses in that district, respecting a lodger of hers who owed her thirty-three pounds, and whom she was unable to keep any longer, as his conscience would not allow him to draw the pay due to him from the Admiralty. The workhouse board pitied the poor woman, who spoke highly of the honesty, good temper, and moral conduct of her lodger. They sent for Mr Brothers. "His appearance (says a writer who was present) prepossessed me greatly in his favour. He seemed about thirty years of age, tall, and well-formed, and showed in his address and manner much mildness and gentility." He answered questions calmly, though his replies were all tinged with fanaticism. The issue was, that the board took him off Mrs Green's hands for a time, and stated the case fully to the Admiralty; which body, on the score of the eccentricities deposed to by the widow, granted the pension to Mr Brothers for the future without the oath.

Richard Brothers, comparatively easy in worldly circumstances, now came before the world as a prophet. He did not publish his "great" works till 1794; but long before that time his prophetic announcements had been spread abroad, and he had made a mighty stir in the world. His house was constantly filled by persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, and the street crowded with their carriages. There was at least one member of parliament, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a gentleman known as a profound Oriental scholar, and author of some highly valued compositions, who openly espoused the views and cause of Brothers, sounding his praises in the British senate, and supporting him by learned dissertations from the press. Oxford divines did not disdain to enter the field as opponents of the new prophet;

scores of pious enthusiasts "testified" in his favour; thousands trembled at his denunciations of wo; and, in short, Richard Brothers became, what he "had always a presentiment of being some time or other—a very great man."

To glance at the mass of absurdities—blasphemous in the extreme, if viewed as the outpourings of mental sanity—which men thus allowed to arrest their attention, excites a sense alike of the painful and ludicrous. That the man was neither more nor less than a confirmed lunatic, appears on the face of every chapter. If there was any admixture of imposture in the case, certainly self-delusion was the prevailing feature. The following selections, which, so far from being the most gross specimens of his ravings, are only such as may without impropriety be set down here, will satisfy every reader of the diseased organisation of the prophet's head. He calls his work, which appeared in two books, "A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times," with a further heading, which could scarcely be repeated. He had found out in his visions that his ancestors had been Jews, though "separated from that race for fifteen hundred years, such a length of time as to make them forget they ever belonged to the name." The discovery of his Hebrew descent was an essential point, as the prophet was to be the "prince and restorer of the Jews by the year 1798." Absurd enough as this assumed genealogy was, what term should be applied to the further assumption, defended by Mr Halded in parliament, of such a descent as to render him "nephew" to the Divine Being!

One of Brothers's more important prophecies was, that London would be destroyed in 1791; and will it be credited that such a piece of nonsense should at the time have created great uneasiness in the minds of many persons in the metropolis? To finish the farce, London was *not* destroyed at the time predicted; but that only gave the prophet grounds for self-laudation: it was saved by *his* interposition! He describes minutely what the state of things would otherwise have been, in order, no doubt, to make the sense of the escape stronger. "London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been sunk, including a distance of eighteen miles on each side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found."

Mr Brothers had many visions of solid temporal power and honours. In a vision he was shown "the queen of England coming towards me, slow, trembling, and afraid. This was communicated to William Pitt in the month called June 1792." In another vision he saw the English monarch rise from the throne, and humbly send him "a most magnificent star." What this meant the prophet could not at first tell, but it was "revealed" to signify that entire power was given to him over the majesty of England. A letter describing the vision, "with others to the king, queen, and chancellor of the exchequer, were put into the

penny post-office, to be sent by that conveyance, according to the directions I received on that head by revelation." But Brothers was still more direct in his announcements to the king of his coming fall. In his book he plainly says, "I tell you, George the Third, king of England, that immediately on my being revealed in London to the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that all your power and authority may instantly cease." The "revelation" spoken of was to be effected openly and visibly. "I am to take a rod and throw it on the ground, when it will be changed into a serpent; to take it in my hand again, when it will be re-changed into a rod."

Can it be possible that ravings such as these, which are among the least objectionable in the book, brought carriages full of admiring people of quality to the door of Richard Brothers, and were defended by a learned senator of Britain less than fifty years ago? That they did so is undeniable; and here lies the apology for yet holding the case up to ridicule. But space and time enough have now been occupied with the task, and we must speedily draw to an end with Richard Brothers. He showed most fully the extent of his self-delusion, perhaps, on the occasion of his visit to the House of Commons. After formally announcing that he was about to do so, he went to that place for the purpose of prophesying to the members of wars and rumours of wars, and of directing them, as their true "king and minister of state," how to avoid the coming perils. Strange to say, the reckless speaker sent back the letter of the prophet with a messenger, who set him off with what he felt to be, "in such a public place particularly, unfeeling contempt and incivility." But the House of Commons had not yet seen the last of Richard Brothers. On the 4th of March 1795 the poor prophet was taken into custody, ostensibly to answer a charge of high treason, founded on the printed passages relating to the king, but in reality to try the sanity of the man in a regular way. He was tried, and was declared by a jury to be *insane*. The imputation both of insanity and high treason was combated, in two long speeches in the House of Commons, by Mr Halded, and these speeches show both learning and ingenuity in no slight degree. But the case was too strong for Mr Halded, and his motions fell to the ground unseconded.

Richard Brothers now fell under the care of the lord-chancellor as a lunatic, and passed the whole of his remaining days, we believe, in private confinement. Doubtless he would there be much more happy than in the midst of a world for which his unfortunate situation unfitted him. The victims of such illusions create a world of their own around them, and in imaginary intercourse with the beings that people it, find more pleasure than in any commerce with the material creation. Richard Brothers, as far as he lived at all for the ordinary world, lived only to give



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another proof of the strength of the superstitious feeling and love of the marvellous in man, as well as of the difficulty which even education has in repressing their undue exercise.

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## FEMALE FANATICS.

Within the last sixty or seventy years, the religious world has been scandalised by the wild fancies and pretensions of several female fanatics, equally mad or self-deceiving with the most visionary impostors of the male sex. We shall first speak of

*Ann Lee.*—This woman was the daughter of a blacksmith in Manchester, and having gone to America, she commenced her operations in 1776, near Albany, in the state of New York. A combination of bodily disease—perhaps catalepsy—and religious excitement appears to have produced in her the most distressing consequences. During the spasms and convulsions into which she occasionally was thrown, her person was dreadfully distorted, and she would clench her hands until the blood oozed through the pores of her skin. She continued so long in these fits, that her flesh and strength wasted away, and she required to be fed, and was nursed like an infant.

Deranged both in body and mind, she now began to imagine herself to be under supernatural influence; thought, or pretended, that she had visions and revelations; and ended with declaring that she was the woman spoken of in the book of Revelations, chapter xii.: 1. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars; 2. And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered; 5. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne." Mrs Lee further declared that she was the mother and leader of the elect; that she had the gift of tongues; that she could converse with the dead; and that she should never die, but ascend to heaven in the twinkling of an eye. Notwithstanding this confident prediction, she died; but her death was so far from opening the eyes of her dupes, that it rather confirmed them in the faith, and she still numbers several thousand followers in the United States. These deluded people believe that they are the only true church on earth; that they shall reign with Christ a thousand years; that they have all the apostolic gifts; and, like them, they prove all their doctrines from prophecy, as well as by signs and by wonders.

*Jemima Wilkinson* was another American fanatic who flourished at the same time as Mrs Lee. She was the daughter of

a member of the Society of Friends of Cumberland, Rhode Island. Mentally deranged, her first visions occurred in 1775, when she pretended that she had been ill, and had actually died. Her soul having gone to heaven, as she alleged, she there heard the inquiry, "Who will go and preach to a dying world?" Whereupon she answered, "Here am I, send me." Her body, as she said, was then reanimated by the spirit of Christ, upon which she set up as a public teacher, to give the last call of mercy to the human race. She declared that she had arrived at a state of perfection, and knew all things by immediate revelation; that she could foretell future events, heal all diseases, and discern the secrets of the heart. If any person was not healed by her, she conveniently attributed it to the want of faith.

Mrs Wilkinson made many other extravagant pretensions. She assumed the title of universal friend; declared that she had left the realms of glory for the good of mankind, and that all who would not believe in her should perish. She pretended that she should live a thousand years, and then be translated without death. She preached in defence of a community of goods, and took herself whatever "the Lord had need of." Multitudes of the poor, and many of the rich, in New England believed in the truth of these frantic assumptions, and made large contributions to her. Some gave hundreds, and one even a thousand dollars for her use. In a few instances wealthy families were ruined by her. No detection of her fallacies undeceived her willing dupes. She pretended that she could walk on water, in which she signally failed. She pretended that she could raise the dead to life, but a corpse placed in a coffin remained dead in spite of all her efforts. Her own death occurred in 1819, and thus her claims to immortality were completely falsified. Yet her followers would not at first believe that she was dead. They refused to bury her body, but at last were compelled to dispose of it in some secret way. Mrs Wilkinson still numbers followers in the United States, who entertain the notion that she has left them only for a time, and will return again on earth.

*Mrs Buchan*, a resident in Glasgow, excited by a religious mania, announced herself in 1783 as a mother and leader of the elect. She likewise was resolute in proclaiming that she was the woman spoken of in the Revelations; that the end of the world was near, and that all should follow her ministrations. For some time she wandered from place to place, attended by hundreds of half-crazy dupes. This woman appears to have been one of the least selfish or arrogant of the class to which she belonged. She seems simply to have been a lunatic, whom it was cruel to allow to go at large. She announced that she was immortal, and that all who believed in her should never taste death; but in time, like all other mortals, she died; and this event staggered the faith of her followers. The Buchanites,

as they were termed, are now, we believe, extinct. Perhaps some of them were absorbed by the next impostor-fanatic who appeared in England.

*Joanna Southcott.*—This person was born in Devonshire about the year 1750, of humble parents. In early life, and till near her fortieth year, she was employed chiefly at Exeter as a domestic servant. Having joined one of the Methodist bodies, her religious feelings were powerfully awakened, and becoming acquainted with a man named Sanderson, who laid claim to the spirit of prophecy, the notion of a like pretension was gradually impressed on her mind. Possessing a very inferior education, and naturally of a coarse mind, her efforts at prophecy, whether in prose or verse, were uncouth and unworthy of the notice of people enjoying a sane mind. There being, however, always persons of an unsettled turn ready to give credence to pretensions confidently supported, her influence extended; she announced herself, like her predecessors in England and America, as the woman spoken of in the book of Revelations; and obtained considerable sums by the sale of seals which were to secure the salvation of those who purchased them.

Exeter being too narrow a field for the exercise of her prophetic powers, Mrs Southcott removed to London, on the invitation and at the expense of William Sharp, an eminent engraver, who had become one of her principal adherents. Both before and after her removal to the metropolis, she published a number of pamphlets containing her crude reveries and prophecies concerning her mission. Towards the year 1813 she had surrounded herself with many credulous believers, and among certain classes had become an object of no small importance. Among other rhapsodies, she uttered dreadful denunciations upon her opposers and the unbelieving nations, and predicted the speedy approach of the millennium. In the last year of her life she secluded herself from the world, and especially from the society of the other sex, and gave out that she was with child of the Holy Ghost; and that she should give birth to the Shiloh promised to Jacob, which should be the second coming of Christ. Her prophecy was, that she was to be delivered on the 19th of October 1814, at midnight; being then upwards of sixty years of age.

This announcement seemed not unlikely to be verified, for there was an external appearance of pregnancy; and her followers, who are said to have amounted at that time to 100,000, were in the highest state of excitement. A splendid and expensive cradle was made, and considerable sums were contributed, in order to have other things prepared in a style worthy of the expected Shiloh. On the night of the 19th of October a large number of persons assembled in the street in which she lived, waiting to hear the announcement of the looked-for event; but

the hour of midnight passed over, and the crowd were only induced to disperse by being informed that Mrs Southcott had fallen into a trance. On the 27th of December following she died, having a short time previously declared that "if she was deceived, she was at all events misled by some spirit, either good or evil." Under the belief that she was not dead, or that she would again come to life, her disciples refused to inter the body, until it began to be offensive from decomposition. They then consented, with much reluctance, to a post-mortem examination, which fully refuted Joanna's pretensions and their belief. The appearance which had deceived her followers was found to have arisen from dropsy. The pretended mission of Joanna Southcott might be expected to have been now thoroughly abandoned; but whether influenced by fanaticism or shame, her disciples clung to the cause of the deceased. They most reluctantly buried the body, without relinquishing their hopes. Flattering themselves that the object of their veneration would still, some way, reappear, they formed themselves into a religious society, which exists till this day in London, under the name of the Southcottian church. The members affect a peculiar costume, of which a brown coat of a plain cut, a whity-brown hat, with a long unshaven beard, are the chief features. Joanna Southcott was unquestionably, for the last twenty years of her life, in a state of religious insanity, which took the direction of diseased self-esteem. A lunatic asylum would have been her most fitting place of residence.

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#### ROBERT MATTHEWS.

Some years ago a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York by the mad and grotesque pranks of Robert Matthews, who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington county, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where in his boyhood he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius

for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813 he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a storekeeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed. He became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where for a number of years he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed in 1827 to what he thought a better field for his talent in Albany. While settled in this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. Hitherto he had belonged to the Scotch church; but now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm, as to sit up a great part of the night repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829 his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed “Rally round the Standard of Truth;” this they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the

public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed both in matter and manner to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce was, that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a Bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow, in obedience to a Scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but here he was seized by the authorities, and placed in confinement as a disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that till about this period Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half-madman, half-knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a

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madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion, and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822 a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation, in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes perhaps equally well-meaning, but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, and none more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. Mr Pierson was a merchant by profession, and, by a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830 his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James, v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be "raised up" from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for extract; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied,

and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S——, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health and the confirmation of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say, that the *very highest imaginable character* was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of Scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of declaring that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as everybody knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S——, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly-furnished house of Mr S——, and acceding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in



token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a vest, commonly of richly-figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we may have an idea of him in his public costume. In private he disused the black leather cap, and sometimes appeared in a nightcap of the finest linen, decorated with twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably, that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, "the kingdom," and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was only as a great favour; and at all meetings he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an

immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus, procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson; but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him at the same time with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833 he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Singing, in Westchester county, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who as yet were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal time to preach, and generally preached so long, that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast-table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over; in the same manner he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all which was very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny and pampering the vanity of Matthews, was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York, or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a-day was further made to his wife in Albany; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline; he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis Matthews showed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil; that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil, and so on with every other malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief, or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously-prepared dishes of berries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness,

endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy the black servant assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide in so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villany did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried; but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told him that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been

the victim of a designing impostor, that Pierson's death had been caused by foul means, and that the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of "devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthias one hundred pieces of gold coin, of the value of five hundred and thirty dollars, and one hundred dollars in bank-notes, which the said Matthias feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid." Matthews pled not guilty to the charge, but upon the solicitation of Folger, who seems to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at Westchester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men, who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examiners could not agree that the stomach showed indications of a poisonous substance, some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. On this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated; but his countenance fell when he found that he was to be tried on another indictment for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Sing-sing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence, the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture.

## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

### JOHN NICOLLS THOMS.

In the summer of 1838 the people of Great Britain were startled by the intelligence of a remarkable disturbance in Kent, caused by the assumptions of divine power by a madman named John Nicolls Thoms.

This religious impostor was the son of a small farmer and maltster at St Columb, in Cornwall. He appears to have entered life as cellarman to a wine-merchant in Truro. Succeeding to his master's business, he conducted it for three or four years, when his warehouse was destroyed by fire, and he received £3000 in compensation from an insurance company. Since then, during more than ten years, he had been in no settled occupation. In the year 1833 he appeared as a candidate successively for the representation of Canterbury and East Kent, taking the title of Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, knight of Malta and king of Jerusalem, and further representing himself as the owner by birthright of several estates in Kent. His fine person and manners, and the eloquent appeals he made to popular feeling, secured him a certain degree of favour, but were not sufficient to gain for an obscure adventurer a preferment usually reserved for persons possessing local importance and undoubted fortune. Though baffled in this object, he continued to address the populace as their peculiar friend, and kept up a certain degree of influence amongst them. He is supposed to have connected himself also with a number of persons engaged in the contraband trade, as, in July 1833, he made an appearance in a court of law on behalf of the crew of a smuggling vessel, when he conducted himself in such a way as to incur a charge of perjury. He was consequently condemned to transportation for seven years, but, on a showing of his insanity, was committed to permanent confinement in a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged a few months before his death, on a supposition that he might safely be permitted to mingle once more in society.

Thoms now resumed his intercourse with the populace, whose opinion of him was probably rather elevated than depressed by his having suffered from his friendship for the smugglers. He repeated his old stories of being a man of high birth, and entitled to some of the finest estates in Kent. He sided with them in their dislike of the new regulations for the poor, and led them to expect that whatever he should recover of his birthright, should be as much for their interest as his own. There were two or three persons of substance who were so far deluded by him as to lend him considerable sums of money. Latterly, pretensions of a more mysterious nature mingled in the ravings of this madman; and he induced a general belief amongst the ignorant

peasantry around Canterbury that he was either the Saviour of mankind sent anew upon earth, or a being of the same order, and commissioned for similar purposes. One of his followers, when asked, after his death, by the correspondent of a newspaper, how he could put faith in such a man, answered in language of the following tenor:—"Oh, sir, he could turn any one that once listened to him whatever way he liked, and make them believe what he pleased. He had a tongue which a poor man could not get over, and a learned man could not gainsay, although standing before him. He puzzled all the lawyers in Canterbury, and they confessed that he knew more of law than all put together. You could not always understand what he said, but when you did, it was beautiful, and wonderful, and powerful, just like his eyes; and then his voice was so sweet! And he was such a grand gentleman, and sometimes latterly such an awful man, and looked so terrible if any one ventured to oppose him, that he carried all before him. Then, again, he was so charitable! While he had a shilling in his pocket, a poor man never should want. And then such expectations as he had, and which nobody could deny! He had papers to prove himself to be either the heir or right possessor of Powderham Castle, and Evington, and Nash Court, and Chilham Castle, and all the estates of the families of the Courtenays, the Percies, and Honeywoods, and of Sir Edward Hales, and Sir Thomas Hindlay, more than I can tell you of. And there was Mr — of Boughton, who lent him £200 on his title-deeds, and the waiter of the — Hotel, in Canterbury, who lent him £73, besides other respectable people throughout the county who let him have as much money on his estates as he pleased, and have kept up a subscription for him ever since he was sent to jail in 1833 about the smugglers he befriended. And at that same time it was well known that he need not have gone to prison unless he liked, for the very ladies of Canterbury would have rescued him, only he forbade them, and said the law should be fulfilled. I myself saw them kissing his hand and his clothes in hundreds that day; and there was one woman that could not reach him with a glass of cordial gin; she threw it into his mouth, and blessed him, and bade him keep a bold heart, and he should yet be free, and king of Canterbury!"

It is further to be observed, that the aspect of the man was imposing. His height approached six feet. His features were regular and beautiful—a broad fair forehead, aquiline nose, small well-cut mouth, and full rounded chin. The only defect of his person was a somewhat short neck; but his shoulders were broad, and he possessed uncommon personal strength. Some curious significations of the enthusiasm he had excited were afterwards observed in the shape of scribblings on the walls of a barn. On the left side of the door were the following sentences:—"If you new he was on earth, your harts Wod turn;" "But dont Wate

to late ;” “They how R.”\* On the right side were the following:—“O that great day of gudgegment is close at hand ;” “It now peps in the dor every man according to his works ;” “Our rites and liberties We Will have.”

On Monday the 28th of May 1838, the frenzy of Thoms and his followers seems to have reached its height. With twenty or thirty persons, in a kind of military order, he went about for three days amongst the farmhouses in Boughton, Sittingbourne, Boulton, and other villages in the vicinity of Canterbury, receiving and paying for refreshment. One woman sent her son to him with a “mother’s blessing,” as to join in some great and laudable work. He proclaimed a great meeting for the ensuing Sunday, which he said was to be “a glorious but bloody day.” At one of the places where he ordered provisions for his followers, it was in these words, “Feed my sheep.” To convince his disciples of his divine commission, he is said to have pointed his pistol at the stars, and told them that he would make them fall from their spheres. He then fired at some star, and his pistol having been rammed down with tow steeped in oil, and sprinkled over with steel filings, produced, on being fired, certain bright sparkles of light, which he immediately said were falling stars. On another occasion he went away from his followers with a man of the name of Wills and two others of the rioters, saying to them, “Do you stay here, whilst I go yonder,” pointing to a bean-stack, “and strike the bloody blow.” When they arrived at the stack, to which they marched with a flag, the flag-bearer laid his flag on the ground, and knelt down to pray. The other then put in, it is said, a lighted match ; but Thoms seized it, and forbade it to burn, and the fire was not kindled. This, on their return to the company, was announced as a miracle.

On Wednesday evening he stopped at the farmhouse of Bossenden, where the farmer Culver, finding that his men were seduced by the impostor from their duty, sent for constables to have them apprehended. Two brothers named Mears, and another man, accordingly went next morning ; but on their approach, Thoms shot Nicolas Mears dead with a pistol, and aimed a blow at his brother with a dagger, whereupon the two survivors instantly fled. At an early hour he was abroad with his followers, to the number of about forty, in Bossenden or Bleanwoods, which were to have been the scene of the great demonstration on Sunday ; and a newspaper correspondent reports the following particulars of the appearance and doings of the fanatics at this place, from a woodcutter who was following his business at the spot:—“Thoms undertook to administer the sacrament in bread and water to the deluded men who followed him. He told them on this occasion, as he did on many others, that there was great oppression in the land, and indeed through-

\* Apparently, *They who err.*



out the world; but that if they would follow him, he would lead them on to glory. He depicted the gentry as great oppressors, threatened to deprive them of their estates, and talked of partitioning these into farms of forty or fifty acres among those who followed him. He told them he had come to earth on a cloud, and that on a cloud he should some day be removed from them; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had but faith in him as their Saviour; and that if ten thousand soldiers came against him, they would either turn to their side or fall dead at his command. At the end of his harangue, Alexander Foad, whose jaw was afterwards shot off by the military, knelt down at his feet and worshipped him; so did another man of the name of Brankford. Foad then asked Thoms whether he should follow him in the body, or go home and follow him in heart. To this Thoms replied, 'Follow me in the body.' Foad then sprang on his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and with a voice of great exultation exclaimed, 'Oh, be joyful! Oh, be joyful! The Saviour has accepted me. Go on—go on; till I drop I'll follow thee!' Brankford also was accepted as a follower, and exhibited the same enthusiastic fervour. At this time his denunciations against those who should desert him were terrific. Fire would come down from heaven and consume them in this world, and in the next eternal damnation was to be their doom. His eye gleamed like a bright coal whilst he was scattering about these awful menaces. The woodcutter was convinced that at that moment Thoms would have shot any man dead who had ventured to quit his company. After this mockery of religion was completed, the woodcutter went to Thoms, shook hands with him, and asked him if it was true that he had shot the constable? 'Yes,' replied Thoms coolly, 'I did shoot the vagabond, and I have eaten a hearty breakfast since. I was only executing upon him the justice of Heaven, in virtue of the power which God has given me.'"

The two repulsed constables had immediately proceeded to Faversham, for the purpose of procuring fresh warrants and the necessary assistance. A considerable party of magistrates and other individuals now advanced to the scene of the murder, and about mid-day (Thursday, May 31) approached Thoms' party at a place called the Osier-bed, where the Rev. Mr Handley, the clergyman of the parish, and a magistrate, used every exertion to induce the deluded men to surrender themselves, but in vain. Thoms defied the assailants, and fired at Mr Handley, who then deemed it necessary to obtain military aid before attempting further proceedings. A detachment of the forty-fifth regiment, consisting of a hundred men, was brought from Canterbury, under the command of Major Armstrong. A young officer, Lieutenant Bennett, who belonged to another regiment, and was at Canterbury on furlough, proposed, under a sense of duty, to accompany the party, on the condition

## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

that he should be allowed to return before six o'clock to dine with some friends. At the approach of the military, Thoms and his men took up a position in Bossenden wood, between two roads. Major Armstrong divided his men into two bodies of equal numbers, that the wood might be penetrated from both of these roads at once, so as to enclose the rioters: the one party he took command of himself, the other was placed under the charge of Lieutenant Bennett. The magistrates who accompanied the party, gave orders to the officers to take Courtenay, as Thoms was usually called, dead or alive, and as many of his men as possible. The two parties then advanced into the wood by opposite paths, and soon came within sight of each other close to the place where the fanatics were posted. A magistrate in Armstrong's party endeavoured to address the rioters, and induce them to surrender; but while he was speaking, the unfortunate Bennett had rushed upon his fate. He had advanced, attended by a single private, probably for the purpose of calling upon the insurgents to submit, when the madman who led them advanced to meet him, and Major Armstrong had just time to exclaim, "Bennett, fall back," when Thoms fired a pistol at him within a few yards of his body. Bennett had apprehended his danger, and had his sword raised to defend himself from the approaching maniac: a momentary collision did take place between him and his slayer; but the shot had lodged with fatal effect in his side, and he fell from his horse a dead man. Thoms fought for a few seconds with others of the assailants, but was prostrated by the soldier attending Mr Bennett, who sent a ball through his brain. The military party then poured in a general discharge of fire-arms on the followers of the impostor, of whom nine were killed, and others severely wounded, one so fatally as to expire afterwards. A charge was made upon the remainder by the surviving officer, and they were speedily overpowered and taken into custody.

A reporter for the Morning Chronicle newspaper, who was immediately after on the spot where this sad tragedy was acted, gave the following striking account of the local feeling on the occasion:—"The excitement which prevails here, in Boulton, the scene of the murder of Lieutenant Bennett, and of the punishment of his assassins, and the wretched peasantry who were deluded and misled by Courtenay, exceeds anything I ever before witnessed. It was evident, upon listening to the observations of the peasantry, especially of the females, that the men who have been shot are regarded by them as martyrs, while their leader was considered, and is venerated, as a species of divinity. The rumour amongst them is, that '*he is to rise again on Sunday.*' Incredible as it may appear, I have been assured of this as a positive fact with respect to the utter folly and madness of the lower orders here. A more convincing proof of the fanaticism that prevails cannot be afforded than the fact,

that a woman [by name Sarah Culver] was apprehended yesterday who was discovered washing the face of Courtenay, and endeavouring to pour some water between his lips. She, upon being interrogated, declared that she had that day followed him for more than half a mile with a pail of water, and her reason for it was, that he had desired her, if he should happen to be killed, *to put some water between his lips, and he would rise again in a month.* One of the prisoners, Wills, who had received a slight wound from Major Armstrong, the commander of the party, told him that he and the other men who were with Courtenay would have attacked two thousand soldiers, *as they were persuaded by Courtenay that they could not be shot,* and it was under this impression they were determined upon fighting."

Another local observer reports:—"Such is the veneration in which numbers here hold Thoms, that various sums of money have been offered to obtain a lock of his hair and a fragment of the blood-stained shirt in which he died. The women, with whom he was a prodigious favourite, seek these relics with the greatest avidity, and are described as receiving them with the most enthusiastic devotion."

Two of the rioters were tried at Maidstone, August 9, on the charge of being principals with Thoms in the murder of Nicolas Mears, and found guilty. Eight were tried on the ensuing day, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Bennett; they pleaded guilty, and received the appropriate sentence. It was, however, thought proper that capital punishment should not be inflicted on these men, seeing that they had been acting under infatuation.

Mr Liardet, a gentleman deputed to make some inquiries respecting the Kentish disturbances, observes, in a report on the subject, that the main cause of the delusion was *ignorance.* "A little consideration of rural life," says he, "will show the danger of leaving the peasantry in such a state of ignorance. In the solitude of the country, the uncultivated mind is much more open to the impressions of fanaticism than in the bustle and collision of towns. In such a stagnant state of existence the mind acquires no activity, and is unaccustomed to make those investigations and comparisons necessary to detect imposture. The slightest semblance of evidence is often sufficient with them to support a deceit which elsewhere would not have the smallest chance of escaping detection. If we look for a moment at the absurdities and inconsistencies practised by Thoms, it appears at first utterly inconceivable that any persons out of a lunatic asylum could have been deceived by him. That an imposture so gross and so slenderly supported should have succeeded, must teach us, if anything will, the folly and danger of leaving the agricultural population in the debasing ignorance which now exists among them."

## MORMONISM.

The sect of the Mormonites, or Latter-Day Saints, has of late years become familiar by these names in Great Britain. They derive their first and standing appellation from a work called the Book of Mormon, assumed by them to be the fruit of inspiration and revelation, and taken as the text-book and bible of the sect. The Book of Mormon, published two or three times in North America, and once in Britain in 1841, had the following origin:—

A number of years since, a young man named Joseph Smith, the founder, apostle, and prophet of the Mormonites, followed the profession of a *money-digger* in the United States. It is a common belief in some of the maritime districts of that republic, that large sums of money and masses of bullion were there buried in the earth by the buccaneers, as well as, more recently, by persons concerned in the revolution. The pretence of discovering these treasures by incantations was an artifice to which needy and cunning men frequently resorted, and Joseph Smith, according to the best testimony, distinguished himself peculiarly in this line. While he was engaged in these and similar pursuits, he received, as his own story runs, several revelations from heaven relative to the religious sects of the day. On the first occasion when he was thus favoured, he had gone into a grove, and there besought divine aid to show him which, of all the denominations of the Christian church then existing, he ought to reverence and follow as the true one. A bright light, he said, appeared above his head; he was received up into the midst of it; and he there saw two angelic personages, who told him that all his sins were forgiven, that the whole world was in error on religious points, and that the truth should be made known to him in due time. A second revelation of a similar description informed Smith that the American Indians were a remnant of the children of Israel, and that prophets and inspired men had once existed amongst them, by whom divine records had been deposited in a secure place, to save them from the hands of the wicked. A third communication, made on the morning of September 22, 1823, informed Smith that these relics were to be found in a cavern on a large hill to the east of the mail-road from Palmyra, Wayne county, state of New York. Here, accordingly, Joseph made search, and, as he says, found a stone-chest containing plates like gold, about seven by eight inches in width and length, and not quite so thick as common tin. On these plates was graven the Book or Bible of Mormon, so called from the name given to the party supposed to have written and concealed it. Smith was not allowed to take away these golden plates until he had learned

the Egyptian language, in which tongue, or a modern dialect of it, the graven book was composed. At length, in September 1827, Smith was deemed qualified to receive the golden plates, and he transcribed an English version of the characters, which was published in the year 1830. The work made a considerable impression on the poorer classes of the United States, and a sect was formed soon afterwards, calling themselves "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." From their text-book they were more familiarly called the "Mormonites."

In the preparation, or at least promulgation of these pretended revelations, Smith was assisted by his father, and by persons called Rigdon, Harris, and others. At first little attention was paid to the imposture; but when it appeared to be undermining the religious belief and habits of the less instructed portion of the community, the respectable citizens of Palmyra and Manchester, where the Smiths formerly resided, felt it their duty to expose the real character of the Smiths. An affidavit was accordingly made by about fifty gentlemen, of various professions, and of diverse religious sentiments. The following is a copy of this document:—

"PALMYRA, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1833. — We, the undersigned, having been acquainted with the Smith family for a number of years, while they resided near this place, have no hesitation in saying, that we consider them destitute of that moral character which ought to entitle them to the confidence of any community. They were particularly infamous for visionary projects, spent much of their time in digging for money, which they pretended was laid in the earth; and to this day large excavations may be seen in the earth not far from their residence, where they used to spend their time in digging for hidden treasures. Joseph Smith, senior, and his son Joseph, were in particular considered entirely destitute of moral character, and addicted to vicious habits. Martin Harris had acquired a considerable property, and in matters of business his word was considered good; but on moral and religious subjects he was perfectly visionary; sometimes advocating one sentiment, sometimes another. In reference to all with whom we are acquainted that have embraced Mormonism from this neighbourhood, we are compelled to say that they were visionary, and most of them destitute of moral character, and without influence in the community. This is the reason why they were permitted to go on with their imposition undisturbed. It was not supposed that any of them were possessed of sufficient character or influence to make any one believe their book or their sentiments; and we know not a single individual in this vicinity who puts the least confidence in their pretended revelations."\* [Here follow the signatures of fifty-one persons.]

\* Rise, Progress, and Causes of Mormonism, by Professor J. B. Turner. New York: 1844.

A similar testimony is recorded against the Smiths from respectable citizens in Manchester; and with respect to an assistant in the fraud, named Oliver Cowdery, in an affidavit presented by the authority before us, he is shown to be "a worthless fellow, and not to be trusted or believed." Whitmer, another member of this impious confederacy, is spoken of with equal disrespect.

The religion which these wretched impostors proposed to disseminate, appears to be a mixture of Christianity, drawn from garbled portions of the common English translation of the Scriptures, and the fancies of an irregular and ill-educated mind. The Book of Mormon, on which the deceitful doctrines of the sect are founded, is nearly of the same extent as the Old Testament, and contains, properly speaking, two distinct stories or histories. The history of the Nephites, a portion of the tribe of Joseph, supposed to have emigrated from Jerusalem under a prophet named Nephi, and to have been miraculously led to America, occupies the first part of the work. The Nephites founded, says the story, the Indian race. Many years after their settlement, they are also stated to have discovered the records of the Jaredites, an extinct nation which came to America about the time of the building of Babel. The revelations of various prophets to these Jaredites and Nephites, and direct divine communications respecting "my servant, Joseph Smith," the apostle of the present day, compose the staple matter of the Book of Mormon.

One main, if not the only object of the imposture, has been to exalt Joseph Smith as a grand head and director of the church; the other offices being filled by creatures subordinate to his will, and sharers in the plunder of the dupes. There are two distinct orders of church dignitaries—1. The MELCHIZEDEC, or High Priesthood, consisting of high priests and elders; 2. The AARONIC, or Lesser Priesthood, consisting of bishops, priests, teachers, and deacons. The former preside over the spiritual interests of the church; the latter administer its ordinances, and manage its temporal concerns. Three of the Melchizedec, or High Priests, are appointed presidents, to preside over all the churches in the world, and are called the First Presidency. There are also subordinate presidencies, ruling over towns or districts, called Stakes; and the appointment of these stakes in new regions in North America affords Mr Smith a favourable opportunity, as it has been observed, for speculating in "town lots."

The harangues of the Mormon preachers, abounding in allusions to the Christian doctrines, are well calculated to confuse and deceive the minds of unlearned hearers; but when investigated, the pretensions on which the whole fabric is reared appear eminently absurd and impious. From beginning to end the Book of Mormon is filled with evidences of forgery and

## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

imposture. The peculiar style of holy writ is borrowed throughout, and, as regards words and names, many separate languages are drawn upon, proving the assumed writer of early ages to have all the information of our day before him. The difficulty arising from the red colour of the Indian skin, so different from that of the Jews, is overcome by the arbitrary and easy medium of a miracle. Their colour is said to have been changed as a punishment for their sins. Things are spoken of which, it is well known, were not invented till late times. For example, it is said by the prophet Nephi, in allusion to a mutiny that took place on his voyage to America, "And it came to pass, after they had loosed me, behold, I took the *compass*, and it did work whither I desired it." Besides antedating the discovery of the needle's polarity by several centuries, the writer here evidently misunderstands the use of the compass altogether. A Mormonite elder, being pressed on the subject of this blunder, pointed to the account of St Paul's voyage, which has this sentence in the English version: "We *fetched a compass*, and came to Rhegium." The misapprehension of this sentence, the first words of which mean merely, "We made a circuit," had obviously led to the blunder of the composer of the Book of Mormon. According to a paper in the Athenæum: "The history of the pretended Israelites is continued in the Books of Enos, Jarom, Zeniff, &c. and through them all we find one signal proof not merely of imposture, but of the ignorance of the impostor, repeated with singular pertinacity. Every successive prophet predicts to the Nephites the future coming of Christ: the writer has fallen into the vulgar error of mistaking an epithet for a name; the word 'Christ,' as all educated persons know, is not a name, but a Greek title of office, signifying 'The Anointed,' being in fact a translation of the Hebrew word *Messiah*. It is true that in modern times, and by a corruption which is now become inveterate, the term is used by western Christians as if it were a proper name, or at least an untranslatable designation; but this is a modern error, and it has been avoided by most of the Oriental churches. Now, the use of a Greek term, in an age when the Greek language was unformed, and by a people with whom it is impossible for Greeks to have intercourse, and, moreover, whose native language was of such peculiar construction as not to be susceptible of foreign admixture, is a mark of forgery so obvious and decisive, that it ought long since to have exposed the delusion. Unhappily, however, we are forced to conclude, from the pamphlets before us, that the American Methodists, who first undertook to expose the Mormonites, were scarcely less ignorant than themselves.

A second Nephi takes up the history at a period contemporary with the events recorded in the New Testament. It avers that our Lord exhibited himself to the Nephites after his resurrection,

and the words attributed to him bear still more conclusive evidence of the ignorance of the impostors:—

‘Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are.’ And again, ‘I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.’

In addition to the former blunder respecting the name ‘Christ,’ we have the name ‘Jesus’ in its Greek form, and not, as the Hebrews would have called it, ‘Joshua;’ but we have, furthermore, the names of the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet given as a metaphorical description of continued existence to a nation that had never heard of the Greek language. It is quite clear that the writer mistook Alpha and Omega for some sacred and mystic sounds, to which particular sanctity was attached—a blunder by no means confined to the Mormonites—and wrote them down without perceiving that they were an evidence of forgery so palpable as to be manifest to schoolboys.”

The same authority which we have now quoted gives a hint of the probable origin of this whole imposture; for, as we shall show, Joseph Smith is a man scarcely capable of inventing or writing even the ravings of the Book of Mormon. A clergyman named Solomon Spaulding had left his ministry, and entered into business in Cherry Vale, New York, where he failed in the year 1809. The sepulchral mounds of North America were then exciting some interest, and it struck Spaulding that he might relieve himself from his distresses by composing a novel, connecting these mounds with the lost ten tribes of Israel, supposed by some to have peopled America. Intending to name his work “The Manuscript Found,” he wrote it in the old style of the Hebrew compositions. In 1812 the work was taken to a printer named Lamdin, residing in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; but the author died ere any arrangement could be made for its publication. Lamdin also died in 1826. He had previously lent the manuscript to a person named Sidney Rigdon, and this person it seems to have been who, in connection with his friend Joseph Smith, formed the idea of palming it on the world as a *new revelation*. The manuscript was well suited to their purposes, and of course they would make such changes as appeared requisite. That this was the true source of the Book of Mormon, is borne out by the testimony of the wife, brother, partner, and several friends of Spaulding, who had heard him read portions of the manuscript, and who recognised many of the names and incidents in the Book of Mormon to be the same with those occurring in Spaulding’s novel. The difficulty of supposing paper of any kind to have been so long preserved, appears to have suggested the additional and characteristic device of the “plates of gold” to the money-digger, Mr Joseph Smith. Sidney Rigdon is now the “prophet’s” secretary. He, by the way, and a few other persons, have alone been honoured with a sight of the said plates.



It might be deemed superfluous to say so much on this subject, were it not that the Mormon delusion has spread widely in North America, and even in Great Britain. Joseph Smith and his colleagues settled in 1831 on the Missouri, whence they were soon after expelled on account of their lawless conduct. They then went to Illinois, and founded a town or city, called Nauvoo, near the Mississippi, said now to contain 1700 able-bodied men, exclusive of women and children. To this place too many emigrants are directing their course even from Great Britain. What sort of people they will find in the persons of the prophet and his associates, appears very clearly from a little work by Mr Caswall, who visited the city of the Mormons in the year 1842. The following is his picture of Joseph Smith:—

“I met Joseph Smith at a short distance from his dwelling, and was introduced to him. I had the honour of an interview with him who is a prophet, a seer, a merchant, a ‘revelator,’ a president, an elder, an editor, and the general of the ‘Nauvoo Legion.’ He is a coarse plebeian person in aspect, and his countenance exhibits a curious mixture of the knave and the clown. His hands are large and fat, and on one of his fingers he wears a massive gold ring, upon which I saw an inscription. His dress was of coarse country manufacture, and his white hat was enveloped by a piece of black crape as a sign of mourning for his deceased brother Don Carlos Smith, the late editor of the ‘Times and Seasons.’ His age is about thirty-five. I had not an opportunity of observing his eyes, as he appears deficient in that open straightforward look which characterises an honest man. He led the way to his house, accompanied by a host of elders, bishops, preachers, and common Mormons. On entering the house, chairs were provided for the prophet and myself, while the curious and gaping crowd remained standing. I handed a book to the prophet and begged him to explain its contents. He asked me if I had any idea of its meaning. I replied that I believed it to be a Greek Psalter, but that I should like to hear his opinion. ‘No,’ he said; ‘it aint Greek at all, except, perhaps, a few words. What aint Greek is Egyptian, and what aint Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable. It is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.’ Pointing to the capital letters at the commencement of each verse, he said, ‘Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates.’ Upon this the Mormons around began to congratulate me on the information I was receiving. ‘There,’ they said, ‘we told you so—we told you that our prophet would give you satisfaction. None but our prophet can explain these mysteries.’” The error of taking a Greek Psalter for a specimen of Egyptian hieroglyphics, sufficiently proves the slender pretensions of Mr Joseph Smith to be a mystery-expounder.

In another part of the book Mr Caswell relates a few personal anecdotes of this worthy, mentioned to him by credible witnesses; but they refer to such scenes of drunkenness and profanity, that we should not feel justified in transcribing them. Enough, we think, has been said to expose the character of a dangerous impostor, and to prevent individuals amongst our working population from expending their little all on the faith of such a man's promises. We have before us a letter from an unfortunate cotton-spinner of Lancashire, which shows how necessary such a caution is. The Mormon preachers in England had described Nauvoo to him as a land overflowing with milk and honey, and a place where the Divine Being had commanded a temple to be built, that might be a refuge to all mankind. Joseph Smith, at least, had certainly commanded this, as the following very *unequivocal* passages from his writings will show:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, let all my saints come from afar, and send ye swift messengers, yea, chosen messengers, and say unto them, 'Come ye with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities; and all who have knowledge of antiquities that will come may come; and bring the box-tree, and the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth; and with iron, and with copper, and with brass, and with zinc, and with all your precious things of the earth, and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein; for there is not a place found upon earth that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fulness of the priesthood.'"

By such blasphemous and deceitful stuff as this the poor cotton-spinner, like too many others, was induced to go to Nauvoo, where, like other victims of delusion, he was wretchedly used. It is needless to carry our notice of this matter further. Every shadow of evidence yet obtained tends to prove Mormonism to be a gross imposture, and one unworthy of notice, save on account of the dangers which have here been described and exposed.

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Since writing the above, intelligence has arrived in England that Joseph Smith, the leader of the Mormons, was killed by a lawless mob on the 27th of June at Carthage, state of Illinois. This event is to be deplored, not only on account of its being a barbarous murder, but because it will be considered in the light of a martyrdom by the infatuated followers of the deceased, and no way tend to abate the Mormon delusion.



## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

**T**HE dog has not unaptly been described as a gift of Providence to man—an aid almost indispensable for his conquest and management of the lower animals. Unlike other creatures, he voluntarily abandons the companionship of his own species—becomes a deserter from their camp—and, enlisting himself as a humble member of human society, is found a willing and loving servant, the companion and friend of his master. Unlearned in virtue, or any of the ordinary actions which command popular approbation, the dog, from the prompting of his own feelings alone, practises the most perfect integrity. Uncalculating as regards his own comfort or convenience, he is found adhering to his master through all shades of fortune, even unto disgrace, penury, and want; nor will any temptation make him abandon the fond and stricken object of his undying affection. A long course of domestication and peculiar treatment have, as is well known, divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties, all less or more distinct as respects size, appearance, and special qualities and dispositions; yet no kind of cultivation has altered, nor can misusage obliterate, the leading features of the animal. The character of the dog for tractability, attachment, general docility to his master's interest, and benevolence, remains the same. In all ages and countries, therefore, has this remarkable animal been cherished for his services; and these in a rude state of society are so essential to personal enjoyment, that the happiness of a future state of existence has been supposed to be incomplete without them.

“Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
 His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk or milky way;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heaven;  
 Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island, in the watery waste;  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold;  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company!”

The admirable quality of inflexible attachment has rendered dogs the familiar and esteemed companions of men of the highest attainments and rank. Emperors, prelates, statesmen, judges, men of all ranks and professions, and, it may be added, ladies of the highest fashion, have been gratified by their companionship. The late Lord Eldon had a small dog, Pincher, which he highly valued, and pensioned at his decease. Scott was immoderately fond of dogs, one in particular, a stag-hound, called Maida, being the constant companion of his rambles. Byron, likewise, if we may judge from the following lines, supposed to be inscribed on the monument of a Newfoundland dog, must have entertained a kindly feeling towards these animals:—

“When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
 The sculptor’s art exhausts the pomp of wo,  
 And storied urns record who rests below;  
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
 Not what he was, but what he should have been.  
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend;  
 Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,  
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,  
 Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:  
 While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,  
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
 Oh man!—thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power;  
 Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,  
 Degraded mass of animated dust!  
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,  
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!  
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.  
 Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:  
 To mark a friend’s remains these stones arise;  
 I never knew but one—and here he lies.”

## PERSONAL ATTACHMENT.

The attachment of the dog to his master becomes a ruling passion, and, united with a retentive memory, has led to some remarkable disclosures of crime. We are told by Plutarch of a certain Roman slave in the civil wars, whose head nobody durst cut off, for fear of the dog that guarded his body, and fought in his defence. It happened that King Pyrrhus, travelling that way, observed the animal watching over the body of the deceased; and hearing that he had been there three days without meat or drink, yet would not forsake his master, ordered the body to be buried, and the dog preserved and brought to him. A few days afterwards there was a muster of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The dog lay quietly by him for some time; but when he saw the murderers of his late owner pass by, he flew upon them with extraordinary fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king; which both excited the king's suspicion, and the jealousy of all who stood about him. The men were in consequence apprehended, and though the circumstances which appeared in evidence against them were very slight, they confessed the crime, and were accordingly punished.

An old writer mentions a similar case of attachment and revenge which occurred in France in the reign of Charles V. The anecdote has been frequently related, and is as follows:—A gentleman named Macaire, an officer of the king's body-guard, entertained, for some reason, a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondis, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. It is not known whether the dog was muzzled, or from what other cause it permitted the deed to be accomplished without its interference. Be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if anything could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly-turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. These cries were so touching, that passengers were attracted; and finally digging into the ground at the spot,

they found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself from this time forth to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the isle of Nôtre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club, as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of an empty cask, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leapt actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy, and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him; but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem, and has formed the subject of the sketch at the head of the present paper. The dog which attracted such celebrity has been usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the chateau of Montargis.

Washington Irving mentions that in the course of his reading he had fallen in with the following anecdotes, which illustrate in a remarkable manner the devoted attachment of dogs to their masters.

“An officer named St Leger, who was imprisoned in Vincennes [near Paris] during the wars of St Bartholomew, wished to keep with him a greyhound that he had brought up, and which was much attached to him; but they harshly refused him this innocent pleasure, and sent away the greyhound to his house in the Rue des Lions Saint Paul. The next day the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark under the windows of the

tower, towards the place where the officer was confined. St Leger approached, looked through the bars, and was delighted again to see his faithful hound, who began to jump and play a thousand gambols to show her joy. Her master threw a piece of bread to the animal, who ate it with great good-will. St Leger did the same in his prison; and, in spite of the immense wall which separated them, they breakfasted together like two friends. This friendly visit was not the last. Abandoned by his relations, who believed him dead, the unfortunate prisoner received the visits of his greyhound only, during four years' confinement. Whatever weather it might be, in spite of rain or snow, the faithful animal did not fail a single day to pay her accustomed visit. Six months after his release from prison, St Leger died. The faithful greyhound would no longer remain in the house, but on the day after the funeral returned to the castle of Vincennes, and it is supposed she was actuated by a motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shown great kindness to this dog, which was as handsome as affectionate. Contrary to the custom of people of that class, this man had been touched by her attachment and beauty, so that he facilitated her approach to see her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. Penetrated with gratitude for this service, the greyhound remained the rest of her life near the benevolent jailer. It was remarked, that even while testifying her zeal and gratitude for her second master, one could easily see that her heart was with the first. Like those who, having lost a parent, a brother, or a friend, come from afar to seek consolation by viewing the place which they inhabited, this affectionate animal repaired frequently to the tower where St Leger had been imprisoned, and would contemplate for hours together the gloomy window from which her dear master had so often smiled to her, and where they had so frequently breakfasted together.

In January 1799, the cold was so intense that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hotel des Monnaies of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm, by barking with all his might near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth; but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls; he ran along the river as if he were mad; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day

and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but, absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he showed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater."

Anecdotes of this kind are exceedingly numerous. While we now write, a Westmoreland newspaper relates one respecting the dog of a Scotchwoman, named Jenny, who follows the profession of a pedlar. A few years ago, she had a young child which the dog was very fond of, being in the habit of lying with it in the cradle. It happened, however, that the child became ill and died. Jenny was at that time living at Hawkshead, but her infant was buried at Staveley. From the mother's distress of mind at the time, little notice was taken of the dog; but soon after the funeral it was found to be missing, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. But the poor mother, passing through Staveley, thought she would visit the churchyard where the infant was interred; when, behold! there was the little dog lying in a deep hole, which it had scratched over the child's grave! It was in a most emaciated state from hunger and privation.

#### FIDELITY.

Fidelity to the interests of his master is one of the most pleasing traits in the character of the dog, and could be exemplified by so many anecdotes, that the difficulty consists in making a proper selection. The following, however, is worthy of commemoration:—

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.



The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that he had prevented a greater evil by despatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual: "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in

vain did he look for his dog ; he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations ! His heart was ready to bleed ; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more ; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast ; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

A less tragical instance of this kind of fidelity occurred some years ago in England. A gentleman of Suffolk, on an excursion with his friend, was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which soon became the subject of conversation. The master, after a warm eulogium upon the perfections of his canine favourite, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large square stone by the side of the road—being first shown to the dog. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back ; the gentlemen rode on, and reached home ; but, to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place, till two horsemen riding by, and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bedchamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside ; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning with the prize he had made free with, in the pocket of which were found a watch and money, that were returned upon being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled, to the admiration of all the parties.

## ANECDOTES OF SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

One of the most striking instances which we have heard of the sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog, occurred about half a century ago among the Grampian mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks in these high pasturages, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child; and still, on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the tra-

vellers who frequent the Grampian mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

The following instance of watchful care on the part of a farmer's dog, is related in the Sportsman's Cabinet as being well authenticated:—

“Mr Henry Hawkes, a farmer residing at Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market. On returning at night with his dog, which was usually at his heels, he again stopped at Aylesford, and, as is too frequently the case upon such occasions, he drank immoderately, and left the place in a state of intoxication. Having passed the village of Newheed in safety, he took his way over Snodland Brook, in the best season of the year a very dangerous road for a drunken man. The whole face of the country was covered with a deep snow, and the frost intense. He had, however, proceeded in safety till he came to the Willow Walk, within half a mile of the church, when by a sudden stagger he quitted the path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand. Not apprehensive he was going astray, he took towards the river; but having a high bank to mount, and being nearly exhausted with wandering and the effect of the liquor, he was most fortunately prevented from rising the mound, or he certainly must have precipitated himself (as it was near high-water) into the Medway. At this moment, completely overcome, he fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever known, turning upon his back. He was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold, when his faithful dependant, which had closely attended to every step, scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a sort of protecting wall around his helpless master; then mounting upon the exposed body, rolled himself round and lay upon his master's bosom, for which his shaggy coat proved a

most seasonable covering and eventual protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning a person who was out with his gun, in expectation of falling in with some sort of wild-fowl, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman, by actions of the most significant nature, to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face, the countenance was immediately recollected; but the frame appearing lifeless, assistance was procured to convey it to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when a pulsation being observed, every possible means were instantly adopted to promote his recovery. In the course of a short time the farmer was sufficiently restored to relate his own story as already recited; and in gratitude for his extraordinary escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction. A gentleman of the faculty in the neighbourhood hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made him an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, 'that so long as he had a bone to his meat, or a crust to his bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend who had preserved his life;' and this he did in a perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog, in covering the most vital part, had continued the circulation, and prevented a total stagnation of the blood by the frigidity of the elements."

The patience, the ingenuity, and fidelity of the shepherd's dog in assisting his master in his arduous profession, command our highest esteem; while his knowledge of what is desired of him, his tact in understanding the slightest signal, his sagacity in acting in cases of emergence on his own responsibility, make him the paragon of the brute creation. James Hogg, who possessed the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at one time had a dog, called Sirrah, an animal of a sullen disposition, and by no means favourable appearance, which was an extraordinary adept in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows:—"About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the Shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' cried the Shepherd in great affliction, 'my man, they're a' awa.' The night was so dark, that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the Shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their own power to

recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. 'It was the most extraordinary circumstance,' says the Shepherd, 'that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can farther say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning.'"

In the execution of such duties the shepherd's dog, as may be supposed, does not weigh moral considerations. His purpose is to serve his master, whether right or wrong, though, when employed on guilty objects, he is probably not ignorant that his work is of a clandestine nature which it would not be faithful to disclose. Among the narratives which still entertain the fire-side circle in Tweeddale, one of the most remarkable refers to an extraordinary case of sheep-stealing, in which a shepherd's dog was a subordinate though most active agent. The case occurred in the year 1772.

A young farmer in the neighbourhood of Innerleithen, whose circumstances were supposed to be good, and who was connected with many of the best storefarming families in the county, had been tempted to commit some extensive depredations upon the flocks of his neighbours, in which he was assisted by his shepherd. The pastoral farms of Tweeddale, which generally consist each of a certain range of hilly ground, had in those days no enclosures: their boundaries were indicated only by the natural features of the country. The sheep were, accordingly, liable to wander, and to become intermixed with each other; and at every reckoning of a flock, a certain allowance had to be made for this, as for other contingencies. For some time Mr William Gibson, tenant in Newby, an extensive farm stretching from the neighbourhood of Peebles to the borders of Selkirkshire, had remarked a surprising increase in the amount of his annual losses. He ques-

tioned his shepherds severely, taxed them with carelessness in picking up and bringing home the dead, and plainly intimated that he conceived some unfair dealing to be in progress. The men, finding themselves thus exposed to suspicions of a very painful kind, were as much chagrined as the worthy farmer himself, and kept their minds alive to every circumstance which might tend to afford any elucidation of the mystery. One day, while they were summering their lambs, the eye of a very acute old shepherd named Hyslop was caught by a black-faced ewe which they had formerly missed (for the shepherds generally know every particular member of their flocks), and which was now suckling its own lamb as if it had never been absent. On inspecting it carefully, it was found to bear an additional *birn* upon its face. Every farmer, it must be mentioned, impresses with a hot iron a particular letter upon the faces of his sheep, as a means of distinguishing his own from those of his neighbours. Mr Gibson's *birn* was the letter T, and this was found distinctly enough impressed on the face of the ewe. But above this mark there was an O, which was known to be the mark of the tenant of Wormiston, the individual already mentioned. It was immediately suspected that this and the other missing sheep had been abstracted by that person; a suspicion which derived strength from the reports of the neighbouring shepherds, by whom, it appeared, the black-faced ewe had been tracked for a considerable way in a direction leading from Wormiston to Newby. It was indeed ascertained that instinctive affection for her lamb had led this animal across the Tweed, and over the lofty heights between Cailzie and Newby; a route of very considerable difficulty, and probably quite different from that by which she had been led away, but the *most direct* that could have been taken. Mr Gibson only stopped to obtain the concurrence of a neighbouring farmer, whose losses had been equally great, before proceeding with some of the legal authorities to Wormiston, where Millar, the shepherd, and his master, were taken into custody, and conducted to the prison of Peebles. On a search of the farm, no fewer than thirty-three score of sheep belonging to various individuals were found, all bearing the condemnatory O above the original *birns*; and it was remarked that there was not a single ewe returned to Grieston, the farm on the opposite bank of the Tweed, which did not *minny* her lambs—that is, assume the character of mother towards the offspring from which she had been separated.

The magnitude of this crime, the rareness of such offences in the district, and the station in life of at least one of the offenders, produced a great sensation in Tweeddale, and caused the elicitation of every minute circumstance that could possibly be discovered respecting the means which had been employed for carrying on such an extensive system of depredation. The most surprising part of the tale is the extent to which it appears that

the instinct of dumb animals had been instrumental both in the crime and in its detection. While the farmer seemed to have deputed the business chiefly to his shepherd, the shepherd seemed to have deputed it again, in many instances, to a dog of extraordinary sagacity, which served him in his customary and lawful business. This animal, which bore the name of *Yarrow*, would not only act under his immediate direction in cutting off a portion of a flock, and bringing it home to Wormiston, but is said to have been able to proceed solitarily, and by night, to a sheep-walk, and there detach certain individuals previously pointed out by its master, which it would drive home by secret ways, without allowing one to straggle. It is mentioned that, while returning home with their stolen droves, they avoided, even in the night, the roads along the banks of the river, or those that descend to the valley through the adjoining glens. They chose rather to come along the ridge of mountains that separate the small river Leithen from the Tweed. But even here there was sometimes danger; for the shepherds occasionally visit their flocks even before day; and often when Millar had driven his prey from a distance, and while he was yet miles from home, and the weather-gleam of the eastern hills began to be tinged with the brightening dawn, he has left them to the charge of his dog, and descended himself to the banks of the Leithen, off his way, that he might not be seen connected with their company. *Yarrow*, although between three and four miles from his master, would continue, with care and silence, to bring the sheep onward to Wormiston, where his master's appearance could be neither a matter of question nor surprise.

Near to the thatched farmhouse was one of those old square towers, or peel-houses, whose picturesque ruins were then seen ornamenting the course of the Tweed, as they had been placed alternately along the north and south bank, generally from three to six hundred yards from it—sometimes on the shin, and sometimes in the hollow of a hill. In the vault of this tower, it was the practice of these men to conceal the sheep they had recently stolen; and while the rest of their people were absent on Sunday at the church, they used to employ themselves in cancelling with their knives the ear-marks, and impressing with a hot iron a large O upon the face, that covered both sides of the animal's nose, for the purpose of obliterating the brand of the true owner. While his accomplices were so busied, *Yarrow* kept watch in the open air, and gave notice, without fail, by his barking, of the approach of strangers.

The farmer and his servant were tried at Edinburgh in January 1773, and the proceedings excited an extraordinary interest, not only in the audience, but amongst the legal officials. Hyslop, the principal witness, gave so many curious particulars respecting the instincts of sheep, and the modes of distinguishing them both by natural and artificial marks, that he was highly compli-



mented by the bench. The evidence was so complete, that both culprits were found guilty, and, according to the barbarous policy of those times, they expiated their crime on the scaffold.

The general tradition is, that Yarrow was also put to death, though in a less ceremonious manner; but this has probably no other foundation than a *jeu d'esprit*, which was cried through the streets of Edinburgh as his dying speech. We have been informed that the dog was in reality purchased, after the execution of Millar, by a sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, but did not take kindly to honest courses, and his new master having no work of a different kind in which to engage him, he was remarked to show rather less sagacity than the ordinary shepherd's dog.

An instance of shrewd discrimination in the shepherd's dog, almost as remarkable as that of poor Yarrow, was mentioned a few years ago in a Greenock newspaper. In the course of last summer, says the narrator, it chanced that the sheep on the farm of a friend of ours, on the water of Stinchar, were, like those of his neighbours, partially affected with that common disease, maggots in the skin, to cure which distemper it is necessary to cut off the wool over the part affected, and apply a small quantity of tobacco-juice, or some other liquid. For this purpose the shepherd set off to the hill one morning, accompanied by his faithful canine assistant, Ladie. Arrived among the flock, the shepherd pointed out a diseased animal; and making the accustomed signal for the dog to capture it, "poor Mailie" was speedily sprawling on her back, and gently held down by the dog till the arrival of her keeper, who proceeded to clip off a portion of her wool, and apply the healing balsam. During the operation, Ladie continued to gaze on the operator with close attention; and the sheep having been released, he was directed to capture in succession two or three more of the flock, which underwent similar treatment. The sagacious animal had now become initiated into the mysteries of his master's vocation, for off he set unbidden through the flock, and picked out with unerring precision those sheep which were affected with maggots in their skin, and held them down until the arrival of his master, who was thus, by the extraordinary instinct of Ladie, saved a world of trouble, while the operation of clipping and smearing was also greatly facilitated.

Hundreds of such anecdotes, we believe, could be told of the shepherd's dog, but we shall content ourselves with the following, as an instance of sagacity and maternal tenderness in the animal:—In October 1843, a shepherd had purchased at Falkirk, for his master in Perthshire, four score of sheep. Having occasion to stop a day in the town, and confident of the sagacity of his "collie," which was a female, he committed the drove to her care, with orders to drive them home, a distance of about seventeen miles. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

sheep on a mile or two farther; then allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her own young ones and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the dumb animal on the road. However, when collie reached her home, and delivered her charge, it was found that the two pups were dead. In this extremity the instinct of the poor brute was, if possible, yet more remarkable. She went immediately to a rabbit brae in the vicinity, and dug out of the earth two young rabbits, whom she deposited on some straw in a barn, and continued to suckle for some time, until one of the farm-servants unluckily let down a full sack above them and smothered them.

## EDUCABILITY OF DOGS.

The possibility of teaching dogs to perform various feats is well known. Fetching and carrying, going to a baker's shop with a penny and getting a loaf in exchange, and such-like performances, demonstrate only a mean species of cleverness. It is only when they attain the power of acting an independent part in a well-sustained scene, that their performances rise to the wonderful.

An aged gentleman has mentioned to us that, about fifty years ago, a Frenchman brought to London from eighty to a hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, the remainder spaniels, but all nearly of the same size, and of the smaller kind. On the education of these animals their proprietor had bestowed an immense deal of pains. From puppyhood upwards, they had been taught to walk on their hind-legs, and maintain their footing with surprising ease in that unnatural position. They had likewise been drilled into the best possible behaviour towards each other; no snarling, barking, or indecorous conduct took place when they were assembled in company. But what was most surprising of all, they were able to perform in various theatrical pieces of the character of pantomimes, representing various transactions in heroic and familiar life with wonderful fidelity. The object of their proprietor was, of course, to make money by their performances, which the public were accordingly invited to witness in one of the minor theatres.

Amongst their histrionic performances was the representation of a siege. On the rising of the curtain, there appeared three ranges of ramparts, one above the other, having salient angles and a moat, like a regularly-constructed fortification. In the centre of the fortress arose a tower, on which a flag was flying; while in the distance behind appeared the buildings and steeples

of a town. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword, of an appropriate size. All these were dogs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, consisting also of dogs, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege. In the foreground of the stage were some rude buildings and irregular surfaces, from among which there issued a reconnoitring party; the chief, habited as an officer of rank, with great circumspection surveyed the fortification; and his sedate movements, and his consultations with the troops that accompanied him, implied that an attack was determined upon. But these consultations did not pass unobserved by the defenders of the garrison. The party was noticed by a sentinel, and fired upon; and this seemed to be the signal to call every man to his post at the embrasures.

Shortly after, the troops advanced to the escalade; but to cross the moat, and get at the bottom of the walls, it was necessary to bring up some species of pontoon, and accordingly several soldiers were seen engaged in pushing before them wicker-work scaffoldings, which moved on castors towards the fortifications. The drums beat to arms, and the fearful bustle of warfare opened in earnest. Smoke was poured out in volleys from shot-holes; the besieging forces pushed forward in masses, regardless of the fire; the moat was filled with the crowd; and, amid much confusion and scrambling, scaling-ladders were raised against the walls. Then was the grand tug of war. The leaders of the forlorn-hope who first ascended, were opposed with great gallantry by the defenders; and this was perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. The chief of the assailants did wonders; he was seen now here, now there, animating his men, and was twice hurled, with ladder and followers, from the second gradation of ramparts; but he was invulnerable, and seemed to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse. The scene became of an exciting nature. The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of trumpets, and the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of reality that for the moment made the spectator forget that he was looking on a performance of dogs. Not a bark was heard in the struggle.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes, the chief surmounted the third line of fortifications, followed by his troops; the enemy's standard was hurled down, and the British flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were manned by the conquerors; and the smoke cleared away—to the tune of "God Save the King."

It is impossible to convey a just idea of this performance, which altogether reflected great credit on its contriver, as also on the abilities of each individual dog. We must conclude, that the firing from the embrasures, and some other parts of the mechanic, were effected by human agency; but the actions of the dogs were clearly their own, and showed what could be effected with animals by dint of patient culture.

Another specimen of these canine theatricals was quite a contrast to the bustle of the siege. The scene was an assembly-room, on the sides and the farther end of which seats were placed; while a music-gallery, and a profusion of chandeliers, gave a richness and truth to the general effect. Livery-servants were in attendance on a few of the company, who entered and took their seats. Frequent knockings now occurred at the door, followed by the entrance of parties attired in the fashion of the period. These were, of course, the same individuals who had recently been in the deadly breach; but now all was tranquillity, elegance, and ease. Parties were formally introduced to each other with an appearance of the greatest decorum, though sometimes a young dog would show a slight disposition to break through restraint, but only to the increased amusement of the beholders. Some of the dogs that represented ladies were dressed in silks, gauzes, laces, and gay tasteful ribbons. Some wore artificial flowers, with the flowing ringlets of youth; others wore the powdered and pomatumed head-dress of riper years, with caps and lappets, in ludicrous contrast to the features of the animals. Doubtless the whole had been the result of judicious study and correct arrangement, for the most animated were habited as the most youthful. The animals which represented gentlemen were judiciously equipped; some as youthful, and others as aged beaux, regulated by their degrees of proficiency, since those most youthfully dressed were most attentive to the ladies. The frequent bow, and return of curtsy, produced great mirth in the audience; but when the noses of the animals neared each other, it produced a shriek of delight from the youthful spectators. On a sudden the master of the ceremonies appeared. No doubt he was the chief in the battle fray. He was now an elegant fellow, full of animation; he wore a superb court-dress, and his manners were in agreement with his costume. He approached many of the visitors: to some of the gentlemen he gave merely a look of recognition; to the ladies he was generally attentive; to some he projected his paw familiarly, to others he bowed with respect; and introduced one to another with an air of elegance that surprised and delighted the spectators. There was a general feeling of astonishment at some of the nicer features of the scene, as at the various degrees of intimacy which individuals expressed by their nods and bows of recognition.

As the performance advanced, the interest increased. A little music was heard as from the gallery, but it was soon interrupted by a loud knocking, which announced the arrival of some important visitor, and expectation was raised. Several livery servants entered, and then a sedan-chair was borne in by appropriately dressed dogs; they removed the poles, raised the head, and opened the door of the sedan; forth came a lady, splendidly attired in spangled satin and jewels, and her head decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers! She made a great impression,

and appeared as if conscious of her superior attraction; meanwhile the chair was removed, the master of the ceremonies, in his court-dress, was in readiness to receive the *elegante*, the bow and curtsy were admirably interchanged, and an air of elegance pervaded the deportment of both. The band now struck up an air of the kind to which ball-room companies are accustomed to promenade, and the company immediately quitted their seats and began to walk ceremoniously in pairs round the room. Three of the ladies placed their arms under those of their attendant gentlemen. On seats being resumed, the master of the ceremonies and the lady who came in the sedan-chair arose; he led her to the centre of the room; Foote's minuet struck up; the pair commenced the movements with an attention to time; they performed the crossings and turnings, the advancings, retreatings, and obeisances, during which there was a perfect silence, and they concluded amid thunders of applause. What ultimately became of the ingenious manager with his company, our informant never heard.

Fully as interesting an exhibition of clever dogs took place in London in the summer of 1843, under the auspices of M. Leonard, a French gentleman of scientific attainments and enlightened character, who had for some years directed his attention to the reasoning powers of animals, and their cultivation. Two pointers, Braque and Philax, had been the especial objects of his instruction, and their naturally inferior intellectual capacities had been excited in an extraordinary degree. A writer in the Atlas newspaper thus speaks of the exhibition of these animals:—"M. Leonard's dogs are not merely clever, well-taught animals, which, by dint of practice, can pick up a particular letter, or can, by a sort of instinct, indicate a number which may be asked for; they call into action powers which, if not strictly intellectual, approximate very closely to reason. For instance, they exert memory. Four pieces of paper were placed upon the floor, which the company numbered indiscriminately, 2, 4, 6, 8. The numbers were named but once, and yet the dogs were able to pick up any one of them at command, although they were not placed in regular order. The numbers were then changed, with a similar result. Again, different objects were placed upon the floor, and when a similar thing—say a glove—was exhibited, one or other of the animals picked it up immediately. The dogs distinguish colours, and, in short, appear to understand everything that is said to them.

The dog Braque plays a game of dominoes with any one who likes. We are aware that this has been done before; but when it is considered that it is necessary to distinguish the number of spots, it must be admitted that this requires the exercise of a power little inferior to reason. The dog sits on the chair with the dominoes before him, and when his adversary plays, he scans each of his dominoes with an air of attention and gravity which

is perfectly marvellous. When he could not match the domino played, he became restless and shook his head, and gave other indications of his inability to do so. No human being could have paid more attention. The dog seemed to watch the game with deep interest, and what is more, he won.

Another point strongly indicative of the close approach to the reasoning powers, was the exactness with which the dogs obeyed an understood signal. It was agreed that when three blows were struck upon a chair, Philax should do what was requested, and when five were given, that the task should devolve on Braque. This arrangement was strictly adhered to. We do not intend to follow the various proofs which were afforded of the intelligence of the dogs; it is sufficient to say that a multiplicity of directions given to them were obeyed implicitly, and that they appeared to understand what their master said as well as any individual in the room.

M. Leonard entered into a highly-interesting explanation of his theory regarding the intellectual powers of animals, and the mode he adopts to train and subdue horses, exhibiting the defects of the system generally pursued. His principle is, that horses are not vicious by nature, but because they have been badly taught, and that, as with children, these defects may be corrected by proper teaching. M. Leonard does not enter into these inquiries for profit, but solely with a scientific and humane view, being desirous of investigating the extent of the reasoning powers of animals."

It does not appear possible that dogs should be educated to the extent of those of M. Leonard, unless we can suppose that they acquire a tolerably exact knowledge of language. That they in reality learn to know the meaning of certain words, not merely when addressed to them, but when spoken in ordinary conversation, is beyond a doubt; although the accompanying looks and movements in all likelihood help them in their interpretation. We have known a small spaniel, for instance, which thoroughly understood the meaning of "out," or "going out," when spoken in the most casual way in conversation. A lady of our acquaintance has a dog which lives at enmity with another dog in the neighbourhood, called York, and angrily barks when the word York is pronounced in his hearing.

The late Dr J. Maculloch has related, of his own knowledge, that a shepherd's dog always eluded the intentions of the household regarding him, if aught was whispered in his presence that did not coincide with his wishes. Sir Walter Scott has told a number of anecdotes of a dog called Dandie, the property of a gentleman, which knew on most occasions what was said in his presence. His master returning home one night rather late, found all the family in bed, and not being able to find the boot-jack in its usual place, said to his dog, "Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack; search for it." The dog, quite sensible of what

had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened, proceeded to a distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which his master had left that morning under a sofa. James Hogg, in his Shepherd's Calendar, declares that dogs know what is said on subjects in which they feel interested. He mentions the case of a farmer, "who had a bitch that for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of his life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot; and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. She could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family." The same writer speaks of a clever sheep-dog, named Hector, which had a similar tact in picking up what was said. One day he observed to his mother, "I am going tomorrow to Bowerhope for a fortnight; but I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs." Hector, which was present, and overheard the conversation, was missing next morning, and when Hogg reached Bowerhope, there was Hector sitting on a knoll, waiting his arrival. He had swam across a flooded river to reach the spot.

Still more surprising, the dog may be trained not only to know the meaning of words, but to speak them. The learned Leibnitz reported to the French Academy that he had seen a dog in Germany which had been taught to pronounce certain words. The teacher of the animal, he stated, was a Saxon peasant boy, who, having observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to various sounds of the human voice, was prompted to endeavour to make him speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions, a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object; yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three years the boy had taught it to pronounce thirty German words. It used to astonish its visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but it is proper to remark, that it required its master to pronounce the words beforehand; and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions it was forced to make.

The educability of the dog's perceptive faculties has been exemplified in a remarkable manner by his acquired knowledge of musical sounds. On some dogs fine music produces an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and, finally, to fly from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. Some dogs manifest a keen sense of false notes in music. Our friend Mrs S. C. Hall, at Old Brompton, possesses an Italian greyhound which screams in

apparent agony when a jarring combination of notes is produced accidentally or intentionally on the piano. These opposite and various manifestations show what might be done by education to teach dogs a critical knowledge of sounds. A gentleman of Darmstadt, in Germany, as we learn, has taught a poodle dog to detect false notes in music. We give the account of this remarkable instance of educability as it appears in a French newspaper.

Mr S——, having acquired a competency by commercial industry, retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cultivation and enjoyment of music. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S—— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part or other in the general domestic concert; and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. Poodle perceived the meaning of these unkind chastisements, and instead of becoming sulky, showed every disposition to howl on the instant a false note was uttered, without waiting for the formality of a blow. By and by, a mere glance of Mr S——'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalled by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became, what she still is, the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative; if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassable. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly showing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time, there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr S—— and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band—whether violin, clarinet, hautbois, or bugle—all of them must execute their



parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature is confined to the mere *execution* of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its present and perfected intelligence extends even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurs in a piece of music, the animal shows symptoms of uneasy hesitation; and if the error be continued, will infallibly give the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle is the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S—— and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience is tried to excess, it becomes altogether wild, and flies fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S——, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing (but latent) before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog is certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers have not been displayed on a wider stage. The operatic establishments of London and Paris might be greatly the better, perhaps, of a visit from the critical Poodle.

It is now settled, as a philosophical question, that the instruction communicated to dogs, as well as various other animals, has a hereditary effect on the progeny. If a dog be taught to perform certain feats, the young of that dog will be much easier initiated in the same feats than other dogs. Thus, the existing races of English pointers are greatly more accomplished in their required duties than the original race of Spanish spaniels. Dogs of the St Bernard variety inherit the faculty of tracking footsteps in snow. A gentleman of our acquaintance, and of scientific acquirements, obtained, some years ago, a pup which had been produced in London by a female of the celebrated St Bernard breed. The young animal was brought to Scotland, where it was never ob-

served to give any particular tokens of a power of tracking footsteps until winter, when the ground became covered with snow. It *then* showed the most active inclination to follow footsteps; and so great was its power of doing so under these circumstances, that, when its master had crossed a field in the most curvilinear way, and caused other persons to cross his path in all directions, it nevertheless followed his course with the greatest precision. Here was a perfect revival of the habit of its Alpine fathers, with a degree of speciality as to external conditions, at which, it seems to us, we cannot sufficiently wonder.

## SAGACITY.

A habit of close observation, with or without instruction, leads dogs to reason on the circumstances by which they are affected. Dogs, for example, on the banks of the large rivers in the southern states of America, practise a method of deceiving alligators. When about to cross a river, the dog barks loudly to bring the watchful alligators to the spot; having by this *ruse* withdrawn his enemies to a wrong point, he runs to another part of the bank, and goes over in safety.

There are few persons who have not seen mendicants guided by dogs through the winding streets of a city to the spot where they are to supplicate alms from passengers. Mr Ray, in his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds*, informs us of a blind beggar who was led in this manner through the streets of Rome by a dog. This faithful and affectionate animal, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish the streets and houses where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a-week. Whenever he came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the mendicant began to ask alms, the dog lay down to rest; but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and without either order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. "I observed," says Mr Ray, "not without pleasure and surprise, that when a small copper coin was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the old man's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hand of his master."

Dogs, however, will go greater lengths than assist their masters in begging. An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against

them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

That dogs should on occasions, such as that now related, find their way alone, for hundreds of miles, by roads with which they can have little or no acquaintance, and even across seas and ferries, is one of the most surprising features in their character; though cats, as is well known, will undertake equally remarkable adventures. Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings of Natural History*, gives an instance of this sagacity, for which he says he was indebted to Lord Stowell. "Mr Edward Cook, after having lived some time with his brother at Tugsten, in Northumberland, went to America, and took with him a pointer dog, which he lost soon afterwards, while shooting in the woods near Baltimore. Some time after, Mr and Mrs Cook, who continued to reside at Tugsten, were alarmed at hearing a dog in the night. They admitted it into the house, and found that it was the same their brother had taken with him to America. The dog lived with them until his master returned home, when they mutually recognised each other. Mr Cook was never able to trace by what vessel the dog had left America, or in what part of England it had been landed. This anecdote confirms others which I have already mentioned relative to dogs finding their way back to this country from considerable distances." Lieutenant Shipp, in his memoirs, mentions the case of a soldier in India, who, having presented his dog to an acquaintance, by whom he was taken a distance of four hundred miles, was surprised to see him back in a few days afterwards. When the faithful animal returned, he searched through the whole barracks for his master, and at length finding him asleep, he awoke him by licking his face.

In Turkey, dogs form associations for mutual defence and aggression. Each quarter of Constantinople has its own dogs, which will not tolerate the intrusion of dogs from other quarters, though all will occasionally unite against a common enemy. Anecdotes are related of dogs in our own country seeking the assistance of neighbour dogs to punish injuries they have sustained; from which we may know that they possess a means of

discovering their intentions to each other. A remarkable case of this kind is related in the Cyclopædia of Natural History:—A gentleman residing in Fifeshire, and not far from the city of St Andrews, was in possession of a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was remarkable alike for its tractability and its trustworthiness. At two other points, each distant about a mile, and at the same distance from this gentleman's mansion, there were two dogs, of great power, but of less tractable breeds than the Newfoundland one. One of these was a large mastiff, kept as a watch-dog by a farmer, and the other a stanch bull-dog that kept guard over the parish mill. As each of these three was lord-ascendant of all animals at his master's residence, they all had a good deal of aristocratic pride and pugnacity, so that two of them seldom met without attempting to settle their respective dignities by a wager of battle.

The Newfoundland dog was of some service in the domestic arrangements, besides his guardianship of the house; for every forenoon he was sent to the baker's shop in the village, about half a mile distant, with a towel containing money in the corner, and he returned with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and not over-civil curs in the village, as there are in too many villages throughout the country; but in ordinary the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog returned from the baker's shop, he used to be regularly served with his dinner, and went peaceably on house-duty for the rest of the day.

One day, however, he returned with his coat dirtied and his ears scratched, having been subjected to a combined attack of the curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off; and, upon looking after him, it was observed that he was crossing the intervening hollow in a straight line for the house of the farmer, or rather on an embassy to the farmer's mastiff. The farmer's people noticed this unusual visit, and they were induced to notice it from its being a meeting of peace between those who had habitually been belligerents. After some intercourse, of which no interpretation could be given, the two set off together in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's bull-dog as an ally.

The straight road to the village where the indignity had been offered to the Newfoundland dog passed immediately in front of his master's house, but there was a more private and more circuitous road by the back of the mill. The three took this road, reached the village, scoured it in great wrath, putting to the tooth every cur they could get sight of; and having taken their revenge, and washed themselves in a ditch, they returned, each dog to the abode of his master; and, when any two of them

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happened to meet afterwards, they displayed the same pugnacity as they had done previous to this joint expedition.

It does not appear, however, that all casual, or apparently casual interferences of dogs for the benefit of each other pass off in this momentary way; for there is another well-authenticated anecdote of two dogs at Donaghadee, in which the instinctive daring of the one by the other caused a friendship, and, as it should seem, a kind of lamentation for the dead, after one of them had paid the debt of nature. This happened while the government harbour or pier for the packets at Donaghadee was in the course of building, and it took place in the sight of several witnesses. The one dog in this case also was a Newfoundland, and the other was a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and, as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is an approved means of putting an end to their hostilities; and it is natural to suppose that two combatants of the same species tumbling themselves into the sea would have the same effect. It had; and each began to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundland being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself; but at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, which, being no swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals: they never fought again; they were always together: and when the Newfoundland dog had been accidentally killed by the passage of a stone wagon on the railway over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time.

## BENEVOLENCE.

The benevolence of dogs generally, but of the Newfoundland variety in particular, has often excited marks of high admiration. A writer on this subject observes that he once saw a water-spaniel, unbidden, plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur, maliciously thrown in. The same motive seemed to animate a Pomeranian dog, belonging to a Dutch vessel. This creature sprang overboard, caught a child up, and swam on shore with it, before any person had discovered the accident. A Yorkshire newspaper (November 1843) mentions a case not less humane and sagacious. A child, playing on Roach's Wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after

the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, and by which the child held on, but was unable to get on the top. The dog, seeing it was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, and where a girl, of nine years of age, was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and, notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation; and after licking the face of the infant it had thus saved, it took a leap off the stage, and swam round to the end of the wharf, and immediately after returned with his hat in his mouth.

Newfoundland dogs have frequently been of service in the case of shipwreck. Youatt, in his "Humanity of Brutes," relates the following case:—A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

The most remarkable anecdote of this class, however, is that regarding a Swiss chamois-hunter's dog. This animal being on the glaciers with an English gentleman and his master, observed the first approaching one of those awful crevices in the ice to look down into it. He began to slide towards the edge; his guide, with a view to save him, caught his coat, and both slid onward, till the dog seized his master's clothes, and arrested them both from inevitable death. The gentleman left the dog a pension for life.

The presentiment of approaching danger, of which we have given the above example, evinces a higher degree of reasoning power than that shown in ordinary acts of sagacity or personal attachment. In the notice given by Captain Fitzroy of the earthquake at Galcahuasco, on the 20th of February 1835, it is mentioned that all the dogs had left the town before the great

shock which ruined the buildings was felt. Very extraordinary stories have been told of dogs discovering and circumventing plans to injure the persons of their masters, in which it is difficult to place implicit credit. We give one of the most marvellous of these anecdotes, as it is usually related.

Sir H. Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his favourite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out; which, being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labour of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master who had never shown him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

To save farther trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark: Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed by the hope of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the unaccountable sagacity of the dog, and his devoted attach-

ment to his master. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "More faithful than favoured," is still preserved among the family pictures.

Presentiments of approaching danger, such as those now related, are to be traced only to the animal's close observation and watchful jealousy of disposition. Looks, signs, and movements are noticed by him which escape an ordinary observer. The idea that dogs have presentiments of death, and howl on such occasions, is a superstition now all but vanished.

#### ECCENTRICITIES IN DOGS.

Although attachment to a master is the general characteristic of the dog, there are exceptions to this rule. The spotted carriage-dog seems regardless of man, and attaches himself exclusively to horses; he is happy only in the stable, or when running beside or near the heels of the horses in his master's carriage. Small domesticated dogs often show a regard for the cats which have been their fireside companions. The clever author of *Tutti Frutti* relates the following instance of this kind of attachment:—"I have a poodle whom I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him towards my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness, an absolute passion, for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed, she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle showed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him."

Instances of dogs forming no particular attachment, and seeking amusement entirely on their own account, are more rare. A French author has related an amusing instance of canine independence. He states that, at the beginning of the Revolution, there was a dog in Paris known by the name of *Parade*, because he always attended regularly the military parades at the Tuileries. A taste for music was probably the cause of this fancy. He always stood by, and marched with the band; and at night went to the Opera, *Comedie Italiene*, or *Theatre Feydau*; dined with any musician who expressed, by a word or gesture, that his company was asked; yet always withdrew from attempts to be made the property of any individual.

A few years ago, the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of



attending all the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. "The removal of my books and papers," said he, in telling the story, "of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. 'Is this your dog, my friend?' said I to a fireman. 'No, sir,' answered he; 'it does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog.' 'The firemen's dog!' I replied. 'Why so? Has he no master?' 'No, sir,' rejoined the fireman; 'he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he wont stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at.'

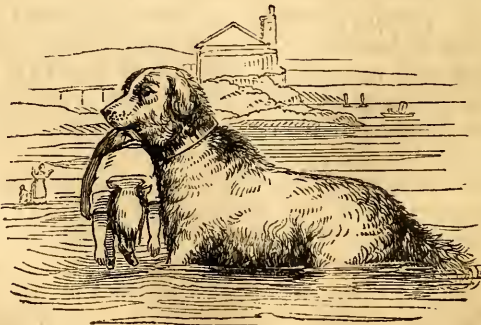
The communication was so extraordinary that I found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity.

Some time afterwards, I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and to my surprise here I again met with 'the firemen's dog,' still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place."

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterwards appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman at one of the police-offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew "Tyke," as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

he [the fireman] attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew Tyke for the last nine years; and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal, and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he was a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but, this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the office.





## LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN AND THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE.

**T**HE war in La Vendée is as interesting a struggle as any which occurs in history. Similar in many respects to that of the Scottish Highlanders under Montrose at the time of our own revolution, it is precisely the kind of struggle that will interest all who have any strong patriotic feeling, any pity for the crushed and injured, any admiration for courage and daring, any regard for the noble men whom God has made unfortunate.

In the year 1789-90, the revolutionary spirit had gone abroad over all France, except La Vendée, a district in the western part of



the kingdom, adjoining the Atlantic ocean on one side, and the Loire on another. The interior of this district, which we have sketched in the accompanying map, was called the *Bocage*, or thicket, and the strip on the sea-coast was styled the *Marais*, or marsh. The *Bocage*, plenteously covered with hedgerows and brushwood, formed a pretty rural scene, enriched with farm-houses, villages, churches, and old-fashioned chateaux, or residences of landed gentry.

At the period to which we allude, the population of La Vendée consisted in a great measure of small farmers, a prosperous and contented race, living under a body of kind landlords. According to all accounts, the relation between the landlord and his tenants was all that philanthropists could now desire. Nowhere had the aristocratic principle shone with so beneficent a lustre. The proprietors, most of whom belonged to the ranks of the nobility, were constantly meeting, chatting, and laughing with their tenants, and, if need be, lending them their advice and assistance. The landlord's family went to all the weddings, and on the occasion of every festival, all the young people on the estate came to dance in the courtyard of the chateau. Returning from the gaities of Paris, the gentry were careful to resume the primitive Vendéan habits. Fond of field-sports, they invited all classes to join them; at the time and place appointed they all met with their guns—farmers, peasants, and proprietors together—each having his assigned place in the hunt. In this manner, by frequent out-door amusements and occupations, the Vendéans were physically a strong and hardy race.

With substantially nothing to complain of, attached to their landlords, their religion, and the old forms of government, the people of La Vendée viewed the revolutionary outbreak with distrust, and shrunk from taking any part in the movement. They therefore remained tranquil until 1791, when the Constituent Assembly decreed that the clergy, like other public functionaries, should take the civic oath. The penalty for refusing was the loss of livings. Many thousands refused, and hence arose a distinction between the *Constitutional* and *Nonconforming* clergy. In the place of those who were ejected from their livings, others with a more convenient conscience were appointed. The clergy of La Vendée generally refused to take the oath; and, countenanced by the people, openly retained their parishes in spite of the government; an act of contumacy which could not long escape punishment. On the 29th of November 1791, a decree was accordingly passed peremptorily ordering all the priests who had not yet taken the civic oath to do so within a week, under pain of forfeiting the pensions they still held, of expulsion from the district if necessary, and, in certain cases, of imprisonment. The local authorities were stringently required to see this decree put in force, and they were empowered to put down every insurrection with a strong hand. Intellectually to assist the opera-

tion of this decree, the refractory districts were to be flooded with cheap reprints of popular philosophical works, and with enlightened new publications—a project which proved of efficacy in many places, but was of small avail in La Vendée.

During the whole of 1792, La Vendée continued in a state of violent ebullition; the local authorities carrying out the decree with considerable rigour, and the peasants everywhere offering resistance. When they were turned out, the nonconforming clergy hid themselves in the woods; thither the people flocked to hear them, the men carrying muskets in their hands; and if they were surprised by the military, a skirmish took place. It was not till the spring of 1793, after the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI., that anything like a rising took place, and then only in consequence of the new and stringent measures to raise men for the army of the republic. The Convention, as the governing body was now called, on the 24th of February decreed a levy of 30,000 men throughout France. Every parish was to supply an allotted number of conscripts. Sunday the 10th of March had been fixed as the day of drawing in many parishes of Anjou and Poitou; and, in expectation of resistance, artillery and gendarmes were in attendance. In the town of St Florent, on the Loire, especial precautions had been adopted; cannons stood ready loaded to fire at a moment's notice. Some disturbance having broken out, a cannon was fired, and this was the signal for insurrection. René Forêt, a young man, heading a body of peasants, rushed forward, and seizing the gun, quickly dispersed the authorities, civil and military. The party afterwards proceeded to the municipality, took whatever arms they could find, collected all the papers, and made a bonfire of them amid huzzas and shouts of laughter. Having remained together for an hour or two in high spirits, they dispersed, each individual taking his own direction homeward through the Bocage, and reciting to every one he met the exploits of the day.

In the course of the evening, intelligence of this event was communicated to Jacques Cathelineau, a hawker of woollen goods in the small town of Pin. Jacques was a shrewd, pains-taking, and neighbourly man; a good converser, and a species of oracle in the district. He was a middle-sized man, with a broad forehead, and in the prime of life, being thirty-five years of age. As soon as Jacques heard of the insurrection, he resolved on leaving wife and family, and putting himself at its head; it was, he said, the cause of God and religion, and it was plainly his duty to sit no longer idle. Acting on this impulse, he instantly set out, going from house to house scattering his burning words, and in a few hours he had twenty-seven followers, all vigorous and earnest. The civil war in La Vendée had begun.

With his small and trusty band Jacques proceeded onward to the village of Poitevinière, recruiting all the way, and rousing the country by setting the church bells a-ringing. With about a

hundred men, armed mostly with pitchforks and clubs, he made a bold beginning by attacking the chateau of Tallais, garrisoned by a hundred and fifty republican soldiers, or Blues, as they were contemptuously termed, commanded by a physician of the name of Bousseau, and possessed of one cannon. The attack was over in a moment. The cannon was fired; but the shot passed over their heads, and Cathelineau and his men dashed on to the hand-grapple. The Blues fled—Bousseau was taken prisoner. The peasants also got firearms, horses, and ammunition, and they had now procured a cannon. Delighted with the prize, they almost hugged it for joy, and with a mixture of pious faith and shrewdness, they christened it *The Missionary*. Losing no time at Tallais, they marched to Chemillé, where there was a garrison of two hundred Blues, with three cannons. The insurgents took Chemillé with even greater ease than they had taken Tallais, and were rewarded with more cannons and firearms. At the same time recruits were fast pouring in from all directions.

Meanwhile there were similar commotions in other parts of the Bocage. Forêt, the hot-spirited young man who had begun the affray at St Florent, had gone home, like the rest, that evening: he lived at Chanzeaux. Next morning a party of gendarmes, led by a guide, came to arrest him. Forêt, who expected the visit, saw them coming, fired, killed the guide, and then darting off through the hedges, ran to the church and set the bell a-ringing. The peasants flocked out and gathered round him. Another rising took place at a short distance, on the estate of Maulevrier. The proprietor was absent, and nobody representing him was on the property except the *garde chasse*, or gamekeeper. This man's name was Nicolas Stofflet. He was a large and powerful man, of German descent, with stern, strongly-marked features, a swarthy complexion, black hair and black eyes, and had a vehement determined way of speaking, with a German accent. He was forty years of age, had served sixteen of these in the army, where his courage and strong sense had raised him above the rank of a common soldier, and it was there that he had attracted the notice of the proprietor of Maulevrier, on whose estate he now held the situation of gamekeeper. Though noted for a blunt, harsh, positive manner, he had an extraordinary degree of native sagacity, great acquired knowledge of affairs, a frame of iron, and the courage of a desperado. On the day that the gendarmes went to arrest Forêt, a detachment of national guards came from Chollet, a town in the neighbourhood, to the chateau of Maulevrier, and carried off twelve cannons, which were kept as family relics. Burning with rage at this insult, Stofflet vowed vengeance, and roused the peasantry to the number of two hundred. This was on the 11th. On the 14th these two bands, Stofflet's and Forêt's, with others raised in a similar manner, joined themselves to that of Cathelineau.

On the 16th these combined forces attacked Chollet. Beating the national guards, they gained possession of a considerable quantity of arms, money, and ammunition. Scarcely was the combat over, when Cathelineau, hearing that the national guards of Saumur were at that moment on their way to Vihiers, sent a part of his forces to attack them. At Vihiers the guards fled, abandoning their arms, and among the rest a peculiar-looking brass cannon. This cannon had been taken from the Chateau de Richelieu, and was the identical one which Louis XIII. had given to the great Cardinal Richelieu. The peasants immediately conceived a great veneration for this precious relic. They thought they could trace in the engraving with which it was covered an image of the Virgin, and so they called it *Marie Jeanne*.

It was now Saturday night, and to-morrow was Easter Sunday. Cathelineau's little army broke up, the peasants all wending their way through the bushy labyrinth to their several homes, to prepare for the solemnities of the morrow. They were to reassemble when these were over. Thoughts of the events of the past week, and of the dangers of the enterprise to which they had committed themselves, mingled, we may suppose, with their prayers and pious ceremonies. Cathelineau, at least, had been thinking busily; for we shall find that, on the reassembling of the little army, he came prepared with a scheme for their future proceedings.

In a single week, it is observed, not a little had been effected in the district, which embraced the south of Anjou and the north of Poitou. But all through the south of Bretagne, and the lower part of Poitou, including the district called the Marais, the draughting of recruits had been attended with similar effects. At Challais and Machecoul especially, there were vigorous demonstrations. At the former town one Gaston, a barber, who had killed a revolutionist officer, headed the rising. At Machecoul the outbreak was headed by a private gentleman, a keen royalist, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, had seen some of the terrible doings at Paris, and was now living on a small estate. His name was the Chevalier de Charette. Twice the peasants about Machecoul came to him, begging him to come and be their leader, and as often he refused. They came a third time, threatening to kill him if he did not comply with their wishes. "Oh," said Charette, "you force me, do you? Well, then, I shall be your leader; but, remember, the first one who disobeys me, I shall blow his brains out." Charette was as extraordinary a man as any of the Vendée heroes, though different in character from them all; but his story is the narrative of a whole insurrection in itself, which continued later than that with which alone we are at present concerned, and therefore we pass him by with a slight notice. The army which he led was called that of Bas-Poitou, to distinguish it from the Vendée army which

Cathelineau headed, and which was called the army of Haut-Poitou. The existence of these two armies, conducting operations near each other at the same time, but totally independent of each other, is to be borne in remembrance. While we are following the proceedings of the army of Haut-Poitou, it is to be recollected, therefore, that another army was carrying on similar operations. Occasionally the two armies co-operated; Charette, however, seems to have disliked acting in concert with other commanders, and regulated his own movements.

To return to Cathelineau and Stofflet. After Easter, the peasants reassembled in large numbers. One of Cathelineau's first propositions, after the little army collected, was to insist upon the necessity of securing one or two royalist gentlemen to join their enterprise and become its leaders. "It is for the nobles to be our generals," said he. "We are as brave as they are; but they understand the art of war better than we do." The proposal was received with enthusiasm; and that day, by dint of intreaties and deputations, they dragged three of the most popular royalist gentlemen of the neighbourhood out of the retirement of their chateaux. These were M. de Bonchamp, M. D'Elbée, and M. Dommaigné. Bonchamp was a man of about thirty-three years of age, and of noble family: he had served in India, but had resigned his commission on being required to take the Revolution oath; had emigrated, but after a little while returned to his estate in the Bocage. He was one of the ablest and best-liked officers the Vendéans ever had; and his great military experience made his services particularly valuable. D'Elbée had served in the army too; he was a little man of about forty years of age, with good abilities, and great personal courage; exceedingly devout, somewhat vain, consequential, and touchy. The last of the three gentlemen mentioned, Dommaigné, had been a captain of carbineers, and was also a valuable acquisition. Having secured these three generals to share the command with Cathelineau and Stofflet, the peasants were prepared for all that might come against them.

At that time there was living at the chateau of Clisson, farther south in Poitou than the scene of the occurrences we have been describing, a royalist family, named Lescure. The Marquis de Lescure, the head of the family, was a young man of twenty-six years of age, who had lately inherited the property from his father, and been married to Mademoiselle Donnissan, a young lady who had been on terms of intimacy with the queen and other members of the royal family. Having fortunately escaped from Paris when their lives were menaced by a revolutionary mob, they retreated to their castle of Clisson, where their hospitality was extended to a number of distressed royalists.

Among the personages who had taken up their residence at Clisson, there was a young man, a friend of M. de Lescure, by



name Henri Duvergier, Count de La Rochejaquelein. This young man, the son of a colonel, was himself a cavalry officer in the king's guard. Though all his family had emigrated, Henri would not, and, leaving Paris after the terrible 10th of August 1792, he was heard to say, "I am going to my native province, and you will shortly hear something of me." After residing for some time by himself in his chateau of La Durbelliere, situated in one of the disturbed parishes, he had come to live with his friend Lescure at Clisson. He was only twenty years of age, but tall, and singularly handsome. With fair hair, a fine oval face, more English than French, and a proud eagle look, never did hussar sit on horseback with a nobler bearing than that of the generous, dashing, chivalrous Henri. His appearance, indeed, was exceedingly prepossessing, and his conversation only increased the fascination of his manner. It was pleasant to hear him speak; his mode of expressing himself was so simple, so intense, so quaint, so laconic. At present his fault was in being too impulsive, too daring; but this high-souled impatience seemed to make him more an object of attraction. The peasants adored him. And afterwards, when they saw him dashing on at their head into the thick of the enemy, the first man in a charge, or defending a bridge, making his horse wheel and his sabre flash amid whistling bullets, or the last man in a retreat, they could have stood still and looked on for sheer admiration. Such was Henri La Rochejaquelein.

During the early part of the insurrection, none of the inmates of Clisson had thought it necessary to interfere; but now it was evident that the time had arrived when they should take part either with the peasants or with the authorities. It was decided that when it became necessary to act, they would all join the insurrection. The day was approaching when the militia were to be drawn for in the parish in which Clisson was situated, and young La Rochejaquelein had to submit to be drawn for with the rest. The evening before the drawing, a young peasant came to the chateau charged with a message to Henri from his aunt Mademoiselle de La Rochejaquelein, who resided a little way off, near the scene of Charette's operations. This young man told Henri that the peasants in the quarter from which he had come were going to rise to-morrow, and that they were all exceedingly anxious to have him for their leader. Henri, whose mind was already made up, and who, in fact, was only waiting for a good opportunity, declared his readiness to go that instant. Lescure was for accompanying him, but Henri urged the folly of committing a whole family, till it should be ascertained whether the enterprise were feasible. It was then urged by Madame Donnissan that Henri's departure might draw down the vengeance of the authorities on the inmates of the chateau; and this almost had the effect of shaking the young man's resolution; but at last, putting on that energetic look which never afterwards left him,

he exclaimed, "If they do arrest you, I shall come and deliver you."

This intrepid young man accordingly set out to join the insurgents; and shortly after his departure, the other inmates of the castle, including Lescure and his wife, were taken into custody, and conducted to Bressuire, where we shall leave them in confinement, till we return to the general course of the war.

#### PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

For several weeks after Easter, the insurrection spread like wildfire over the whole of Anjou and Haut-Poitou, and, generally speaking, the authorities of the district, with all the military they could command, were completely worsted. The Convention, roused by the intelligence that all La Vendée was in a blaze, took strong and decisive measures. On the 2d of April a decree was passed appointing a military commission, with authority to try and execute, within twenty-four hours, all peasants taken with arms in their hands, as well as all who should be denounced as suspicious persons. Two representatives or delegates of the Convention were to see these measures put in force. Berruyer, a fresh general, was sent down to supersede Marce. A large army of reserve, levied for the defence of Paris, and composed principally of Parisian sans culottes, were marched into the Bocage, with two more representatives in their train. After a little skirmishing, Berruyer and his army made their way into the heart of the Bocage, whither also Cathelineau, Stofflet, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée, were on their march at the head of a large straggling mass of peasants. The two came in sight of each other on the 11th of April at Chemillé, and there halted. On the morrow the peasants were to fight their first pitched battle, and, accordingly, great were the bustle and preparation. Among the Vendéans there was an old artilleryman of the name of Bruno, and to this man Cathelineau had intrusted the pointing of the cannons. All the day before the battle, Bruno was going about more excited than usual, and bragging that he would be a rich man yet; and this being somewhat suspicious, he was watched, and detected in the night-time pulling out the charges of the cannons, and reloading them with earth and sand instead of iron. Bruno was instantly shot, and his body thrown into a river—the first and last Vendéan, the peasants boast, that ever was a traitor. Next day, when the fight began, the revolutionary soldiers were somewhat disconcerted when the cannons of the enemy fired iron instead of sand. Part of the army, however, headed by Berruyer, fought heroically till the evening. The cartridges of the peasants were now beginning to fail, and their spirits were flagging, when, two bodies of the enemy committing the mistake of falling foul of each other in the darkness, a confusion arose, which D'Elbée and his men taking advantage of, a complete havoc and dispersion was the result. Berruyer was

compelled to retreat, pursued by the Vendéans. Thus, though not without great loss, the peasants had gained their first pitched battle; and often in their subsequent reverses did they encourage themselves by recollecting "the grand shock of Chemillé." Berruyer wrote to the Committee of Public Safety, announcing his defeat. It was no insignificant affair, he told them, this Vendée insurrection. The peasants, he said, were brave, and fought with the enthusiasm of fanatics who believed death in the field to be a passport to heaven. He complained, too, of the miserably ill-provided state of his army, and of the cowardice of the new recruits, who, he said, would not stand fire. This report was of course kept secret from the public; the success of the Revolution, like that of every other enterprise, depending greatly on its being thought to be succeeding. But Berruyer was not a man to be easily beaten. He continued in the Bocage, his columns advancing and coming into frequent collision with the Vendéans; now routed, now victorious; avoiding another general engagement in the meantime, but gradually creeping round the insurgent army, and encircling it with a chain of posts.

It was at this point in the progress of the war that Henri La Rochejaquelein arrived among the insurgents, having been necessarily detained a few days at St Aubin's, the residence of his aunt, by the way. He was received with gloomy despair. Bonchamp and Cathelineau told him that it would not be possible to continue under arms, for all the posts were in the hands of the enemy; the stock of ammunition was exhausted; and, to crown the evil, the peasants, unaccustomed to be long absent from home, were bent upon disbanding. Ruin, they told their young and sanguine visitor, was inevitable. Henri did not stay to hear more, but went back to his aunt's at St Aubin. Here, again, bad news awaited him. The Blues were at the door; they had pressed forward from Bressuire, and taken Aubieres. The peasants all round were inconceivably excited; they had hoisted the white flag on all their churches; they wished to fight the Blues, but they had no leader. Hearing that young La Rochejaquelein was at his aunt's, they came to him in crowds, beseeching him to put himself at their head. They wanted to fight, they said; and in a day's time there would be more than ten thousand of them. Henri assented: away they ran to spread the news. All night the church-bells were tolling; the fields were indistinctly swarming in the dusk with men making their way in twos and threes from their farm-houses through the wickets in the hedges; and a constant stream was creeping in the darkness through the labyrinth of paths, speaking determinedly to each other with suppressed voices. Early in the morning they had assembled almost to the promised number. Some had sticks, many had pitchforks, others had spits; their firearms amounted altogether to only

two hundred fowling-pieces. Henri had managed to procure about sixty pounds of quarriers' gunpowder. When the young leader appeared to inspect his troops, they stopped eating the pieces of brown bread they held in their hands, and gathered eagerly round him. "My friends," said he, "if my father were here, you would have confidence in him. For me, I am but a boy; but I shall prove by my courage that I am worthy to lead you. If I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I die, avenge me!" "There spoke a hero," said Napoleon afterwards, quoting the speech, as being exactly the thing for the Vendéans. The cheering was loud and long; and when, not having breakfasted, he took a hunch of their brown bread, and ate it along with them, while somebody had gone away for a white loaf, oh! they could have hugged him to their very hearts for fondness. God bless him, their fair-haired, heroic young leader!

They went to Aubieres first; the peasants, notwithstanding their zeal, being not a little frightened, not knowing exactly what a battle was like, nor how they should behave in it. With very little trouble they expelled the Blues out of the village, chasing them almost to Bressuire. But anxious as he was to release Lescure, La Rochejaquelein thought it better to go and extricate Cathelineau and his army out of their difficulties; so he marched to Tiffauges with the cannon and ammunition he had taken; and by the help of this reinforcement, the Vendéan army was soon able to redeem its losses, retake Chollet and Chemillé, and beat the enemy out of all their strong positions.

The army advanced upon Bressuire; and the rumour that the brigands, as the Vendéans were named, were coming, drove the Blues out of that town, retreating to Thouars. Lescure with his wife and friends were now released, and having reached their chateau, they were planning means for joining the insurgents, when Henri La Rochejaquelein galloped into the courtyard. He explained to them the state of affairs, and the prospects of the insurrection. The grand army of Haut-Poitou, commanded by Cathelineau, Bonchamp, Stofflet, &c. consisted, he said, of 20,000 men; and on any emergency they had but to sound the tocsin, and it would swell to 40,000. In addition to these, there was a body of 12,000 natives of Bretagne, who had crossed the Loire and joined the grand army. Then in the Marais, on the sea-coast, Charette had an army of 20,000, and was doing wonders. Besides all these, there were numerous bands fighting here and there under other leaders. An account so promising put them all in high spirits; and it was agreed that Lescure should accompany his friend to Bressuire next day to join the army; that the Marquis de Donnissan, Madame Lescure's father, should follow them as soon as possible; and that Madame Lescure, Madame Donnissan, and the rest, should be conveyed to the Chateau de la Boulaye, which would be the safest residence.

On joining the insurgents, Lescure, as a matter of course, became one of their generals. Donnissan, not being a Vendéan by birth, would assume no direct command; but all through the war he exerted a species of governing influence.

#### MILITARY ORGANISATION—THE WAR AT ITS HEIGHT.

The organisation of the Vendéan armies was peculiar. A staff always remained in arms; but the great mass of the army fluctuated, assembling and disbanding with the occasion. When anything was to be done, the windmill-sails were seen going on the hills, the horns were heard blowing in the woods, and persons on the watch set the church-bells a-tolling. The people, flocking to the church, were summoned, in the name of God and the king, to assemble at a particular hour and place. The men set out immediately, taking provisions with them; the gentry and rich people of the parishes supplying grain and cattle. All along the road, too, women used to be waiting, telling their beads on their knees, offering provisions to the men as they passed on to the rendezvous. The expeditions never lasted more than four or five days. After either a victory or a defeat, the army melted away like a mass in a state of dissolution, and no intreaty could prevail on the peasants to remain together, either to follow up the one or to retrieve the other; so much did they long, after a day or two's absence, to revisit their farms and their homes. Obedient enough in the field of battle, the peasants did not consider themselves deprived of the right of judging what ought to be done on any given occasion; and if their generals did anything they thought wrong or unfair, they very freely said so. At first there was no commander-in-chief, but each of the generals commanded the peasants of his own neighbourhood—Cathelineau those of Pin, Stofflet those of Maulevrier, &c.; and the generals together formed a council of war. Of the inferior officers, some were gentlemen, and some were peasants; the bravest and best-informed men becoming officers in the mere jostle with each other. As relations and neighbours served in the same body, it was noted that they were very attentive to each other, and that if one were wounded, he was carefully conveyed out of the field by his comrades. There were physicians in the army, who took charge of the wounded; and there was a kind of central hospital at St Laurent. For dress, the men had common blue over-coats, with woollen bonnets or broad-rimmed hats adorned with knots of white ribbons.

In one of their early battles, La Rochejaquelein was seen fighting with a red handkerchief tied brigand-fashion round his head, and another round his waist, holding his pistols. "Aim at the red handkerchief," cried the Blues. The officers and men insisted on his giving up what made him so conspicuous a mark for bullets; but he would not; and so after that the red handkerchiefs became common in the army. The officers did not use the ordi-

nary military phraseology. Instead of saying, "To the right," "To the left," and such-like, they told their men to go up to that white house, or to go round about that large tree, &c. The favourite manœuvre of the Vendéans was "going to the shock," as they called it; that is, seizing the enemy's artillery. The strongest and most active among them went straight up to the battery; the moment they saw the flash they fell flat on their faces, letting the iron-shower whiz overhead; then, springing up, they rushed forward, leaped on the cannons, and grappled with the artillerymen. Frequently, also, they used to lie in wait for a band of republicans they knew to be approaching. In that case, the order given by the commander when he was aware the enemy were near, was *Eparpillez vous, mes gars*—"Scatter yourselves, boys." Instantly the whole mass would disperse hither and thither, parties of six and seven creeping stealthily along, concealing themselves behind hedges and bushes, one hand resting on the ground, the other holding the fatal gun. All is still as death, the trees and bushes waving treacherously in the wind. The doomed troop comes marching on, preceded by scouts, feeling as if some unknown danger were near. As soon as they are fairly jammed up in the path, as in a huge gutter, a cry is heard not far off, like that of an owl. Suddenly, from behind every tuft, every bush, there issues a flash; scores of men fall among their comrades' feet, blocking up the path, and throwing the whole troop into confusion. Enraged and infuriated, they try to scale the banks on both sides of the path to come at their unseen assailants, who by this time, however, are behind another row of hedges recharging their guns.

Let us now pursue the route of the grand army, which we left at Bressuire. From that town they marched straight to Thouars, to which, it will be remembered, the Blues had retreated after evacuating Bressuire. On the 7th of May they attacked this town. First, there was a distant cannonading, then a hard fight crossing a bridge, then a battering down of old rotten walls; and at last Quetineau, the brave republican general who commanded, was obliged to surrender. The inhabitants of Thouars were in a great panic, especially the public functionaries; but all the mischief the royalists did after the surrender of the town, was to burn the Tree of Liberty, and, as was their usual practice, all the papers of the administration. At Thouars the army gained several important accessions, some of them young and noble emigrants, who embraced this opportunity of fighting in behalf of royalty; others were deserters from the republicans. There came in one singular personage, a tall man of imposing mien, whom some of the royalist officers recognised as the Abbé Guyot de Folleville, a priest who had originally taken the civic oath, but had afterwards recanted, left Paris, and settled in Poitou, where he soon acquired a great reputation for sanctity. In an interview which he had with the generals, this man styled

himself bishop of Agra, telling them a strange story of his being one of four apostolic vicars appointed by the Pope for the whole of France, and of his having been secretly consecrated by a conclave of the nonjuring bishops held at St Germain. The story was feasible enough, and no one discredited it. Nothing could exceed the joy of the devout peasants on being told that their cause was now blessed by the presence and countenance of no less a man than the holy Abbé Folleville, bishop of Agra.

After staying about a week at Thouars, the royalists, greatly reduced in numbers, set out for Fontenay, passing through Parthenay and Chataigneraie. Reaching Fontenay on the 16th of May, they made a brisk attack; but were eventually, owing to the smallness of their force, repulsed with the loss of almost all their artillery, *Marie Jeanne* included. This defeat, the priests impressed upon them, was nothing else than a divine judgment for certain excesses committed at Chataigneraie, on their march to Fontenay. Giving the army already assembled a day or two's rest, Cathelineau left it at Fontenay, scouring the Bocage in person, everywhere showing his broad calm forehead, rousing the downcast peasants. In nine days he was back with fresh forces; and, urged on by an enthusiasm half-martial half-religious, the royalists again attacked Fontenay without cannon, without ammunition, without everything by the help of which towns are usually taken, confiding in the bishop of Agra's blessing and their own desperate hand-grapple. Fontenay was taken; and, what delighted the peasants more, *Marie Jeanne*, the best beloved of their cannons, was their own again, torn by the valour of young Forêt from the hands of the retreating enemy as they were dragging it away to Niort. The prisoners taken at Fontenay had their heads shaven, in order that they might be known again, and were then dismissed; and this plan of treating the prisoners became general.

While resting at Fontenay after the battle, and deliberating what should be their next route, the generals were struck with the necessity, now that they were actually wresting the Bocage out of the hands of the Revolution, of establishing some kind of government, to reside permanently in a central locality, administer the affairs of the whole district, and also provide supplies for the army; while the generals, relieved in this way of all civil care, should be marching from place to place, storming towns, and fighting the enemy. Accordingly, a body of eighteen or nineteen persons was appointed to sit at Chatillon, and administer affairs under the title of the Superior Council. Of this council the bishop of Agra was president; there were many advocates among the members: but the master-intellect in it, and the man who, by the force of his overbearing energy, carried everything his own way, was an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Bernier, a bold, griping, ambitious, essentially bad and selfish man, with a deep

scheming brain, a commanding person, a ready eloquent pen, and a fine sounding voice.

In these arrangements the generals spent some time, the peasants as usual dispersing themselves through the Bocage. Meanwhile the Convention, roused to the absolute necessity of doing something decisive, and dissatisfied with the bad management of Berruyer, sent down, to supersede him in the command, Biron, a brave unfortunate man, who dishonourably served a Revolution he disagreed with, and died on the scaffold declaring himself a royalist. Biron's subordinates were Santerre the brewer, and Westermann, whose abilities and inhumanity did so much for the Revolution which guillotined him. Fresh troops were also sent into La Vendée. They were already occupying strong positions in the north of Poitou. The most important of these was Saumur, a considerable town on the Loire. The royalists therefore determined to march north again and attack this town. After some fighting by the way, they arrived at Saumur on the 9th of June, spent the night in pious exercises, and next morning commenced the attack in three parties. Lescure, fighting at the head of one, was wounded, his men fled, and the route of that division would have been complete but for a lucky accident. Two wagons had been overturned on a bridge, and this checked the pursuit, and gave the fugitives time to rally. At the head of another division La Rochejaquelein and Cathelineau attacked a body of republicans encamped outside the town. The ditch was crossed, and Henri, flinging his hat with its feather inside the fortifications, cried out, "Who will go and fetch it?" and then sprang in himself, followed by Cathelineau and a number more. Evening put an end to the conflict, which it was resolved to renew in the morning; but so great had been the loss sustained by the Blues, that they evacuated the town in the night-time, leaving the besiegers a great many prisoners, plenty of ammunition, eighty cannons, and some thousand muskets. Remaining a day or two at Saumur, the insurgents were joined by several individuals already distinguished, or who afterwards became so; among others, by the Prince de Talmont, a young and noble emigrant, who had hitherto been leading a dissolute life in England, but had now resolved to give himself up to great actions. Here also the generals came to the important resolution of appointing some one of their number commander-in-chief. But which of them all should it be?—the simple, peasant-like, God-fearing Cathelineau, with his broad forehead, large heart, and fiery utterance; the swarthy, iron-visaged Stofflet; the gentle, unassuming Bonchamp, with his powerful inventive faculty, and great military experience; the somewhat consequential and pedantic, but really devout and well-meaning D'Elbée; the grave, silent, thinking Lescure, so recollective and so resolute; or the odd-opinioned, outspoken, chivalrous, high-souled young



Henri? Lescure, whose character it befitted to make the proposal, named Cathelineau, and Cathelineau was unanimously appointed general-in-chief of the royalist army of Louis XVII.

Alas! the noble peasant-commander had not long to live. The republicans, after the loss of Saumur, had vacated all the surrounding district, and concentrated their strength in Nantes, a large town also situated on the Loire, but some fifty or sixty miles west of Saumur, and not far from the sea-coast. The royalist generals deliberated what should be their next step; there was a keen debate, Stofflet almost quarrelling with Bonchamp for proposing a plan which required delay; but at last, most of the generals siding with Stofflet, it was resolved to besiege Nantes. This town being in the province of the Bretons, they hoped, by taking it, to draw into the insurrection the whole of that hardy population. Accordingly, leaving Lescure wounded at La Boulaye, and La Rochejaquelein, much against his will, in Saumur with a garrison, the royalist army set out for Nantes along the northern bank of the Loire, sweeping its route clear of the few straggling republicans that were left, and picking up recruits as it went on. Still, as this line of march did not lie through the Bocage, and as the peasants had a strong repugnance to fighting far away from home, Cathelineau reached Nantes with a force much smaller than usual. To make up for this, however, Charette, who had been carrying on an independent set of military operations in the district bordering on the sea, was prevailed upon by the representations of Lescure to join his forces with those of Cathelineau, and co-operate with him at least in the present siege. The idea of trying to bring about a permanent coalition between the royalist army of Haut-Poitou under Cathelineau, and that of Bas-Poitou under Charette—a coalition which Napoleon emphatically declares might have crushed the Republic—originated either with Bonchamp or with La Rochejaquelein. The siege of Nantes, however, was almost the only case in which the two armies really co-operated. On the evening of the 28th of June, the republican sentinels of Nantes saw far off in the horizon the bivouac-fires of the approaching royalist army, and heard their horns blowing like the lowing of bulls. The commanders, Beysser and Canclaux, prepared for the attack of the morning. The fight was long and bloody: the royalists had penetrated the suburbs; the Blues were giving way; they were flying; when, unluckily, the Prince de Talmont turned two cannons upon a path of exit from the town, into which the fugitives were crowding, and which Cathelineau had purposely left open. Beysser saw this mistake, rallied his troops, who now began to fight with the courage of despair. Cathelineau, who had already had two horses killed under him, gathered a few faithful men of his native village round him for a last decisive effort: making all of them the sign of the cross after their leader, they dashed themselves impetuously against this single obstacle

between them and a great victory. The shock was irresistible. Cathelineau was fighting in the crowded street. At this moment a gun was seen pointed from a window. It was fired. Cathelineau fell, wounded in the breast. It ran from rank to rank—"Cathelineau is wounded—is dead!" The royalists lost all courage; Beysser rallied, and drove them out of the town; their retreat being made less disastrous, however, by the exertions of Charette. The attack on Nantes had ended fatally for the royalists. They had lost a great number of men, and some of their best officers; but all their other losses were felt as nothing compared with that blow which, in the first moment of their grief, seemed to reduce them to utter helplessness, and to make their cause hardly worth defending any more. The good Cathelineau was mortally wounded, and had not long to live. The army broke up dispirited, crossing the Loire in parties, and carrying the sad news, like a desolation, to all the firesides in the woodlands of La Vendée.

La Rochejaquelein had a perplexing duty to perform at Saumur. Cruelly deserted by his followers, he found it necessary to abandon the place, and proceed to Chatillon, where a consultation on the general state of affairs was necessary. The republican army under Westermann was burning and slaying in the Bocage—the castle of Clisson, among other places, being destroyed; and to arrest this inroad was the first object of the Vendéan chiefs. On the 8th of July an engagement between the two parties took place. Westermann's army was almost annihilated, and, exasperated by his cruelties, the royalists inflicted a terrible retaliation on their prisoners. Westermann himself escaped with difficulty. Shortly afterwards he appeared at the bar of the Convention to answer a charge of treachery, founded on the fact of his defeat; and it was only by a piece of singular good fortune that the honest but iron-hearted soldier was reinstated in his command. An attempt was made by Biron to retrieve Westermann's defeat, by sending a strong force under Santerre to make a similar inroad into another part of the Bocage. An engagement ensued at Vihiers, which effectually cleared the interior of the Bocage of republican troops, and the latter end of the month of July was spent by the wearied Vendéans in the comparative tranquillity of their usual occupations.

Unfortunately, all the successes of the Vendéans ended in nothing. The war had lasted a considerable time; there had been much fighting; several decided victories had been gained over the armies of the republic; the insurrection had forced itself upon the attention of the powers directing the Revolution, till it became a great subject of interest in Paris; but all this without any sign of its being a whit nearer its immediate object—namely, the shutting out of the Revolution from La Vendée; much less of its being nearer the great object which had grown out of the

other, and come to occupy the foreground of the whole movement—the extinction of the republic, and the restoration of royalty in France. This was felt by the Vendéan leaders, and they henceforward resolved on a more specific aim: but they possessed little power to carry their schemes into execution; and the division into two armies, one under Cathelineau, and another under Charette, was a fatal error. It was afterwards remarked by Bonaparte, that if these two armies had united, and gone straight to Paris, a counter-revolution would in all likelihood have been the result. One of the plans of the Vendéans was to combine their scattered forces, and they began by appointing D'Elbée as commander-in-chief, in room of the unfortunate Cathelineau, who had died of his wounds. Another plan was, to open up a communication with foreign powers, especially England; procure, if possible, the landing of an English army on the west coast, join forces with it, and, thus strengthened, give battle to the armies of the republic.

While the council was deliberating on these determinate modes of action, government became still more alarmed at the progress of the insurrection. It had now lasted five months, and the Convention perceived that if it lasted much longer, it would attract the eyes of Europe, and become a royalist vortex in the heart of the Revolution. The finishing of the war in La Vendée, therefore, seemed no longer like the mere healing of a local eruption; it became equivalent to cutting out a cancer. "It is with La Vendée," says Barrère, in his report of the 2d of August, "that the aristocrats, the federalists, the department men, and the section men, hold correspondence. It is with La Vendée that the culpable designs of Marseilles are connected, the disgraceful venality of Toulon, the movements of Ardeche, the troubles of Lozere, the conspiracies of Eure and Calvados, the hopes of Sarthe and Mayenne, the bad spirit of Angers, and the sluggish agitations of ancient Bretagne. Destroy La Vendée, and Valenciennes and Condé will no longer be in the hands of the Austrian. Destroy La Vendée, and the English will no longer occupy Dunkirk. Destroy La Vendée, and the Rhine will be freed of the Prussians. Destroy La Vendée, and Spain will see itself torn to pieces, conquered by the forces of the south, joined to the victorious soldiery of Mortagne and Chollet. Destroy La Vendée, and Lyons will resist no more, Toulon will rise against the Spaniards and the English, and the spirit of Marseilles will rise to the level of the Republican Revolution. In fine, every blow which you aim at La Vendée will resound through the rebel towns, the federalist departments, and the invaded frontiers."

These sonorous and sanguinary sayings were followed up by decided actions. The ill-starred Biron had been already recalled, and Beysser appointed to succeed him. Combustibles of all kinds were ordered to be sent into La Vendée for burning the plantations, the underwood, and the broom. The forests were to

be levelled, the crops cut down, the cattle seized, and the goods of the insurgents confiscated wholesale.

While the Convention was meditating this project of devastation, the royalist generals were looking eagerly in the direction of England, the refuge of so many royalists. What are they thinking of us and our struggle in England? was the feeling. Alas! England hardly knew what was going on in La Vendée. One day early in August there came to Chatillon a strange little man, with an exceedingly sharp penetrating look, seeking an interview with the Vendéan generals. This was an envoy from England, carrying despatches from Pitt and Dundas as wadding in his pistols. His name was Tinteniac: he was a Breton emigrant, one of those men of whom so many extraordinary stories are told, who, by the joint force of a wild courage and an exhaustless ingenuity, contrived, during the heat of the war, to pass and repass through miles of hostile territory, carrying despatches which, if discovered, would have conducted them to the nearest gallows. Tinteniac produced his credentials. Can we wonder that a pang of anger was felt when, on opening them, it was found that they were addressed not to D'Elbée, Lescure, La Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, or any other general in the insurrection, but to a dead man; no other, in fact, than the barber Gaston who had headed a local outbreak in the Marais in the month of March, and been killed a day or two after. Oh! it was heart-sickening. Here had they been resisting the Revolution for five months, and yet the statesman whose eyes were supposed to be ranging over Europe, was not so much as aware of the names that were daily bandied about by the French journals. No wonder that they now distrusted England. Nevertheless, an answer to the questions contained in the despatches was written out, pressing for the landing of an English army on the coast of Bretagne, insisting particularly on the necessity of having a Bourbon prince at the head of it, promising 20,000 recruits from La Vendée alone, and assuring England that the landing of the army would rouse all Bretagne. With this answer Tinteniac departed.

The activity of the republican generals, stimulated by the recent orders of the Convention, did not allow the Vendée leaders to desist long from military operations. A battle became necessary whenever the Blues penetrated the Bocage; and this, a strong force under Tuncq, one of Beysser's officers, was now doing. To repel this inroad, Charette, on the 12th of August, joined his forces to those of D'Elbée. A desperate battle took place at Luçon, in which the Vendéans suffered a terrible defeat: and this was but the beginning of disasters. All the servants of the Republic were thinking about nothing else than the best way of carrying out the exterminating edict of the Convention. Santerre himself, who, though nominally exerting himself in a military capacity, was, in reality, in safe lodgings at Saumur,

came forward with a scheme peculiarly his own. He was for putting an end to the insurrection by carbonic acid gas. He recommended that the chemists should prepare some of their strongest gas-emitting substances; these were to be bottled up in tight leathern vessels, which were to be fired like shells into the doomed district, so that, falling on the ground, they might burst, and emit the subtle fluid to impregnate the atmosphere, asphyxiate every living thing, and strew the fields with corpses. Possibly Santerre, though familiar with the effects of carbonic acid gas at the bottom of vats, had no distinct notion of chemical possibilities; at any rate his plan was not adopted, and the Republic fell back upon the ordinary instrumentality of fire and massacre.

The devoted Bocage was now surrounded by a formidable ring of republican forces, amounting in all to about 200,000 men, many of them raw recruits, but many of them also veteran soldiers; and the purpose was, to draw closer and closer round the whole insurgent population, until they should be collected like sheep within a pen, and then deliberately butchered. To frustrate this design, La Vendée was divided into four districts, presided over severally by Charette, Bonchamp, Lescure, and La Rochejaquelein, each of whom employed himself in repelling the inroads of the enemy on his own frontier. Not a few bloody engagements took place in this way; and when the royalists were victorious, as was usually the case when they fought in the labyrinths of their own Bocage, they did not, as formerly, spare their prisoners, but killed them without mercy. All that had gone before seemed but a prelude to what was now going on. Everybody believed that the time had now come pointed out in the memorable prophecy of that holy man Grignon de Montfort, the founder of the blessed societies of the Missionaries of St Laurent and the Daughters of Wisdom, who, more than fifty years ago, had, with his own hands, planted a stone cross in the earth, uttering these words—"My brothers, God, to punish misdoers, shall one day stir up a terrible war in these quarters. Blood shall be spilt; men shall kill one another; and the whole land shall be troubled. When you see my cross covered with moss, you may know that these things are about to happen." And, sure enough, was it not covered with moss now? Ah! the words of that holy and devout man have not come to nought.

The Vendéans, hemmed in on all sides, performed prodigies of valour. Santerre and Ronsin at one point, Duhoux at another, Mieskowski at another, Canclaux and Dubayet at another, and lastly, Kleber himself—the Herculean and magnanimous Kleber, one of the ablest servants the Revolution ever had—Kleber at Torfou, with the brave Mayençais—all were defeated and beaten back. The end of September was spent by the peasants in rejoicing and thanksgiving. Still the antagonists were unequally matched, and the struggle could not last long. Charette, also,

whose assistance had helped the insurgents in their successes, now left them to pursue some plan of his own on the coast, having quarrelled with the generals.

The Convention at Paris now recalled General Beysser for being unsuccessful in the war, and with him Canclaux and Dubayet. These two officers were exceedingly popular with the army; and their recall so offended the Mayençais, that they offered, for 400,000 livres paid down, and a guaranteed pay of seven sous a-day per head, to desert the Republic and join the royalists. The Superior Council, contrary to Abbé Bernier's wishes, rejected this offer; the scrupulous honesty of the Vendéans conceiving it to be a sacrilege to employ, for however good an end, the dishonesty of others. Hearing of the insubordination of the Mayençais, the Convention, on the 9th of October, issued an order for concentrating all the troops then serving in the west, in Normandy and Bretagne, as well as Anjou and Poitou, into one large army, to be styled the Army of the West, and commanded, "not by *ci-devant* nobles like Canclaux and Dubayet, but by Lechelle, a man of the people."

Lechelle was not more capable than others; but he had able subordinates, the best of whom were Kleber and Westermann; and, besides, Canclaux generously left him a plan of procedure. Acting on this plan, he caused two bodies of troops to march into the centre of the Bocage simultaneously by different routes. Advertised of the approach of one of these on the frontier committed to his care, Lescure, then at La Trenblaye, went out to meet it. Mounting a rising ground, he discovered the Blues almost at his feet. "Forward!" he cried; but at that moment a ball struck him on the right eyebrow, coming out behind his ear, and gashing his head. It was his death-wound. While he was in the act of being carried off the field, his men rushed madly forward, and repulsed the enemy. But a more terrible encounter was at hand. The various bodies of republicans were now concentrated at Chollet, each having left behind it a track of desolation, as if it had scathed the earth where it marched. During the day, the air was filled with the smoke of burning villages; at night, fires blazed up along the horizon; the untended cattle were heard lowing wildly on the hills; and the croaking of the carrion birds, and the howling of the wolves, feasting on the corpses scattered about, made the scene more horrible. The royalists gathered their dispersed forces, resolved to stake the issue upon one decisive battle; taking the precaution, however, of following Bonchamp's advice so far as to send the Prince de Talmont, with a small body of men, to keep open an avenue from Chollet into Bretagne, so that, in case of defeat, their shattered army might still have the means of reaching an asylum—a precaution, alas! which the event proved to have been but too necessary.

Long and desperate was the engagement between Kleber's

forty-four thousand republican soldiers and the forty thousand Vendéans at Chollet. The carnage was great; and the issue was yet doubtful, when suddenly, in one part of the royalist army, there arose the panic-stricken cry, "To the Loire! to the Loire!" In vain the generals galloped hither and thither, shouting till they were hoarse; it was night, and nothing could be distinguished. Flags, artillery, chiefs, horses, soldiers, women, priests, children, were all commingled and swept along in an irretrievable indiscriminate confusion. In the *melée*, Bonchamp and D'Elbée both fell, the one struck down, the other shot in the breast. They would have been left among the dead, but that they were recognised by a small body of men who had taken no part hitherto in the fight, but had come up in time to witness the flight, and make it somewhat less disastrous by interposing themselves between the fugitives and their pursuers. Brandishing his bloody sabre over his head, La Rochejaquelein made an attempt to rush back, crying out, "Let us die where we are!" but he was carried on by the river of fugitives, his voice drowned by cries of "To the Loire! to the Loire!" And on they impetuously went towards the Loire, a wild and intractable herd of human beings; governed by a blind impulse, they rushed towards the broad and tranquil river which separated their unhappy country from Brittany.

Overcome with fatigue, and arrested by darkness, the Vendéans halted at Beaupreau, where they remained during the night.

#### PASSAGE OF THE LOIRE.

We left the panic-stricken host of Vendéans halting for the night at Beaupreau, on its way towards the Loire. A terrible spectacle presented itself on the following morning—a continuous stream of a hundred thousand human beings, men, women, and children, with tattered garments and bleeding feet, pouring out of their desolated native land, and seeking from God and man's mercy some other asylum. Before them, beyond a broad river, was a strange country; behind them was a pursuing enemy. Three of their chiefs, too, were dying of their wounds, carried uneasily along in litters. It was not long since the heroic Cathelineau was taken away from them, and now all at once they were bereft of Lescure, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée. La Vendée had indeed proved itself too weak for the Revolution. For seven months the brave little district had, by its own unaided efforts, kept that gigantic force at bay: the blame of its not being able to do anything more, of its not being able to frustrate and crush the Revolution altogether, lay not with it, but with those whose duty it was to improve the opportunity which the struggle in La Vendée afforded them. La Vendée had done her utmost. Whatever fault there was, lay with those royalists who were nearest the centre of European affairs, and who did nothing.

A hundred thousand Vendéans, men, women, and children, were wending along towards the Loire. They arrived at St Florent, and prepared to cross the river opposite to Ancenis. In a paroxysm of revenge, they were going to massacre about five thousand republican prisoners they had brought along with them, when Bonchamp interfered on the side of mercy; and when they would have respected nothing else, they respected this, the last wish of their dying general. The men were liberated. On the 18th of October the passage of the Loire was effected, and is thus described by Madame Lescure in her memoirs:—"The heights of St Florent form a kind of semicircular boundary to a vast level strand reaching to the Loire, which is very wide at this place. Eighty thousand people were crowded together in this valley; soldiers, women, children, the aged and the wounded, flying from immediate destruction. Behind them they perceived the smoke of burning villages. Nothing was heard but loud sobs, groans, and cries. In this confused crowd every one sought his relations, his friends, his protectors. They knew not what fate they should meet on the other side, yet hastened to it, as if beyond the stream they were to find an end to all their misfortunes. Twenty bad boats carried successively the fugitives who crowded into them; others tried to cross on horses; all spread out their arms, supplicating to be taken to the other side. At a distance on the opposite shore, another multitude, those who had crossed, were seen and heard fainter. In the middle was a small island crowded with people. Many of us compared this disorder, this despair, this terrible uncertainty of the future, this immense spectacle, this bewildered crowd, this valley, this stream which must be crossed, to the images of the last judgment." They had almost all crossed, and relations who had been separated were seeking each other in the crowd on the safe side, when Merlin de Thionville, representative of the people, galloped in among those still waiting on the Vendée side, cutting the throats of women and children. A large number were thus butchered at the river side. This Merlin de Thionville appears to us to have been one of the most consummate scoundrels even of that age, when, in the troubling of the waters, so many latent scoundrels were stirred up from the bottom. In a letter addressed on the 19th of October to the Committee of Public Safety, after congratulating the Committee on the flight of the Vendéans, he adverts to the five thousand republican prisoners whom the fugitives had so magnanimously spared. Thionville is vexed at the circumstance, and calls it an unfortunate occurrence. He had taken great pains, he said, to represent the affair in its proper light, as some faint-hearted republicans were actually touched by it. "It is best, therefore," he says in conclusion, "to cover with oblivion this unfortunate occurrence. Do not speak of it even to the Convention. The brigands have no time to write or make journals. The affair will be forgotten, like many things else."



The man who could write so—who could coolly suppress a fact creditable to an enemy, speculating on the chance that that enemy did not keep a journal—deserves to be singled out from among his brother liars, to go down to posterity as the blackest heart in the Revolution. Desirous of conveying his falsehood through a public document to the people, he wrote as follows to the Convention—"At St Florent we rescued out of the hands of the enemy five thousand five hundred republican prisoners. These unfortunate fellows threw themselves into the arms of their deliverers, bathing them with tears of joy and gratitude; and with a voice enfeebled by the sufferings of more than five months, the only words they could utter when they saw us were cries of 'Vive la Republique.'"

Bonchamp died in the boat while they were ferrying him over; D'Elbée was missing, having disappeared in the confusion of the passage; Lescure was evidently dying. Who now should be the leader of the fugitives? Gathering the generals round his bed, Lescure proposed La Rochejaquelein. Shrinkingly, and with sobs, the young soldier yielded to Lescure's representations, and accepted the terrible office which made him responsible for the lives and safety of all these wretched families, now without a home. The spirits of the poor Vendéans flickered faintly up again when their young general, not yet twenty-one, assumed the command; and a kind of hope, even when hope seemed impossible, beamed in their sorrow-blanchéd and hunger-bitten faces, reciprocating to the glance of his eagle eye as he rode forth among them, proud in his bearing as in the day of battle. From that day there was a remarkable change in the demeanour of Henri. As if overborne by the sense of his new situation, all his wild gaiety, all his self-abandonment, all his impatience of delay or deliberation forsook him; he became grave, serious, cautious, and foreseeing, like Lescure himself; and it was only when confronted with personal and instant danger that his old nature got the better of him, and he would dash into the fray, not as a commander-in-chief, who had to combine the movements of many masses, but as a brave hussar, who had no thought beyond the managing of his own sabre. Henri La Rochejaquelein had become suddenly old.

La Vendée was now a desert covered with scathed and blackened patches. Merlin de Thionville was for calling it "Le Département Vengé," and recolonising it with poor labourers and Germans, who should get the land for the trouble of clearing away the hedges. It is probable that the execution of this plan was prevented only by the exertions of Charette, who, struck with remorse for having quitted the grand army, left the occupations in which he had been engaged on his own account, and kept La Vendée open by making it again a fighting-ground.

Meanwhile, the expatriated Vendéans were moving through Bretagne (Brittany) like a creeping famine. They had to keep

constantly on the march, so as not to afflict any one spot with too much of their presence. The hunger of an additional mass of 100,000 human beings is no slight visitation upon a province, not to speak of the numerous revolutionists who were pursuing them; but the people of Maine, and the Bretons too, shaggy and uncouth as they seemed, with their sheep and goat-skin dresses, had human hearts in their breasts, and strove to alleviate the woes and supply the wants of their royalist Vendéan brothers. Nor did the Vendéans, on their part, receive this kindness thanklessly, as if they had a right to live by impoverishing their benefactors; so long as a farthing or a farthing's worth remained, it was freely given in exchange for the necessaries of life. A soldier caught pillaging was shot by La Rochejaquelein's orders. And at last, when the whole treasury was exhausted, the military council, at the instance of La Rochejaquelein and the Abbé Bernier, resorted to the only means of compensation they had, that of promising future payment. On the 1st of November, it was resolved to issue notes in the king's name, to the amount of 900,000 livres, payable at the restoration of peace, and bearing an interest of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. To be sure, in a commercial point of view, the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was small interest, considering the risk; and being paid in such notes was little better than giving the goods for nothing. Still, the mere thought of resorting to such a form, in such circumstances, showed a people who had been accustomed to be honest, and who liked any device that could banish the degraded feeling of being beggars. There was a remarkable difference in this respect between the Vendéans and the republicans. Pillage was legal in the armies of the Republic. One day, not long after the period at which we have arrived, a body of republicans was reviewed before Boursault, a member of Convention. The poor fellows were in very ragged regimentals, and had hardly a shoe among them. Boursault looking round on the crowd of peaceable well-shod citizens who had come to see the review, and were looking on with infinite interest, pointed to the bare feet of the soldiers, and asked the citizens if they had the heart to let slip such a fine opportunity of laying their boots and their shoes on the altar of their country. The citizens felt a consciousness that, if they parted not with their shoes peacefully and good-humouredly, they would be taken by force. So, with a good grace, they sat down on the grass and took off their shoes, the soldiers fitting themselves as well as they could with pairs.

From Varades, their first halting-place, the Vendée pilgrims, reinforced by a body of Breton royalists, set out for Laval, reaching it on the 20th of October. At this time they were saddened by the news of the queen's death, and enraged by discovering that the great bishop of Agra was no bishop of Agra at all, but an impostor. On the night of the 24th, when

within a league of Laval, they fell in with a body of Blues under Westermann, a division of the republican army which had crossed the Loire at Angers, and pursued a route northward through Anjou and Maine; another division under Lechelle having crossed at Nantes, much farther west, to penetrate Bretagne; the intention of this arrangement being to come up with the fugitives, whichever direction they might take, and, if possible, shut them up between two marching armies. Westermann, however, was beaten, and retreated to Chateau-Gonthier to wait for Lechelle, intending to join forces with him, and attack the Vendéans again on the morrow. La Rochejaquelein spent the night in making his arrangements and encouraging the soldiers, bidding them remember that the safety of their wives and children depended on their winning this battle, and recalling to their minds the horrors of that disastrous retreat from Chollet, of which all their woes and sufferings since were but the consequence and continuation. A long dormant enthusiasm reanimated the Vendéans; even the wounded Lescure had himself planted at a window, propped up by pillows, to see the battle. When Lechelle came up, with the whole army of the west, the fight began. The bravery and ability of Marceau, Kleber, and Westermann, were insufficient to counteract the blundering stupidity of the commander-in-chief, co-operating so usefully with the skill of La Rochejaquelein's arrangements, and the thunder of Stofflet's cannon. The Blues were utterly defeated; and the royalists, in their greatest extremity, had gained perhaps the greatest battle in the whole course of the insurrection. The republican authorities are divided as to whether the loss of the battle of Laval was owing more to Lechelle's military incapacity, or to La Rochejaquelein's military genius. On the one hand, it was Lechelle's last battle; superseded by the Convention, he retired to Nantes, where he died soon after in the arms of Carrier. On the other hand, La Rochejaquelein's share of the merit is testified by the men most capable of judging. "This single battle," wrote General Jomini several years afterwards, "places that young man high in the opinion of all military critics." Again, the magnanimous Kleber, in his letter of the 28th of October, announcing the battle, writes thus: "We had opposed to us the terrible native impetuosity of the Vendéans, and the power communicated to them by the genius of one young man. This young man, who is called Henri de La Rochejaquelein, and who was made their commander-in-chief after the passage of the Loire, has bravely earned his spurs. He has exhibited in this unfortunate battle a military science, and an accuracy of manœuvre, which we have missed among the brigands since Torfou. It is to his foresight and coolness that the Republic owes a defeat which has discouraged our troops."

The poor Vendéans had doubtless gained a signal victory, but they had a whole nation to conquer. This new victory, there-

fore, like every other, was little better than a useless slaughter. Within a fortnight of the defeat at Laval, the Republic again had an efficient army ready to march after the fugitives. The infamous Carrier of Nantes, indeed, would have saved them the trouble. He proposed a plan for exterminating the fugitives, not unlike that of Santerre. "Poison the springs," said he, writing to Kleber on the 9th of November; "poison bread, and toss it about where it may tempt the voracity of the starving wretches. You are killing the brigands with bayonet-thrusts. Kill them with doses of arsenic; it will be neater and less expensive." "If Carrier were here," said Kleber when he read the letter, "I would pass my sword through him, the brute." Some really were for giving Carrier's proposal a hearing; but Kleber was inexorable; he stood out for the sword against the arsenic, and went on organising his army.

The plan which La Rochejaquelein proposed to adopt after the battle of Laval, and one which, bold as it was, really appears to have been the single chance the Vendéans had, was instantly to march back through Maine and Anjou by the way they had come, pushing aside the wreck of the republican army, preventing it from re-organising on Kleber's plan, and ultimately re-entering the well-known labyrinths of their own Bocage. This plan was overruled. A military council was held at Laval, which, besides taking steps for procuring supplies, deliberated what should be their next route. Possibly, La Rochejaquelein's plan might now have been adopted, but the re-assembling of the republican army had made it too late. There remained two alternatives—a march westward into Bretagne, or northward into Normandy. Strong reasons were stated in favour of the former; but, finally, it was resolved to march north-west by the shortest route to the sea-coast.

On the 2d of November, the Vendéans left Laval, and took their way by Mayenne and Ernee. Lescure died on the way, and was buried, his wife never knew where. At Fougères the officers were again waited upon by envoys from the British government, with despatches, encouraging the Vendéans to persevere, promising assistance, and indicating Granville in Normandy as a port at which an English fleet might conveniently land. The council wrote a grateful reply, pressing for speedy relief, and repeating their urgent request that a Bourbon prince might come over to head the army. It was also agreed with the envoys what signal should announce to the English fleet the taking of Granville by the Vendéans. On their way to Granville, the Vendéans marched to Dol on the 9th, to Pontorson on the 10th, and thence to Avranches. But so great of late had been the physical suffering among them, that murmurings arose which no representations could suppress, and they demanded to be led back to the Bocage. Three or four hundred did actually set out to go home; but they fell into the hands of the Blues,

and their bodies were afterwards found bleaching on the road. Arrived at Avranches, the women, the children, and the baggage, were left there with a body of soldiers to guard them, and at the same time to keep open a retreat—the mass of the army, amounting to about 30,000 men, marching on to lay siege to Granville, a town on a rocky height, overlooking the British Channel. The attack began on the night of the 14th; it lasted that night, all next day, and even the night following. They fought on, looking anxiously for the English flag that was to appear on the horizon and bring them relief; but though the firing was heard by the English garrison at Jersey, no relief came; and after fighting thirty-six hours, their ammunition gone, their bodies fatigued, their spirits fainting, the Vendéans, spite of intreaties and exhortations, would hold out no longer. Breaking up into bodies, they left the sea-coast as they best could, muttering deep imprecations against Pitt, Dundas, and the whole English nation.

Hurrah now for home!—back, back to the Bocage! Their scanty blood boiled at the name; and as they turned their faces to the south, they felt as if their strength were renewed by the breeze blowing from the woods of La Vendée, and fanning their sun-tanned temples. No matter that the republican army of Marceau and Kleber lay between; with the Bocage on the other side, they would break their way through walls of iron. Rejoined at Avranches by the women and children they had left there, they came back to Dol, where, on the 21st of November, they fought one of their bloodiest battles, defeating Kleber, Westermann, and Marceau together—the women themselves rushing about like furies in the battle, handling muskets, sending fugitives back to the fight, and shrieking “Forward! forward!” Though, after this victory, many of the Vendéans detached themselves from the main body, in order to shift for themselves, still the great mass kept together under Stofflet and La Rochejaquelein, pressing southward, and pursued by the republican army, through which they had just cut their way. It was proposed even now to try the effect of a march westward into Bretagne, to besiege Rennes, and stir up a general rising of the Bretons; but again the murmuring arose, “Home, home!” So southwards still they went. The terrible Loire must be crossed ere they can plant their feet in La Vendée. They might cross it either at Angers or at Saumur. They rush to Angers: in vain—they cannot cross there. Oh that horrid river! Foiled, they fall back like an ebbing wave, only to rush forward again with greater violence. At no point can they effect a passage. Hither and thither they wander in despair, from La Fleche to Mans, from Mans to La Fleche again, Westermann and his Blues approaching them every hour. The rumour is spread that the authorities have resolved to allow the fugitives to disperse, and travel safely without passports. Many believe it, and are sacri-

ficed. Thinned by these desertions, and utterly broken in body and spirit, the Vendéan army was defeated and shattered to pieces at Mans—shattered to pieces, to be massacred more easily. What a scene of horror for miles round! Here a heap of dead bodies yet warm, there a band of republican soldiers shooting women and children to build up another heap; and Westermann, everywhere, superintending the butchery. On the 14th of December, La Rochejaquelein and the wretched remains of his army drew back to Laval. Eighteen thousand had perished in that little district north of the Loire. Oh that terrible river!

Still they kept bravely together. On the 16th they made a rush upon Ancenis, the very point at which they had crossed on their leaving La Vendée two months before. Westermann was but a few hours behind them. All the means of crossing they had was one small boat they had taken from the pond of a chateau, and brought along with them, and another flat-bottomed one they found at the water's edge. By La Rochejaquelein's orders, all hands were employed making rafts. Four large boats also were seen fastened with ropes at the other side of the river, loaded with hay. Oh if they had but these boats! But who could risk carrying them off under the very eyes of the republican garrison of St Florent? Henri volunteered the trial; Stofflet and another brave man leaped into the little boat along with him; and eighteen soldiers accompanied them in the other. They had reached the other side, and were making away with the boats, when they were attacked, overpowered, and dispersed. Thus La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet were separated from the Vendéan army.

La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet were now, therefore, on one side of the river fleeing for their lives; the mass of the Vendéan army was on the other, without a general, without a boat, and with the merciless dragoons of Westermann behind it. This separation of La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet from the miserable body of their followers, necessarily breaks down the brief remainder of our story into two narratives. What, in the first place, was the fate of the poor army, the last remains of the hundred thousand unfortunates who, two months before, had been driven from the Bocage? And, in the second place, what became of the two leaders, so strangely detached from their followers?

#### CONCLUSION OF THE WAR—FATE OF LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN.

The fate of the residue of the Vendéan army is sad to tell. Reduced now by massacre and desertion to less than twenty thousand, they stood almost stupified with terror, gazing at the point of the opposite bank where the fatal boats were yet lying, and where their two generals had disappeared from their view. Sometimes they wished vainly enough that they were on the other side too; sometimes they indulged a dreamy hope that their generals would reappear, bringing deliverance. A few of

their number kept working at the rafts. Their labour was in vain. A gun-boat, lying off Ancenis, fired and sunk them. At that moment Westermann and his men were battering at the gates and throwing shells into the town. "Disperse, disperse; every man for himself!" was now the cry. They did so. Some, confiding too easily in a rumour which the republicans had industriously spread, that an amnesty had been granted to all who chose to avail themselves of it, made their way with difficulty to Nantes, where almost all of them became Carrier's victims; some, meditating a similar flight, hid themselves in the meantime in the surrounding fields and farmhouses, where they were afterwards sought out and shot; and a few managed, by watching their time, to cross the fatal river, and reach La Vendée or some more distant part of France. Notwithstanding these desertions, a body of between eight and ten thousand still remained together, among whom were some of the most distinguished officers, such as Talmont, Fleuriot, Donnissan, Forestier, and Marigny. Adopting almost the only route open to them, they left Ancenis, and proceeded to Nort, meeting but little opposition on the way. During this journey Madame Lescure was obliged to part with her child, intrusting her to the care of a peasant, who was to take charge of her until reclaimed; but the child died, and was never seen more by her distracted mother. At Nort, Fleuriot was appointed commander, a choice which so offended the Prince de Talmont, as seeming to imply a doubt of his fidelity, that he quitted the army and retired to Laval—a step adopted nowise for the purpose of personal security, for he was shortly afterwards apprehended, and shot in the court of his own chateau.

From Nort the wreck of the army marched to Blain, where they remained, making good their position against small detachments of the republicans, until advised of the approach of the main force under Marceau and Kleber, who had now joined Westermann, when they took their way to Savenay, closely pursued. A strange, ragged, wo-begone, motley crowd they were. Their clothes having been long ere now worn to shreds in the course of their weary journeyings, they had laid hold of everything that could serve as a covering or a protection from the weather. One man had on two petticoats, tied, one round his neck, the other round his waist; another wore a lawyer's gown, which he had picked up somewhere, with a flannel nightcap on his head; a third had a Turkish turban and dress, which he had taken from a playhouse at La Fleche. Madame Lescure rode on a horse with a dragoon's saddle, and wore a purple hood, an old blanket, and a large piece of blue cloth tied round her neck with twine. The motley crowd reached Savenay, and hastily shut themselves in. This, they knew, and so did the republicans, must be their last place of retreat. Situated between two rivers, swollen with the winter rains, with the sea before them on the

west, and the republicans approaching them from the east, they were shut up in a circle, one half of which was fire, and the other water. Hardly had the fugitives shut themselves into Savenay, when the republicans came up with them, and the fighting began. For a while the attack was confined to insignificant skirmishing, but it was evident that an annihilating blow was in preparation.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Madame Lescuré, who had lain down for an hour or two, was awakened by a bustle, and told to get up, for a horse was ready to convey her away. Scarcely knowing what they were going to do with her, she was about to dismount from the horse on which they had already placed her, when Marigny, a man whose conduct at this crisis has earned for him an illustrious reputation among the Vendéans, came up, and taking her horse's bridle, led her a little away from the rest, and whispered to her that she must try to escape. He told her that all was over; that they could not stand the approaching attack of the morning; that in twelve hours they would be all dead; and that her only chance of escape was in flying immediately, and trusting to the darkness. Unable to say more, Marigny turned hurriedly away. Hastening to her mother and M. Donnissan, Madame Lescuré repeated Marigny's words. It was instantly arranged by M. Donnissan that she and her mother should disguise themselves as peasants, and quit the town under the care of the Abbé Jagault, and a townsman as their guide. At midnight the general, who had resolved to remain with the army to the last, bade farewell to his wife and daughter. "Never leave your poor mother," were his last words to Madame Lescuré at parting. He stood in the square of Savenay, looking after them through the darkness. They never saw him again. At nine o'clock in the morning, a cold heavy rain falling, the Vendéans under Fleuriot, Donnissan, and Marigny, precipitated themselves upon the republicans. Their aim was, if possible, to reach the forest of Gavre, where they might take refuge in the meantime, and plan some means of crossing the Loire. This Fleuriot, with a small body, effected at first. A large number, including many officers, were cut to pieces. Three times did the brave Marigny, holding the standard which, in her happier hours, Madame Lescuré had embroidered for the Vendéan army, dash himself against the Blues; and as often was he repulsed. "Women," he cried at last, "all is lost; save yourselves!" To give them time to do so, he stationed two cannons on the road along which they must retreat, and halting with a few brave men between the enemy and the fugitives, fought an hour longer. They then fled for their lives, dispersing themselves like the rest through the forest country, there to await through the miserable winter what small chance of ultimate escape the relentless vigilance of the authorities might afford them.



For months after, miserable wretches were rooted out in twos and threes from their places of concealment, to perish by the hands of the republican executioner. Donnissan was shot attempting a new rising. The pretended bishop of Agra died on the scaffold: an impostor to gratify his vanity, there was nothing else bad about him. The Abbé Bernier lived long enough to lose his reputation. And to conclude the catalogue, we may mention that D'Elbée, who, it will be remembered, disappeared at the time of the first crossing of the Loire, mortally wounded, made his way in that condition to the sea-coast, the scene of Charette's operations, where, falling into the hands of the Blues three months after, he was placed in an arm-chair and shot, though dying of his old wound.

The adventures of Madame Lescure after her departure from Savenay were of the most distressing kind. Pursued as a fugitive with her mother and attendants, she was delivered of twin daughters in the cottage of a peasant, humanely opened for her reception. The infants afterwards died, and Madame Lescure was able to make her escape into Spain. After a period of exile, she was permitted to return to France, and to assume possession of her husband's property, which had been fortunately spared from confiscation. Her mother was now anxious that she should marry again—a proposal to which she long felt very repugnant. "I was unwilling," she says, "to lose a name so dear to me, and so glorious. I could not bear renouncing all remembrance of La Vendée, by thus entering on a new existence. I therefore resisted my mother's solicitations, till I saw in Poitou M. Louis de La Rochejaquelein, the brother of Henri. It seemed to me that, by marrying him, I attached myself more to La Vendée, and that, by uniting two such names, I did not offend against him whom I loved so much." She married M. Louis de La Rochejaquelein in March 1802. From that period her life ran somewhat more smoothly; but her second husband was killed at the head of a body of Vendéan loyalists in June 1815, a few days before the battle of Waterloo.

It remains now to tell what became of Stofflet and Henri La Rochejaquelein. Separated from the army at the Loire in the manner we have already described, the two generals went hither and thither through the desolated Bocage, trying to raise men to renew the struggle. Charette, who, since the evacuation of the district by the Vendéans, had taken up his station in it, was then at Maulevrier. Here La Rochejaquelein had an interview with him. Charette, who, with all his patriotism, had much personal ambition, and who saw in Henri's return the prospect of a divided or contested command, received him coldly; and unfortunately for the cause they had both at heart, the two parted in anger, Charette to pursue his plans in Bas-Poitou, and La Rochejaquelein to raise a force of his own. He and Stofflet kept together, and by a series of small successful engagements

they began to make their presence felt by the republicans. In March 1794, at the head of a small band of peasants, they attacked the garrison of the village of Nuillé. After the victory, Henri saw the peasants preparing to shoot two republican grenadiers. "Stop," he cried to the peasants; "I want to speak with them." Advancing to the grenadiers, he called out, "Surrender, and you shall have your lives." At that instant some one pronounced his name. One of the grenadiers turned, presented his musket, and fired. The ball struck Henri on the forehead, and he fell to the ground dead. Thus, on the 4th of March 1794, at the age of twenty-one, died Henri de La Rochejaquelein, the hero of La Vendée. He and his murderer were thrown into one grave. As the Romans treated Hannibal, his enemies did him the honour of disinterring his body, to have ocular demonstration that he was really dead.

Though the story of the subsequent proceedings is considerably less spirit-stirring than the narrative of the great war of 1793, still the death of La Rochejaquelein did not by any means extinguish the royalist enthusiasm of the Vendéans, or paralyse their activity. On the contrary, the struggle was protracted for several years; Charette acting as the insurgent commander on the coast, Stofflet in the interior, and the two occasionally acting in concert. Besides what they did, an independent insurrection, called the War of the Chouannerie, was going on north of the Loire. The Convention began to see that no amount of fighting, burning, or massacre, would ever eradicate the inveterate royalist feeling of the population of the north-west; and probably conscious, at the same time, that the Revolution was now strong enough to be able to afford to be generous, they resolved to offer terms to the Vendéans; by which, on acknowledging the authority of the Republic, they were to enjoy the unmolested exercise of their religion, have freedom from military service, and receive indemnification for their losses. Though the terms offered were accepted, the habit of insurrection was too strong to make the long continuance of tranquillity possible. Accordingly, it required the judgment and moderation, as well as the great military capacity, of General Hoche to reduce the west of France to anything like order. This was in 1795. Hoche's exertions were made complete by the almost simultaneous deaths of the two surviving spirits of the insurrection, Charette and Stofflet. Stofflet was taken, tried by military commission, and shot at Angers in February 1796. After wandering about in concealment for some time, Charette was taken on the 23d of March, and shot at Nantes three days after. With the death of these leaders the war in La Vendée terminated; and peace and order were gradually restored to this long distracted country.



## JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR.

**H**AVE to-day, December 15, 1764, visited Dr Snarl, and received from him £10, the amount of my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with some uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room, was I admitted into the presence of my reverend employer, who was seated in an easy-chair at his writing-desk. The money designed for me was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really, he is a man of much dignity; and I feel I can never approach him without the awe I should have in entering the presence of a king.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money. My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject which I had been for some time contemplating—a little increase of my salary. With an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavoured to break ground, but at every effort words and voice failed me.

“Did you wish to say anything?” observed the rector very politely.

“Why—yes—pardon me; everything is so dear that I am

scarcely able to get along in these hard times with this small salary."

"Small salary! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 a-year."

"For £15! Without a family, one might indeed manage with that sum."

"I hope your family, Mr Vicar, has not received any addition? You have, I think, only two daughters?"

"Yes, only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. Jenny, my eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better: Cannot your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut the interview short by rising and observing, while he went to the window, that he was sorry he had no time to talk with me to-day. "But you can think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your situation for a New-Year's gift."

He bowed very politely, and touched his cap, as if wishing me to be gone. I accordingly lifted the money, and took my leave, quite disheartened. I had never been received or dismissed so coldly before, and fear that some one has been speaking ill of me. He did not invite me to dinner, or to partake of any refreshment, as he had done on former occasions. Unfortunately I had depended on him doing so, for I came from home without breaking my fast. Having bought a penny loaf at a baker's shop in the outskirts of the town, I took my way homeward.

How cast-down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d. a-day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the young ravens, will He not shield us with his Providence? Arouse thee, faint heart! We must deny ourselves some of our wonted luxuries.

*Dec. 16.*—I believe Jenny is an angel. Her soul is more beautiful than her person. I am almost ashamed of being her father; she is so much more pious than I am.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, "You are disquieted, father?"

"Should I not be so?" I replied.

"No, you should not."

"Dear child," said I, "we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can endure our harassments. You see our need is sore; £15 will hardly suffice for the bare necessities of existence; and who will assist us?"

Polly seated herself on my knee, patted my face, and said, "I wish to tell you something, dear father. I dreamt last night that it was New-Year's day, and that the king came to C——, where there was a splendid show. His majesty dismounted from his horse before our door and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he ordered some of his own dainties to be brought in vessels of gold and silver. Military music sounded outside, and, only think, with the sounds some people entered, carrying a bishop's mitre on a velvet cushion. It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-books. The mitre was put on your head, and it became you grandly. Yet the oddity of the thing caused me to laugh till I was out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. Surely this dream has something to do with a New-Year's present; and it is now only fourteen days till New-Year's day."

"Oh," said I to Polly, "how can you speak of such nonsense? Dreams can never come true but by accident."

"But, father, are not dreams from God?"

"No, no, child; put away all such fancies."

Although I said so to Polly, I write the dream down. When in despair, one is apt to seize on any trifle for support. A New-Year's gift would certainly be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

*Dec. 17.*—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid but one. At five different places I paid off £7, 11s. I have therefore left in ready money £2, 9s. This must last a half year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them greatly. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable; but Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbour Westburn and I took together; and this goes hard with me. Here in C——, without a newspaper, one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse races at Newmarket the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, "To him who hath shall be given;" and "From him who hath not shall be taken away." I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Again murmuring; fy upon me. Wherefore should I complain? Not surely for a newspaper which I am no longer able to take. May not I learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica, or any such

matter of foreign news? I do not fear for Paoli, for he has 20,000 veterans.

*Dec. 18.*—How little makes a poor family happy! Jenny has procured a grand cloak at the slop shop for a mere trifle; and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I; but they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New-Year's day; and Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venetians made him—the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the 20,000 sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in luxuries. Until New-Year's day we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbour Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand and said, "Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

*The same day, eve.*—The baker is a somewhat narrow-minded man. Although I owe him nothing, he fears that I may. When Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen, or half-burnt, he broke out into a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon credit—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know everything. Every one in the village is telling how the rector is going to put another curate in my place. It is distressing, and will be the death of me. The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for anything but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that person treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a-pound more than others for his meat; and, when his abusive language could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2, 1s. 3d. What shall I do if no

one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr Snarl appoint another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

*Dec. 19, early, A. M.*—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I shall do in my very difficult situation. I thought of Mr Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; but poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New-Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to Dr Snarl:—

“REVEREND SIR—I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

The office with which you have intrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; and I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. When I humbly asked for a little increase of my small salary, your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessaries of life. I now leave your humane heart to decide.

I have laboured sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old, and my hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no servant; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness; indeed we could not have paid for medicines.

My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing; but C—— is a little place, and very rarely have they got any. Most persons here do their own household work; none can afford to employ others.

I assure you, in all humility, it will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your

compassion and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter, I threw myself upon my knees (while Polly carried it to the post-office), and prayed for a happy issue to my communication. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. A word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully did I come from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at her work at the window with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly frame of mind; and, seating myself at the desk, wrote my sermon, "On consolations in poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician; he knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

*The same day, forenoon.*—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had remained over night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He wore an old well-worn surtout, and boots which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me, in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances, that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but unfortunately without employment, and intended to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly, he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings, he said, would be a great assistance to him. Giving his name, John Fleetman, he promised if I would favour him with that advance, that he would honourably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. There was no necessity for his depicting his distress to me so much at length, for his features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read some-



thing of the same kind in my face, because, as he turned his eyes upon me, he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed, "Will you leave me then, sir, without help?"

In reply, I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world, and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, "You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one; perhaps I did not know their hearts well enough.

I approached him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Mr Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor; but I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour."

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, "How odd! the stranger always comes first to me—and an actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me, who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog which looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee."

When I arrived at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted; requesting Jenny's advice. She said tenderly, "I know, father, what you think, and therefore I have nothing to advise."

"And what do I think?"

"Why, that you will do unto this poor actor as you hope God and Dr Snarl will do unto you."

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks; it humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up; and, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

*The same day, eve.*—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long discourse on the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "Charity should

begin at home." "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat :—" and so on.

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had a pancake and some turnips; and I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long time fared so well.

Mr Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had; yet there was the shy reserved manner about him, which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed, also, that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There, however, he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our parlour dazzled the good man, the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner-table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother; and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart; I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed; then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the remainder of my ready money, to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were, "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words he pointed to Jenny and Polly, and so departed.

*Dec. 20.*—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles; otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money; but what creditor is not? The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr Jones, who, on the whole, is a polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter; but he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. I know that with a merchant credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I lent him; otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Again despairing! Go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

*Dec. 24.*—One may be right happy after all, even when at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride; but she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New-Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up, and shows me how little expense she has incurred through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coal; and that, we find, is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables; and with these Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then, we all hope that Mr Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow nothing evil to be said of the comedian.

That personage is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life, and he will supply us with conversation for a full half-year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger when the mischievous Polly exclaims, "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with noblemen and the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, a graceful address, and well-chosen phrases.

“Yes, indeed!” said the sly Polly to-day very wittily, “beautiful phrases! He called you an angel.”

“And you too,” cried Jenny, somewhat vexed.

“But I was only thrown in to the bargain,” rejoined Polly; “he looked only at you.”

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxiety. Parents have many anxieties. Polly is growing up, Jenny is already eighteen, and what prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a vixen with a bagful of guineas. Jenny’s only wealth is her gentle face; that everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins as a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has certainly never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who! the God of heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service anywhere. I will not distress myself about the future.

*Dec. 26.*—Two distressing days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days several times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt, and I find I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh-water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are much more hospitable than here in this small town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer’s dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did, indeed, have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bagful, and, besides, as it rained very hard, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing; one’s thoughts are clearer; one feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was worth noting; but I will write it off to-morrow.

*Dec. 27.*—I have no heart to write a word of my conversation with Farmer Hurst. This morning, as I was sitting by the fire, reflecting on various matters, a neighbour stepped in to ask if we had heard of a rumour that wagoner Brook at Watton Basset had destroyed himself. No such intelligence had reached us. The event gives us a new cause of distress. Brook was a relation of my sainted wife, and being a poor, though, as I believed, a conscientious and trustworthy man, I, some years ago, became security for him to Alderman Fieldson for the sum of £100.

The bond which I gave Mr Fieldson had never been cancelled. It was a thing hanging over my head, and the remembrance of it sometimes gave me trouble. Brook, I was told, had latterly been embarrassed in his circumstances, and had given himself up to drinking. Instead of bearing up under misfortunes, as was his duty, he has, I fear, sunk under them. I must visit Mr Fieldson, to know the worst.

*Same day, noon.*—I have been to Alderman Fieldson, who comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence; so I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house, when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless, "A letter! a letter from Mr Fleetman, father, and I am sure it contains money! But the postage is sevenpence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy; so I pushed aside their scissors, and said, "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day; but now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr Fleetman's honesty and gratitude that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote, and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must wisely learn to practise patience.

*The same day, eve.*—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came not from Mr Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses which I may be at, but also

directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

It now appears that the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation; and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honour.

My daughters turned deadly pale when they found that the letter did not come from Mr Fleetman, but from the rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

All fear now vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlour; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters, who were sitting at the window; and saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance; but when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not once allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

*Dec. 28.*—It is good to let the first storm blow over without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is, that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake

myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

I am glad that Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New-Year's gift. Dreams are surely nonsense, and I do not believe in them; yet there is a mystery about them not without interest.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I shall not leave my daughters here. The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar; while some are sorry that I must leave; but I know not who takes it most to heart.

*Dec. 29.*—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He is said to be a humane pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

*Dec. 30.*—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to prison. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me to bear.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-Merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot speak to them of this dreary prospect.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb—I cannot write for trembling.

*Some hours after.*—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God, and prayed; but I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept; perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Everything which has happened, or which I have heard, flits before me like a troubled dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself.

Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must, as a matter of course, account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds.

Mr Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. A hundred pounds! How shall I ever obtain so much money? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man; and I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now, I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison if Mr Withell is not merciful; for it is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

*Same day, eve.*—I am quite ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fy! And yet believe in a Providence! and a minister of the Lord! Fy, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof: I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man—more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences; to all which they listened earnestly, and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, poor dear father; you have done no wrong, and yet have to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases you!"

"No," cried Polly, sobbing, "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not, for all your tears, give up a farthing of our father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labour what father owes."

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed; but they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last, said Jenny, "Why form all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, I say, go to prison. Perhaps you will be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for you go without guilt. There is no disgrace in it. We will both go to



service, and our wages will procure you everything needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honourable and holy in it. We will come and visit you from time to time. You will certainly be well taken care of; and we will fear no more."

"Jenny, you are right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and you."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of goodness at my side.

*Dec. 31.*—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true we often had scarcely enough to eat—still, we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares—still, our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place I assuredly have lost: in my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still, Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation, is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honour. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honour and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honour. He who can despise the world, enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study too closely the letter, and forget the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Everybody should keep one; because one may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, "Misfortunes seldom come singly; but the darkest

hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then am I most at my ease; always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when everything goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy: I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance. When we grasp them, they are but vapours.

My misfortunes have taught me to consider, with amazing quickness, what will be their worst effect upon me; so I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me; so I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favourable to me; then all air-castles vanish, as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his visions! He pursues Will-o'-the-wisps into bogs and mire.

*New-Year's day, morning.*—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up, and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door, and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words:—"Mr ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly received the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber-door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in; and wishing me "a happy New-Year," as well as "good-morning," added, laughing, "You will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New-Year's gift had been given her for me. It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity; for hitherto the New-Year's presents for the Vicar of C—— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose goodwill I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was daylight.

When I was dressed, and entered the parlour, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen

exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the lid were two smoothly-cut round holes.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—But no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Good God!"

There before us lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-coloured ribbons. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapt up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with costly Flanders' lace.

At such an unexpected sight we stood some minutes gazing with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried, "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the point of her finger, and in a tone full of pity said, "Poor dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. Poor as we are, I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said, "Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God is trying our faith—no, he does not try it, he knows it; therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not, indeed, know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but he knows who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

In this manner the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New-Year's sermon upon "the power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor little stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me it is as if I entered upon the New-Year in the midst of wonders, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

*Same day, eve.*—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labours of the day. I had a long and rugged

walk ; but I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlour. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a little wine, a New-Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it up.

Anxiously desirous of learning something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas, and a letter as follows :—

“ Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred ; he has been baptised. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Therefore, take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny.”

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried, “ There, then, is the bishop's mitre ! ” Bountiful Heaven ! how rich had we suddenly become. We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New-Year's present ! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved ; but in what a strange and mysterious way ! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be that had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one ; and yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence.

*Jan. 2.*—Fortune is heaping her favours upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas ! thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be lifted up foolishly with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with this Mr Fleetman. Jenny coloured, and Polly jumped up laughingly,

and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was seriously vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter; but I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve; exaggerating everything, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her is worthy of note, and ran thus:—

“Excellent sir, when I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak and inhospitable world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely fascinating Polly; and ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is transfigured? Forever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon, perhaps, explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I now am. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance.”

I conclude, from these lines, that he intends to come this way again; and the prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother, in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated; but it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night like a guardian spirit over her tender charge.

*Jan. 3.*—To-day Mr Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I accordingly went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter; he would, in the meanwhile, take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should thus be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

With this he was quite satisfied, and said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her; and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. The lady listened to my story with great interest, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea; but they declined. Mr Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when this unpleasant visit was over.

*Jan. 6.*—Mr Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathises with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance, that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years, or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man; and that gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I shall go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest; but she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I did not imagine that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket! Well, I cannot be angry. Her feelings are quite natural.

*Jan. 8.*—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands, and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so

much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C—, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course from my call and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not laboured as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick-bed; I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope; I have gone after sinners; I have not left the poor desolate; I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls that were knit to my soul are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able, indeed, to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Well, be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked; but, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant for ever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

*Jan. 13.*—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late with weary feet at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father), I left the inn and went to Mr Withell's. He lives in a splendid great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first; but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances, and I learn you are an honest man. Take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New-Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by."

Saying so, he arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it, and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could not find words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, "Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

How generous! I do not know a more noble-hearted man than Mr Withell. He was too kind to me. Desiring me to relate my past history, he introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly, that I hardly dared to make use of them.

Next day Mr Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burthen of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. I pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

*Jan. 16.*—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. My daughters and I were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again deadly pale into her chair. We were of course all alarmed, and cried, "What is the matter?" Jenny, with a smile, said, "He is coming!"

The door now opened, and in came Mr Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks, however, did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl coloured again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for refreshments, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on a former occasion; but he declined, as he could not remain long, and he had company at the inn. Yet, at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we



shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired if any actors had come along with him? "No," said he, "only a lady and gentleman, but excellent performers."

Jenny seemed more than usually serious, and casting a sad look at Fleetman, inquired if he also should appear. This was asked in a tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said emphatically, "Indeed, madam, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes; he continued to speak; she answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you two are beginning to act already!"

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, "Ah that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly, with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New-Year's gift?"

The whole of us exclaimed in utter amazement, "Who, you?" Our guest then proceeded to relate what follows:—"My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and entangled lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an inti-

mate and powerful friend of his. My sister, on the contrary, was secretly engaged to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were privately married, and the little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health, and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C—, and I came hither in disguise to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian; for, about six months ago, I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public; so that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is henceforth removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living which is in the gift of my family has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your situation here: I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me, and accept this living."

I cannot tell how much I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy; I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven; I fell upon his breast; Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand; but he snatched it from her with visible agitation, and hurriedly left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife, who was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her husband raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologised to us all for her behaviour, she thanked first me, and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom now approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady; "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny; may he not?"

Jenny blushed and replied, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? I pray you look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as she struggled to withdraw it, "Madam, will you be unkind to me? I cannot be happy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the gentleman, who stood before her deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

Satisfied with the decision, I blessed my son and daughter, who embraced each other. There was a solemn silence, and all eyes were wet with a pleasing emotion.

Suddenly the lively Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flinging herself on my neck, she cried, "There! now we have it! The New-Year's gift—a gift better than a bishop's mitre."

The vivacity of Polly awoke little Alfred.

It is in vain for me to continue the description of what occurred during this happy day. I am continually interrupted; my happy heart, full to overflowing, is thankful to God for all his goodness.\*

\* This singularly touching narrative of certain passages in the life of a poor vicar in Wiltshire, is translated from the German of Zchokke, who took it from a fugitive sketch that appeared in England from seventy to eighty years ago, and which probably gave Goldsmith the first hint towards his Vicar of Wakefield. The present translation from Zchokke, who has improved considerably on the original, is (some emendations excepted) by an American writer, by whom it was contributed to "The Gift" for 1844, published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia. To disarm prejudice, it is necessary to add, that no vicar or curate can be exposed in the present day to hardships so great as those endured by the hero of the piece; and we hope that men of the Dr Snarl species are now extinct.

## BLANCHE RAYMOND.

## A PARISIAN STORY.

EVERY nation possesses prejudices respecting its neighbours. A *prejudice* is an opinion formed without having in the first place acquired a sufficient body of facts whereon to form a correct judgment. The French entertain some strange prejudices respecting the English; they consider them to be generally a coarse, overbearing, money-making, and sensual people, without taste or delicacy of feeling. The English, with equal injustice and ignorance of facts, are in the habit of considering the French, universally, to be silly, frivolous, and deceitful, with the additional misfortune of being very poor and very idle. Anxious to correct all such wrong impressions, which tend to foster national animosities, we shall tell a little story respecting a young Frenchwoman, whose character for industry, good sense, and benevolence, whilst no way singular in her own country, could not be excelled in ours.

The name of our humble heroine was Blanche Raymond, and her occupation was that of a washerwoman in one of the large barges which are moored, for the convenience of her class, within the margin of the Seine. At boats of this kind, all the laundry washing of Paris is performed—the clear water of the river as it runs past, with a piece of soap, and a mallet to beat the clothes, being the sole means of purification. The labour is considerable, and the payment for it small, yet no women are more cheerful than these laundresses. Exposed at all seasons to perpetual damp, which saturates their garments, and prematurely stiffens their limbs, they still preserve their national vivacity, which finds vent in many a song; and, in a spirit of cordial fellowship, sympathise with each other in prosperity or adversity. Earning on an average little more than two francs, or twentypence daily, they nevertheless agree to set aside rather more than twopence out of that sum towards a fund for unforeseen calamities, and, above all, to prevent any of their number, who may be laid aside by illness, from being reduced to seek other relief. The greater part of them are married women with families.

Unromantic as is the occupation of these women, yet incidents occur among them, as in every other class of society, however humble, of the most interesting and pathetic kind. This was well illustrated in the life of our heroine, Blanche Raymond. Blanche was no more than twenty-three years of age, endowed with a fine open smiling countenance, great strength of body, and uncommon

cleverness of hand. She had lost her mother some time before, and being now the only stay of her old blind father, a superannuated labourer on the quay, she had to work double-tides for their joint support; though the old man, by earning a few pence daily by weaving nets, was saved the feeling of being altogether a burden on his child.

There was a nobleness in Blanche's conduct towards her poor old father, that mounted like a brilliant star above the ordinary circumstances of her condition. After preparing her father's breakfast, at his lodgings opposite the stairs in the quay leading to her boat, she went down to it at seven o'clock every morning, came home at noon to give the poor blind man his dinner, and then back to work for the rest of the day. Returning at its close to her humble hearth, where cleanliness and comfort reigned, she would take out her old father for an hour's walk on the quay, and keep him merry by recounting all the gossip of the boat; not forgetting the attempts at flirtation carried on with herself by certain workmen in a merino manufactory, whose pressing-machine immediately adjoined the laundress's bark, and who never failed, in going to and fro twenty times a-day, to fling passing compliments at the *belle blanchisseuse* (pretty laundress). The cheerful old man would re-echo the light-hearted laugh with which those tales were told; but following them up with the soberer counsels of experience over the closing meal of the day, then fall gently asleep amid the cares and caresses of the most dutiful of daughters.

Three years had rolled away since her mother's death, and Blanche, happily engrossed between her occupation abroad and her filial duties at home, had found no leisure to listen to tales of love. There was, however, among the young merino-dressers a tall fine handsome fellow, named Victor, on whose open countenance were written dispositions corresponding to those of his fair neighbour; whom, instead of annoying with idle familiarities, he gradually won upon, by respectable civility towards herself, and still more by kind inquiries after her good old father.

By degrees he took upon him to watch the time when she might be toiling, heavily laden, up the steep slippery steps; and by coming just behind her, would slyly ease her of more than half her burden. On parting at the door of one of the great public laundry establishments (where the work begun on the river is afterwards completed), he would leave her with the hopeful salutation, in which more was meant than met the ear, of, "Good-by, Blanche, till we meet again."

Such persevering attentions could hardly be repaid with indifference; and Blanche was of too kindly a nature to remain unmoved by them. But while she candidly acknowledged the impression they had made on her heart, and that it was one

which she would carry to her grave, she with equal honesty declared that she could allow no attachment to another to come between her and her devotedness to her blind father. "And why should it, dear Blanche?" was the young man's rejoinder; "surely two of us can do more for his happiness than one. I lost my own father when a child, and it will be quite a pleasure to me to have some one I can call so. In marrying me, you will only give the old man the most dutiful of sons."

"Ah, but I should give myself a master, who would claim and engross the greatest part of my love, for I know I should *so* love you, Victor! And if we had a family, the poor dear old man would come to have but the third place in my heart, after having it all to himself so long! He would find it out, blind as he is, though he would never complain; but it would make him miserable. No, no; don't talk to me of marrying as long as he lives, or tempt me with thoughts of a happiness which I have quite enough to do to forego. Let poor Blanche fulfil the task God has given her to perform; and don't lure her by your honied words to forget her most sacred duty!"

Poor Blanche might well say she had enough to do to maintain her dutiful resolution, between the gentle importunities of her betrothed, and the general chorus of pleadings in his favour among her sisterhood in the boat, whom Victor's good looks and good behaviour had converted into stanch allies, and who could not conceive it possible to resist so handsome and so constant a lover. Borne down by their homely remonstrances, which agreed but too well with her own internal feelings, Blanche came at length to confess that if she had wherewithal to set up a finishing establishment of her own, where she could preside over her business without losing sight of her father, she would at once marry Victor. But the capital required for its fitting up was at least 5000 or 6000 francs, and where was such a sum to be got, or how saved out of her scanty wages? Victor, however, caught eagerly at the promise, and never lost sight of the hope it held out of attaining his darling object.

He was able to earn five francs a-day, and had laid by something; and the master whom he had served for ten years, and who expressed a great regard for him, would perhaps advance part of the sum. Then, again, the good women of the boat, whose united yearly deposits amounted to upwards of 9000 francs, kindly expressed their willingness to advance out of *their* savings the needful for the marriage of the two lovers. But Blanche, whilst overflowing with gratitude for the generous offer, persisted in her resolution not to marry till their own joint earnings should enable her to set up a laundry.

That she worked the harder, and saved the harder to bring

this about, may easily be believed. But the race is not always to the swift; and the desired event was thrown back by a new calamity, which well nigh dashed her hopes to the ground. Her old father, who had been subjected for fifty years of a laborious life to the damps of the river, was seized with an attack of rheumatic gout, which rendered him completely helpless, by depriving him of the use of his limbs.

Here was an end at once to all his remaining sources of amusement and occupation—it might be said, to his very animated existence; for he was reduced to an automaton, moveable only at the will and by the help of others. He had now not only to be dressed and fed like a new-born infant, but to be kept from brooding over his state of anticipated death by cheerful conversation, by news from the armies, by words of consolation and reading more precious still, in all which Blanche was fortunately an adept. The old man now remained in bed till nine, when Blanche regularly left the boat, took him up, set him in his old arm-chair, gave him his breakfast, and snatching a crust of bread for herself, ran back to her work till two o'clock; then she might be seen climbing up the long steps, and running breathless with haste to cheer and comfort the old man with the meal of warm soup, so dear to a Frenchman's heart. Unwilling as she was to leave him, his very necessities kept her at work till a late hour, when, with her hard won earnings in her hand, she would seek her infirm charge, and fall on a thousand devices to amuse and console him, till sleep stole at length on eyelids long strangers to the light of day.

One morning, on coming home as usual, Blanche found her dear invalid already up and dressed, and seated in his elbow-chair; and on inquiring to whom she was indebted for so pleasing a surprise, the old man, with a mysterious smile, said he was sworn to secrecy. But his daughter was not long in learning that it was her betrothed, who, happy thus to anticipate her wishes and cares, had prevailed on his master so to alter his own breakfast hour, as to enable him to devote the greater part of it to this pious office. Straight to her heart as this considerate kindness went, it fell short of what she experienced when, on coming home some days after, she found her dear father not only up, but in a medicated bath, administered by Victor, under the directions of a skilful doctor he had brought to visit the patient. At sight of this, Blanche's tears flowed fast and freely; and seizing on her betrothed's hands, which she held to her heart, she exclaimed—"Never can I repay what you have done for me!" "Nay, Blanche," was the gentle answer, "you have but to say one word, and the debt is overpaid."

That word! few but would have spoken it, backed, as the modest appeal was, by the pleadings of the ally within, and the openly avowed concurrence of old Raymond in the wish so dear to both. Let none despise the struggles of the poor working girl

to withstand at once a father and a lover! to set at nought, for the first time, an authority never before disputed, and defy the power of a love so deeply founded on gratitude! In spite of them all, filial duty still came off conqueror. Blanche summoned all the energies of a truly heroic mind, to declare that not even the happiness of belonging to the very best man she had ever heard of in her life, could induce her to sacrifice the tender ties of nature. The more her father's infirmities increased, the more dependent he would become on his daughter. What to her was a pleasure, could, she argued, to him be only a burdensome and painful task; in a word, her resolution was not to be shaken. Victor was therefore obliged to submit, even when (from a delicacy which would but incur obligations on which claims might be founded, too difficult, if not impossible, to resist) Blanche insisted on defraying, from her own resources, the expense of the medicated baths, thus putting more hopelessly far off than ever the long-deferred wedding.

She had not the heart, however, to deny Victor the privilege of putting the patient into the healing waters, which seemed daily to mitigate his pains, and lend his limbs more agility. While her father was at the worst, Blanche had been obliged altogether to forego the river, and obtain from her employer permission to do what she could in the way of her vocation at home. But when, on his amendment, she resumed her out-of-door labour, a circumstance occurred, so very honourable to the class of workwomen we are commemorating, to their mutual attachment, and honest feelings of benevolence, that to leave it untold would be doing them and the subject great injustice.

With the motives for enhanced industry which Blanche had to spur her on, that she should be first at the opening of the boat, with her daily load of allotted labour, will be little matter of surprise; or that her good-natured companions, knowing the necessity for exertion on her part, should abstain from wasting her precious time by any of their little tricks and gossip. But one morning, when, from her father having been ill all night, she had arrived at work unusually late, and had consequently, when the hour of noon struck, left the greater part of her task (which had often detained her till night set in) unfinished, it was nevertheless accomplished, as if by magic, within the usual time, and her day's earnings, instead of being diminished, rather increased.

Next day, and the next, their amount was the same, till the grateful girl, suspecting to what she owed so unforeseen a result, and concealing herself behind the parapet of the quay, ascertained, by ocular demonstration, that, during her necessary absence, her place at the river was regularly occupied by one or other of her neighbours, who took it in turn to give up the hour of rest, that poor Blanche might be no loser by her filial



duty, as not one of those worthy women would forego her share in this token of goodwill to the best and most respected of daughters.

Blanche, though affected and flattered, as may well be believed, by this novel sort of contribution, was led, by a delicacy of feeling beyond her station, to seem ignorant of it, till the additional funds thus procured had enabled her to effect the complete cure of her father, whom she then informed of the means by which it had been purchased, and eagerly led the recruited invalid to reward, better than she could do, her generous companions.

Amid the hand-shakings and congratulations which marked this happy meeting, Victor, we may be sure, was not behind-hand; only, he managed to whisper amid the general tide of joy, "Am I to be the only one you have not made happy to-day?" Too much agitated to be able to answer, Blanche only held the faster by her father's arm.

Among the laundresses of the barges there is a custom of choosing annually one of their number, whom they style their queen, to preside over their festivities, and decide disputed points in the community. Mid-Lent, the season for appointing the queen of the boat, arrived, and Blanche was duly elected at the fête always given on the occasion. The boat was gaily dressed up with ship's colours, and a profusion of early spring flowers; and all were as happy as possible. In England, on the occasion of any appointment like that with which Blanche was endowed, there would be no kind of ceremony, and no ornaments would be employed; but it is doubtful whether we are any the better for thus despising a tasteful and joyous way of performing a gracious and useful public act. Be this as it may, the barge of the laundresses was, as we have said, gaily decorated, and there was to be a species of ceremonial at the installation of Blanche.

What a happy moment it was for the good daughter—how much more happy for the aged father of such a daughter. Old Raymond, firmer on his limbs than ever, led on his blushing daughter, and had the welcome office assigned him of placing on her head the rosy crown—a task which his trembling fingers could scarcely accomplish. After having called down on the head of the dutiful girl, whom he half smothered with kisses, the best blessings of heaven, he left her to receive the felicitations of her new subjects, among whom the disconsolate Victor was again heard to exclaim, "So I am still to be the only one you wont make happy!"

The melancholy words proved too potent for the softened feelings of Blanche's honest neighbours, particularly the one whose heart it was of most consequence to touch; namely, the mistress of the laundry establishment, who, having long had thoughts of retiring, freely offered her the business whenever she should be able to muster 5000 francs.

BLANCHE RAYMOND.

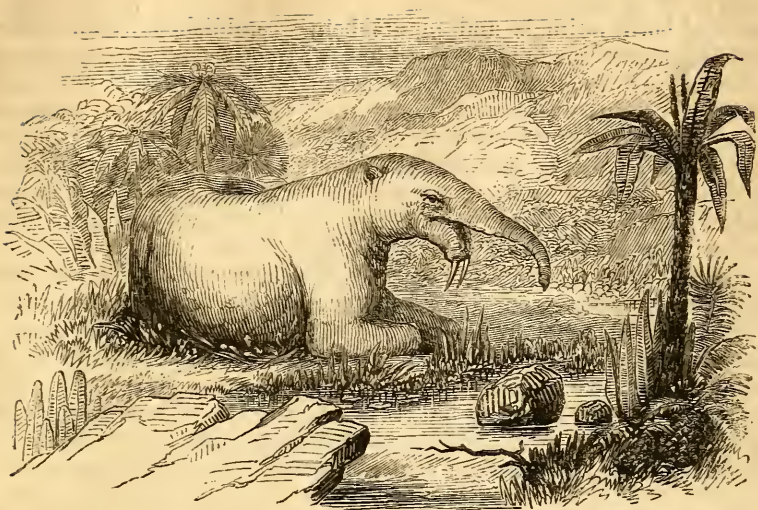
“Oh!” cried Victor, “I have already a fourth of it, and I’ll engage my master will advance the rest.”

“It is not to be thought of; it would be a debt we could never repay,” cried the upright Blanche; “we never should be able to make up so large a sum.”

“Pardon, mademoiselle,” replied an elderly gentleman of venerable appearance, who had, unobserved, mingled as a spectator in the scene, “you will now have the means of paying it with the prize of 5000 francs left for the reward of virtue in humble life by the late M. Monthyon, and awarded to *you* by the French Academy, at the representations of the mayor of the eighth arrondissement of Paris. The mayor, it is pleasing to know, has become acquainted with your excellent filial devotion from the laundresses of the city now assembled.”

A shout of joy burst from all around; and that which followed may be left to the imagination. It will suffice to state that Blanche, simple and modest as ever, could scarcely believe in the honour she so unexpectedly received; while her surrounding companions derived from it the lesson, that the filial piety so decidedly inculcated and rewarded by Heaven, and equally admirable in its effects in the cottage and the palace, does not always go unrewarded on earth.





Restored Figure of the Dinotherium.

## THE ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

**G**EOLGY is the science which examines and describes the crust of the earth. It is almost of yesterday; yet it has already made some most remarkable additions to the stock of human knowledge. It has, for one thing, given us a view of the earth's history during a long period, while as yet no human beings lived upon it. The facts of this history are extremely curious and interesting. It appears that the space of time occupied by it was vast beyond all that could have been supposed; that during this time the surface of the earth underwent many changes—beds of rock being formed at the bottoms of seas, other rocks thrown up by subterranean forces, hills and valleys formed, and sea and land frequently changed the one for the other; also, and most wonderful of all, that while these operations were going on, there rose a succession of animals, beginning with those of simplest form, and advancing to others of higher character, until those nearest to the human figure appeared; these animals, however, being of different species from any which now exist. All of these facts have been ascertained by investigating the rocks which compose the earth's crust, in which are found the remains,

more or less perfectly preserved, of the animals in question, as well as of a similar succession of plants; the order of the existence of both animals and plants being established by an order which is ascertained with regard to the age of the rocks, the oldest of which are of course placed undermost, and the newest next the surface. It is surely very interesting to reflect on the manner in which this history has been compiled; not, as histories usually are, from old family and state documents, from medals or monuments, but from particulars placed before us, as it were, by nature, that we might first observe and then reflect upon and make inferences from them. And such is the character of this evidence, that many of the facts of the reign of George III. are less clearly ascertained than are some of the events which took place thousands of years before the existence of the human race. It was at first thought by some that these curious revelations of science militated against the account of creation given by Moses in the book of Genesis; but this supposition is now generally dismissed, and a very prevalent conviction exists, that there is nothing in the one history to interfere with a becoming reverence for the other.

The remains of the early animals and plants—called *fossils*, as being dug (Latin, *fossus*, dug) out of the earth—are found in various conditions; sometimes what was once a coral, for instance, is still a coral, the original hard substance being entirely preserved; sometimes the original substance has been withdrawn particle by particle, and replaced by silex or some other mineral substance, but without the slightest change of form; on other occasions there is merely an impression of the original plant or animal, but this is in general as useful to the geologist as if the primitive substance remained. “In a word, there is no limit to the number and variety of these remains of animal and vegetable existence. At one time we see before us, extracted from a solid mass of rock, a model of the softest, most delicate, and least easily preserved parts of animal structure; at another time, the actual bones, teeth, and scales, scarcely altered from their condition in the living animal. The very skin, the eye, the foot-prints of the creature in the mud, and the food that it was digesting at the time of its death, together with those portions that had been separated by the digestive organs as containing no further nutriment, are all as clearly exhibited as if death had within a few hours performed its commission, and all had been instantly prepared for our investigation. We find the remains of fish so perfect, that not one bone, not one scale, is out of place or wanting, and others in the same bed presenting only the outline of a skeleton, or various disjointed fragments. We have insects, the delicate nervures of whose wings are permanently impressed upon the stone in which they are imbedded; and we see, occasionally, shells not merely retaining their shape, but perpetuating their very colours—the most fleeting, one would

think, of all characteristics—and offering evidence of the brilliancy and beauty of creation at a time when man was not yet an inhabitant of the earth, and there seemed no one to appreciate beauties which we are, perhaps, too apt to think were called into existence only for our admiration.”\*

## ROCK SYSTEMS.

Considering the Geological Record as a history of the world previous to the existence of Man, our first task is to divide it into ages or eras, so that we may have, as it were, a chronology for it; for of course we can here have no reckoning by years, as we have in ordinary history. This can be conveniently done by a consideration of the various *rock systems* which constitute the crust of the earth; each set or system being chiefly composed of some distinguishing material, as chalk, red sandstone, coal, slate, &c. and at the same time containing different remains of plants and animals. These systems, therefore, form a chronological table, to which we refer the various plants and animals which we wish to describe, as well as any other circumstances which may be thought worthy of notice. They are named as follows:—

1. GNEISS SYSTEM.
2. MICA-SCHIST SYSTEM.
3. CLAY-SLATE SYSTEM.
4. GRAUWACKE SYSTEM.
5. SILURIAN SYSTEM.
6. OLD RED SANDSTONE SYSTEM.
7. CARBONIFEROUS SYSTEM.
8. NEW RED SANDSTONE SYSTEM.
9. OOLITIC SYSTEM.
10. CHALK SYSTEM.
11. TERTIARY SYSTEM.
12. SUPERFICIAL DEPOSITS.

Each of these systems, consisting of many beds of rock, may be fairly said to represent a space of time; for each must have required a certain time to be formed, and, from palpable appearances, that time was in all instances of long duration. The whole of these eras being put together, would of course make up one enormous space; and yet it is but a part, though a large one, of the earth's entire history. Before the laying down of the Gneiss System, or first stratified rocks, there is no saying how long the globe had existed. There has also been a space of time since the termination of the rock systems; and during this time all the present tribes of plants and animals have come into existence, and have gone through various stages of progress.

The first great fact respecting the earth in what we may call the geological ages is, that, as far as we can see, it was, in its main features, such a world as we find it to be in our own time. It consisted of sea and land; there were an atmosphere and light; and animals lived and died, many of them preying upon each other, as they now do. Rains, winds, and rivers, operated then, as now, in wearing down the land, and forming out of the materials new strata in the bottom of the sea. The operations by which mountain ranges were formed, lavas distributed, and dis-

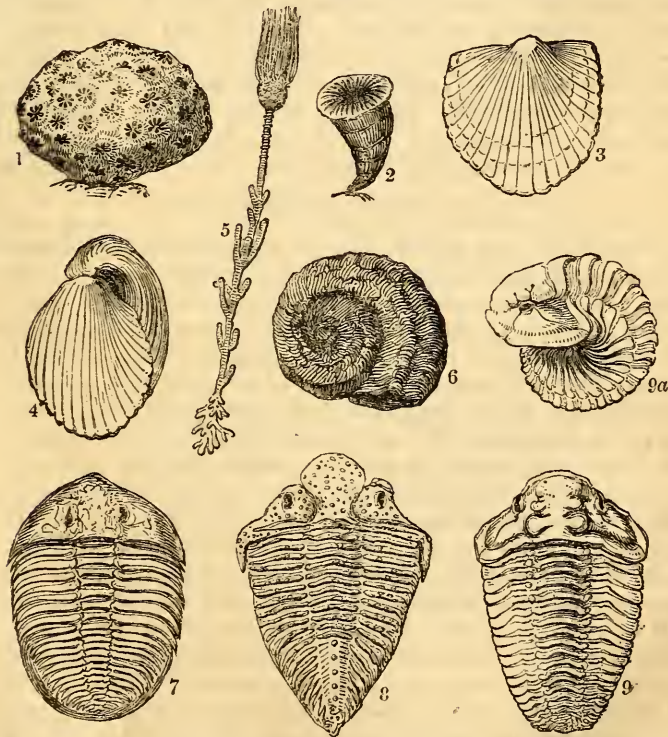
\* Ansted's Geology, i. 53.

turbances effected in the stratified rocks, were in like manner identical in character with the effects of volcanoes in the present day. There were indeed some differences, though not such as to affect the general case. For example, the seas in the earliest ages were much more extensive than they are now: this is inferred from the vast extent of surface at present occupied by these rocks, which evidently required equally extensive seas for their deposition. It is also evident, from the character of these ancient rocks, that a much higher temperature existed at the time of their formation than what is now experienced upon earth; and it further appears at a later time, that a heat now confined to the tropics was then diffused into medium and even polar latitudes. Still, as has been said, the world was in the main such as it now is. And of this, the memorials are in some instances extremely curious. We find, for example, extensive surfaces of strata in quarries marked by the same little wavy ridges which may at this day be seen on any sandy beach after the ebb of tide. These were formed exactly as such wavy ridges are now formed. What is now a platform of hard rock was originally a sandy beach, along which the sea rose and fell under the influence of tides. A peculiar gentle agitation of the water when it was shallow, produced the *ripple-mark* there, as it still produces it on the shores of our seas. The surface so marked being hardened before the next tide, a quantity of new sand brought over it did not obliterate the marks, but merely covered them, and formed a new layer above. Now this new layer might of course be expected to be marked underneath by the wavy ridges of the subjacent layer; and such is actually the case. Quarrymen, digging up sandstone formed unnumbered ages ago, find upper layers invariably presenting perfect *casts* of the rippled surface on which they rest. More than this—one may often remark, as he walks after a shower along a sandy beach, that the drops of rain have pitted it all over with little holes, each having the sand raised like the lips of a cup around it. Now these holes have likewise been observed upon ripple-marked rock-surfaces in quarries, being of course the memorials of showers which fell immediately after the sand now forming the rock was laid down in a soft state. Nor is this all—for in some of these rock-surfaces, the hollows being found to have their lips raised higher on one side than the other, as happens when rain is driven by wind in a particular direction, we have, it may be said, memorials of the wind which blew, and of the point of the compass from which it blew, at the time when the rain fell upon these tablets. We have here, it must be admitted, the most curious as well as convincing proofs that the meteorology of the present era is analogous to the meteorology of the inconceivably remote times under our notice, while as yet there were no human eyes to note times and seasons.

ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

EARLY GEOLOGICAL AGES.

Reverting to our chronological table. It is to be observed that the two first ages—those of the Gneiss and Mica-Schist Systems—present us with no facts besides what have been already hinted at; namely, the vast expanse of the seas, and the prevalence of a temperature far higher than any now known upon the surface of the earth. We have no memorials of any plants or animals having existed in these ages. Perhaps the globe was not yet fit to be a theatre of life; or it may be that some humble forms of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms existed, but have, from various causes, left no remains to testify the fact. However this may be, it is not till the next age—that of the Clay-Slate System—that we have any certain memorials of orga-



1. *Astrea*; 2. *Turbinolia Fungites*; 3. *Terebratula Risca*; 4. *Leptæna Lata*; 5. *Actinocrinites*; 6. *Euomphalus Rugosus*; 7. *Asaphus de Buchii*; 8. *Asaphus Tuberculatus*; 9. *Calymene Blumenbachii*; 9a. Side view of *Calymene* while rolled up.

nisation and life. We then find traces of a few species of such animals as still inhabit our seas—corals and molluscs (the latter being what are commonly, but erroneously, called shell-fish)—but all of which have long ceased to exist as species. No traces of

land animals of any kind are now discovered, nor for several ages after; and we may hence presume that the sea was the first field of life upon our globe.

In the Grauwacke age, besides the above classes of animals in greater variety of species, we have the addition of Crustaceans, a class of higher organisation, being that to which the shrimp, cray-fish, and crab of the present seas belong. In the next age (Silurian) the species of all these become still more numerous, and annulose animals and fish are added. Here also are obtained the first traces of vegetation, in the form of sea-weeds, horse-tails, and ferns, the two last being terrestrial plants. There is also a remarkable addition in the Crinoïdea, a family belonging to a humble section of the animal kingdom, yet of very remarkable structure. The principal animal forms of the Silurian age are represented on the preceding page; No. 1 and 2 being corals; 3 and 4 double-shelled molluscs; 5, a crinoid; 6, a single-valved mollusc; 7, 8, and 9, trilobites? and 9a, the same as 9, but rolled up at rest. As some interest must naturally attach to creatures which are undoubtedly amongst the first which existed on this planet, we shall here pause a little in our general narration, in order to give a more particular description of some of them.

#### THE TRILOBITES.

The trilobite—so called from its three-lobed appearance—is a type of being extremely abundant in the seas of the Grauwacke and a few subsequent ages, yet long extinct in all its various species, and hardly represented by any existing animal, the only one approaching to it being the serolis. “The trilobite was a true (that is, perfectly developed) crustacean, covered with shelly plates, terminating variously behind in a flexible extremity, and furnished with a head-piece composed of larger plates, and fitted with eyes of a very complicated structure. It is supposed by some to have made its way through the water by means of soft paddles, which have not been preserved; and by others merely to have sculled itself forward by the aid of its flexible extremity. Of its various organs, the most interesting is the eye, of which several specimens have been obtained in a very perfect state. This organ, according to fossil anatomists, is formed of 400 spherical lenses in separate compartments, on the surface of a cornea projecting conically upwards, so that the animal, in its usual place at the bottom of waters, could see everything around. As there are two eyes, one of the sides of each would have been useless, as it could only look across to meet the vision of the other; but on the inner side there are no lenses, that nothing may, in accordance with a principle observable throughout nature, be thrown away. It is found that in the serolis, the surviving kindred animal, the eyes are constructed on exactly the same principle, except that they are not so high—a necessary difference, as the back of the serolis is lower, and pre-



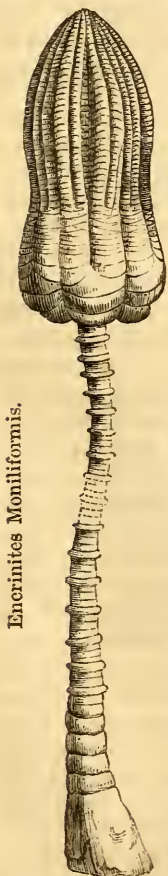
sents less obstruction to the creature's vision."\* Philosophers have remarked with delighted surprise the evidence afforded by the eye of the trilobite, that the air and light were generally the same in the early ages of the earth as now, and that the sea must have been as pure. If the water had been constantly turbid or chaotic, a creature destined to live at the bottom of the sea would have had no use for such delicate visual organs. "With regard to the atmosphere," says Dr Buckland, "we infer that, had it differed materially from its actual condition, it might have so far affected the rays of light, that a corresponding difference from the eyes of existing crustaceans would have been found in the organs on which the impressions of such rays were then received.

Regarding light itself also, we learn, from the resemblance of these most ancient organisations to existing eyes, that the mutual relations of light to the eye, and of the eye to light, were the same at the time when crustaceans, endowed with the faculty of vision, were placed at the bottom of the primeval seas, as at the present moment."

## CRINOIDEA.

The crinoïdea, which reached their zenith in abundance of individuals and species during the subsequent age, and afterwards, like the trilobites, became extinct, were animals of a humble class, consisting generally of a stalk fixed at the lower end to the sea-bottom, and bearing at the other a cup-like body, with a mouth in the centre, and numerous tentacula or arms branching in all directions for the seizure of prey. The stalk and tentacula were composed of innumerable small plates of calcareous or bony substance, connected by a muscular integument, so as to be capable of bending in all directions, and likewise, as some suppose, covered with a gelatinous coating. The bones of the stalk, perforated for an internal canal, are of different form in different species, some being round, and some angular, and at intervals there are some of greater thickness, all being beautifully marked and nicely adjusted to each other. In the accompanying drawing of a crinoïdean (the *Encrinites Moniliformis*, or necklace-shaped encrinite), the stalk is abridged to

much less than the usual length, for the sake of convenience, and the arms are represented as closed. As many as 26,000



Encrinites Moniliformis.

\* Page's Geology—Chambers's Educational Course.

bones have been reckoned to go to the composition of a single animal of this kind; and some of the family are supposed to have had many more. The bottom of a sea, filled with a number of such animals, yielding to its every current and impulse, and each spreading about its far-reaching arms for prey, must have been a striking sight—a vast field of tulips, waving in the wind, being the only idea we can form at all approaching to it. Fragments and single bones of the crinoïdea are found in vast quantities in early rocks, forming in some places the principal portion of masses a hundred and twenty feet thick; and marble mantel-pieces, in which these fragments appear in all attitudes and forms, are common in this country. The single wheel-like bones of the stalk are also gathered in abundance on some sea-beaches, and strung up as beads. In the northern parts of England they are called St Cuthbert's beads, and connected with a popular superstition.

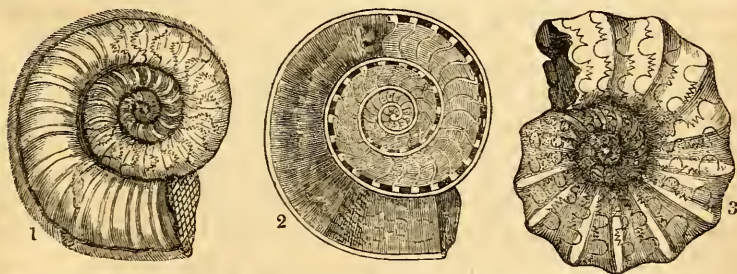
On a rock by Lindisfarn  
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
 The sea-born beads that bear his name.—*Marmion*.

#### THE CEPHALOPODS.

In these early ages, as in the present day, the mollusca (shell-fish) formed a conspicuous portion of animated nature. The species, however, have been repeatedly changed in the course of time. The most abundant order in the early ages was that of *Brachiopoda*, a set of creatures living in bivalve shells, and possessing two organs, somewhat like arms, with which to catch prey. They are supposed to have been "the scavengers of ancient seas, living upon such fragments of animal matter as found their way to the great depths." But the most remarkable molluscs of those ages were the *Cephalopoda*, an order occupying univalve shells, and so high in organisation as usually to possess an internal bony skeleton. Of this order there are still representatives in our seas; but in ancient times, they seem to have been far more abundant both in species and in individuals, acting then as the butchers of the marine animal world, to restrain within due bounds the redundant life of which nature is ever so prodigal. The most remarkable species of the early ages were those termed *nautili* and *ammonites*. The existing *nautilus* has enabled geologists to arrive at a very clear understanding of the economy of the cephalopoda of ancient times, of which the shells are now almost the sole remains.

The cephalopoda possessed a body resembling a closed bag, containing a heart, stomach, and other organs, and furnished with a head and prominent eyes, as also a number of long arms or tentacula, which at once served for the locomotion of the animal, and for the seizure of its prey. The arms were each provided with a double row of suckers, which enabled it to take

a firm hold of smaller animals, and convey them to its mouth, which was armed with a pair of strong horny mandibles or nippers, not unlike the beak of a parrot. The cephalopod lodged in a shell, straight or curved, consisting of a series of air-chambers, terminating in an outer one which was more particularly the residence of the animal. It formed these chambers one after another in the course of its life, according as they were needed for the purpose to which nature had destined them. This purpose was to enable the animal to float in the water. The reader may be reminded that the principle on which floating in water depends is, that more water must be displaced than would weigh the same as the article or object displacing it. A life-boat is made incapable of sinking, by having empty copper boxes distributed within its structure, these, with the wood, displacing more water than is equal to the weight of the whole vessel. Now, the air-chambers in the ammonite or nautilus are like the copper boxes of the life-boat; they displace a certain quantity of water. But the creature required to be able to rise and sink in the water at pleasure; therefore something more was needed. The end is supposed to have been served in two ways. Down through the centre or side of the series of air-chambers, but not communicating with them, there was an elastic pipe, called the siphuncle (represented in No. 2), the upper extremity of which was connected with the cavity of the animal's heart. This cavity was in general filled with a dense fluid, which partly filled the siphuncle, the remainder being occupied by air. It may easily



1. *Ammonites obtusus*; 2. Section of *ammonites obtusus*, showing the interior chambers and siphuncle; 3. *Ammonites nodosus*.

be seen how this arrangement acted. Whenever the animal, for any reason, whether to escape danger or in search of prey, wished to sink, it contracted itself into the outer chamber, thus pressing the fluid of its heart into the siphuncle, and reducing the space occupied by the air, at the same time that the gravity of its body was increased by its displacing less water. Accordingly, being then heavier than the surrounding medium, it sunk. When, again, it wished to rise, it had only to dilate its body and arms, and allow the air in the siphuncle to expand to its usual space, when, becoming lighter than the surround-

ing element, it necessarily ascended. Some species of this order of molluscs were also provided with a bag containing an inky secretion, which they could express upon occasion, so as to muddle the surrounding water, and thus conceal themselves from enemies. In one case, the fossil ink-bag has been found in such a state of preservation, that a portion of the mineralised fluid, being pounded down and properly prepared, actually served an artist as a pigment with which to furnish a drawing of the animal itself. It is certainly curious to reflect on all these particulars being ascertained in modern times respecting species which have been extinct for numberless ages. The ammonites and nautili of the early ages were of all sizes, from one very minute, to two or three feet in the diameter of the shell. The ammonite (Nos. 1 and 3) has been so called from its resemblance to the coiled horn on the head of the ancient statues of Jupiter Ammon. One had been obtained by the poet Pope, at a time when their history was totally unknown, and stuck up as a curiosity over the keystone of one of the arches giving access to his grotto at Twickenham; while the other entrance was in like manner ornamented by the cast of the same fossil. Surely poet never dreamed of anything more marvellous or interesting than the actual history of this primeval cephalopod. But we have not yet told all the wonders of the ammonite. As creatures of this kind required to go down to great depths in the ocean, the plates of the air-chamber were of course liable to be burst in by the pressure of the water, as happens to common bottles when they are lowered deep into the sea. All this had been *foreseen*. The shell of the cephalopoda was therefore strengthened by a curious kind of internal archwork, so as to be able to resist the weight of the incumbent fluid. "This archwork so completely meets all human ideas of contrivance for the purpose which it was destined to serve, as to form one of the most striking examples of that adaptation of means to ends which prevails throughout the works of nature, and which is so well fitted to impress the conviction of a great designing First Cause."

"In the open seas in which the earliest strata were being deposited, we may picture to ourselves these large cephalopodous molluscs reigning paramount, the tyrants of creation; enabled, by their rapidity of movement, to chase their prey at the surface; by their curious hydraulic contrivance, to pursue it to the depths of the ocean; and by their numerous arms and great strength, to conquer and bring it within the grasp of their powerful jaws. The recent animals of this class are so fierce, that, even in our own seas, where they occupy a place comparatively unimportant, they rank amongst the most destructive species, in proportion to their dimensions; for 'if once they touch their prey it is enough: neither swiftness nor strength can avail; the shell of the lobster and crab is a vain protection, and even animals

many times their size have been soon disabled in their powerful and pertinacious grasp."\* These animals ceased about the commencement of the Tertiary age, but were then replaced by Trachelipods, which served the same purpose of keeping down the teeming minor population of the sea. The Trachelipods were furnished with an armed membrane, by means of which they could bore through the shells of bivalves, and suck out the body of the animal within; and numerous fossil shells, so bored, are found in the Tertiary strata. It would appear that there was no time when this principle did not exist; there have ever been some tribes whose obviously designed function it was to destroy for food large quantities of the smaller animals.

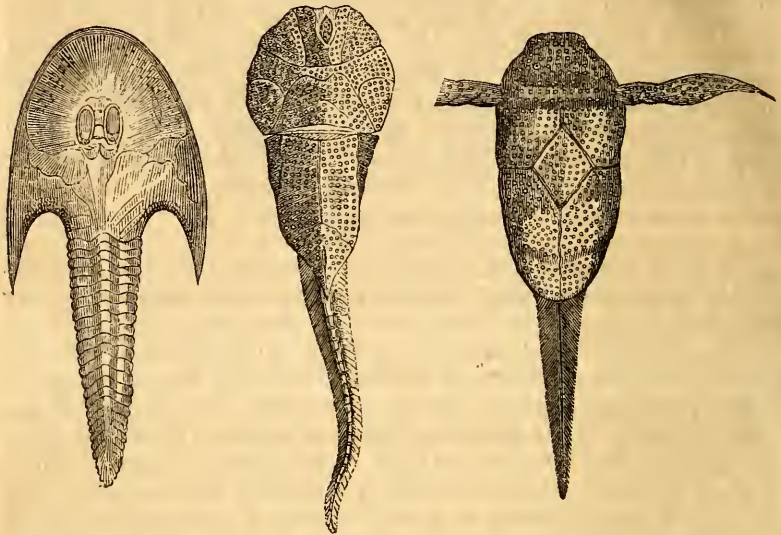
## EARLY FISHES.

The next age (Old Red Sandstone) gives us notice of tremendous volcanic disturbances which broke up many rocks, and perhaps had fatal effects upon many of the previously existing species, which then disappear, and are no more seen. In the course, however, of this age, fishes, which had begun to appear in the preceding period, become abundant. The fish of these early ages, and of the subsequent periods down to the Chalk Era, were not of the character which is now predominant. They have been divided into two orders, to which names have been given, bearing reference to their external covering, this being always a guide to the general character of fishes. One extensive order, *Placoidians*, are so called from the Greek, *plux*, a broad plate; being covered with plates, often of considerable dimensions, but sometimes reduced to small points, like the shagreen on the skin of the shark, and the prickly tubercles of the ray. The sharks, rays, and other cartilaginous fishes of the present seas are representatives of this order. The other order are called *Ganoidians*, from the Greek, *ganos*, splendour, because of the brilliancy of the regularly arranged angular scales, composed of bone within and enamel without, by which the animals were covered. Of this order, once so extensive, we have now no representatives except the sturgeon and the bony pike of the North American lakes.

Some of the simpler Ganoids are allied in form to the crustaceans, and may be considered as an advance upon that order. The plates covering their bodies are composed of bone within and enamel on the outside; and the mouths of several of the species have been ascertained to open vertically, in which respect they differ from ordinary fishes (in which the mouth opens horizontally), but resemble the crab and lobster. One species, the *Cephalaspis*, so called from its buckler-shaped head, bears a striking resemblance to the asaphus, a crustacean of the Silurian age. The head was of great size, composed of strong plates, which

\* Ansted's Geology.

came to a sharp edge in the form of a crescent, and it is thought that the horns of the crescent were probably used as weapons of defence. Next to this fish comes the *Coccosteus*, which Mr Hugh Miller describes as "a *Cephalaspis* with a scale-covered tail attached, and the horns of the crescent-shaped head cut off."



Cephalaspis.

Coccosteus.

Pterichthys.

The plates of the *Coccosteus* have berry-like tubercles or prominences; hence the name given to the animal. It has the vertical arrangement of the mouth; and its teeth, instead of being detached organs set in the jaw, are cut out of the solid bone in the manner of the teeth of a saw; this likewise being a peculiarity of the crustacea.

The *Pterichthys*, of which seven species are known, resembles the *Coccosteus*, but with the remarkable addition of two wing-like appendages (hence the name of the animal), which were probably fins or paddles for locomotion, and are also supposed, from their curved and sharp terminations, to have been used occasionally as weapons of defence. The *Holoptychius* was between two and three feet long, of flounder-like shape, and had its head and body covered with large bony scales, curiously furrowed on the surface. In the *Osteolepis* and *Glyptolepis*, other Ganoid fishes, we find a considerable advance of form, the general figure being like that of modern fishes, with the fins well developed.

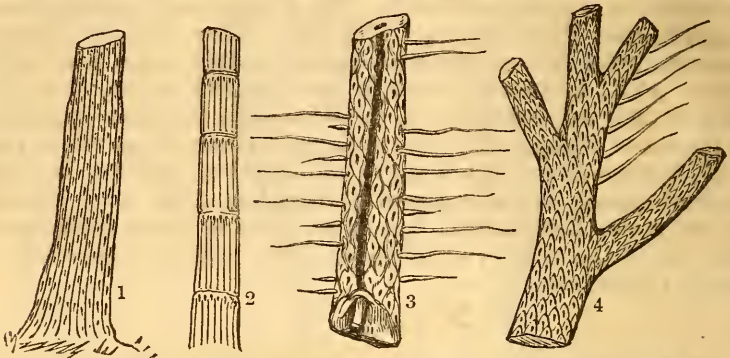
One of the families of the Ganoidians, the *Sauroides*, are so called, because in structure they make an approach to the next higher class of animals, the Reptiles. The *Megalichthys* is a sauroid fish, of which remains were first found in Burdiehouse limestone quarry near Edinburgh. It must have been a huge

creature; for some of its scales are five inches in diameter, and one of its teeth measures four inches in length, with a breadth at the base of nearly two inches. One curious peculiarity has been remarked in the tails of both Placoids and Ganoids. In that organ the vertebral column is continued to the extremity, and the tail may be said to be a fin extending from it downwards, as seen in the existing shark and dog-fish. This is called the heterocercal, or one-sided tail. The Placoid and Ganoid fishes alone reigned down to the Chalk age. They then, in a great measure, gave way to the two superior orders which now exist, called by M. Agassiz the Ctenoid and Cycloid orders, from the form of their respective scales, these being in the one case jagged at the outer margin like the teeth of a comb, as in the perch, while in the other they are entire and circular, as in the herring. In these orders, to which the majority of modern fishes belong, the tail is not heterocercal, but either extends in one entire lobe, like that of the cod, or in two equal lobes called homocercal, as that of the salmon.

#### COAL.

The Carboniferous age is not remarkable on account of its animals, which are mainly the same in general character as in the preceding ages; but it was productive of a wonder peculiar to itself, namely, an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognise as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark colour. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthy impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralisation, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly. From distinct isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as

exist with us in small forms (horse-tails, club-mosses, and ferns), but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. Amongst them were the *Sigillaria*, so called from the graven appearance of its stem; *Calamites*, from the reed-like jointings of its stalk; *Stigmaria*, from stigmata, or punctures; *Lepidodendron*, from the scaly appearance of its bark. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical



1. *Sigillaria pachyderma*; 2. *Calamites cannaeformis*; 3. *Stigmaria ficoides*; 4. *Lepidodendron Sternbergii*.

islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate and even the polar regions. "The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down—hot enough to render the early Gneiss and Mica-Schist crystalline; cool enough during Grauwacke and Silurian eras to permit of marine corals, shell-fish, and crustacea; cooler still, during the life of the plated fishes of the Old Red Sandstone; and only sufficiently genial, throughout the Carboniferous period, to foster a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. This high and uniform temperature, combined (as suggested by Brogniart) with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, would not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create denser vapours, showers, and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measures points to such conditions."\*

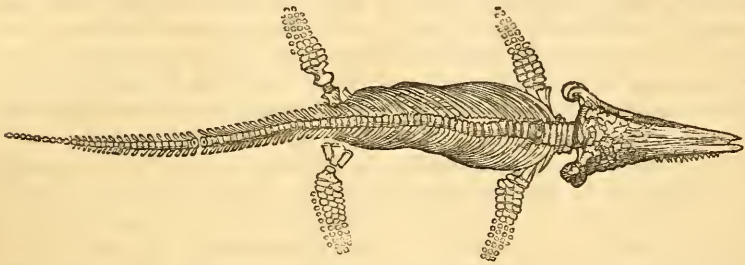
SAURIAN ANIMALS.

In the New Red Sandstone age, the plants and animals of the preceding period are continued, with the addition of some superior

\* Page's Geology—Chambers's Educational Course.



forms; but the vegetation is no longer of such quantity as to form coal beds, and the amount of animal remains is also much diminished. Life takes, however, a new start in the Oolitic age, and its forms continue there to make still nearer approaches to those of the present time. Here, also, still higher forms are added—insects are found for the first time; likewise reptiles; but these are at first of extraordinary form and magnitude. In the arrangement of the Animal Kingdom, reptiles are placed next above fishes; that is to say, they are considered as having the next higher or more complicated structure. Now, the new animals of this period which we are about to speak of, are, as it were, between fishes and a certain order of the reptiles; namely, the Sauria or Lizards. They are huge animals, and evidently must have been very destructive to the smaller creatures within their reach. The Ichthyosaurus, of which there are fully ten species, slightly differing from each other (the skeleton of one being here represented),



had the body of a fish, with a long tail having a small fin below; the head of a crocodile exhibiting long jaws armed with strong teeth, and a pair of eyes as large as a good-sized cannon ball; the animal had also paddles, externally like those of a tortoise, but of a fin-like structure, for propelling itself through the water, which formed its proper element. The Plesiosaurus was a nearer approach to the reptile form. The tail is shortened, and upon a similar body is fitted a long neck with a small head, the latter parts being an approach to the serpent form. Being, although of marine habits, essentially reptiles, these animals breathed the atmosphere; yet, for the same reason, we know that their respiration was imperfect, and that they might be for the most part under water, and only come occasionally to the surface to breathe. It is supposed that they lived in the shallow waters near shores, preying upon the smaller fish and reptiles. Some curious particulars respecting these creatures have been obtained in an extraordinary way; namely, by the discovery of fragments and half-digested remains of their food, found in the situation once occupied by the stomach and bowels of some specimens; the animal in these instances having died before its last meal was digested. Nor is this all; for the pellets ejected from the intestines of the ichthyosaurus (coprolites) have been found in vast

quantities, and in these are fish scales and fragments of the bones of reptiles. From the way in which the former remains occur, and from the peculiar form of the pellets (being spirally twisted), it is inferred that the large body of the ichthyosaur was almost entirely occupied by the stomach, leaving only a little room for "an elongated intestinal canal, consisting of a flattened tube reduced to the smallest possible dimensions by being wound round in a spiral, like a cork-screw."\* It is believed that these creatures were covered with a soft skin, like that of the whale tribe. We possess the remains of a plesiosaur of seventeen, and of an ichthyosaur of thirty feet in length. Animals so huge and so voracious, must have been the tyrants of the seas of their time; but the ichthyosaur seems to have been the supreme monster of the age, for fragments of plesiosaur bones are found in its stomach, showing that that animal often fell a prey to it.

After these animals come a tribe of crocodile-lizards (Dinosauria), huge creatures uniting these two characters, and probably as destructive upon land as the former were in the waters. One in particular, to which the name of *Megalosaurus* has been given, was of gigantic size—probably not less than thirty feet long—its large body being mounted upon much taller legs than lizards generally have. Within a straight and narrow snout was a range of teeth peculiarly calculated to tear flesh; and the whole aspect of the creature must have been extremely formidable. We have now seen the lizard character united to both the fish and the crocodile. In the *Pterodactyle*, it was further shown in union with features of a different kind. This is a small animal, chiefly of the lizard form, but furnished with a membrane framed upon the fore extremity, like the wing of a bat, by which the creature must have been able to pursue its prey through the air. "In external form," says Dr Buckland, "these creatures somewhat resembled our modern bats and vampires: most of them had the nose elongated, like the snout of a crocodile, and armed with conical teeth. Their eyes were of enormous size, apparently enabling them to fly by night. From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw on the thumb of the bat. These must have formed a powerful paw, wherewith the animal was enabled to creep or climb, or suspend itself from trees. It is probable, also, that the pterodactyle had the power of swimming, which is so common in reptiles. 'Thus, like Milton's fiend, qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet.

The fiend,

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.—*Paradise Lost*.

\* Ansted's Geology.

With flocks of such-like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous ichthyosauri and plesiosauri swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers, air, sea, and land must have been strangely tenanted in those early periods of our infant world.'\*"

## FOOTSTEPS ON ROCK SURFACES.

The reader has already been told that slabs of sandstone often bear ripple marks, or wavy ridgings, indicating their having been originally surfaces of sand along which tides rose and fell. These tablets bear in some instances what we may call *additional inscriptions*, the work of certain animals. On the surface of slabs both of the calcareous grit and Stonesfield slate, near Oxford, and on sandstones of the Wealden formation in Sussex and Dorsetshire, Dr Buckland has found "perfectly preserved and petrified *castings* of marine worms, at the upper extremity of holes bored by them in the sand, while it was yet soft at the bottom of the water, and, within the sandstones, traces of tubular holes in which the worms resided."† Man did not exist to impress with his foot those early beaches; but there were other animals to walk over them, and, as might have been anticipated, foot-prints of some of these have been found on the surfaces of various rocks of the formations already referred to. In the lower district of Dumfriesshire, there are extensive beds of the *new red sandstone*, which are worked in various parts of the country. At the quarry of Corncockle Muir, near Lochmaben, the surfaces of successive layers or slabs of this rock were observed many years ago to bear marks as of the feet of animals; but the phenomenon was disregarded till, in 1827, Dr Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, presented an accurate account of it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It appears that the beds in that quarry dip or incline at an angle of thirty-eight degrees, a slope greater than that of any ordinary hill. Slab after slab has been taken away to a depth of forty-five feet; but one after another (though not in all instances) has been found marked by the tracks of animals, up and down the slope. These impressions are generally about half an inch in depth, and the matter of the rock is raised round them, exactly as clay or mud is seen raised round a foot-print of yesterday. The observer clearly traces the double track made by an animal which has two legs at each side, the hind foot, of course, approaching near to the fore one. The prints are about two inches in width, and present the appearance of five claws, of which the three in front are the most distinct. It is worthy of remark, that the fore feet give the deepest impressions, as if the animal had been heaviest in that quarter, and this in the ascend-

\* Geological Transactions, N. S. vol. iii. part 1.

† Bridgewater Treatise, i. 260.

ing as well as the descending tracks. In one case, where the dip of the exposed surface is at an angle of forty degrees, there are clear evidences of the foot-marks having been made upon a surface very steep at the time of the impression, for the animal appears to have put forward its fore feet cautiously, and inserted them deeply and firmly; while the marks of the hind feet are comparatively slight, and indeed scarcely perceptible. Generally, however, there is a small rise of the substance of the rock either in front of or behind the prints, according as the tracks are descending or ascending, showing that the surface sloped more or less in its present direction at the time when the impressions were made. Dr Buckland, conceiving it likely that the marks had been impressed by animals allied to the land-tortoises of the present day, set such an animal to walk up and down slopes of soft sand, clay, and unbaked pie-crust, and found the footsteps to be remarkably like those of the Corncockle quarry. He makes the following just remark upon the experiment in his *Bridgewater Treatise*:—"This evidence of footsteps is one which all mankind appeal to in every condition of society. The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has left near the scene of his depredations. Captain Parry found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of the stream in Possession Bay, which appeared so fresh, that he at first imagined them to have been recently made by some natives: on examination, they were distinctly ascertained to be the marks of the shoes of some of his own crew, eleven months before. The frozen condition of the soil had prevented their obliteration. The American savage not only identifies the elk and bison by the impression of their hoofs, but ascertains also the time that has elapsed since each animal had passed. From the camel's track upon the sand, the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, or whether it was lame." It is remarkable that none of the series of foot-marks at Corncockle are across the slab; all are nearly straight up and down. This is exactly what would happen upon a sloping sea bottom or beach, which the animals had occasion to traverse in one direction only, backwards or forwards. Specimens of the Corncockle slabs have been deposited with the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Since these curious facts were made public, foot-marks of animals have been traced upon rock-surfaces in various parts of the world. Mr Poulett Scrope found rippled surfaces in Devonshire and Lancashire, marked with numerous tracks of small animals (apparently crustaceous), which had traversed the sand when it was in a soft state. These tracks are in double lines, parallel to each other, showing two indentations, as if formed by small claws, and sometimes traces of a third claw. There is often, also, a third line of tracks between the other two, as if produced by the tail or stomach of the animal touching the ground; and where the animal passed over the ridges of the

ripple-markings on the sand, they are flattened and brushed down. More recently, some fossil footsteps of a much more striking character have been found in the quarries at Hessberg, near Hildburghausen, in Saxony, upon the upper surfaces of beds of gray quartzose sandstone; in alternation with which, it may be remarked, there are beds of red sandstone nearly about the same age with those of Dumfriesshire. The vestiges of four different animals have been made out. One has been apparently a small web-footed animal, probably allied to the crocodile. The footprint of another bears a striking though grotesque resemblance to the human hand, from which the supposed animal itself has been named the *Cheirotherium*. A specimen on a slab which has been placed in the British Museum, is fully the size of a human hand, the only remarkable difference being in the comparative thickness of the fingers, and the absence of the appearance of joints. The fore feet are less by one half than the hind feet, before which they are always advanced about an inch and a half, an interval of fourteen inches being between each pair. Professor Kaup conjectures that this animal has belonged to the marsupial family, the oldest, it is supposed, of the families of land quadrupeds.

In the New Red Sandstone in the valley of Connecticut, there have been laid bare in quarries, along a considerable tract of country, surfaces presenting foot-prints of many various species of birds, apparently belonging to the order *Grallæ*, or Waders. The discovery is remarkable on more accounts than one, as it gives evidence, for the first time, of the existence of birds at that early period of the earth's history. "The footsteps appear in regular succession, on the continuous track of an animal in the act of walking or running, with the right and left foot always in their relative places. The distance of the intervals between each footprint on the same track is occasionally varied, but to no greater amount than may be explained by the bird having altered its pace. Many tracks of different individuals and different species are often found crossing each other, and crowded, like impressions of feet upon the shores of a muddy stream, where ducks and geese resort." The smallest of these prints indicates an animal with a foot about an inch long, and a step of from three to five inches; but they vary upwards in size, till they reach something which may well be regarded as gigantic. Let it be remembered that the African ostrich, which weighs a hundred pounds, and is nine feet high, has a foot of ten inches, and a leg four feet long. It is the most stupendous of existing birds. But the largest of the foot-prints in the Connecticut sandstone being fifteen inches in length, exclusive of the largest claw, which measures two inches, and the steps being from four to six feet apart, denote a considerably larger bird, the legs of which, probably, were not less than seven feet in height. This has well been styled the

*Ornithichnites Giganteus*. Another, ranking next to the above in size, exhibits "three toes of a more slender character, measuring from fifteen to sixteen inches long, exclusive of a remarkable appendage extending backwards from the heel eight or nine inches, and apparently intended, like a snow-shoe, to sustain the weight of a heavy animal walking on a soft bottom. The impressions of this appendage resemble those of wiry feathers, or coarse bristles, which seem to have sunk into the mud and sand nearly an inch deep; the toes had sunk much deeper, and round their impressions the mud was raised into a ridge *several inches high*, like that round the track of an elephant in clay. The length of the step of this bird appears to have been sometimes six feet."\*

## ROCK SALT.

Amongst the strata of the New Red Sandstone there occur in many places beds of rock-salt; that is, salt in a hard compact crystalline mass. Such beds are found in Cheshire and Worcestershire in England, in Spain, Poland, Austria, and other countries; and are sometimes not less than 120 feet in thickness. Mines are established in these strata, as in coal, and the saline material, when boiled down and properly purified, is sold for ordinary use. Springs, also, issuing from such deposits, are generally so strongly impregnated with salt, that it can be profitably obtained from the water by evaporation. There are few sights more impressive than that of a salt mine, where the stratum has been of considerable thickness. You find yourself in a lofty hall, of vast extent, supported upon massive columns of the original material, the walls sending back thousands of sparkling reflections from the lights borne by your attendants. And the consideration is a curious one, that this great bed of salt, now far below the surface of the earth, was once a solution filling a profound sea, the highest animals which then existed being reptiles. The manner in which rock-salt was formed is thought to have been as follows:—An estuary, or arm of the sea, being by some convulsion of nature cut off from the main ocean—and such events still occur—and being then left to be dried up, the salt contained in the water was unavoidably deposited as a stratum at the bottom, just as a layer of salt is found at the bottom of a pan in a salt factory after the water has been boiled off. Afterwards, the spot becoming again the bed of a sea, strata of sandstone and other rocks were laid down above, and thus the preparation was made for its becoming a mine of salt. Rock-salt is seldom pure, and generally of a reddish colour: a piece of it suspended by a string forms a good barometer or weather-glass; for when the atmosphere contains much humidity, the lump of salt is sure to be damp.

\* Dr Buckland, quoting an article by Professor Hitchcock, in the American Journal of Science and Arts: 1836.

## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

### THE CHALK AGE.

Immediately above the Oolite formation is a series of beds, the most conspicuous of which are of chalk, a familiar substance, which science describes as a carbonate of lime, being thus a variation of the same substance as limestone and marble. The chalk beds form the surface of large districts in England, France, Germany, and other parts of the earth. In the first-mentioned country they average from six to eight hundred feet in thickness, and form the beautiful pastoral wolds and downs of the southern counties. It is difficult to account for the formation of such a substance found in no other part of the series of rocks; but probably sea animals—coral polypes, infusoria, &c.—had much to do with it. It has indeed been remarked that the powder worn from coral reefs in the South Sea greatly resembles chalk, though we believe some peculiar condition of the waters, similar to that under which our more recent marls have been formed, was the principal cause of the formation. Throughout the chalk beds are layers of flints—that is, masses of siliceous flint of various sizes, from a pea to a man's head, each lying detached amidst the chalk. Whence this great quantity of a substance which seems to be characteristic of the chalk formation? The supposition is, that it has been derived mainly from the siliceous coverings of animalcules! The remains of many of these minute and humble animals have been discovered in the chalk, some of them being the first animals which yet exist as species upon earth. It has also been found that the flints invariably include the remains of some sponge or other humble animal form, the lineaments of which are often beautifully preserved amidst the dark glassy substance, and may be detected by a microscope, if not by the naked eye. Now, if the siliceous coverings of the dead infusoria were in solution amidst the settling substance of the chalk, any decaying sponges, alcyonia, sea-urchins, or other animals placed there, would be sure to collect the particles of the siliceous matter round them, and thus be converted into *flints*.

In the Chalk Age a great change takes place in the fish world. As already mentioned, the Placoids and Ganoids now decline in numbers, and are replaced by two other orders, the Ctenoids and Cycloids, which continue predominant, though in different species, to the present day. Turtles existed in the seas, though not numerous; and there were large birds of the swimming family.

### THE TERTIARY FORMATION.

The rocks, from the conclusion of the Old Red Sandstone strata to that of the Chalk series, form an assemblage called, to distinguish them from the earlier rocks, the Secondary Formation. This secondary formation is now finished. It saw the

animal creation advance from the simpler forms to an abundance of fishes and reptiles, with some few traces of creatures of higher organisation — remains of whale-like animals and of creatures allied to the opossum having been found in the oolite. During its progress, a uniform temperature, equal at least to that of the tropics, spread over the whole earth, and under favour of this prevalent warmth, there was everywhere a vegetation such as we now see confined to the torrid zone. The species of plants and animals were all strikingly different from those of the present world; and at several stages there had been extensive changes of the families of the latter, some going out to appear no more, while others came into existence in their place. At the point which we have now reached, a close seems to have come to many of the earlier conditions, and in the subsequent age we see a dawn, as it were, of the present system of things. The uniformity of climate begins to give way, and the animals are consequently not uniform over various regions. Extensive convulsions of the earth appear in a great measure to have ceased. And the deposits of strata approach to the character of those which we now see constantly taking place in estuaries or limited portions of the sea. The Tertiary rocks seem to have been deposited in such seas, and are not so widely distributed over the earth as some of the other formations. One remarkable example is the vale in which Paris is situated; another is found under and around London. There are also examples in India and America. It is remarkable of the *Paris basin*, as it is called, that strata laid down by fresh-water alternate with marine beds, implying apparently that the estuary had been filled by turns with fresh and salt water, though how this could happen is not very easily to be understood. The Tertiary Formation has been divided into three lesser ages—Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene—with a regard to the proportions which their respective fossil shells bear to existing species.

#### ROCKS COMPOSED OF ANIMALCULES.

The fossils of the Tertiaries are in some respects more interesting than those of any other series of strata. It is not in the humbler classes of animals that this interest chiefly lies; and yet even in this department the Tertiaries present us with a wonder quite unexampled. We refer to beds of greater or less thickness composed exclusively of the solid remains of animalcules—creatures individually so small, that only a microscope could enable human eyes to see them. Such a rock (called Tripoli) is found at Bilin, in Bohemia, and at Planitz, near Zwickau, in Saxony. It has been used as a powder in some of the arts for ages, without any suspicion of its being thus composed. But within the last few years, M. Ehrenberg, a scientific Prussian, has fully ascertained that it consists simply and wholly of the siliceous coverings of certain minute creatures, some of which



belonged to species still to be found in stagnant waters. To common perception, the powder of which the rock may be said to consist resembles flour; and in Norway, where it is accordingly called *berg-mehl* (that is, mountain-meal), it is actually used in times of famine as food; for which it is not entirely unsuitable, seeing that there is always a small per centage of animal matter left in it, in addition to the siliceous shields. So extremely small are the creatures of which these rocks form the sepulchre, that, according to M. Ehrenberg's calculation, ten millions of millions of individuals might be required to fill the space of a cubic inch. Yet in the smallest of such creatures, there have been found several stomachs, besides other organs; and minute as the coverings necessarily are, they are found variously sculptured or marked, so as to form distinctions of species. These circumstances certainly afford a curious view not only of the wondrous power of the Creator, but of the surprising extent to which His most interesting production, the human mind, has been fitted to go in research, by aid of instruments, the powers of which are also of His institution.

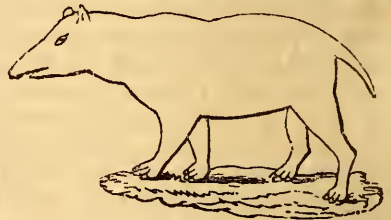
The other invertebrate animals of the Tertiary are not remarkable, except for their making a gradual approach to the appearance of those which now exist. The corals are generally of small size; the echinodermata are rare, compared with their abundance in earlier rocks; the crustaceans are not numerous; but insects begin to be found in abundance. The mollusca are extremely numerous in species; but the cephalopoda of the early seas seem to have now in a great measure given place to an order of meaner organisation (gasteropoda), which become much more varied in form than in the older rocks. Of fishes there are abundance of species; but reptiles, so conspicuous in the two preceding formations, are not now prominent. The great saurians or fish-lizards are extinct, and are not replaced by any similar families. At the commencement of the Tertiaries, three orders of reptiles existed—*Chelonia* (tortoises), *Crocodylia*, and *Batrachia* (frogs); another now existing, *Ophidia* (serpents), was, as far as research has yet gone, wanting. The earliest appearance of the serpent is in the remains of one of large size (probably eleven feet long, and resembling the *boa constrictor*), which have been found in the London clay of the Isle of Sheppey. It is such an animal as could only live in a tropical climate.

We have seen that the existence of birds and mammalia has been very slightly evidenced in the Secondary Formation, showing at least that these creatures were in very small number in the ages represented by those strata. We are now to see both of these classes—the highest in the animal kingdom—enter in great force upon the field of existence. It seems as if a considerable interval had existed between the conclusion of the Chalk Formation and the beginning of the Tertiary, for these classes come upon us all at once in numerous species in the

Eocene. In fresh-water strata of that portion of the Tertiary in the great Paris basin, M. Cuvier found remains of about fifty extinct species of mammalia, together with various examples of birds. The birds were of the genera represented by the buzzard, owl, quail, woodcock, curlew, and pelican; and to these has been added, from the corresponding strata in the London basin, a species referred to the family of vultures.

#### THE GREAT PACHYDERMS.

The most remarkable of the animals found in the Paris basin are large Pachyderms, or thick-skinned animals, of a division now represented only by four species. By the discovery of these remains, naturalists were enabled to make up a comparatively complete series of a division of the earth's creatures, which had previously been remarkably imperfect. Two genera are particularly described by geologists, namely, Palæotheria and Anoplotheria, the former being intermediate in character between the tapir of South America and the rhinoceros, while the latter seems a link from the rhinoceros to the hippopotamus. The Great Palæotherium was an animal of the size of a horse, or about four feet and a half to the wither. It was more squat and clumsy in its proportions than the horse; the head was more massive, and the extremities thicker and shorter. On each foot were three large toes, rounded and unprovided with claws; and from the nose proceeded a short fleshy trunk.



Form of Palæotherium.

The palæotherium probably lived, like the tapir of North America and Asia, in swampy districts, feeding, as its congeners still do, on coarse vegetable substances.

The Anoplotheria, of which six species have been determined, were of various bulk, from a hare up to a dwarf ass. Two species were about eight feet long, including a tail of three feet. These animals seem also to have inhabited marshy places, repairing frequently to the water to feed upon roots and the leaves of aquatic succulents. Another species was light and graceful, like the gazelle, and probably, like that animal, fed upon aromatic herbs and the young shoots of shrubs. Amongst the other animals found in the Eocene of the Paris basin, were species of the wolf and fox, and of the racoon and genette, of the opossum, dormouse, and squirrel; besides birds, reptiles, and fishes.

The second, or Miocene period of the Tertiary age, brings us a step nearer to the existing condition of things. A strong proof of this is derived from the shells of the strata of this period. Whereas only three in the hundred Eocene fossils were

of recent species, of the Miocene shells we find eighteen in the hundred to have existing representatives. Along with the mammalia, also, of the Eocene period, we find that the Miocene deposits present us with the earliest forms of animals existing at the present time. In Dr Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise* a table is given, exhibiting the animals found at Darmstadt in a bed of sand referrible to the Miocene period. In this list are mentioned two skeletons of the dinotherium (represented in the vignette to this tract), a large herbivorous animal, called by Cuvier the Gigantic Tapir; two large tapirs; calicotherium, two large tapir-like animals of this name; two rhinoceroses; hippotherium, an animal allied to the horse; three hogs; four large cats, some as large as a tiger; the creature called the Glutton; agnotherium, allied to the dog; and machairodus, an animal allied to the bear. From this list the reader will perceive the gradual approach in the Miocene animals to existing species. The largest of the terrestrial mammalia yet discovered belongs to the period now under notice; it is the dinotherium, or gigantic tapir, already mentioned. No complete skeleton has yet been discovered; but from the bones found, Cuvier and others imagine the animal to have reached the extraordinary length of eighteen feet. The most remarkable peculiarities of its structure consist in two enormous tusks at the end of its lower jaw, and in the shoulder-blade, which resembles that of a mole, and is calculated to have given the power of digging, or other free movement, to the fore-foot. It seems probable that this stupendous creature lived in fresh-water lakes, and had the half-terrestrial half-aquatic habits of the walrus or river-horse. The tusks might be used in digging up roots and plants, and also in sustaining the head on banks during sleep, or in pulling the body out of the water, as the walrus uses a similar pair of tusks. "In these characters (says Buckland) of this gigantic, herbivorous, aquatic quadruped, we recognise adaptations to the lacustrine (lake-covered) condition of the earth, during that portion of the Tertiary periods to which the existence of these seemingly anomalous creatures seems to have been limited."

In the Miocene period, the seas became the habitation of numbers of marine mammalia, consisting of dolphins, whales, seals, walrus, and the lamantin, or manati. Few of these animals were of the same species as those which exist at present, but the differences were far from being great or remarkable. This circumstance, as well as the considerable number of fossil shells identical with existing ones, exhibits an approach in the character and tenantry of the Miocene seas to the present state of things in these respects. The discovery, also, of true terrestrial mammalia, as the rhinoceros and hog, in the Miocene formations, shows that, since the era of the gigantic reptiles, no slight portion of the earth's surface had assumed the condition of dry land, fit for the support of the common herbivora.

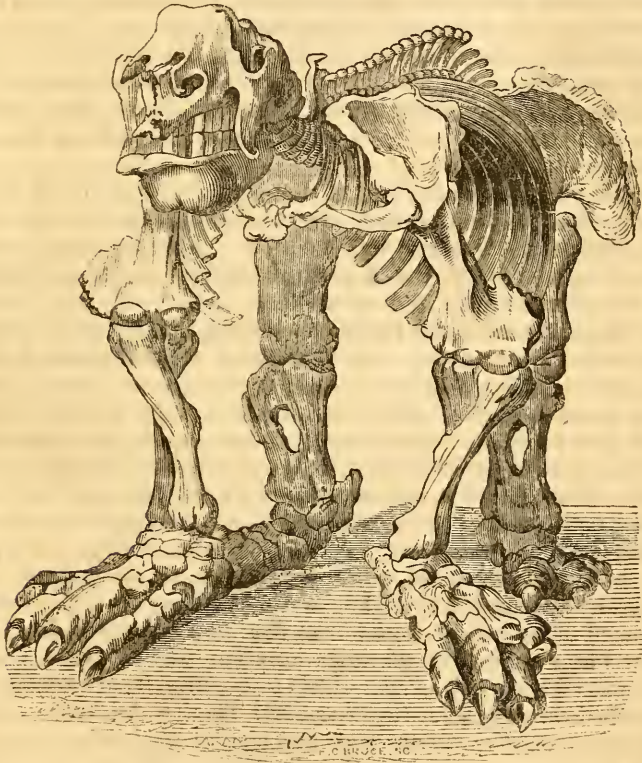
## THE MASTODON, MEGATHERIUM, &amp;C.

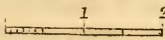
It now remains to inquire into the nature and peculiarities of the animals characterising the Pliocene age, which, for convenience, has been arranged into two periods, the Older and Newer Pliocene, the latter of which immediately preceded the formation of the diluvial layer constituting the present superficial matter of the globe. Whereas only eighteen in the hundred of the Miocene shells were of recent species, in the Older Pliocene from thirty-five to fifty, and in the Newer Pliocene not less than from ninety to ninety-five in the hundred, are identical with shells of existing species. This great change is accompanied by the disappearance of the Palæotherian family and others, which formed the most striking animals in the periods immediately preceding. In place of these extinct species of extinct Pachydermatous or thick-skinned families, we observe in the strata of the Pliocene periods a vast number of remains of *existing* Pachydermatous families, such as the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, though these remains belong to varieties that are now extinct. The first traces also now appear of Ruminant animals—of oxen, deer, camels, and other creatures of the same class.

The enormous creature called the *Great Mastodon*, belonging to the Pliocene era, was the largest of all the fossil animals whose skeletons have been found *complete*, or nearly so. Much confusion has existed relative to this animal's true character, many naturalists regarding it as an extinct species of the elephant, and others holding that it approached nearer to the hippopotamus. Cuvier, however, determined it to be the head of a distinct family, comprehending several other species. It is about one hundred and twenty years since remains of the mastodon were first discovered in America, and vast quantities of them have been since found in the same region, buried chiefly in marshy grounds. One skeleton, nearly complete, was dug up on the banks of the Hudson in 1801, and it is from this that a correct knowledge of the animal has been principally derived. In height, the mastodon seems to have been about twelve feet, a stature which the Indian elephant occasionally attains. But the body of the mastodon was greatly elongated in comparison with the elephant's, and its limbs were thicker. The whole arrangement of the bony structure resembled that of the elephant, excepting in one point, which Cuvier regarded as of sufficient consequence to constitute the mastodon a different genus. This was the cheek-teeth, which are divided, on their upper surface, into a number of rounded, obtuse prominences, arranged not like the elephant's, but like those of the wild boar and hippopotamus; whence it is concluded, that, like the latter animals, the mastodon must have lived on tender vegetables, roots, and aquatic plants, and could not have been carnivorous. The lower jaw of a

skeleton found on the Hudson is two feet ten inches in length, and weighs *sixty-three pounds*. Like the elephant, the mastodon had two tusks, curving upwards, and formed of ivory, and, in the opinion of Cuvier, it had also a trunk of the same kind with the former animal's.

Another creature, belonging to the later Pliocene ages, if not indeed to the era of the Diluvial formation, has been discovered in America, both north and south. This is the *Megatherium*, an animal more widely removed in character from any existing creature, than any of the other fossil remains that have been yet



Scale of  Feet.

Skeleton of Megatherium.

observed. The megatherium was discovered towards the end of the last century. A skeleton, almost entire, was found nearly at one hundred feet of depth, in excavations made on the banks of the river Luxan, several leagues to the south-west of Buenos Ayres. The megatherium was a tardigrade (slow-moving) animal, like the sloth, and was at least the size of a common ox. Its limbs were terminated by five thick toes, attached to a series

of huge flat metatarsal bones, or those bones with which the toes are continuous, as in the human foot. "Some of the toes (says Buckland, in his notice of this creature) are terminated by large and powerful claws of great length; the bones supporting these claws are composed partly of an axis, or pointed core, which filled the internal cavity of the horny claw; and partly of a bony sheath, that formed a strong case to receive and support its base." These claws, from their position, were admirably calculated for the purpose of digging. The legs of this creature were of enormous thickness, its thigh-bone being nearly three times the thickness of the same bone in the elephant. The other bones of the megatherium were almost proportionably heavy. A still more remarkable feature, however, in the animal's structure, was the coat of armour, of solid bone, varying from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, which covered its hide, in the same manner as the armadillo's is encased by the same substance.

The habits and peculiarities of this stupendous sloth—for so the megatherium may be termed—are well described and explained in Dr Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise. After stating that with the head and shoulders of a sloth, it combined, in its legs and feet, an admixture of the characters of the ant-eater and the armadillo, and resembled them still more in being cased in a coat of armour, he continues, "Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high; its feet were a *yard in length*, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail was probably clad in armour, and much larger than the tail of any other beast among living or extinct terrestrial mammalia. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary?—and what need of speed for flight from foes to a creature whose giant carcass was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his bony armour, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this behemoth of the Pampas (the South American region where it existed), or in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race?"

His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous, in proportion as this work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds; which, though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have, in their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed."

Another extinct tardigrade creature, presenting many of the characters of the megatherium, was discovered in a calcareous cavern in Virginia, and received from President Jefferson, who first described some of its bones, the name of the *Megalonyx*. Jefferson conceived the claw to be that of an extinct feline animal of vast size (that is to say, an animal of the same description as the tiger, lion, cat, and lynx, all of which are beasts of prey); but the French naturalist declared the possessor of the claw to have been herbivorous, or calculated to live on herbs; and this was triumphantly proved by the discovery of others of its bones. The megalonyx appears (for a complete skeleton has not yet been found) to have been a little smaller in size than the megatherium. But the megalonyx, according to Cuvier, was herbivorous, after the manner of the sloth, since its teeth were conformed precisely like that animal's. From the resemblance of their feet also, he concludes that their gait was similar, and all their movements alike. The difference in volume of body, however, must have prevented the habits of the megalonyx from being perfectly analogous to those of the sloth. The megalonyx could but seldom have climbed up trees, because it must rarely have found any sufficiently strong to support its weight. But its height would enable it to browse, like the sloth, among the leaves of trees, without its being under the necessity of climbing; any but such tall and strong ones as could bear its weight. It is even possible that the weight and strength of the creature may have been serviceable in bending down, and perhaps in overturning trees, the branches of which contained its food.

The next fossil animal to which we shall refer, is that long called the *Mammoth*, under the impression that it was a distinct genus, but which is now universally denominated the *Fossil Elephant*, as being an extinct species of that existing family. The mammoth (which name we shall retain for the sake of distinction) is rather to be regarded as a creature of the Diluvial than of the Pliocene period (that is to say, belonging to the age when, by means of floods, the present beds of gravel and hard clay so often found between the rocks and vegetable soil were laid down upon the earth), as some specimens have been discovered in Siberia, with portions of the flesh and hair actually preserved along with the bones among the ice. It was at first thought, when numbers of mammoth bones were discovered in Italy, and other southern countries of Europe, that they were the remains of elephants brought by the Romans and others from Asia and Africa; but the incalculable quantities of them ultimately detected in Russia and other districts, where elephants were never brought in the shape of Oriental tribute as they were to Rome, showed that their presence was to be attributed to natural causes, and not to the casual agency of man. In truth, the beds of the Volga, Don, and other northern rivers, are filled with them, and this can be accounted for only on the hypothesis, either

of an alteration in the habits of the elephant, or of a great change of climate in these parts, or of some immense moving force on the face of the earth, which has carried them thither. The instance in which part of the flesh was found along with the bones, will supply us with a general description of the mammoth. When the animal, on this occasion, was first seen through the mass of ice in which it lay, the soft parts were nearly entire. After the natives had fed their dogs for a long time with the mountainous hulk of flesh, Mr Adams of St Petersburg heard of it, and set out to see it. When he reached the spot, the skeleton was entire, with the exception of a fore-leg. The spine of the back, a shoulder-blade, the pelvis, and the rest of the extremities, were still united by ligaments and a portion of the skin. The other shoulder-blade was found at some distance. The head was covered with a dry skin. One of the ears, in high preservation, was furnished with a tuft of hair, and the pupil of the eye was still discernible. The brain was found in the skull, but in a dry state. The neck was furnished with *a long mane*; and the skin, generally, was covered with black hairs and a reddish sort of wool. Of the quantity of hair and bristles that had been on the body, some idea may be formed from the fact, that thirty pounds of them were gathered from the ground, where the dogs, in eating the flesh, had dropt them. The tusks were more than nine feet long, and the head, without the tusks, weighed more than four hundred pounds. Altogether, the skeleton of this mammoth was about the size of a large elephant's.

Skeletons similar to this have been found in abundance in the islands of the Arctic sea. They differ in several minute points of structure from the common elephant, and on this circumstance the most rational explanation of their being found in such cold climates is founded. This explanation is, that the mammoth elephant was of a species fitted to be a native of cold countries; and of this reasoning, the different structure, and the long thick hair, are held to be proofs. Whether this may be the case or not, it seems certain that the mammoth's existence must have been very recent, and must have approached closely to, if not encroached on, the era of man.

Within the last few years, extensive researches have been made in the Tertiary strata of India, and some interesting results have been made partially known. In these strata are found Pachyderms similar to those of the Paris basin; as also species allied to the pig, camel, giraffe, elephant, and horse. Amongst several other new ruminant animals, is one which has been called the Sivatherium, and which must have surpassed even the rhinoceros in size. The cranium is of a huge irregular shape, presenting in front a nasal process of bone for the support of a proboscis or thick upper lip; likewise two pairs of prominences farther back, from which horns must have proceeded. The sivatherium was



a ruminant approaching in character to the Pachyderms. But even this huge creature sinks into insignificance beside another of the Indian Tertiary animals, a tortoise, of which many remains have been found, and which from these would appear to have been identical with existing species of land habits, but the carapace or back-plate of which reached the extraordinary length of twenty feet. The *Megalochelys Atlas*, as this animal has been called, would greatly exceed the largest of living land animals in bulk: with the head and tail included in the measurement, it could not be much less than thirty feet long. Dr Falconer, who discovered this singular animal, thinks it may have survived as a species till the peopling of India with human beings, and he thinks it may account for some of the tales of Hindoo mythology, particularly that which represents the world as supported by an elephant standing on the back of a tortoise.

A few bones of monkeys, the family of animals approaching nearest to the human species, have been found in various parts of the world—at Kyson, near Woodbridge, in Surrey; in South America, and in India—all of them in Tertiary strata. As yet, no remains of human beings have been discovered in any similar situation. And hence it is inferred that the formation of the rocks terminating with the uppermost Tertiaries had been completed before man came into existence.

#### DILUVIAL AGENCY—ELEVATION OF THE LAND OUT OF THE SEA.

The last of our *ages* is that of the Superficial Deposits, a series of accumulations differing in some respects from rocks, but significant of events scarcely less remarkable than those which we have seen inferred from the earlier formations. This age might, without much impropriety, be called the *Age of Great Floods*, for it is evident that vast currents of water had traversed the surface of the earth during this time. The first effect of these has been to wear off such prominences as had been left by previous volcanic disturbances of the earth's crust, leaving all bare where once there had been great roughness. For example, there is in Northumberland a break of the superficial strata (carboniferous formation), the consequence of which had been to leave those on one side 500 feet above those on the other side of the fracture. Yet, throughout a course of thirty miles, no trace of this is seen on the surface; all has been worn by floods down to one general level. Another effect was to scoop or wear out great valleys (called valleys of denudation) in surfaces originally level. The matter thus worn off had been carried away in the flood, and dispersed over the surface at the bottom, wherever the form of the ground was favourable to its reception; hence the vast beds of blue and red clay which are found in so many places immediately above the rocks—the *till* of the agriculturist. Amongst these are generally found imbedded blocks of stone, often of large size, which had been likewise carried off from the mountain

masses to which they originally belonged. In some places, such blocks are also scattered in great numbers over the present surface of the ground, some bearing a water-worn appearance, and others not. It has long been a marvel to geologists how such masses could be transported so far as they appear to have been in many instances. For example, there are masses of Shap Fell all over the country within forty miles round. A piece of Criffel rests on the opposite side of the Solway Firth. Nay, there are blocks on the east coast of England which are supposed to have travelled from the mountains of Norway. One supposition is, that when the land was covered by sea, these masses of stone had been carried off from their native situations by icebergs, which, traversing the ocean, and gradually melting away, dropped them to the bottom. Another view of the subject represents them as carried along by glaciers over the surface of the earth, in the same manner as pieces of rock are still by these means transported along Alpine slopes. For the present, the subject may be said to rest in doubt.

One thing is certainly clear—that the land was, for a time after the close of the Tertiary Formation, covered more or less by the sea. Not only have we this evidenced by the superficial clays, which alone could have had a watery origin, but we see incontestable monuments of it in beds of sea-shells found on grounds now several hundred feet above the level of the ocean. More than this, there are in many countries traces of former sea-beaches, in a succession mounting to as great a height as the position of the shells. All round the coast of Great Britain, there are clear appearances of a sea-beach from forty to sixty feet above the present sea-level. It is in some places a smooth plain several miles in extent, and of considerable breadth, and exactly of that powdery formation which might be expected if a large tract of sandy beach were at this time to be raised up beyond the reach of the sea, and left to become “dry land.” Sometimes this beach can be traced on a steep coast or hill-side, in the form of a narrow sloping platform, the sea having worked out such a margin for itself on what was originally a uniform cliff or descent. Such beaches are seen in hilly districts rising in succession above each other to a considerable height, the highest being of course the oldest, or the first formed. They have been observed in Norway and Lapland as well as in Britain, and there are traces of them still more clear in South America. They undoubtedly indicate a rise of the land out of the sea by successive movements, and probably at long intervals. Nor can this be difficult of belief, when we know from accurate observation that the Swedish side of the Baltic is continually though slowly rising at the present time—the rate being about three feet in a century—and that a large tract of the coast of Chili rose four feet in a single night in 1822, in consequence of an earthquake.



## HISTORY OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

**S**LAVERY, in one form or other, has existed in the world from the most remote period of history. It existed, as we know, among the patriarchs, and it was a recognised institution among the Jews. So also it existed among the ancient pagan nations—the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans. When we are engaged in reading the history of any ancient state, we are apt to forget that it is only the free inhabitants whom we hear much about; and that, under the same roofs with these free men, there was living an immense population of bondsmen or slaves, who made no appearance in public affairs, and who, by their unhappy fate, were doomed to the performance of menial offices, without the hope of alleviation in their condition.

And was no remorse experienced by nations or individuals in reducing members of the human family to compulsory and perpetual servitude? History discloses no such sentiment. The practice arose out of the selfishness of barbarism, and did not appear to its perpetrators either sinful or unjust. Debtors were seized, and, in liquidation of petty claims, sold like ordinary property by their ruthless creditors. Gamblers, having lost everything, staked their persons as a last chance; and being unsuccessful, became the bondsmen of the fortunate winner. Men, for their crimes, were deprived of liberty, and publicly sold into bondage. In cases of famine, parents disposed of children as a marketable commodity, to relieve their own wants, and at the same time provide food for their remaining offspring. And lastly, came war, the scourge of mankind, and the fruitful cause of slavery in

all ancient nations. "It was a law established from time immemorial among the states of antiquity," says a Greek author, "to oblige those to undergo the severities of servitude whom victory had thrown into their hands." There was an exception, however, in the case of civil war, the prisoners taken in which were not made slaves, but generally massacred. Besides the regular wars between nation and nation, it sometimes happened that a vagrant population overran an adjoining country, and made the peaceful and dispossessed inhabitants their slaves. Thus the Spartans were served by a race of hereditary bondsmen, the old inhabitants of the district, called Helots—a term afterwards used by the Romans to designate men in a servile condition. The unfortunate Helots of Sparta occasionally rose in rebellion against their masters, and attempted to gain their liberty; but these efforts were always suppressed with merciless slaughter.

We have, in these and other circumstances, the most conclusive evidence that slavery in ancient times existed on no ground of philosophy or morals—was not sustained on any fine-spun plea that one man was radically inferior to another; but was, as it is still, only a result of rapacity and force. It was long, indeed, before mankind could be brought to recognise its iniquity or impropriety; and even yet, certain nations find a difficulty in viewing it in its true light. There being thus still some controversy on the subject, and liability to misconception, we think it proper to state that, according to an enlightened philosophy, each human being retains inherently the right to his own person, and can neither sell himself, nor be legally bound by any act of aggression on his natural liberty. "Slavery, therefore, can never be a legal relation. It rests entirely on force. The slave, being treated as property, and not allowed legal rights, cannot be under legal obligations. Slavery is also inconsistent with the moral nature of man. Each man has an individual worth, significance, and responsibility; is bound to the work of self-improvement, and to labour in a sphere for which his capacity is adapted. To give up this individual liberty, is to disqualify himself for fulfilling the great objects of his being. Hence political societies, which have made a considerable degree of advancement, do not allow any one to resign his liberty, any more than his life, to the pleasure of another. In fact, the great object of political institutions in civilised nations, is to enable man to fulfil, most perfectly, the ends of his *individual* being. Christianity, moreover, which enjoins us, while we remain in this world, to regulate our conduct with reference to a better, lays down the doctrine of brotherhood and mutual love, of 'doing as we would be done by,' as one of its fundamental maxims, which is wholly opposed to the idea of one man becoming the property of another. These two principles of mutual obligation, and the worth of the individual, were beyond the comprehension

of the states of antiquity, but are now at the basis of morals, politics, and religion."\*

Regardless, or ignorant of such principles, the most enlightened nations of antiquity, as we have said, gave the broadest sanction to slavery; and to this, among other causes, was doubtless owing their final dismemberment. In ancient Rome, the slaves formed a motley population. Some of these unfortunate beings were foreigners from far distant countries, others were natives—some were less civilised than their masters, others much more so—some were employed in tilling their masters' fields, others in teaching their masters the sciences—some were working in chains, and enduring the lash, others living in comfort, and even petted. Thus a rich citizen of Rome, at the commencement of the Christian era, would possess slaves of all nations, filling appropriate offices in his establishment—dark-haired beauties from the east, and golden-haired beauties from the north; cooks from the south of Italy; learned men and musicians from Greece or Egypt; menials and drudges from the remotest part of Scythia, the interior of Africa, or the savage island of Britain. Yes, eighteen centuries ago, when Britain was a distant colony of Rome, the unfortunate inhabitants of our own dear island, torn from their homes, toiled for a Roman master, along with the dark-skinned and more pliant native of Ethiopia.

Out of this promiscuous system of slavery arose the form of slavery with which we in modern times are best acquainted—Negro slavery.

Negroland, or Nigritia, is that part of the interior of Africa stretching from the great desert on the north to the unascertained commencement of Caffreland on the south, and from the Atlantic on the west to Abyssinia on the east. In fact, the entire interior of this great continent may be called the land of the negroes. The ancients distinguished it from the comparatively civilised countries lying along the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by calling the latter Libya, and the former Ethiopia. It is upon Ethiopia in an especial manner that the curse of slavery has fallen. At first, as we have already said, it bore but a share of the burden; Britons and Scythians were the fellow-slaves of the Ethiopian: but at last all the other nations of the earth seemed to conspire against the negro race, agreeing never to enslave each other, but to make the blacks the slaves of all alike. Thus, this one race of human beings has been singled out, whether owing to the accident of colour, or to their peculiar fitness for certain kinds of labour, for infamy and misfortune; and the abolition of the practice of promiscuous slavery in the modern world was purchased by the introduction of a slavery confined entirely to negroes.

The nations and tribes of negroes in Africa, who thus ulti-

mately became the universal prey of Europeans, were themselves equally guilty in subjecting men to perpetual bondage. In the most remote times, every Ethiopian man of consequence had his slaves, just as a Greek or Roman master had. Savage as he was, he at least resembled the citizen of a civilised state in this. He possessed his domestic slaves, or bondmen, hereditary on his property; and besides these, he was always acquiring slaves by whatever means he could, whether by purchase from slave-dealers, or by war with neighbouring tribes. The slaves of a negro master in this case would be his own countrymen, or at least men of his own race and colour; some of them born on the same spot with himself, some of them captives who had been brought from a distance of a thousand miles. Of course, the farther a captive was taken from his home, the more valuable he would be, as having less chance of escape; and therefore it would be a more common practice to sell a slave taken in war with a neighbouring tribe, than to retain him as a labourer so near his home. And just as in the cities of the civilised countries we find the slave population often outnumbering the free, so in the villages of the interior of Africa the negro slaves were often more numerous than the negro masters. Park, in his travels among the negroes, found that in many villages the slaves were three times as numerous as the free persons; and it is likely that the proportion was not very different in more ancient times. Now, the modern form of negro slavery has its origin in this system of internal slavery among the negroes themselves. If the negroes had not been in the practice of making slaves of each other at the time when they became known to the Europeans, negro slavery as it now exists would not probably have arisen. The negroes being in the habit of buying and selling each other, it soon became a custom for the negroes living on the southern border of the great desert to sell their countrymen to the foreigners with whom they came in contact. Thus, in ancient times, the Garamantes used to sell negroes to the Libyans; and so a great proportion of the slaves of the Carthaginians and the Egyptians must have been blacks brought northwards across the desert. From Carthage and Egypt, again, these negroes would be exported into different countries of southern Europe; and a stray negro might even find his way into the more northern regions. They seem always to have been valued for their patience, their mild temper, and their extraordinary power of endurance; and for many purposes negro slaves would be preferred by their Roman masters to all others, even to the shaggy, scowling Picts. But though it is quite certain that negroes were used as slaves in ancient Europe, still the negro never came to enjoy that miserable pre-eminence which later times have assigned to him, treating him as the born drudge of the human family. White-skinned men were slaves as well as he; and if, among the Carthaginians and Egyptians, negro

slaves were more common than any other, it was only because they were more easily procurable.

## RISE OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Although the use of negroes as slaves by the Arabs may be said to have given the first hint of negro slavery to the Europeans, the Europeans are quite entitled to the credit of having found it out for themselves. The Portuguese were the first to set the example of stealing negroes; they were the first to become acquainted with Africa. Till the fifteenth century, no part of Africa was known except the chain of countries on the coast of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, beginning with Morocco, and ending with Abyssinia and the adjoining desert. The Arabs and Moors, indeed, traversing the latter, knew something about Ethiopia, or the land of the negroes, but what knowledge they had was confined to themselves; and to the Europeans the whole of the continent to the south of the desert was an unknown and unexplored land. There were traditions of two ancient circumnavigations of the continent by the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians, one down the Red Sea, and round the Cape of Good Hope from the east, the other through the Straits of Gibraltar, and round the same cape from the west; but these traditions were vague and questionable. They were sufficient, however, to set the brains of modern navigators a-working; and now that they were possessed of the mariner's compass, they might hope to repeat the Carthaginian feat of circumnavigating Africa; if, indeed, Africa were circumnavigable. In the year 1412, therefore, a series of attempts was begun by the Portuguese, at the instigation of Prince Henry, to sail southward along the western coast. In every succeeding attempt, the bold navigators got farther and farther south, past the Canaries, past the Cape Verds, along the coast of Guinea, through the Bight of Biafra, down that long unnamed extent of coast south of the equator, until at last the perseverance of three generations succeeded, and the brave Vasco de Gama, in 1497, rounded the great cape itself, turned his prow northward, sailed through the Mozambique Channel, and then, as if protesting that he had done with Africa all that navigator could, steered through the open ocean right for the shores of India. The third or fourth of these attempts brought the Portuguese into contact with the negroes. Before the year 1470, the whole of the Guinea coast had been explored. As early as 1434, Antonio Gonzales, a Portuguese captain, landed on this coast, and carried away with him some negro boys, whom he sold to one or two Moorish families in the south of Spain. The act seems to have provoked some criticism at the time. But from that day, it became customary for the captains of vessels landing on the Gold Coast, or other parts of the coast of Guinea, to carry away a few young negroes of both sexes. The labour of these negroes, whether on board the ships which carried them away,

or in the ports to which the ships belonged, being found valuable, the practice soon grew into a traffic; and negroes, instead of being carried away in twos and threes as curiosities, came to form a part of the cargo, as well as gold, ivory, and gum. The ships no longer went on voyages of discovery, they went for profitable cargoes; and the inhabitants of the negro villages along the coast, delighted with the beads, and knives, and bright cloths which they got in exchange for gold, ivory, and slaves, took care to have these articles ready for any ship that might land. Thus the slave trade, properly so called, began. The Spaniards were the first nation to become parties with the Portuguese in this infamous traffic.

At first, the deportation of slaves from Africa was conducted on a limited scale; but about seventy years after Gonzales had carried away the first negro boys from the Guinea coast, an opening was all at once made for negro labour, which made it necessary to carry away blacks, not by occasional ship-loads, but by thousands annually.

#### AFRICAN-AMERICAN SLAVE TRADE.

America was discovered in 1493. The part of this new world which was first colonised by the Spaniards consisted of those islands scattered through the great gap of ocean between North and South America; which, as they were thought to be the outermost individuals of the great Eastern Indies, to which it was the main object of Columbus to effect a western passage, were called the West Indies. When the Spaniards took possession of these islands, they employed the natives, or Indians, as they were called, to do all the heavy kinds of labour for them, such as carrying burdens, digging for gold, &c. In fact, these Indians became the slaves of their Spanish conquerors; and it was customary, in assigning lands to a person, to give him, at the same time, all the Indians upon them. Thus, when Bernal Diaz paid his respects to Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, the governor promised him the first Indians he had at his disposal. According to all accounts, never was there a race of men more averse to labour, or constitutionally more unfit for it, than these native Americans. They are described as the most listless improvident people on the face of the earth, and though capable of much passive endurance, drooped and lost all heart whenever they were put to active labour. Labour, ill-usage, and the small-pox together, carried them off in thousands, and wherever a Spaniard trod, he cleared a space before him, as if he carried a blasting influence in his person. When Albuquerque entered on his office as governor of St Domingo in 1515, he found that, whereas in 1508 the natives numbered 60,000, they did not then number 14,000. The condition of these poor aborigines under the Spanish colonists became so heart-breaking, that the Dominican priests stepped out in their behalf, asserting them to be



free men, and denying the right of the Spaniards to make them slaves. This led to a vehement controversy, which lasted several years, and in which Bartholomew de Las Casas, a benevolent priest, figured most conspicuously as the friend of the Indians. So energetic and persevering was he, that he produced a great impression in their favour upon the Spanish government at home.

Unfortunately, the relaxation in favour of one race of men was procured at the expense of the slavery of another. Whether Las Casas himself was led, by his extreme interest in the Indians, to be so inconsistent as to propose the employment of negroes in their stead, or whether the suggestion came from some other person, does not distinctly appear; but it is certain, that what the Spaniards spared the Indians, they inflicted with double rigour upon the negroes. Labourers must be had, and the negroes were the kind of labourers that would best suit. As early as 1503, a few negroes had been carried across the Atlantic; and it was found that not only could each of these negroes do as much work as four Indians, but that, while the Indians were fast becoming extinct, the negroes were thriving and propagating wonderfully. The plain inference was, that they should import negroes as fast as possible; and this was accordingly done. "In the year 1510," says the old Spanish historian Herrera, "the king of Spain ordered fifty slaves to be sent to Hispaniola to work in the gold mines, the natives being looked upon as a weak people, and unfit for much labour." And this was but a beginning; for, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Cardinal Ximenes, ship-load after ship-load of negroes was carried to the West Indies. We find Charles V. giving one of his Flemish favourites an exclusive right of shipping 4000 negroes to the new world—a monopoly which that favourite sold to some Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats. These merchants organised the traffic; many more than 4000 negroes were required to do the work; and though at first the negroes were exorbitantly dear, they multiplied so fast, and were imported in such quantities, that at last there was a negro for every Spaniard in the colonies; and in whatever new direction the Spaniards advanced in their career of conquest, negroes went along with them.

The following extract from the Spanish historian already quoted will show not only that the negroes were very numerous, but that sometimes also they proved refractory, and endeavoured to get the upper hand of their masters. "There was so great a number of blacks in the governments of Santa Marta and Venezuela, and so little precaution was used in the management of them, or rather the liberty they had was so great, being allowed the use of arms, which they much delight in, that, prompted by their natural fierceness and arrogance, a small number of the most polished, who valued themselves for their valour and gaiety, resolved to rescue themselves from servitude,

and become their own masters, believing that they might live at their own will among the Indians. Those few summoning others, who, like a thoughtless brutish people, were not capable of making any reflection, but were always ready at the beck of those of their own colour for whom they had any respect or esteem, they readily complied; assembling to the number of about 250, and repairing to the settlement of New Segovia, they divided themselves into companies, and appointed captains, and saluted one King, who had the most boldness and resolution, to assume that title; and he, intimating that they should all be rich, and lords of the country, by destroying the Spaniards, assigned every one the Spanish woman that should fall to his lot, with other such insolent projects and machinations. The fame of this commotion was soon spread abroad throughout all the cities of those two governments, where preparations were speedily made for marching against the blacks, as well to prevent their being joined by the rest of their countrymen that were not yet gone to them, as to obviate the many mischiefs which those barbarians might occasion to the country. In the meantime, the inhabitants of Tucuyo sent succours to the city of Segovia, which was but newly founded; and the very night that relief arrived there, the blacks, who had got intelligence of it, resolved to be beforehand with the Spaniards; and in order that, greater forces thus coming in, they might not grow too strong for them, they fell upon those Spaniards, killing five or six of them, and a clergyman. However, the success did not answer their expectation, for the Spaniards being on their guard, readily took the alarm, fought the blacks courageously, and killed a considerable number. The rest, perceiving that their contrivance had miscarried, retired. The next morning Captain James de Lassado arrived there with forty men from the government of Venezuela, and, judging that no time ought to be lost in that affair, marched against the blacks with the men he had brought, and those who were before at New Segovia. Perceiving that they had quitted the post they had first taken, and were retired to a strong place on the mountain, he pursued, overtook, and attacked them; and though they drew up and stood on their defence, he soon routed and put them all to the sword, sparing none but their women and some female Indians they had with them, after which he returned to Segovia, and those provinces were delivered from much uneasiness."

The Spaniards did not long remain alone in the guilt of this new traffic. At first the Spaniards had all America to themselves; and as it was in America that negro labour was in demand, the Spaniards alone possessed large numbers of negroes. But other nations came to have colonies in America, and as negroes were found invaluable in the foundation of a new colony, other nations came also to patronise the slave trade. The first recognition of the trade by the English government was in 1562, in the reign of Elizabeth, when an act was passed legalising the

purchase of negroes; yet, as the earlier attempts made by the English to plant colonies in North America were unsuccessful, there did not, for some time after the passing of this act, exist any demand for negroes sufficient to induce the owners of English trading vessels visiting the coast of Africa to make negroes a part of their cargo. It was in the year 1616 that the first negroes were imported into Virginia; and even then it was not an English slave-ship which supplied them, but a Dutch one, which chanced to touch on the coast with some negroes on board bound for the Spanish colonies. These negroes the Virginian planters purchased on trial; and the bargain was found to be so good, that in a short time negroes came to be in great demand in Virginia. Nor were the planters any longer indebted to the chance visits of Dutch ships for a supply of negro-labourers; for the English merchants, vigilant and calculating then as they are now, immediately embarked in the traffic, and instructed the captains of their vessels visiting the African coast to barter for negroes as well as wax and elephants' teeth. In a similar way the French, the Dutch, and all other nations of any commercial importance, came to be involved in the traffic; those who had colonies, to supply the demand there; those who had no colonies, to make money by assisting to supply the demand of the colonies of other countries. Before the middle of the seventeenth century the African slave trade was in full vigour; and all Europe was implicated in the buying and selling of negroes.

#### SLAVE FACTORIES IN AFRICA.

So universal is the instinct for barter, that the immediate effect of the new and great demand for slaves was to create its own supply. Slavery, as we have said, existed in Negroland from time immemorial, but on a comparatively limited scale. The effect of the demand by the European ships gave an unhappy stimulus to the natural animosities of the various negro tribes skirting the west coast; and, tempted by the clasp-knives, and looking-glasses, and wonderful red cloth, which the white men always brought with them to exchange for slaves, the whole negro population for many miles inland began fighting and kidnapping each other. Not only so, but the interior of the continent itself, the district of Lake Tchad, and the mystic source of the fatal Niger, hitherto untrodden by the foot of a white invader, began to feel the tremor caused by the traffic on the coast; and ere long, the very negroes who seemed safest in their central obscurities, were drained away to meet the increasing demand; either led captive by warlike visitants from the west, or handed from tribe to tribe till they reached the sea. In this way, eventually, Central Africa, with its teeming myriads of negroes, came to be the great mother of slaves for exportation, and the negro villages on the coast the warehouses, as it were, where the slaves

were stowed away till the ships of the white men arrived to carry them off.

European skill and foresight assisted in giving constancy and regularity to the supply of negroes from the interior. At first the slave vessels only visited the Guinea coast, and bargained with the negroes of the villages there for what quantity of wax, or gold, or negroes they had to give. But this was a clumsy way of conducting business. The ships had to sail along a large tract of coast, picking up a few negroes at one place, and a little ivory or gold at another; sometimes even the natives of a village might have no elephants' teeth and no negroes to give; and even under the most favourable circumstances, it took a considerable time to procure a decent cargo. No coast is so pestilential as that of Africa, and hence the service was very repulsive and very dangerous. As an improvement on this method of trading, the plan was adopted very early of planting small settlements of Europeans at intervals along the slave-coast, whose business it should be to negotiate with the negroes, stimulate them to activity in their slave-hunting expeditions, purchase the slaves brought in, and warehouse them until the arrival of the ships. These settlements were called slave factories. Factories of this kind were planted all along the western coast from Cape Verd to the equator, by English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese traders. Their appearance, the character of the men employed in them, their internal arrangements, and their mode of carrying on the traffic, are well described in the following extract from Mr Howison's book on "European Colonies."

"As soon as the parties concerned had fixed upon the site of their proposed commercial establishment, they began to erect a fort of greater or less magnitude, having previously obtained permission to that effect from the natives. The most convenient situation for a building of the kind was considered to be at the confluence of a river with the sea, or upon an island lying within a few miles of the coast. In the first case, there was the advantage of inland navigation; and in the second, that of the security and defensibility of an insular position, besides its being more cool and healthy than any other.

The walls of the fort always enclosed a considerable space of ground, upon which were built the necessary magazines for the reception of merchandise, and also barracks for the soldiers and artificers, and a depôt for slaves; so that, in the event of external hostilities, the gates might be shut, and the persons and the property belonging to the establishment placed in security. The quarters for the officers and agents employed at the factory were in general erected upon the ramparts, or at least adjoining them; while the negroes in their service, and any others that might be attracted to the spot, placed their huts outside of the walls of the fort, but under the protection of its guns.

The command of the establishment was vested in the hands of one individual, who had various subordinates, according to the extent of the trade carried on at the place; and if the troops who garrisoned the fort exceeded twenty or thirty, a commissioned officer usually had charge of them. The most remarkable forts were St George del Mina, erected by the Portuguese, though it subsequently fell into the hands of the Dutch; Cape Coast Castle, the principal establishment of the English; Fort Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal, generally occupied by the French; and Goree, situated upon an island of the same name, near Cape Verd. Most of these forts mounted from fifty to sixty pieces of cannon, and contained large reservoirs for water, and were not only impregnable to the negroes, but capable of standing a regular siege by a European force.

The individuals next in importance to the director or governor were the factors, who ranked according to their standing in the company's service. The seniors generally remained at headquarters, and had the immediate management of the trade there, and the care of the supplies of European merchandise which were always kept in store. The junior factors were employed in carrying on the traffic in the interior of the country, which they did sometimes by ascending the rivers in armed vessels, and exchanging various articles for slaves, gold-dust, and ivory, with the negroes inhabiting the neighbourhood; and sometimes by establishing themselves for several months in a large town or populous district, and, as it were, keeping a shop to which the natives might resort for traffic.

The European subordinates of the establishment consisted of clerks, book-keepers, warehousemen, artificers, mechanics, gunners, and private soldiers, all of whom had particular quarters assigned for their abode, and lived under military discipline. The soldiers employed in the service of the different African companies were mostly invalids, and persons who had been dismissed from the army on account of bad conduct. Destitute of the means of subsistence at home, such men willingly engaged to go to the coast of Africa, where they knew that they would be permitted to lead a life of ease, indolence, and licentiousness, and be exposed to no danger except that of a deadly climate, which was in reality the most certain and inevitable one that they could anywhere encounter. Few of the troops in any of the forts were fit for active duty, which was of the less consequence, because they were seldom or never required to fight except upon the ramparts of the place in which they might be quartered, and not often even there. Hence they spent their time in smoking, in drinking palm wine, and in gaming, and were generally carried off by fever or dissipation within two years after their arrival in the country. A stranger on first visiting any of the African forts, felt that there was something both horrible and ludicrous in the appearance of its garrison; for the individuals composing it

appeared ghastly, debilitated, and diseased, to a degree that is unknown in other climates; and their tattered and soiled uniforms, resembling each other only in meanness, and not in colour, suggested the idea of the wearers being a band of drunken deserters, or of starved and maltreated prisoners of war.

Each company was in the practice of annually sending a certain number of ships to its respective establishments, freighted with European goods suitable for traffic; while its factors in Africa had in the meantime been collecting slaves, ivory, gum-arabic, and other productions of the country; so that the vessels on their arrival suffered no detention, but always found a return cargo ready for them.

Though the forts were principally employed as places of safe deposit for merchandise received from Europe, or collected at outposts, they were also generally the scene of a considerable trade, being resorted to for that purpose not only by the coast negroes, but often also by dealers from the interior of the country, who would bring slaves, ivory, and gold-dust for traffic. Persons of this description were always honourably, and even ceremoniously received by the governor or by the factors, and conciliated in every possible way, lest they might carry their goods to another market. They were invited to enter the fort, and were treated with liqueurs, sweetmeats, and presents, and urged to drink freely; and no sooner did they show symptoms of confusion of ideas, than the factors proposed to trade with them, and displayed the articles which they were disposed to give in exchange for their slaves, &c. The unsuspecting negro-merchant, dazzled by the variety of tempting objects placed before him, and exhilarated by wine or brandy, was easily led to conclude a bargain little advantageous to himself; and before he had fully recovered his senses, his slaves, ivory, and gold-dust were transferred to the stores of the factory, and he was obliged to be contented with what he had in his moments of inebriety agreed to accept in exchange for them."

From this extract, it appears that not only did the managers of these factories receive all the negroes who might be brought down to the coast, but that emissaries, "junior factors," as they were called, penetrated into the interior, as if thoroughly to infect the central tribes with the spirit of commerce. The result of this was the creation of large slave-markets in the interior, where the negro slaves were collected for sale, and where slave-merchants, whether negro, Arabic, or European, met to conclude their wholesale bargains. One of these great slave-markets was at Timbuctoo; but for the most part the slaves were brought down in droves by *Slatees*, or negro slave-merchants, to the European factories on the coast. At the time that Park travelled in Africa, so completely had the negroes of the interior become possessed with the trading spirit, so much had the capture and abduction of negroes grown into a profession, that these native

slave-merchants were observed to treat the slaves they were driving to the coast with considerable kindness. The negroes were, indeed, chained together to prevent their escape. Those who were refractory had a thick billet of wood fastened to their ankle; and as the poor wretches quitting their native spots became sullen and moody, their limbs at the same time swelling and breaking out in sores with the fatigue of travelling, it was often necessary to apply the whip. Still, the Slatees were not wantonly cruel; and there was nothing they liked better than to see their slaves merry. Occasionally they would halt in their march, and encourage the negroes to sing their snatches of song, or play their games of hazard, or dance under the shade of the tamarind tree. This, however, was only the case with the professional slave-driver, who was commissioned to convey the negroes to the coast; and if we wish to form a conception of the extent and intricate working of the curse inflicted upon the negroes by their contact with white men, we must set ourselves to imagine all the previous kidnapping and fighting which must have been necessary to procure every one of these droves which the Slatees carried down. What a number of processes must have conspired to bring a sufficient number of slaves together to form a drove! In one case, it would be a negro master selling a number of his spare slaves; and what an amount of suffering even in this case must there have been arising from the separation of relatives! In another case, it would be a father selling his son, or a son selling his old father, or a creditor selling his insolvent debtor. In a third, it would be a starving family voluntarily surrendering itself to slavery. When a scarcity occurred, instances used to be frequent of famishing negroes coming to the British stations in Africa and begging "to be put upon the slave-chain." In a fourth case, it would be a savage selling the boy or girl he had kidnapped a week ago on purpose. In a fifth, it would be a petty negro chief disposing of twenty or thirty negroes taken alive in a recent attack upon a village at a little distance from his own. Sometimes these forays in quest of negroes to sell are on a very large scale, and then they are called slave-hunts. The king of one negro country collects a large army, and makes an expedition into the territories of another negro king, ravaging and making prisoners as he goes. If the inhabitants make a stand against him, a battle ensues, in which the invading army is generally victorious. As many are killed as may be necessary to decide that such is the case; and the captives are driven away in thousands, to be kept on the property of the victor till he finds opportunities of selling them. In 1794, the king of the southern Foulahs, a powerful tribe in Nigritia, was known to have an army of 16,000 men constantly employed in these slave-hunting expeditions into his neighbours' territories. The slaves they procured made the largest item in his revenue.

## SLAVE-HUNTS IN NUBIA.

While a wholesale deportation of slaves from Central Africa was actively organised and conducted in order to supply the American market, Nubia and some other districts were equally laid under contribution for slaves by Egyptian and Turkish invaders. The main difference between the two trades was, that while the Europeans generally bought slaves after they had been captured, the less fastidious Turks captured slaves for themselves. The slave markets of the Levant have long been supplied in this manner. On Mohammed Ali, the present ruler of Egypt, lies the disgrace of having brought this system of plundering to a high degree of perfection; Nubia being his principal slave-preserve, into which he permits no intruder with similar objects to his own.

Mohammed's slave-hunts are conducted on a grand scale; the expeditions taking place annually after the rainy season, with as much regularity as the collecting of a tax, and are called *The Gasna*. In Dr Madden's work, entitled "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," we have a description, from personal inquiry, of these expeditions as they are conducted at the present time. Dr Madden went to Egypt in 1840, as the bearer of a letter from the Anti-Slavery Convention to Mohammed Ali, congratulating him upon his having issued an order abolishing the slave-hunts; but to his surprise, on arriving in Egypt, he found that the order, though issued, had never been executed, and apparently had never been meant to be so. The following is from Dr Madden's work:—"The capturing expedition consists of from 1000 to 2000 regular foot soldiers; 400 to 800 Mograbini (Bedouins on horseback), armed with guns and pistols; 300 to 500 of the militia (half-naked savages) on dromedaries, with shields and spears; and 1000 more on foot, with bucklers and small lances. As soon as everything is ready, the march begins. They usually take from two to four field-pieces, and only sufficient bread for the first eight days. Oxen, sheep, and other cattle, are generally taken by force before at Kordofan, although the tax upon cattle may have been paid. When they meet with a flock, either feeding or at the watering-places, they steal the cattle, and do not care whether it belongs to one or more persons; they make no reparation for necessary things, whoever may be the sufferer; and no objection or complaint is listened to, as the governor himself is present.

As soon as they arrive at the nearest mountains in Nubia, the inhabitants are asked to give the appointed number of slaves as their customary tribute. This is usually done with readiness; for these people live so near Kordofan, and are well aware that, by an obstinate refusal, they expose themselves to far greater sufferings. If the slaves are given without resistance, the inhabitants of that mountain are preserved from the horrors of an



open attack ; but as the food of the soldiers begins to fail about that time, the poor people are obliged to procure the necessary provisions as well as the specified number of slaves, and the Turks do not consider whether the harvest has been good or bad. All that is not freely given, the soldiers take by force. Like so many bloodhounds, they know how to discover the hidden stores, and frequently leave these unfortunate people scarcely a loaf for the next day. They then proceed on to the more distant mountains : here they consider themselves to be in the land of an enemy : they encamp near the mountain which they intend to take by storm the following day, or immediately, if it is practicable. But before the attack commences, they endeavour to settle the affair amicably : a messenger is sent to the sheik, in order to invite him to come to the camp, and to bring with him the requisite number of slaves. If the chief agrees with his subjects to the proposal, in order to prevent all further bloodshed, or if he finds his means inadequate to attempt resistance, he readily gives the appointed number of slaves. The sheik then proceeds to procure the number he has promised ; and this is not difficult, for many volunteers offer themselves for their brethren, and are ready to subject themselves to all the horrors of slavery, in order to free those they love. Sometimes they are obliged to be torn by force from the embraces of their friends and relations. The sheik generally receives a dress as a present for his ready services.

But there are very few mountains that submit to such a demand. Most villages which are advantageously situated, and lie near steep precipices or inaccessible heights, that can be ascended only with difficulty, defend themselves most valiantly, and fight for the rights of liberty with a courage, perseverance, and sacrifice, of which history furnishes us with few examples. Very few flee at the approach of their enemies, although they might take refuge in the high mountains with all their goods, especially as they receive timely information of the arrival of the soldiers ; but they consider such flights cowardly and shameful, and prefer to die fighting for their liberty.

If the sheik does not yield to the demand, an attack is made upon the village. The cavalry and bearers of lances surround the whole mountain, and the infantry endeavour to climb the heights. Formerly, they fired with cannon upon the villages and those places where the negroes were assembled, but, on account of the want of skill of the artillerymen, few shots, if any, took effect : the negroes became indifferent to this prelude, and were only stimulated to a more obstinate resistance. The thundering of the cannon at first caused more consternation than their effects, but the fears of the negroes ceased as soon as they became accustomed to it. Before the attack commences, all avenues to the village are blocked up with large stones or other impediments, the village is provided with water for several days, the

cattle and other property taken up to the mountain; in short, nothing necessary for a proper defence is neglected. The men, armed only with lances, occupy every spot which may be defended; and even the women do not remain inactive; they either take part in the battle personally, or encourage their husbands by their cries and lamentations, and provide them with arms; in short, all are active, except the sick and aged. The points of their wooden lances are first dipped into a poison which is standing by them in an earthen vessel, and which is prepared from the juice of a certain plant. The poison is of a whitish colour, and looks like milk which has been standing; the nature of the plant, and the manner in which the poison is prepared, is still a secret, and generally known only to one family in the village, who will not on any account make it known to others.

The signal for attack being given, the infantry sound the alarm, and an assault is made upon the mountain. Hundreds of lances, large stones, and pieces of wood, are then thrown at the assailants; behind every large stone a negro is concealed, who either throws his poisoned lance at the enemy, or waits for the moment when his opponent approaches the spot of his concealment, when he pierces him with his lance. The soldiers, who are only able to climb up the steep heights with great difficulty, are obliged to sling their guns over their backs, in order to have the use of their hands when climbing, and, consequently, are often in the power of the negroes before they are able to discover them. But nothing deters these robbers. Animated with avarice and revenge, they mind no impediment, not even death itself. One after another treads upon the corpse of his comrade, and thinks only of robbery and murder; and the village is at last taken, in spite of the most desperate resistance. And then the revenge is horrible. Neither the aged nor the sick are spared; women, and even children in the womb, fall a sacrifice to their fury; the huts are plundered, the little possession of the unfortunate inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and all that fall alive into the hands of the robbers are led as slaves into the camp. When the negroes see that their resistance is no longer of any avail, they frequently prefer death to slavery; and if they are not prevented, you may see the father rip up first the stomach of his wife, then of his children, and then his own, that they may not fall alive into the hands of the enemy. Others endeavour to save themselves by creeping into holes, and remain there for several days without nourishment, where there is frequently only room sufficient to allow them to lie on their backs, and in that situation they sometimes remain for eight days. They have assured me, that if they can overcome the first three days, they may, with a little effort, continue full eight days without food. But even from these hiding-places the unfeeling barbarians know how to draw them, or they make use of means to destroy them: provided with combustibles, such as pitch, brimstone, &c. the

soldiers try to kindle a fire before the entrance of the holes, and, by forcing the stinking smoke into them, the poor creatures are obliged to creep out and surrender themselves to their enemies, or they are suffocated with the smoke.

After the Turks have done all in their power to capture the living, they lead these unfortunate people into the camp; they then plunder the huts and the cattle; and several hundred soldiers are engaged in searching the mountain in every direction, in order to steal the hidden harvest, that the rest of the negroes, who were fortunate enough to escape, and have hid themselves in inaccessible caves, should not find anything on their return to nourish and continue their life.

When slaves to the number of 500 or 600 are obtained, they are sent to Lobeid, with an escort of country people, and about fifty soldiers, under the command of an officer. In order to prevent escape, a sheba is hung round the necks of the adults. A sheba is a young tree, about eight feet long, and two inches thick, and which has a fork at the top; it is so tied to the neck of the poor creature, that the trunk of the tree hangs down in the front, and the fork is closed behind the neck with a cross-piece of timber, or tied together with strips cut out of a fresh skin; and in this situation the slave, in order to be able to walk at all, is obliged to take the tree into his hands, and to carry it before him. But none can endure this very long; and to render it easier, the one in advance takes the tree of the man behind him on his shoulder." In this way, the men carrying the sheba, the boys tied together by the wrists, the women and children walking at liberty, and the old and feeble tottering along leaning on their relations, the whole of the captives are driven into Egypt, there to be exposed for sale in the slave-market. Thus negroes and Nubians are distributed over the East, through Persia, Arabia, India, &c.

It is to be observed, then, that there have been two distinct slave trades going on with Africa—the slave trade on the west coast, for the supply of America and the European colonies, which is the one we are best acquainted with; and the slave trade on the north-east, for the supply of Egypt, Turkey, and the East. The one may be called the Christian, the other the Mohammedan slave trade. We have been accustomed to interest ourselves so much in the western or Christian slave trade, that we are apt to forget that the other exists. But the fact is, that while the one trade has been *legally* abolished, the other is carried on as vigorously as ever. A traffic in negroes is at present going on between Negroland and the whole of the East, as well as the semi-Asiatic countries of Africa. While it is illegal for a European to carry away a negro from the Guinea coast, negroes are bought and sold daily in the public slave-markets of Cairo and Constantinople. The Mohammedans, it is said, treat their negroes with more kindness than the Christians do. In the East, it is cus-

tomary to hear a poor wretch boast that he is a slave, and not a servant. And there is this difference to be observed between the slavery of the East and the slavery of the West, that whereas in the West the negroes are the only slaves known, it is not so in the East. In the East there are slaves of all countries, Asiatics as well as Africans; as was the case in Greece, Rome, and other countries of the ancient world.

## MODERN AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

To return to the western slave trade, with whose history we are most concerned. About the year 1750 this trade was carried on with extraordinary vigour. All the great nations had factories or negro warehouses on the Guinea coast, and ships of all nations came periodically to carry off their valuable cargoes. It is impossible to arrive at any exact conclusion as to the number of negroes annually carried off by the traders of various nations about this time; but there is every reason to believe that it fell little short of 100,000. In the year 1789, it was stated in parliament that the number of negroes carried away in British vessels alone was 38,000 annually. Now, supposing the other nations to have been equally active up to their means, it will be rather under than above the mark to say that Africa discharged itself annually of about 90,000 negroes by the western trade alone. Europe and her colonies were responsible to the extent of an annual demand for 90,000 negroes! In thirty years, at this rate, Scotland would be emptied of its present population. And if we think that the trade had been going on for two centuries, not always at the same enormous rate perhaps, but still continually going on, it is remarkable to conclude that, up to the end of last century, Africa must have been defrauded of a population equal in numbers to that of the British islands, or nearly 30,000,000. And it was not a mere experiment in emigration that these poor negroes were undergoing for the sake of a country overburdened with population; they were torn from Africa, not because Africa was tired of them, and desired to spew them forth—instead of that, Africa could have received the whole of Europe, and never felt the difference, its vegetation is so rank, its fertility so inexhaustible, its streams so full of fish, its forests so stocked with game—but they were torn away to be the drudges of the white races, wherever they chose to take them. The principal slave-importing places were the West Indian islands, the British colonies in North America, Brazil, and other settlements in South America. So much has the demand for slaves been confined to America, that it may be said that, but for the discovery of America, negro slavery would never have existed. Negro slavery was a device struck out in a bold and unconscientious age to meet a great emergency. When Europe, as we have seen, had discovered the new world with all its riches, and found that the aborigines there were useless as labourers, and were fast dis-

appearing broken-hearted into their graves, provoked at so untoward an occurrence, she looked about, in no very scrupulous mood, for some other population less delicately framed, whom she might compel to help her through the crisis. Her eye lighted on the brawny figure of the negro, and the whole difficulty vanished. Here was the individual that had been specially designed to dig in mines and work in sugar plantations. What so convenient as to use the old continent for the purpose of subjugating the new one? Looked at in this way, there is a species of savage magnificence in the idea of negro slavery, worthy of the age in which it originated—the age of Columbus, and Cortez, and Pizarro. But how much more magnificent, because how much more difficult, is that mode of thinking which rejects a device, however efficient, if it is not also agreeable to the eternal laws of justice!

#### NOMINAL ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Having sketched the origin and progress of the slave trade, and presented an idea of its extent, we have now to trace the history of its nominal abolition. Possibly, if we had the means of knowing, we should find that, from the year 1512, when Cardinal Ximenes protested against the introduction of negroes into America, down to the year 1787, when Clarkson and Wilberforce began the great struggle of abolition, there were never wanting in the world good and benevolent men who saw the injustice of the trade, were grieved inwardly when they thought of it, and even denounced it in conversation. As cultivated feeling advanced, so was there a growing feeling that the slave trade was a wrong thing.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, Morgan Godwyn, an English clergyman, publicly broached the subject by writing upon it. About a century later, two members of the Society of Friends in America, John Woolman and Anthony Benezet, were fully possessed with the abolition spirit. Woolman travelled far and near among the people of his own persuasion, trying to get them to relinquish all connection with the traffic in negroes. Benezet founded and taught a negro school in Philadelphia, and denounced the slave trade in various publications. So powerful was the effect produced by these two men, especially on persons of the sect to which they belonged, that in 1754 the Friends in America came to a resolution, declaring “that to live in ease and plenty by the toil of those whom fraud and violence had put into their power, was consistent neither with Christianity nor with common justice.” This declaration was followed up by the abolition of the use of slave labour among the Friends—the penalty for keeping a slave being excommunication from the body. By emancipating their negroes, and employing them at regular wages, the Friends effected a great saving; and showed that, where labourers abound, free labour is cheaper than slave

labour. In England, about the year 1765, the case of a poor negro, whom his master had cast adrift in London, attracted the notice of the benevolent Granville Sharpe. Led by this case to take up the cause of the negroes in general, Mr Sharpe, by persevering in making public all instances of the sale or seizures of negroes in London, drew from the bench in 1772 the famous decision, that "when a slave puts his foot on English ground he is free." What could be done for the negroes, became now a subject of conversation among educated people.

In 1783 Bishop Porteus made the slave trade the subject of a public sermon. Next year the Rev. James Ramsay, vicar of Teston, in Kent, who had resided for nineteen years in the island of St Christopher, and become acquainted there with the practice of slavery in its worst details, published an essay on the treatment of slaves, which produced an immediate sensation. The excitement of the attacks upon his character by the planters and their friends which this publication occasioned, is said to have hastened poor Ramsay's end. In the year 1785 Dr Peckard proposed the slave trade as the subject of a prize essay at Cambridge. The prize was gained by Thomas Clarkson. From that day, Mr Clarkson devoted his life to the abolition of slavery. We do not suppose that any other prize essay ever did as much. Besides Mr Clarkson, there was another individual of whose mind the subject, when mooted in his presence by a lady, took a deep hold. This was William Wilberforce. On Sunday the 28th of October 1787, Wilberforce made this entry in his journal—"God Almighty has placed before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade, and the reformation of manners." The reformation of manners he did not accomplish, but the suppression of the slave trade he did. A very striking instance how great any educated man may make himself, if only he fix early upon a great object, and devote his life exclusively to it. Clarkson and Wilberforce, the twin spirits of the movement, were soon able to form a powerful confederacy including men of all parties, and to shake the mind of the nation.

In England, as well as in America, members of the Society of Friends have the honour of having been the first and the most energetic abolitionists. In 1787 Wilberforce mooted the question in parliament, and procured the appointment of a committee to collect evidence. Next year a temporary measure, called the Middle Passage Bill, was carried by Sir William Dolben, providing for the better treatment of slaves during the voyage. The abolitionists went on gaining strength, till in 1792 Dundas's Resolutions for the Abolition of the Slave Trade were carried in the House of Commons. Next year, however, the house would not confirm its former vote; and though the motion for abolition was brought forward annually, for seven successive sessions, it was regularly lost; owing, it is supposed, to the help which the

slave-owning interest derived from the aversion which existed at that time to everything that seemed to breathe the spirit of freedom. Unfortunately for the cause of abolition, during these seven years the phrases liberty, equality, the rights of men, &c. so hackneyed by the speakers and writers of the French Revolution, were exactly those which the friends of the negro required to use. When the revolutionary mania waned, the cause of abolition revived in Britain. In 1799, though Wilberforce's annual motion was lost, another bill was carried, limiting the traffic to a certain extent of coast. For the three succeeding years, the state of European affairs occasioned the postponement of the question of the slave trade. In 1804, however, Wilberforce's motion was carried in the Commons; but the Lords threw it out. At this time there was such an increase in the number of slaves imported in British ships, owing to the capture of the Dutch colonies, that the nation became indignant, and would have no more delay. Accordingly, in 1805, the importation of slaves into the new colonies was prohibited; next year the slave trade with foreign countries was also abolished; and in 1807 came the climax. The bill for the total abolition of the British slave trade on and after the 1st of January 1808 received the royal assent on the 25th of March 1807. At first, the only punishment for continuing the traffic, now declared illegal, was a penalty in money; but this was found so utterly insufficient, and the number of offences was so great, that in 1811 an act was carried by Lord Brougham making slave-dealing felony, punishable by transportation for fourteen years, or imprisonment with hard labour. Even this was found inadequate as a check; and in 1824 the slave trade was declared to be piracy, and the punishment death. In 1837, when the number of capital offences was diminished, the punishment for trading in slaves was changed to transportation for life.

Meanwhile the example and the diplomatic influence of Great Britain were rousing the governments of other countries. Ere long all the foreign powers imitated Great Britain in prohibiting the traffic to their subjects. Two of them went the length of making the traffic piracy, punishable with death, as England had; namely, North America and Brazil. The rest did not go quite so far, but all of them made the traffic illegal, and, with the exception of the United States, have agreed to what is called the Mutual Right of Search; that is, each has agreed to permit its ships to be searched at sea by the ships of the others, so as to detect any slaves who may be on board. And at this day a line of British cruisers is stationed along the African coast, to chase and capture slave vessels.

It is necessary here to remind our readers, that the abolition of the *slave trade*, and the abolition of *slavery*, are two distinct things. It was not till 1833 that Great Britain abolished slavery in her colonies. Other states, though they have abolished the

slave trade, or declared the importation of any more negroes from Africa to be illegal, have not abolished slavery; that is, emancipated the negro population already formed. In the United States, for instance, to import any more negroes from Africa is piracy by the law; but at the same time slavery exists in all its horror in the southern states; negroes are bought and sold, and marched in droves from one state into another, and if any one is daring enough to say a word in behalf of the race, he runs a risk of being injured in person, or even assassinated. It is important, then, to bear in mind that the abolition of the slave trade is a different thing from the abolition of slavery. The British government, in abolishing *slavery*, has in effect laid down the proposition, that no human being has a right to enslave another; the government of the United States, in stopping short at the prohibition of the *slave trade*, has only said, "We can do with the negroes we have, and we don't need any more."

To import negroes from Africa is now, therefore, an illegal act by the law of all civilised nations. Some states still keep up slavery, but all have abolished the slave traffic with Africa. Those nations, accordingly, which do keep up slavery, such as Cuba, Brazil, and the United States, are supposed to breed all the slaves they require within their own territories out of the existing slave population, and not to receive any ship-loads from Africa. But is such the fact? Is the slave trade suppressed? Does Brazil, does Cuba, does Porto Rico, does Buenos Ayres, does Texas, do the United States, import no negroes now? Are there no slave-ships packed with negroes crossing the Atlantic at this moment? Is it only wax, teakwood, and elephants' teeth that form the cargoes for which vessels now visit the Guinea coast? Are there no slave warehouses now on the line of shore between Cape Verd and Biafra? Are the inhabitants of Timbuctoo and the banks of Lake Tchad wondering what strange thing has befallen the whites, that there is now no demand for negroes; and finding it useless now to kidnap one another as they did before? Do no droves of slaves come westward now? Has the stream of traffic, disappointed of its western outlet, turned northward in the direction of the Barbary states and the isthmus of Suez? Have the labours of our Clarksons and Wilberforces, our philanthropists and statesmen, the struggles and negotiations of forty years, been crowned with success? Have the fifteen millions of pounds which England lavished in the suppression of the traffic been well-spent money? Are the nations of the world entitled now to join in huzzas and mutual congratulations on what they have done? In one word, is the slave trade at an end?

Startling as the assertion is, the slave trade is no more abolished at this moment than ever it was. In the year 1844, thirty-five years after the British Abolition Act was passed, more negroes were carried away in ships from the coast of Africa than



in 1744, fifty years before abolition was heard of. This appalling fact is every day receiving confirmation. It is proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that all that has been done has only aggravated the evil it was intended to destroy. While we are congratulating ourselves on having abolished the slave trade, and prevailed on other nations to do the same, it turns out that it would have been greatly better for the poor negro if the Abolition Act had never been passed. Instead of being a boon to Africa, it has proved a curse. Not, as will be seen hereafter, that the Abolition Act was not a grand and heroic achievement, not that it was not a right and proper step; but only that much more is required to effect the end it aimed at. An assertion so startling as that which we have made, requires strong evidence to support it, and unfortunately the evidence is but too strong. The fact, as we have stated it, was first distinctly brought out by Sir Fowell Buxton, and every subsequent investigation has corroborated his assertions.

All that has been done, has been to change what was formerly a legal trade, pursued openly by respectable persons, into a contraband trade, pursued secretly by blackguards and desperadoes. According to Sir Fowell Buxton, it is an axiom at the custom-house that no illicit trade can be suppressed if the profits be more than 30 per cent. This is an ascertained fact. Now, the profits of the slave trade, as determined from a number of random cases, average 180 or 200 per cent. Therefore, even supposing the risks of an illicit trade in slaves to be considerably greater than the risks of an illicit trade in anything else (though there is no reason to believe that such is the case), still, according to the ascertained rule, it might have been foreseen that the slave trade would continue to be carried on even after it had been abolished by law. Accordingly, since the slave trade was declared illegal by the consent of the various states interested, a vigorous contraband traffic has been carried on by French, Spanish, Portuguese, and American crews. Britons are occasionally found in such crews: Spaniards and Portuguese, however, predominate. The pay is frequently forty dollars a month. The captain, and often the sailors in these ships, are said to be men of ability, not only as seamen, but in other respects. They carry their cargoes across the Atlantic to Cuba, Brazil, Porto Rico, Monte Video, &c.; nay, there is good evidence that negroes are still imported into the southern states of North America, being secretly landed in Florida, and conveyed thence to Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. That thousands of negroes are annually imported into these southern states of the Union, has been asserted over and over again in Congress; and, besides, there is no other way of explaining the fact, that in these states there are so many slaves who cannot speak English. But Brazil and Cuba are the principal slave-importing countries. Sir Fowell Buxton calculates that Brazil imports annually about 80,000 negroes, and

Cuba about 60,000. To these two countries alone, therefore, the annual delivery of negroes amounts to 140,000; and if we add only 10,000 for all other places, the annual delivery of negroes into the slave-using countries of the new world will amount to 150,000; that is to say, nearly double the largest annual delivery ever known to have been made before Wilberforce began his labours.

Africa, however, loses far more than America gains. It is calculated that the whole wastage or tare of the traffic is seventenths; that is to say, for every ten negroes whom Africa parts with, America receives only three; the other seven die. This enormous wastage may be divided into three portions—the wastage in the journey from the interior of Negroland to the coast, the wastage in the passage across the Atlantic, and the wastage in the process of seasoning after landing. The first is estimated at one-half of the original number brought from the interior, the second at one-fourth of the number shipped, and the third at one-fifth of the number landed. In other words, if 400,000 negroes are collected in the interior of Africa, then of these one-half will die before reaching the coast, leaving only 200,000 to be shipped; of these one-fourth will die in the passage across the Atlantic, leaving only 150,000 to be landed; and of these one-fifth will die in the process of seasoning, leaving only 120,000 available for labour in America. Now, this wastage is more than twice as large as the wastage which took place under the legal traffic; whereas, now, it requires 400,000 Africans to give America 120,000 available negro labourers, it would only have required 250,000 to do so while the traffic was legal. It may be thought that the first and the third of the three sources of wastage we have mentioned would continue the same whether the traffic were legal or not, and that the amount of wastage during the passage across the Atlantic *alone* could be affected by the traffic being contraband. But this is not the case; for, in the first place, the traffic being now illegal, it is prosecuted by a more debased and brutal class of men, and this would increase the number of deaths all through; in the second place, greater precaution against detection must now be used not only during the voyage, but also before the shipping and after the landing; and the effect of increased precaution is to increase the number of deaths. But unquestionably it is the mortality during the voyage that has been increased most. On this point the information that is daily pouring in upon us is appalling. The substance of that information is, that the horrors of the passage before the abolition were as nothing when compared with the horrors of the passage now.

#### HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

While the trade was legal, the ships designed for carrying slaves were in a great measure constructed like other vessels;

though, in order to make the cargo as large as possible, the negroes were packed very closely together. The number of negroes which a vessel was allowed to carry was fixed by law. British vessels of 150 tons and under, were not to carry more than five slaves to every three tons of measurement. In 1789, a parliamentary committee engaged in inquiries connected with Sir W. Dolben's bill, found, by actual measurement of a slave ship, that, allowing every man six feet by one foot four inches, every woman five feet by one foot four inches, every boy five feet by one foot two inches, and every girl four feet six inches by one foot, the ship would hold precisely 450 negroes. The actual number carried was 454: and in previous voyages she had carried more. This calculation, illustrated as it was by an engraving, caused an immense sensation at the time, and assisted in mitigating the miseries of the passage. But all this is altered now. By making the traffic illegal, we have lost the power of regulating it. In order to escape the British cruisers, all slave ships now are built on the principle of fast sailing. The risk of being captured takes away all inducement, from mere selfish motives, to make the cargo moderate; on the contrary, it is an object now to make the cargo as large as possible, for then the escape of one cargo out of three will amply repay the dealer. Accordingly, the negroes now are packed in the slave ships literally (and this is the comparison always used) like herrings in a barrel. They have neither standing room, nor sitting room, nor lying room; and as for change of position during the voyage, the thing is impossible. They are cooped up anyhow, squeezed into crevices, or jammed up against the curved planks. The allowance in breadth for an adult negro is nine inches, so that the only possible posture is on the side. The following is a brief description given by an eye-witness of the unloading of a captured slaver which had been brought into Sierra Leone. "The captives were now counted; their numbers, sex, and age, written down, for the information of the court of mixed commission. The task was repulsive. As the hold had been divided for the separation of the men and the women, those on deck were first counted; they were then driven forward, crowded as much as possible, and the women were drawn up through the small hatchway from their hot, dark confinement. A black boatswain seized them one by one, dragging them before us for a moment, when the proper officer, on a glance, decided the age, whether above or under fourteen; and they were instantly swung again by the arm into their loathsome cell, where another negro boatswain sat, with a whip or stick, and forced them to resume the bent and painful attitude necessary for the stowage of so large a number. The unfortunate women and girls, in general, submitted with quiet resignation, when absence of disease and the use of their limbs permitted. A month had made their condition familiar to them. One or two were less philosophical, or suffered

more acutely than the rest. Their shrieks rose faintly from their hidden prison, as violent compulsion alone squeezed them into their nook against the curve of the ship's side. I attempted to descend in order to see the accommodation. The height between the floor and ceiling was about twenty-two inches. The agony of the position of the crouching slaves may be imagined, especially that of the men, whose heads and necks are bent down by the boarding above them. Once so fixed, relief by motion or change of posture is unattainable. The body frequently stiffens in a permanent curve; and in the streets of Freetown I have seen liberated slaves in every conceivable state of distortion. One I remember who trailed along his body, with his back to the ground, by means of his hands and ankles. Many can never resume the upright posture."

One item of the enormous mortality during the passage consists of negroes thrown overboard when the slaver is chased, or when a storm arises. Many thousands perish annually in this way. Even when a slave vessel is captured by a British cruiser, and carried into port, the negroes are not set at liberty, or, if they be, they are little better than cast adrift among strangers. Very frequently it is decided, upon trial, that the capture of the vessel has been illegal; and then the slaver sails away triumphantly, the poor negroes on board having only been tantalised with the hope of freedom. A remarkable case of this kind is told by Mr Rankin in his account of a visit to Sierra Leone in 1834.

"On the morning after my arrival at Sierra Leone," says Mr Rankin, "I was indulging in the first view of the waters of the estuary glittering in the hot sun, and endeavouring to distinguish from the many vessels at anchor the barque which had brought me from England.

Close in-shore lay a large schooner, so remarkable from the low sharp cut of her black hull, and the excessive rake of her masts, that she seemed amongst the other craft as a swallow seems amongst other birds. Her deck was crowded with naked blacks, whose woolly heads studded the rail. She was a slaver with a large cargo. In the autumn of 1833 this schooner, apparently a Brazilian, and named with the liberty-stirring appellation of 'Donna Maria da Gloria,' had left Loando, on the slave coast, with a few bales of merchandise, to comply with the formalities required by the authorities from vessels engaged in legal traffic; for the slave trade, under the Brazilian flag, is now piracy. No sooner was she out of port than the real object of her voyage declared itself. She hastily received on board four hundred and thirty negroes, who had been mustered in readiness, and sailed for Rio Janeiro. Off the mouth of that harbour she arrived in November, and was captured as a slaver by his majesty's brig Snake. The case was brought in December before the court established there; and the court decided that, as her Brazilian character had not been fully made out, it was incompetent to the

final decision of the case. It was necessary to apply to the court of mixed commission at Sierra Leone for the purpose of adjudication. A second time, therefore, the unfortunate dungeon-ship put to sea with her luckless cargo, and again crossed the Atlantic amidst the horrors of a two months' voyage. The Donna Maria da Gloria having returned to Africa, cast anchor at Freetown in the middle of February 1834, and on arrival, found the number reduced by death from four hundred and thirty to three hundred and thirty-five.

Continuance of misery for several months in a cramped posture, in a pestilential atmosphere, had not only destroyed many, but had spread disease amongst the survivors. Dropsy, eruptions, abscesses, and dysentery, were making ravages, and ophthalmia was general. Until formally adjudicated by the court, the wretched slaves could not be landed, nor even relieved from their sickening situation. With the green hills and valleys of the colony close to them, they must not leave their prison. I saw them in April; they had been in the harbour two months, and no release had been offered them. But the most painful circumstance was the final decision of the court. The slaver was proved to have been sailing under Portuguese colours, not Brazilian; and the treaty with the Portuguese prohibits slave traffic to the *north* of a certain line only, whereas the Donna Maria had been captured a few degrees to the *south*. No alternative remained. Her capture was decided to have been illegal. She was formally delivered up to her slave-captain; and he received from the British authorities written orders to the commanders of the British cruisers, guaranteeing a safe and free passage back to the Brazils; and I saw the evil ship weigh anchor and leave Sierra Leone, the seat of slave liberation, with her large canvass proudly swelling, and her ensign floating as if in contempt and triumph. Thus a third time were the dying wretches carried across the Atlantic after seven months' confinement; few probably lived through the passage."

Even where slavers are not so lucky as the Donna Maria was, the consequences are not more severe to the crews than to the poor cargo of negroes. The whole amount of punishment is generally nothing more than the forfeiture of the ship. Formerly, the forfeited slave-ships at Sierra Leone used to be sold; and there were frequent instances of a forfeited slaver sold in one year plying the same trade the next. Now, however, the vessels are sawn asunder, and sold as old timber. With regard to the crews, Sir Fowell Buxton remarks, that the law by which Great Britain, Brazil, and North America, have made slave-dealing piracy, and liable to capital punishment, is, practically, a dead letter, there being no instance of an execution for that crime. The poor negroes, on the other hand, when they are taken out of the captured vessel, have very little attention paid to them, and are thrown adrift to shift for themselves.

Lastly, it has been clearly proved that the condition of the poor negroes at sea is far from being improved when the slaver falls into British hands. Perhaps never was the utter inefficacy, the utter foolishness we may say, of all that has yet been done towards the suppression of the slave trade, been more strikingly made out than in the harrowing pamphlet recently published by the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, entitled "Fifty Days on Board a Slave Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May 1843." The *Progresso*, a Brazilian slaver, was captured on the 12th of April, on the coast of Madagascar, by the British cruiser *Cleopatra*, on board of which Mr Hill was chaplain. The slaver was then taken charge of by a British crew, who were to navigate her to the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Hill, at his own request, accompanied her; and his pamphlet is a narrative of what took place during the fifty days which elapsed before their arrival at the Cape. We cannot here quote the details of the description of the treatment of the negroes given by Mr Hill; but the following account of the horrors of a single night will suffice. Shortly after the *Progresso* parted company with the *Cleopatra*, a squall arose, and the negroes, who were breathing fresh air on the deck, and rolling themselves about for glee, and kissing the hands and the clothes of their deliverers, were all sent below. "The night," says Mr Hill, "being intensely hot, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and perhaps panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and in some instances succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'" Next day the prediction of the Spaniard "was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid

sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning. He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of farinha, and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing; their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night."

On the 12th of April, when the *Progresso* parted company with the *Cleopatra*, there were 397 negroes on board. Of these only 222 were landed at the Cape on the 22d of May; no fewer than 175, a little short of half, having died. Many also died after being landed. The crew escaped, there being no court empowered to try them at the Cape. Abundantly does the narrative of Mr Hill justify the bold sentence with which he concludes—"While we boast the name of Wilberforce, and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being 'the true annihilator of the slave trade,' that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the actual, though unintentional, aggravators of their miseries."

#### CONCLUSION.

We have in the preceding pages shown how the slave trade commenced, how it has been fostered by the continual demand for labourers in the American continent and islands, and, lastly, how ineffectual have been the various projects for its suppression. Great Britain borrowed twenty millions of pounds sterling to purchase the freedom of the slaves in her West Indian and other colonies. Besides this heavy imposition on the debt of the country, an enormous sum is expended annually in the attempt to quell the slave trade on the African coast. To add to these burdens, it is calculated that the people of the United Kingdom suffer a loss of from five to six millions of pounds yearly, by a compulsory arrangement to purchase sugar, coffee, &c. from the West Indies, by way of encouraging free labour, instead of buying them from Brazil and other slave-holding countries, where these articles can be had much cheaper. In other words, Great Britain may be said to have taxed itself, one way and another, to the extent of nearly ten millions annually

to discourage slavery. Independently of its acting as an example of national generosity, the only good achieved by such a vast and continued outlay of national resources, has been the liberation of the colonial slaves, who now, as free subjects, are undergoing a rapid melioration of circumstances. The injuries inflicted by the abolition project may be briefly summed up:—The number of negroes imported into America is twice as great as it was; while the mortality in the traffic has increased from about fifteen to thirty-three per cent. The evil, in short, has been doubled in extent, and doubled in intensity; so that if we take a given increase in extent to be of the same value as the same numerical increase of intensity, we may say that the issue of the struggle which was meant to abolish the evil of the slave trade, has been to *quadruple that evil*.

The fact is humiliating, but it should be universally known; for by spreading a knowledge of the truth, we may hope at length to see the nation generally bestirring itself on this momentous question, and adopting some rational expedient for terminating the evils to which attention has been drawn. Hitherto, unfortunately, the subject of slavery and the slave trade has been discussed with too little regard to prudential considerations, and with an overweening conceit, that acts in themselves merely philanthropic would work marvels in arresting a traffic the most deep-rooted, mercenary, and villanous on record. Another fatal error has been the illusion that foreign powers have ever sincerely wished for the abolition of the trade. For years, the spectacle has been exhibited of eight or ten nations labouring at a difficulty, and making nothing of it, but only smothering it up from public view by an incessant mist of debating about cruisers, and treaties, and rights of search. It is evident that the greater number of these nations must be gross hypocrites, and have no real desire ever to see the slave trade terminate.

In this discomfited state of the subject, various new plans have been proposed by anti-slavery societies and others. It has been suggested that the risk of capture should be increased by adding to the number of British cruisers on the coast of Africa; but this is objectionable on the score of expense; it being thought scarcely reasonable that the people of Great Britain, considering the want of a beneficiary expenditure at home, should tax themselves so heavily to keep up a universal sea-police, doubtful in its efficacy. It has further been suggested, that the treaties which render slave-trading piracy, should be enforced; but this also is not without objections. It might render the slave-traders vengeful; increase the sufferings of the slaves during transit, if that were possible; and lead to quarrels and open warfare between Great Britain and the powers who felt themselves aggrieved in the persons of their subjects.



Colonisation, by its introduction of civilised habits and feelings, would be a powerful means of uprooting the practice of slave-dealing in Africa; but all attempts to colonise the coast of that continent, and also the borders of its large rivers, with white and civilised men, have, as is well known, as signally failed as any other project. We have, however, an instance of successful colonisation by a body of liberated negroes, endowed with civilised usages. A society of North American citizens has, for a number of years, been at the expense of conveying families of colour from different parts of the United States, and settling them on the coast of New Guinea, to the south of Sierra Leone. The interesting colony thus formed, known by the name of Liberia, has, we believe, been eminently successful. A considerable tract of country is already cleared, the religious and secular institutions of a civilised people have been established, and an external trade in the produce of the country created.

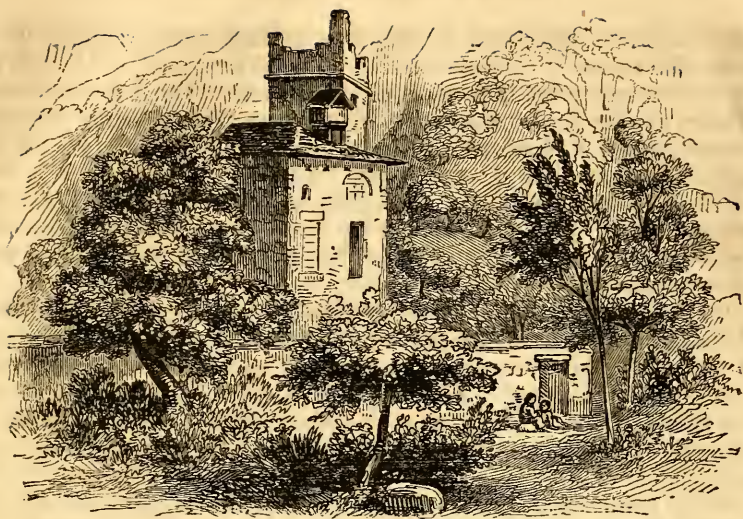
The experiment of Liberia is valuable as a suggestive; but, apart from any considerations of *its* success, let the rational and unexpensive attempt be made of allowing Africa to civilise itself. This could be effected in two ways. In the first place, every facility should be given for private English traders carrying on a traffic with the natives on the coast of Africa, in articles of general merchandise. Such traders, it is believed, would soon impress the native powers with the conviction, that it was more profitable to cultivate produce for exchange than to go upon slave-hunting expeditions. It would be, in effect, the substituting of one trade for another. In the second place, let Africans have every encouragement to hire themselves as free labourers for a certain period to the West Indies, the Mauritius, and every other scene of industry suitable to their habits.

Already an immigration of this kind has been conducted with considerable success in the West Indies, where cheap free labour is said to be much required. The emigrants, according to the government regulations, are to be hired at a current rate of wages on their arrival, and to be insured a passage home at the end of five years, if they are desirous of returning; equality in the number of both sexes is to be imperative. By this free immigration of negroes to the colonies, it is conceived that the labourers, on their return home to Africa, would carry with them certain civilised habits and tastes, which would gradually inoculate the native residents, and disincline them from the practice of slavery.

It may possibly be alleged, that hopes of extinguishing the slave trade founded on these apparently feeble means are little better than visionary; and doubtless they could not operate to any advantage for many years. A more effectual and ready means of extirpating slavery, at least in the South American states,

would be the abolition of the monopoly enjoyed by the West India planters. Our reasoning on this point is as follows:—Sugar and other articles produced in the colonies are admitted into Great Britain at rates of duty very considerably lower than those imposed on similar articles from Brazil and other slave-holding countries. Notwithstanding this extraordinary advantage, the West Indians fail in serving the people of Great Britain so cheaply as they could be served by these foreign states; the difference, as formerly stated, is enormous. The reason why the West Indians fail in this respect is their monopoly, which is only a seeming, not a real advantage. Like all other monopolies, their monopoly renders its possessors indolent. They continue to practise old, clumsy, and expensive methods of culture, general management, exportation, and sale. Their whole system is antiquated. Were the legislature to abolish their monopoly, it is confidently believed that the face of affairs would be entirely changed for the better in the West Indies. Practical science would be speedily applied to the land culture, cheap free labour would be eagerly sought, and every other expedient adopted to compete in the European market. Those who possess the best means of judging, consider that by such renovations, it would not be difficult to undersell the planters of Brazil, and to prove to them that *free was cheaper than slave labour*. It is certainly evident, that as soon as this can be proved, the temptation to import and employ slaves will disappear—*slavery will fall of itself in pieces*. Reposing confidence in these propositions, we would earnestly advocate a free competition in the import of sugar and other tropical products, nothing being so likely to put an end to the Atlantic slave trade, of which such afflicting examples have been given. The slave trade, indeed, can never be utterly eradicated till slavery itself is. In no slave-using country will the existing negro population propagate fast enough to supply the growing demand for negro labour; hence into all such countries negroes will be imported. It is further evident, that in no slave-using country will there ever be a strong feeling against the slave trade; and without such a feeling, it cannot readily be put down. In short, if there be no demand, there will be no supply. Let every possible means, then, whether the voluntary immigration of free labourers to fields for their exertion, if such be indispensable, or improvements in husbandry, &c.; the liberation of trade from monopoly; the diplomatic interference of government; the eloquence of the platform and pulpit; or the power of the press; be employed to put down this monster evil.

Is it, however, an evil? Are the kidnapped negroes not treated with much kindness and consideration by their white purchasers in America? Are they not better off as slaves than as freemen? We shall set these questions at rest by a description of American slavery in another paper.



## STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL,

### THE WATCHMAKER.

**B**ENEATH the shadow of the old and venerable castle of Rosenthal, on the beautiful river Rhine, there lived some years ago a humble husbandman with his family, the cultivators of a small patch of ground, whence they drew the meagre means of support. Hans Ruysdael, as this obscure tiller of the fields was named, and Greta his wife, though poor and hard-wrought, though rising early and lying down late, were contented with the lot which Providence had assigned them, and the only heavy sigh they ever uttered was when a thought as to the rearing of their numerous children passed through their minds.

Besides requiring much labour, the grounds which Hans cultivated bore precarious crops. They were principally laid out for vines; and some seasons, from the effects of blighting winds and rains, these yielded scarcely any harvest. It was sometimes in vain that Greta would toilsomely carry earth from the low grounds to the higher, and lay it at the roots of the plants where the soil was the thinnest; or that the elder children would be set to pick the dead leaves from the drooping stalks; or that Hans himself would turn up the ground with his powerful mattock, so as to expose it to the sun. In a single night a blighting wind would rush up the valley, and at a blow disconcert the toils and plans of a whole summer.

"It is clear, Greta," said Hans Ruysdael to his wife one day, after the occurrence of a calamity of this kind—"it is clear that

at least one of the boys must leave us, and perhaps more than one. The family cannot all live in this wretched spot, and in such circumstances it is wisdom to disperse. What do you say, Greta, to our beginning with Walter; he is too feeble for this toilsome and precarious profession, and would do better as an artisan in Strasburg or some other large town?"

"I have had many sad thoughts on that score, dear Hans," replied Greta. "I should not by any means like to part with even one of them; but God's will be done. Let Walter go. He may become a great man."

"I care nothing for that," rejoined the husband and father. "What I desire is to see my sons grow up honest men, diligent in their calling, whatever it may be. I say that a man, though ever so hard-working and obscure, if he be honest and happy in his own mind, is a great man—greater far than the overbearing and sinful barons who used to live in the proud old tower up yonder."

"No doubt of it, Hans; yet Walter is an aspiring child, and who knows to what height he may push himself."

Walter was delighted with the notion of going to Strasburg, to which it was arranged he should be taken, and placed under the charge of his uncle, the head worker in one of the principal watchmaking establishments of that city. Ever since he had seen the watch of a passing stranger, he had formed a fancy for mechanical pursuits, and took a pleasure in making wheels and other little objects with his knife—all which he exhibited to his twin-sister Margaret, who admired them as prodigies of ingenuity.

Influenced by necessity, as well as by what he perceived to be his boy's inclinations, Hans applied to his brother, who promised, at the first vacancy, to place his nephew in a situation in the same employment with himself. A vacancy occurring when Walter was about fourteen years of age, and the master watchmaker being willing to gratify his foreman, Hans had the pleasure of learning that as soon as he could bring Walter to Strasburg, his brother would take charge of the boy, and set him to a good line of business.

Walter scarcely knew how or where he stood with joy and pride when his father told him the good news. Choking with emotion, he ran to the old tower, where his sister was at the time employed, and there poured out to her his full and happy heart. They sat down together on a stone bench, and when Walter had finished speaking, she looked up in his face with her large tearful eyes. She thought how lonely she would be without him; but she remembered it was for his good, and she took his hand between hers and smiled. The brother and sister sat late that evening; but no one called them away, for they knew it would be their last evening together for many years—perhaps for ever. Walter talked of his projects for the future,

and Margaret already fancied she saw him the great man which he wished to be. He promised her a watch of his own manufacture one day, and they counted the months and weeks which would elapse before they met again. Margaret scarcely liked to see him so glad to part with her, but she did not say so; and she talked to him of next Christmas, and her hopes that he would be allowed to come and see them then, and that they should all be very happy. Walter, however, was too full of his new greatness to think of returning so soon home; and his sister already thought she saw her brother was extinguishing affection in ambition. Her heart was heavy as they entered their father's dwelling, and tears forced themselves unbidden into her eyes.

The next morning was bright and beautiful as a May morning could be. Margaret had helped her mother to put up Walter's little bundle of clothes long before daybreak, and prepared breakfast for him and her father. It had been arranged that they should travel by one of the barges employed in passing up and down the Rhine; for at this time no steam-vessels navigated the river. The only conveyances were these barges, a clumsy kind of boats, partly moved by oars and sails, but chiefly by means of horses yoked one after the other to a long rope passing from a mast in the barge to the shore. Hans's occupation near the banks of the river had made him acquainted with many of the barge owners, and by some of them he was occasionally carried to Mayence and other places on the river to which his business led him. He had never, however, gone as far as Strasburg with any of them. That was a long way up the river, and few barges went to such a remote distance. On the present occasion, he expected the passage upwards of an old acquaintance, whose profession was the conducting of large rafts of timber from the Black Forest on the borders of Switzerland, down the Rhine all the way to Dort in Holland, and who therefore passed Strasburg in his voyage. Having performed his duty of conductor of the raft, and consigned it to the timber merchants who waited its arrival, Ludwig, as this pilot was called, was in the habit of returning up the Rhine in a barge along with the men under his charge.

Old and trustworthy Ludwig was now bending his way homewards to the Black Forest after one of these excursions. His barge had been perceived toiling its way up the strait of the Lurli, and was expected to pass the village and old tower of Rosenthal on the following morning.

By early morn, as we have said, everything was prepared for the departure of Walter and his father as soon as Ludwig should make his appearance. In a state of agitation, Margaret would one moment run out to see if the towing-horses were yet in sight at the nearest turn of the river, and the next she would rush into the cottage and again busy herself about Walter and

his bundle, saying to him a thousand things which she had said over and over again before.

At length, about seven o'clock, the cracking of whips and the noise of horses were heard. "There they are at last!" exclaimed every one. Walter seized his bundle with one hand, and with the other led Margaret down the bank to the side of the Rhine, their hearts too full to speak. The anxious moment of departure had arrived. Hans, who had signalled his old acquaintance Ludwig to draw nigh, was already speaking to him of his proposed journey to Strasburg. The bargain was settled in a moment, for the raft-pilot had made a more than usually good excursion, and was in the best possible humour. Besides, he was glad to have a fresh companion to talk to about his adventures on the river, and was quite happy to welcome Hans and Walter to a lift in the barge. They accordingly stepped on board, Walter's brothers giving him a hearty cheer, and his mother her blessing, as they left the shore. Margaret was the last they saw, as she stood on a bank near, straining her eyes through her fast-coming tears, to catch the last glimpse of Walter as they turned a bend in the Rhine.

Walter, who had never been more than a few miles up and down the Rhine from Rosenthal, was charmed with every new feature of the scenery which came into view, and he was equally delighted with the stories and anecdotes of Ludwig, who had something to say of every old castle and crag which they passed in their journey. Although a man of rough manners, he was kind to Walter, and gave him a place in which to sleep at night, under a little deck mounted near the stern of the vessel.

The first night Walter was on board the barge he had little inclination to sleep, his mind being too much agitated with the novelty of his situation to allow of repose.

"Since you do not seem to wish to lie down," said old Ludwig to him, as he sat looking out upon the broad river glittering in the moonlight, "if you like I will tell you a story about that curious old tower which we are going to pass on our right?"

"What tower?" asked Walter; "I do not see any one on the banks just now."

"It does not stand on the banks at all, my young friend; it is situated on a rock which rises from the middle of the Rhine—a kind of island; and a strongly fortified place it must have been in the times of the old German wars. Do you not see it now, almost right ahead, like a grim giant rising from the bosom of the stream?"

"Now, I think I see it," replied Walter. "Do tell me the story about it if you please. I am sure it must be something very terrible."

"Terrible it is, if all be true, though of that one cannot be certain. Like all the Rhine stories, it is no doubt a mixture of truth and invention, and we must just take it as we find it. At

all events, here it is as the people round about tell it." And Ludwig related the following legend:—

"Once on a time, ages ago, when the castles on the Rhine were inhabited by barons and their men-at-arms, this tower in the midst of the river was erected by a wicked and powerful chief named Count Graaf, for the purpose of exacting tolls from every one who passed up or down the Rhine. If a boat or barge dared to go by without drawing up to the tower to pay a certain toll, the warders on the top of the battlements had orders to shoot with cross-bows at the voyager, and either oblige him to draw nigh, or kill him for daring to pass without paying. You must understand that the baron who exacted this toll had done nothing to deserve it, and had no law in his favour. It was solely from his own will and pleasure that he demanded a duty on passing boats; a means of supporting himself, and of acquiring wealth without working for it.

Everybody far and near feared this domineering rascal. He kept a band of men in another castle which he had at some distance, and with these he defied any one to challenge his assumed rights. Often he had battles with neighbouring barons, but he was generally victorious, and on such occasions he never made any prisoners. All who were taken he put to death with shocking barbarism and ignominy.

Among other ways by which he gathered money was that of occasionally buying up, or rather taking for a small price which he put upon it, the corn grown by the peasants in his neighbourhood. Graaf was a very cunning man in this respect. He could very easily have taken all the crops for ten miles round for nothing; but the consequence would have been, that no one would have tilled any more land in that quarter, and so he could not have taken more than the corn of a single season. He was, as I say, too cunning for this; his plan was to make a show of kindness to the peasantry, but to take advantage of their necessities. Sometimes he sent the corn which he thus got at a trifling expense to Mayence, and procured large sums for it; but more frequently he kept the corn up till there was a dearth, and then he could get for it any money he liked to name.

Year after year Count Graaf grew richer and richer with spoils of one kind and another; and every one said that he could not pass out of the world without some sharp and signal punishment for his greed and manifold oppressions. This, however, seemed long of coming about. Yet the time of vengeance arrived at last. He had become old and more hard-hearted than ever, when one year there arose a dreadful famine in the land. The summer and autumn were so wet that the grain did not ripen, and it continued still green when the snows of winter fell on the ground. In every town and village the cry of distress was heard; the husbandman saw his little ones fainting and perishing

for lack of food, and the wealthy were becoming poor, from being obliged to purchase at enormous prices small supplies of bread. Every one was suffering except the cunning old baron whom I am telling you of. While everybody else cried, he laughed and chuckled over the rare high prices he expected he should get for his great store of grain, which, for security, he transferred to the rooms and vaults of the tower in the river.

Things during that awful winter became daily worse throughout the country. The poor of the villages flocked to the towns for assistance; but the towns being as badly off as the villages and hamlets, the famishing crowds were refused admittance, and they perished in thousands at the gateways. All animals fit for food were killed and eaten up, as I have heard; cows, oxen, horses, dogs, and other creatures. A very curious thing was now observed. Large numbers of rats began to roam about the country in quest of food; and so bold and ferocious did they become, that people fled before them. When accounts of these distresses were taken to old Count Graaf at the tower, he did not in the smallest degree commiserate the woes of the poor. Instead of opening his granaries and selling his corn at a reasonable cost, he declared that he should not dispose of a particle till the price of the loaf in Mayence reached as high as ten guilders.\* 'If the people are starving,' said he jocularly, 'why do not they eat rats, rather than allow so much good food to go to waste throughout the country?' This was a bitter saying, and was afterwards remembered against him. One night, when he was sitting in his tower there, congratulating himself on soon getting the price he demanded—for the loaf was now selling for nine and a half guilders—the warder from the top of the castle rushed suddenly into his apartment, and declared that the river was covered with armies of rats swimming boldly to the tower, and that some had already gained a landing, and were climbing the loopholes and walls. Scarcely had this intelligence been communicated by the terrified man-at-arms, when thousands of famishing rats poured in at the doors, windows, and passages, in search, no doubt, of something to eat, whether corn or human beings mattered not to them. Flight and defence were equally impossible. While host after host attacked the granaries, bands fell upon the wicked old baron, and he was worried to death where he lay, and almost immediately torn in pieces and devoured. The warder and one or two other attendants alone escaped, by throwing themselves into a boat and making with all speed for the nearest bank of the river. I need scarcely tell you that, when the news of Count Graaf's death was spread abroad, nobody mourned his fate, which indeed was looked upon as a just punishment for his great covetousness and cruelty. No one ventured near the tower for several months

\* Sixteen shillings and eightpence.



afterwards. When at length the heirs of the count visited it, they found that all the grain had been eaten up, and that nothing remained of its former owner but a skeleton stretched on the cold floor of one of the apartments. Such was the end of the wicked Count Graaf; and although such famines may never take place in our times, his fate is not the less a warning to those who would sinfully, and for their own ends, prevent the poor from having a proper supply of bread."

With stories such as this, Ludwig made the long passage up the river seem short to Walter, who, when the barge arrived at Strasburg on the fourth day after leaving Rosenthal, was surprised to find that he was at the end of his journey. Bidding adieu to Ludwig and his companions, Hans and his son now arrived at the fortifications of Strasburg, and entered the crowded city. The streets, the houses, the shops, all seemed like a scene of enchantment before the eyes of the country boy; and as the great clock of the cathedral struck eight, he listened in wonder and delight to its fine deep tone, which led to a reverie on clocks and watches, and clockmakers and watchmakers, till he was roused by his father stopping at the small door of a tall, dismal-looking house in a narrow, dark, dirty little street. He now made Walter follow him up a long staircase, which seemed almost endless to the boy, till they stopped at the door of a room in one of the upper storeys, and knocked with his hand. The door was opened by his brother, who had just returned from his work, and gave them a hearty reception, leading them in to his wife, a tall, bony-looking woman, not very clean in her person, who was preparing the supper of onion broth and salad. There was a strong smell of onions and tobacco in the room; but to this Walter was accustomed at home; though his aunt's untidy appearance, and the gloomy discomfort of the small room, were not so like home, and for a moment his heart sank within him. However, a kind reception and some warm soup, which, as he was very hungry, he was glad of, cheered him; and he was soon asleep on the straw-mattress of the little wooden bed prepared for him in a recess in the next room. He slept soundly, and dreamt that he was a watchmaker, and had made the clock of the cathedral; but just as his father and mother and Margaret and his brothers, and all the village, were assembled, and admiring his work, the whole steeple fell down with such a crash that he awoke; and, starting up in bed, saw his father, who had upset the only chair in the room in his hurry to call Walter to bid him good-by, as he was returning home. He kissed the boy affectionately, bade him be good and obedient to his master and his uncle, and not forget his duty to God, or all that his mother and he had taught him, and left the room. Walter was alone for the first time in his life, and he sat up in his bed and cried bitterly.

That morning his uncle introduced him to his new master, a

quiet old man, with a mild benevolent countenance, and a gentle manner. He spoke kindly, and seemed sorry for the little pale boy who was separated for the first time from his family and home. Walter felt his kindness, and was happier. There were a great many men and boys employed in the business, and his uncle could not be often in the same room with him; but Walter was inclined to be diligent, and was in a few days so earnest about his employment, that he forgot he was among strangers, and worked as happily as if he had been doing something for his father in his own home. He only felt lonely when he walked through the busy crowded streets to his dark dirty lodgings at his uncle's, and looked round at the four bare walls and his straw-mattress in the wooden bed, which was its only furniture, excepting one chair with a hole in it. His aunt, too, was sometimes cross, and when he sat down with his uncle to his uncomfortable supper, he thought of his mother, how nicely she prepared the evening meal, and he longed to hear again the cheerful voices of his brothers, and Margaret's sweet merry laugh when the day's work was over. But these were foolish thoughts to indulge, as they made him discontented; so Walter seldom allowed himself this painful pleasure. He was becoming tolerably reconciled to his situation, when he unfortunately placed a little too much confidence in a new friend.

The boy who worked next him lived in a street adjoining Walter's lodging, so they generally walked back together in the evenings. An intimacy soon grew up between them, and it was not long before Walter communicated to him all his projects for the future, that he meant one day to be a great man, and to make a clock like that in the cathedral. He told him what he had already done, his inventions, the wooden watches that he had constructed for his sister's amusement, and that he was at that time working at one every night after he came home, by which he meant to surprise her next Christmas. The next morning the boy amused his companions in the workshop by a recital of these projects. Nothing could exceed Walter's indignation. His face changed from pale to red, and then paler than before. He did not speak, but his quivering lips and flashing eyes, and the vain attempt at a scornful laugh, which only excited more merriment from those around him, showed the violence of his resentment, and at last, provoked beyond endurance, he advanced to give a blow to his tormentor, when the master entered in the midst of his passion, and commanded silence; but remarking Walter's angry countenance, he desired to speak with him when work was over. He then inquired from him the cause of the morning's disturbance, which the boy frankly confessed; and his master, after acknowledging the provocation, yet blaming Walter's violence and imprudent openness to one almost a stranger to him, continued—"But we must all learn by experience, my boy. So you hope one day to dis-

tinguish yourself: I commend your ambition; but the less said, the more is likely to be performed. I would, however, caution you in one thing: the mere love of distinction is the desire of gratifying your own vanity, often at the expense of something better; and if you do not work from a higher motive, you will fail in that. Let the desire of being useful to your parents in their old age be your first object, and then endeavour to perfect and improve upon the inventions and discoveries of others, which will lead to your making inventions and discoveries yourself, and to the distinction you covet: though, Walter, I warn you, by the time you acquire it, you will have attained something so much better than this boyish ambition is worth that you will not care for its possession. However, work on, and I do not fear your doing something yet; only beware of vain projects which hasten you on to your ruin. Pray to God to put a right spirit within you; fear no labour on your part, and his blessing will go along with you." Walter only half comprehended his master's words, but they sounded encouragingly, and he felt happy that evening, and swallowed his onion soup with so good an appetite, that his aunt was almost alarmed for the family expenses.

The boy's character became from that day more and more reserved: he worked diligently, but associated as little as he could with his fellow-workmen. His waking hours, his nightly dreams, were spent in the vain projects from which his master had warned him; and the desire for the approbation of his fellow-creatures seemed to increase in proportion as he shunned their society, and fancied he despised them. Vanity was his foible; and, as is usually the case, he was the last to perceive his own infirmity. He imagined there was something noble in rising above those who were born his equals. God had given them the same beautiful world to inhabit; he was their Father as well as his; and what superior talents he had bestowed on one more than another, were intended that that one might serve his fellow-creatures more, and receive his reward in the consciousness of that service; but Walter only saw in those talents a promise of his own elevation. True, he was only a boy; but the full-grown man is the development of the boy; and if we do not early cut away those branches which encumber the sapling, they will, in its maturity, consume the richest nourishment, and destroy the beauty and excellence of the tree.

Christmas came at last, and Walter would have returned home, but it was inconvenient to do so, the distance being considerable; and he continued, without repining, to labour diligently at his employment.

Years rolled on and Walter became a man: still, the same earnestness, the same ambition, the same desire of fame, scarcely more rational, though more determined in the man than in the boy, characterised him. His master had placed him in one of the

most responsible situations in the house : he had won his regard by his honesty, diligence, and obliging manners ; but Walter was not happy. He was restless and discontented because he was not known by the world : all his savings were spent in books and in materials for the work which now occupied him the greater part of the night. The clock of the cathedral had been the object of his admiration since the day he first entered the city, and he was never tired looking at it. This extraordinary piece of mechanism was begun about the year 1352, and placed in one of the spires of the cathedral in 1370. Until recent times, it showed a variety of movements, some introduced since the period of its first fabrication. The basement of the clock exhibited three dial-plates, showing the revolutions of the year and seasons, with eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate, the days of the week were represented by different divinities, supposed to preside over the planets, from which their common appellations are derived. The divinity of the current day appeared in a car rolling over the clouds, and at midnight retired to give place to the succeeding one. Before the basement a globe was displayed, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which the sun and moon were made to revolve, and consequently represented the motion of those bodies. The ornamental turret above the basement exhibited a large dial in the form of an astrolabe, which showed the annual motion of the sun and moon through the ecliptic, as also the hours of the day, &c. The phases of the moon were likewise marked on a dial-plate above. Over this dial-plate were represented the four ages of man by symbolical figures, one of which passed every quarter of an hour, and marked this division of time by striking on small bells. Two angels were also seen in motion, one striking a bell with a sceptre, while the other turned an hour-glass at the expiration of every hour. This celebrated clock has lately undergone repair, and is now considerably simplified ; but at the time of Walter's residence in the city, it was in all its glory ; and he thought, if he could succeed in discovering its mechanism, make a model of it, and then exhibit it from city to city, he would realise a fortune for himself and his family, and be on the high road to distinction.

Full of this idea, our young watchmaker studied the history of every curious clock which he could hear of. Among others, he was deeply interested in the clock of Berne, in Switzerland, which is renowned for its ingenious contrivances ; but more particularly a clock made by Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which rivalled even that of Strasburg.\* Procuring as minute

\* To amuse our young readers, we may mention that this clock was so constructed as to be capable of performing the following movements. There was exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog

an account as possible of these clocks, for the purpose of enlarging his ideas of mechanical combinations, he set ardently to work in making a model of the clock of Strasburg, which should work perfectly in all its parts like the original. He kept his labours a profound secret, employing himself some hours every night for a space of two years. At the end of this time the model was nearly completed, and all the movements worked as smoothly as he could have wished. A feeling of pride now took possession of his mind. He almost looked with disdain and pity on the passengers in the streets; and became more distant than before to his fellow-workmen. He already felt as if he had reached the summit of his ambition. Sometimes his courage would sink, and then he was so forgetful of his business, that once or twice he nearly quarrelled with his good master; but the day at last arrived, the day he had reckoned on for years, the day he could show the fruit of all his labours. His uncle was the first to whom he communicated his secret. He invited him to the garret, where he had lived and toiled since he finished his apprenticeship; and the astonishment and delight expressed by his uncle exceeded even his expectations. His uncle had always considered the clock as something beyond the reach of any human intellect but that of the great man who had invented it; and now his own nephew had, by his unassisted ingenuity, discovered all its mechanism, and produced an exact model, which performed all its evolutions, and if not so large, seemed to him quite as wonderful. The neighbours, who had watched his small lamp burning night after night in his garret, till the sun's first rays broke into the narrow window, now hastened to satisfy their curiosity, and to express their surprise and delight. On the third day after the disclosure of his workmanship, as Walter was standing surrounded by eager admirers, the door opened, and Margaret threw her arms round his neck. She had been the only one to

approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also; at this the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. Having desired the minister of marine, who was the only one who ventured to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister asked, but he obtained no reply. Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that, in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although this is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

whom his secret had been confided. He had written to tell her of its completion, and she instantly set out on foot, with the young farmer to whom she was shortly to be married; but, tiring of this fatiguing mode of travelling, they had been fortunate in finding a diligence, which brought them to the scene of her brother's triumph. She could not speak; but her eyes told the fulness of her heart, and her silent pressure of Walter's hand was more grateful to him than all the words of praise and flattery with which his ears had been satiated the day before. The rest of the family followed in a few days, and a week was spent in nothing but rejoicing and proud congratulations.

Walter was not, however, satisfied with this, nor his master either, who now kindly proposed to him the alternative of becoming his partner in the business, or lending him money to set up for himself, as he had no doubt of his speedy success. Walter thanked his master, but refused both his proposals. His master was astonished, and gave him a week to consider them. Margaret was urgent with her brother to accept the one or the other.

"What do you propose, dear Walter?" she said gently. "You, the pride of our family, to be settled here in Strasburg, a watch-maker! What could you desire better?"

"To go to Paris."

"Paris! Walter, what would you do there?"

"Yes, Paris. It is there—in the great metropolis of France, almost of the world—that genius is properly acknowledged. There I shall rise to be somebody; here I should be no more than our good master—a respectable tradesman. I will be one of the great men of the age; and where can I hope to become one but in Paris?"

And to Paris he accordingly went. All his savings, as well as his sister's, had been exhausted in his clock. His master refused to assist him in his wild projects, and lamented that so much talent and energy should be wasted: his father and uncle could not help him; but in this difficulty his fellow-workmen came forward: those whom he had so little regarded subscribed all they were able, and supplied him with a small sum for his journey. Walter hesitated whether to accept their loan, but his desire for fame was too ardent to be repressed; so, promising to repay them when he grew rich, which he had no doubt he would soon, he took a kind farewell of them all. He had procured a crazy sort of caravan, which contained his clock and himself, with a small bundle of clothes and provisions. His parents and Margaret accompanied him half a day's journey, and left him to proceed, buoyant with hopes and spirits as when he made his entrance into Strasburg at the age of fourteen.

Ten days after, Walter, with his tired horse, both covered

with dust, and wearied with travel, were traversing the Boulevards of Paris. Speaking French imperfectly, and not knowing where to get a night's lodging, with only two or three small coins remaining, he felt utterly helpless and forlorn. Turning down the first street he came to, he looked vainly on all sides for some small inn or beer-house, till chance happily favoured him in discovering written in a shop window that German was spoken within. Fastening his horse to a post, he boldly entered the shop, and in spite of his miserable appearance, he was civilly received, and a young German who was employed there undertook to show him the way to a place where he might lodge himself and his horse for the night: he even offered to lend him some money, with but slender chance of being repaid; and Walter, though unwillingly, accepted it, as he would rather incur a debt to a countryman than a stranger. The next morning the young German called to see him, and offered to assist him in finding a room fitted to accommodate his clock, and to direct him how to advertise it. He was interested in the success of his countryman, and Walter's mild yet enthusiastic manners attracted him. Before the end of the week, Walter established his clock in its new lodgings, and promised himself soon to repay the expenses incurred by his friend.

Now was the grand essay to be made. With mingled hopes and fears he opened his exhibition.

The first day did not seem to open very auspiciously. Morning passed away, and no visitors appeared. Walter tried to console himself by thinking it was too early for any but workpeople to be abroad. About three o'clock a visitor appeared, and Walter, in taking his money, felt relieved of an irksome anxiety which was creeping upon him. The visitor was an old man with spectacles, and a sharp snarling countenance. He minutely examined the clock, asked Walter a string of questions, or rather gave him a series of his own observations; and, finding he was not understood, he shrugged his shoulders, smiled contemptuously at the clock, and walked out again. A lady with two little boys succeeded him. The children attempted to handle the machinery to see how it was made, and on Walter's remonstrating, the lady seemed offended, and departed very shortly. Two or three young men followed, who seemed by their gestures to approve; and one of them told him, in very bad German, it was a pretty toy. No more came that day; but he had earned enough by the end of the week to pay his friendly countryman, which was fortunate, as he was leaving Paris immediately, and bade Walter a kind farewell, wishing him success.

During the second week, a number of visitors came; but Walter, to his great sorrow, found that the debt for the lodging increased at a quicker ratio than his gains. After the first fortnight, he thought himself very happy if four visitors appeared in the course of an afternoon: these gradually diminished, till

his exhibition-room was totally deserted. The bitterness of his disappointment was even greater than his anxiety about his circumstances: still he hoped some scientific man might, by a happy chance, drop in, and, struck with his ingenuity, recommend him to the notice of his friends. In the meantime, Walter began to consider if he could, by any means, procure some employment while waiting in his exhibition-room. His landlady, who was kind and compassionate, had a friend who was a working jeweller, and he agreed to let Walter do any little work, such as mending chains or watches, which he could take with him to his lodging. He ate little and saved all he could; but the expense of his lodgings was very heavy, and his purse very light: his health, too, was sinking, and his courage with it; but the man, great in science and influence, might still appear and set all to rights. His landlord now told him he must pay his debt or leave the house. The first was impossible: he had pawned nearly all his clothes, and sold his old horse and caravan for half their small value, which only sufficed to pay for his daily maintenance; so, giving his landlord the remainder of his money, he removed his model to a small shabby room, which he hired at a very low price, and where he still hoped for those visitors who were not attracted by his more eligible quarters. In this obscure lodging there was no better success. Day after day passed, week after week, and still no one visited the exhibition. He earned still a scanty subsistence by the working jeweller: but even that failed at last; for his sickly constitution gave way, more from sorrow than disease. The people of the house pressed for rent; they were poor themselves, and Walter knew it. One cold wintry day, as he sat shivering with a tattered coat drawn round his thin figure, he heard a foot on the stairs leading to his apartment: hope and joy once more lighted up his countenance: it might be a visitor. It was indeed, but not such as he expected; it was the officer appointed to seize his goods for debt. He had nothing left him but his clock; that on which he had toiled so long, in which he had seen so many bright visions of the future; the pride of his heart, the work of his genius, his friend and consolation when forsaking all others; which had seemed to speak words of hope to him, and shine like a beacon in the darkness which had gathered around. Alas! it had not warned him from the rock, but lured him on to his own destruction. He did not utter a word as they removed this his only treasure; but as he heard the last heavy footstep descending the stairs, he cast himself on the ground and wept like a child.

That night he had no shelter for his head, and he left Paris to beg his way, sick, hungry, and weary, to that home which he left in the pride of his heart and the fulness of hope and joy.

Six months had passed since Walter left Strasburg, when,



on the road to the little village of Rosenthal, on the banks of the Rhine, a lonely wanderer was seen dragging his weary limbs along: his cheeks were hollow, and his sunken eyes, still restless and bright with the fever of the mind, seemed to tell a long tale of misery. A ragged handkerchief was bound round his head, his clothes hung loosely on his thin shrunken body, and he leant for support on a stick, which he seemed to have cut from a tree on his way. On he toiled till he reached a low bank near a solitary cottage. There he paused, and stretched himself on the green grass which covered it. It was a mild day in spring; the birds were singing merrily among the trees, and the flowers looked up with their little bright beautiful faces on the clear blue sky, and the cheerful sun which shone on the green vineyards and danced in the broad blue river at a little distance. The sound of voices and busy feet from the cottage might be heard by the lonely stranger, who gazed silently at the happy scene, till the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. There is something touching in the very loveliness and peaceful joyousness of a spring day, when nature seems awakening from her long wintry sleep; but to the sad of heart, there is something in it inexpressibly melancholy, recalling as it does a thousand recollections of the past, and reminding him that there is a fresh source of happiness yearly springing up to all but him, and making him feel more lonely and desolate than before: but the stranger's grief was deeper than this; for he was Walter, and this was his home.

As he lay there he heard his own name pronounced, and he started from his reverie, and wished to conceal himself; but he was not addressed, though the voice that he heard was that of his own sweet sister Margaret. It was the day before her wedding, and she was talking with him who was soon to be her husband. She only wished that Walter could have been at home to witness her marriage; "but," she added laughing, "he will soon despise us all, for I daresay by this time he is as great as he wished to be: God bless him, he was always a good brother to me." This one kind word was too much for poor Walter; he groaned audibly, and Margaret and her lover turned and saw him. Margaret shrieked aloud, and the next moment he was in her arms. The whole family were soon assembled, and the poor wanderer was welcomed back more heartily to his home than if he had come laden with riches and honour. Shame and wounded vanity still struggled in his breast for an ascendancy; but better feelings had been slowly winning their way there, and the hard lesson of adversity had not been learned in vain.

It was long before even the tender care of his mother and Margaret could restore his feeble health; but as his strength returned, he felt also the necessity of doing something for himself and others. "It seems strange," he said one day to Mar-

garet, "that I should have been permitted to live, when so many of the truly great and good are dropping off day by day. If I were to die, none would be less happy; and my vacant place, even with those who love me, would be soon supplied, for my life has not benefited even them."

"Ah, Walter," replied Margaret, "live for what we are all made to live—to endeavour earnestly to fulfil the duties of that situation in which God has placed us. We may never know why these duties are allotted to us; it is enough they are ours; and the sum of each little day will be sufficient, if rendered faithfully to our Lord, in that time when our earthly labours are over. Live, dear Walter, to be good and happy, not to be great; were you to attain the utmost you desire, you would not be content; for were you greater than the greatest on earth, you would still be little compared with the angels in heaven."

"Yes, Margaret, that is true; and, however slowly, we are still moving onwards and onwards. There is greatness in the thought of an infinite growth in wisdom and goodness, infinite as the Divine perfections. This is indeed glorious."

Walter had not yet been again at Strasburg; he could not resolve to see all his old companions, and to come as their debtor instead of their benefactor; but Margaret was the good spirit who urged him to throw aside that weakness, so inherent in us all, which makes us ashamed of doing that which is right, more than that which is wrong. A humbled, yet a greater man, Walter returned to Strasburg.

His first visit was to his uncle; this was also the worst; for it was hard to stand the prying eyes and curious inquiries of his old aunt, and harder still to feel he could be vexed by them. His old fellow-workmen had heard of his misfortune, and gave him a kind and hearty welcome, asking no questions. His last visit was to his master: he received him at first sternly, more to conceal his own tenderness of feeling than because he blamed the youth severely. Walter told him all; and his master, taking his hand kindly, spoke as follows: "My dear boy, your experience has indeed been hard, but it has been of more use to you than all the advice of the wisest could have been. You have genius, talent, perseverance; with such qualities, you may indeed hope to rise to the highest position, but it must be by the same road as others who have gone before you. I offer you now what I offered you before; and, whichever you accept, I hope to live to see you attain the eminence you deserve." Walter accepted the partnership gratefully; and, no longer the victim of self-deluding vanity, he led a life useful to his fellow-creatures, and we may hope that he presented his Talent with interest before Him from whom he received it.



## CHEVY-CHASE.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way ;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort

CHEVY-CHASE.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer :  
On Monday they began to hunt  
When daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain ;  
Then having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take ;  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deer ;  
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here :

But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay ;"  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say :

" Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed :"  
" Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,  
" And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

CHEVY-CHASE.

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he;  
Who said, "We list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men we be :

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,  
Thy chiefest harts to slay."  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say—

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,  
And set our men aside."  
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,  
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone :

CHEVY-CHASE.

I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand :  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,\*  
As chieftain stout and good ;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried ;  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound ;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasped their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth ! it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might :  
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight :

\* This and the three ensuing stanzas were substituted by Dr Percy for one which he considered obscure, as follows :—

"To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
Douglas bade on the bent ;  
Two captains moved with mickle might,  
Their spears to shivers went."

CHEVY-CHASE.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel;  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said;  
“In faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,  
“Thy proffer I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spake more words than these—  
“Fight on, my merry men all;  
For why, my life is at an end;  
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand;  
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

In truth! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more redoubted knight  
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was,  
Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight;

CHEVY-CHASE.

And past the English archers all,  
Without a dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain :  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth yard long  
To the hard head haled he :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The gray goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.\*

\* This stanza is from the old ballad, as being preferable in all respects to the corresponding one in the new—

“ For Witherington I needs must wail,  
As one in doleful dumps,  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.”



CHEVY-CHASE.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail ;  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
They bore with them away ;  
They kissed them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain :

" O heavy news," King James did say,  
" Scotland can witness be  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

" Now God be with him," said our king,  
" Since 'twill no better be ;  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
 But I will vengeance take :  
 I'll be revenged on them all,  
 For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed  
 After at Humbledown ;  
 In one day fifty knights were slain,  
 With lords of high renown :

And of the rest, of small account,  
 Did many hundreds die ;  
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
 Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,  
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease \*

\* The popular ballad of Chevy-Chase, here reprinted, is believed to have been written about the year 1600 ; but it was not an original composition. There was an older ballad of somewhat greater length, and more rudely constructed, as might be expected in a composition of earlier age. They are both printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It is now believed that these ballads have no more than a foundation in fact. There certainly existed in the fourteenth century a strong feeling of rivalry between the English Earl of Northumberland and the Scottish Earl of Douglas, and this had in general ample occasion for display in the wars then carried on between the two countries. In 1388, during the reigns of Richard II. of England and Robert III. of Scotland, the Scots under Douglas invaded and ravaged the English border. They were met at Otterbourne by an English party under Henry Percy (surnamed Hotspur), son of the Earl of Northumberland, when a keen contest took place, which resulted in the captivity of Percy by the Scots, who, however, had their triumph saddened by the death of their brave commander. The known incidents of this fight furnish the chief materials of the ballad, both in its ancient and comparatively modern form : but here a difficulty meets us. There is no historical record of such an occasion for a battle as the hunting of Cheviot holds forth. It is nevertheless not improbable that, amidst the mutual jealousies of these great lords, a Percy might indulge in such a freak as hunting upon the grounds of his enemy, the Douglas, and that a battle might be the consequence ; and indeed a fight did take place between these lords at Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot hills, in 1436. This might be the battle which the poet meant to describe ; but, writing perhaps a hundred years after even that later incident, he might easily confound the two conflicts, and give the *transactions* of the one in connexion with the *occasion* of the other.

The modern version of Chevy-Chase is mainly an improvement

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF  
BETHNAL-GREEN.\*

FIT FIRST.

It was a blind beggar had long lost his sight,  
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright :  
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of favour most fair,  
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,  
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

upon the original ; but it is scarcely so good in a few particular passages, and in one the meaning of the old writer has been mistaken. This ballad has for ages been admired by the learned and refined, as well as by the common people.

Chevy-Chase, the scene of the ballad, was the extensive hunting-ground afforded by the Cheviot hills between Scotland and England—then partially covered with wood, and stocked with deer and roe, though now bare, and devoted to sheep-pasture alone.

\* This popular English ballad is believed to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth. Like almost every other ballad which has been preserved principally by tradition, there are various versions of it, all less or more differing from each other. The version we have adopted is that which has appeared in "The Book of British Ballads," a work of great elegance and taste, edited by Mr S. C. Hall, having been revised by him from the version in Dr Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry* and a black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. The ballad in the British Museum is entitled "The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednal-Green. Printed by and for W. Ouley ; and are to be sold by C. Bates at the sign of the Sun and Bible in Pye Corner." With reference to one of the main events in the ballad, history mentions that at the decisive battle of Evesham, fought August 4, 1265, when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side ; and in consequence of that defeat his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster. The "angel," a coin alluded to in the ballad, was of gold, and of the value of about ten shillings. It received its name from having on one side a representation of archangel Michael killing the dragon.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say,  
" Good father and mother, let me go away  
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be."  
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so bright,  
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night,  
From father and mother alone parted she,  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow ;  
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go :  
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,  
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the highway ;  
Where at the Queen's Arms entertained was she,  
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessie.

She had not been there a month to an end,  
But master and mistress and all was her friend :  
And every brave gallant that once did her see,  
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessie.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,  
And in their songs daily her love was extolled ;  
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,  
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;  
She showed herself courteous, and modestly coy ;  
And at her commandment still would they be,  
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;  
They craved her favour, but still she said " No ;  
I would not wish gentles to marry with me."  
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguised in the night :  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
He was the third suitor, and proper withal :  
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,  
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

"And if thou wilt marry with me," said the knight,  
"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight ;  
My heart's so enthralled by thy beauty,  
That soon I shall die for pretty Bessie."

The gentleman said, "Come, marry with me,  
As fine as a lady my Bessie shall be ;  
My life is distressed : oh hear me," quoth he ;  
"And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessie."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,  
"Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;  
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,  
And I will for ever love pretty Bessie."

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say :  
"My father and mother I mean to obey ;  
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessie."

To every one this answer she made ;  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said—  
"This thing to fulfil we all do agree ;  
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie ?"

"My father," she said, "is soon to be seen ;  
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green,  
That daily sits begging for charity,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessie."

His marks and his tokens are known full well ;  
He always is led with a dog and a bell :  
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,  
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessie."

"Nay, then," said the merchant, "thou art not for me :"  
"Nor," said the innholder, "my wife thou shalt be :"  
"I loathe," said the gentle, "a beggar's degree,  
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie !"

"Why, then," quoth the knight, "hap better or worse,  
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,  
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;  
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie."

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go."  
"Nay, soft," said his kinsmen, "it must not be so ;  
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie."

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

But soon after this, by break of the day,  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessie away.  
The young men of Rumford, as sick as may be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessie.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,  
Until they came near unto Bethnal-Green ;  
And as the knight lighted most courteously,  
They all fought against him for pretty Bessie.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,  
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.  
This fray being ended, then straightway he see  
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar, " Although I be poor,  
Yet rail not against my child at my own door ;  
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,  
Yet I will drop angels with you for my girl.

And then if my gold may better her birth,  
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see  
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

But first you shall promise, and have it well known,  
The gold that you drop shall all be your own."  
With that they replied, " Contented be we."  
" Then here's," quoth the beggar, " for pretty Bessie."

With that an angel he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound ;  
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,  
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropped twain :

So that the place wherein they did sit,  
With gold it was covered every whit ;  
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,  
Said, " Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."  
" Then marry," said he, " my girl to this knight ;  
And here," added he, " I will now throw you down  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,  
Admired the beggar of Bethnal-Green,  
And all those that were her suitors before,  
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the knight,  
And then made a lady in others' despite :  
A fairer lady there never was seen,  
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,  
The second fit shall set forth to your sight,  
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

FIT SECOND.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a young knight,  
All the discourse thereof you did see,  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,  
Adorned with all the cost they could have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kinds of dainties and delicates sweet  
Were bought to the banquet, as it was most meet ;  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This wedding through England was spread by report,  
So that a great number thereto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;  
His bride followed after, a lady most bright,  
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen,  
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal-Green.

This marriage being solemnised then,  
With music performed by the skilfullest men,  
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,  
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talk and to reason a number begun ;  
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marvel have we  
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."  
"My lords," said the bride, "my father's so base,  
He is loath with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring  
Before her own face were a flattering thing;  
But we think thy father's baseness," said they,  
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak;  
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he;  
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,  
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,  
Said, "Please you to hear any music of me,  
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessie."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play;  
And after that lessons were played two or three,  
He strained out this song most delicately.

"A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,  
Who for her fairness might well be a queen;  
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty was she,  
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

Her father he had no goods nor no land,  
But begged for a penny all day with his hand;  
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,  
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

And if any one here her birth do disdain,  
Her father is ready, with might and with main,  
To prove she is come of noble degree;  
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessie."

With that the lords and the company round  
With hearty laughter were ready to swound;  
At last said the lords, "Full well we may see  
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee."

On this the bride all blushing did rise,  
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes;  
"Oh pardon my father, brave nobles," saith she,  
"That through blind affection thus doteth on me."



THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

"If this be thy father," the nobles did say,  
"Well may he be proud of this happy day;  
Yet by his countenance well may we see,  
His birth and his fortune did never agree;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee beware  
(And look that the truth thou to us do declare),  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be,  
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie."

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles each one,  
One song more to sing, and then I have done;  
And if that it may not win good report,  
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be,  
Once chief of all the great barons was he;  
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,  
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,  
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;  
A leader of courage undaunted was he,  
And oftentimes he made their enemies flee.

At length in the battle on Evesham plain,  
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain;  
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,  
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie!

Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,  
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,  
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,  
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,  
Till evening drew on of the following day,  
When by a young lady discovered was he,  
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night  
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,  
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

In secret she nursed him, and 'suaged his pain,  
While he through the realm was believed to be slain;  
At length his fair bride she consented to be,  
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

And now lest our foes our lives should betray,  
We clothed ourselves in beggar's array;  
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we,  
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

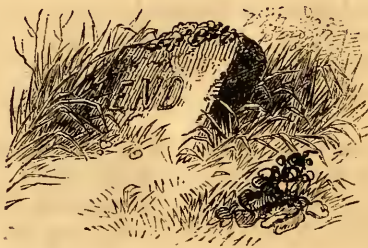
And here have we lived in fortune's despite,  
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight;  
Full forty winters thus have I been  
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green.]

And here, noble lords, is ended the song  
Of one that once to your own rank did belong;  
And thus have you learned a secret from me,  
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie."

Now when the fair company every one,  
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown,  
They all were amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

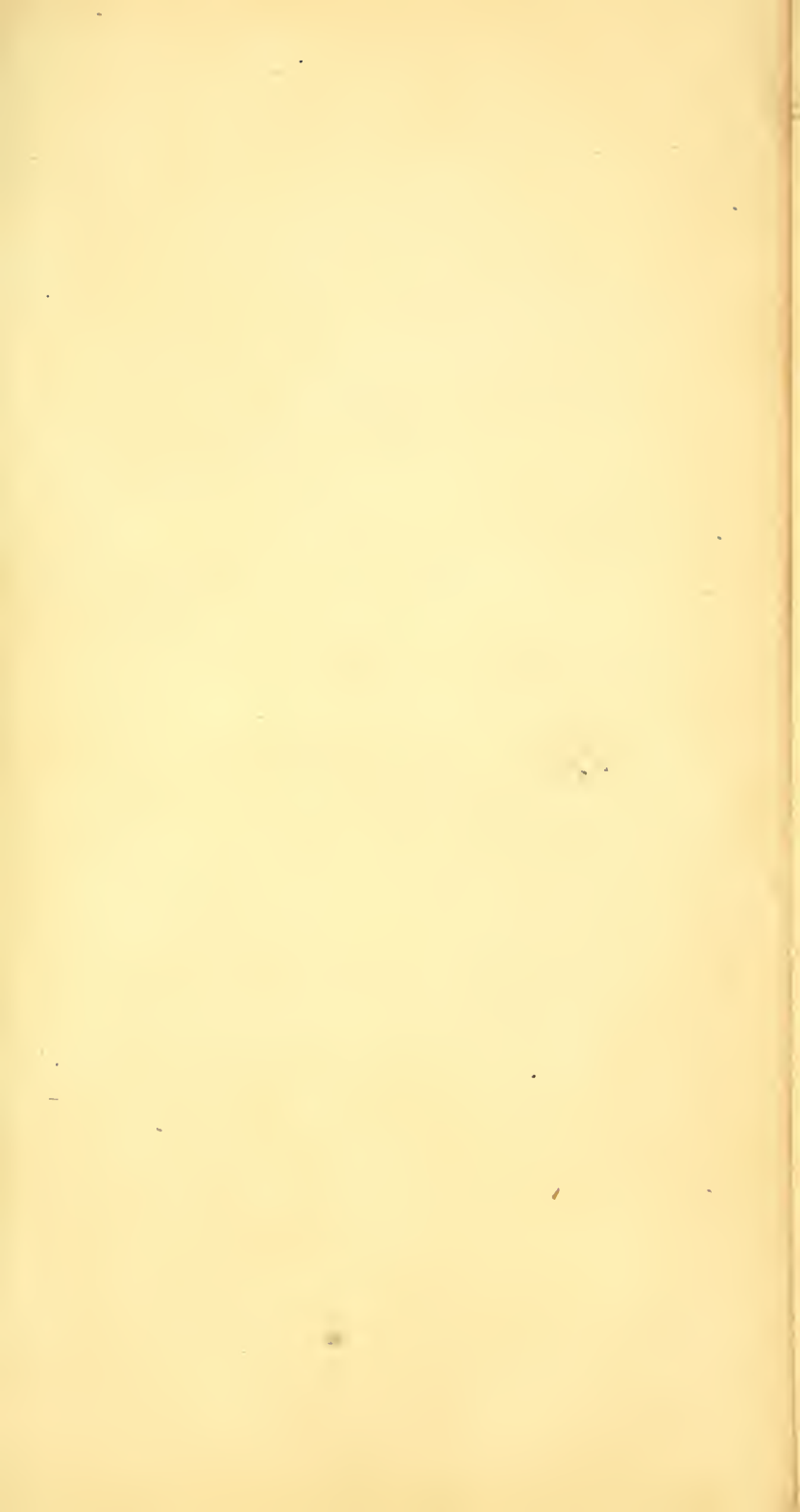
With that the fair bride they all did embrace,  
Saying, "Sure thou art come of an honourable race;  
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
And thou art well worthy a lady to be."

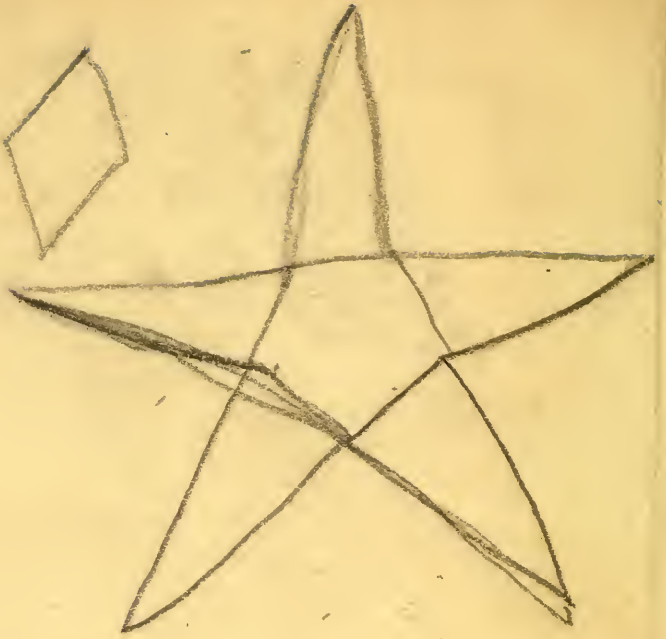
Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight;  
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight;  
In joy and felicity long lived he  
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie.





*Bayonville*





15m

Prof. Dr. [unclear]

1855

Handwritten notes or sketches, possibly including a diagram or list of items, with several small circles or dots.

