

patches from the Niger, to undertake a fresh journey to enquire after him. At Sansanding, Isanco was so fortunate as to meet Amadi Fatouma, who had been engaged to succeed himself as interpreter. From him he received a journal purporting to be a narrative of the voyage down the river, and of its final issue. The party it would appear, had purchased three slaves, who with the five Europeans and Fatouma, increased their number to nine. They passed Silla & Jenne in a friendly manner, but at Rakbaru (Kabra) & Timbuctoo several armed parties came out to attack them, who were repelled only by a smart and destructive fire. No particulars are given of any of those unfortunate places; nor of Kaffu, Gotojogo, and others, which the discoverers are represented as having afterwards passed. At length they came to the village (more properly city) of Yaour when Amadi Fatouma left the party, his services having been engaged only to that point. He had, however, scarcely taken his leave, when he was summoned before the King, who bitterly complained that the white men, though they brought many valuable commodities with them, had passed without giving him any presents. He therefore ordered that Fatouma should be thrown into irons, and a body of troops sent in pursuit of the English. These men reached Boussa, and took possession of a pass, where rocks hemming in the river, allow only a narrow channel for vessels to descend. When Park arrived, he found the passage thus obstructed, but attempted, nevertheless, to push his way thro'. "The people began to attack him throwing lances, pikes arrows, and stones. He defended himself for a long time when two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed.

The crew threw every thing they had into the water, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep the canoe against the current, and seeing no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water. Martyn did the same, and they were all drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave who remained in the boat, seeing the natives persist throwing weapons into it without ceasing, stood up and said to them,—“Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me. They took possession of both, and carried them to the king.”

*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*

#### NARRATIVE.

#### THE STORY OF LA ROCHE; OR, THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

[Extracted from an Alpine Tale.—Suggested by Fact.]

It was on a dismal evening in the month of December, when the various engagements of the day had been concluded, and the family were seated round a fire whose vivid blaze diffused a cheerful light through the room, that their attention was suddenly arrested by a tap at the window.

The snow had fallen in large flakes, with little intermission, since the morning; and the ravines, to which it was generally drifted, and through whose covert the road lay, were by this time supposed to be impassable. Situated as the mansion of Du Blesno was, and accessible only

by the path leading to the lake, and another that traversed the mountain in its rear, and conducted to the adjoining canton, it seldom happened that they were visited but when the weather was propitious, unless it was as we have related, by some traveller benighted in his way. At the first apprehension, therefore, that any one might require the service they were ever eager to render, an instinctive terror seized them, and every breath was instantaneously hushed.

Though the storm had in some degree abated the wind still howled angrily over the surrounding steeps, and had drawn from them the sigh of compassion for those who might be exposed to its inclemency, while it excited many a grateful smile through the little circle as they looked at the blaze, and thought of their own comfortable dwelling, and the numerous blessings that rested on its favoured inhabitants. It was when they were thus not unbecomingly employed in calling their mercies to remembrance, and in paying a deserved tribute to the Hand that bestowed them, that their conversation was interrupted in the manner we have mentioned.

While respiration was suspended by a mixture of doubt and alarm, and they were attentively listening for a repetition of the noise that had attracted their notice, a second tap not louder than the former, put an end to their painful uncertainty. Mary, whose gentle heart already pictured some scene of misery, flew to the door, and in a moment all were in motion. The unfortunate wanderer, whoever he might be, had sunk exhausted on the ground, and was lying stretched beneath the window in a state of insensibility, and almost buried in the snow. Each one vying with another in endeavours to relieve him, they carried him into the house, and promptly applying those restoratives which their intelligent benevolence knew so well how to administer, found their efforts, after a short but anxious interval, crowned with the desired success. He opened his eyes, and looking round on them with a smile of gratitude, said, with a voice tremulous from age, but in a tone that bespoke the fervour of his heart: “How gracious is my Heavenly Friend! How kind are you! I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.”

An hour or two elapsed, and his limbs, which had been benumbed from exposure to the cold, beginning to recover from their torpor, and the power of utterance again gradually returning he thus broke the long and solemn silence that had prevailed: “I am aware you must be solicitous to learn the circumstances which have thus mysteriously thrown me as an intruder on your generous hospitality, and to hear the particulars of my mournful story.” The tear slowly rolled along his cheek—he wiped it, and continued: “It is, indeed, too little interesting to merit narration, yet it may tend, under the blessing from on high, to awaken in all of us some profitable emotions, and lead us to set our affections on the things above.” The venerable aspect of the old man, the placidity of his countenance, the dignity of his manners, and the purity of his accent, denoting some other than an Alpine education, had, during these few words, already commanded the esteem and rivetted the attention of his hosts; when, fetching a deep sigh, he thus related his melancholy tale:

“Not unknown in the annals of my country, Do la Rocho is my name. It was in Alsaco that I first drew the vital air. Born to an estate which had descended to me through a long line of ancestors, I was instructed in such accomplishments as were considered suitable to my rank and expectations; and, being an only child, I met with every indulgence from my fond parents. Before I entered on my fifteenth year, I had the misfortune to lose my father. Entrusted to the guardianship of my mother, and having no control but her mild and gentle reproof, I quickly became impatient of restraint. The victim of an ardent imagination, and encouraged by my companions in crime, I was sooner the master of my own actions than I determined to disengage myself from the trammels of maternal intreaties, withdraw from the presence of one whose conduct was a continual rebuke and procure elsewhere that liberty of transgression which was denied me under her watchful care.

“Confirmed in this resolution by what I regarded as a laudable desire of acquainting myself with foreign nations, and the manners and customs of the world, I now sought a favourable opportunity for informing my mother of my intentions. Conscious of the anguish which the disclosure would occasion, I endeavoured to break the affair to her as gently as possible, for, though steered against every other sentiment of rectitude, the chord of filial affection was still unbroken in my heart. But scarcely had I made the first distant allusion, when her solicitude ever tremblingly alive to my welfare, pierced the veil I had wished to cast over my designs. Never shall I forget her agony! Afraid she would instantly have expired, so dreadful was the shock she had received, I told her that I would at last defer my departure, and perhaps indefinitely postpone it. But this was merely a disguise. I had laid my plans, and was not to be diverted from putting them in execution, even by the alarming agitation of a parent whom I loved and respected.

“I now commenced in secret the preparations for my journey. The day arrived, and all was in readiness. I could not, however, think of quitting the house without taking leave of my unhappy mother. It was a moment of indescribable emotion; but now I was to decide, or for ever abandon my projects. I ran hastily into her apartment—communicated my determination—and was hurrying away from the gaze of an eye where delirium was already depicted when she flew towards me and caught me in her arms. At first, incapable of utterance, she could only hang upon my neck, and bathe my cheek with her tears. At length, in a voice scarcely articulate, and interrupted by her sobs, she said—“O my son, my son! Will my Claude forsake his poor mother, who brought him forth in sorrow and fed him from her breast, who watched so anxiously over his helpless infancy, and spent so many a sleepless night beside his bed? O Claude! and shall I then behold the face of my ungrateful but still-beloved boy no more? Feeling my courage begin to fail me, and dreading least I should be unable to resist longer an interview of so affecting a nature, I tore myself from her embraces, and rushed to the carriage which I had previously ordered to be waiting to receive me. This is a scene to which memory has since recurred with many a bitter re-