

of her child. Jane had been feeble from her birth, and, as frequently happens, to great delicacy of constitution she united more than ordinary talents, which her fond mother delighted to cultivate. Many excellent parents, who would shrink from the bare idea of overtaking the physical strength of their children, through utter ignorance of its probable consequences, are guilty of doing them a great and sometimes irreparable injury, in urging them on in the pursuit of studies, that overcharge the young mind; which, thus stimulated, continues for a time to progress at the expense of the body; the too common result of which is, either a premature death, or, after a certain period, the mental faculties, by losing much of their power and tone, seem almost to retrograde, and the precocious youth becomes an adult of mere ordinary talents.

Few can understand, unless they have experienced it, the deep strong love of a widowed mother for an only child. Mrs. Vincent was tenderly attached to her husband, and when death severed this tie, the affection that seemed divided between the father and the child, seemed wholly transferred to the latter, who, if possible, became dearer still for the sake of him who was gone. And no child ever better rewarded a tender mother's care, than did the little Jane. She was a very lovely child—lovely in disposition and appearance; but her fair and almost translucent skin, her clear full blue eye, and the fine texture of her auburn hair, added to her slight and fragile form, indicated a predisposition to pulmonary disease. She was thoughtful and serious beyond her years, and unlike most other young people, she always shewed a preference for the society of those who were older than herself; and when this was once remarked by her mother, who asked her the reason of it, she answered, "because I can thus learn more." Her mother had early taught her the great truths of religion, which the child received with avidity, and she imbibed an ardent love for the study of the Scriptures, to which she devoted a large portion of her time. Mrs. Vincent, who possessed a well cultivated mind, superintended her other studies so successfully, that, at the age of ten, little Jane was thought a prodigy; and to use her mother's own words, "she now became even more than a child to me—she was my companion, friend, and comforter—my all;" for soon after her husband's death, she had buried her mother.

Mrs. Vincent and her child owed the preservation of their lives during the hurricane, to the devoted attachment of an old slave named Sandy, who had been with Mrs. Vincent from her infancy. A description of the place in which they sought refuge, may not be uninteresting to the reader, as it forms one of the curiosities of Barbadoes, and is generally visited as such by strangers. It is called "*the Horse*," I know not why, as there is certainly nothing appropriate in the name. It is on the sea-shore, which,

as I have said, is here formed of a high and precipitous ledge of rocks overhanging the sea. "*The Horse*" consists of several stupendous rocks riven asunder. In one place an immensely large piece, (weighing some thousands of tons) has been separated from the rest, and fallen into the sea, and some other large portions appear also to have been broken off from the main body of solid rock. In the midst of these, a long flight of steps has been cut, (I think seventy five,) for the purpose of descending to the sea, and at the bottom of these is a platform, where one may stand and hear the hoarse waves breaking around him, like the roar of heavy thunder. Through the openings here and there, may be seen the foam of the ocean mingling with the bright blue waters, and flashing like a myriad of diamonds in the brilliant sunshine. Between the largest rock and the shore, there is a cavern about twelve feet wide, and twenty long—the piece which joins one of its sides, leans towards the main rock, and meeting it at the top, forms a lofty roof, with an occasional fissure, through which the light enters. At the bottom of the cave, is a clear and beautiful bed of water, which communicates with the sea by several apertures under the rocks. This is always calm, and even at high tide not more than five feet deep, and it is used as a bathing place. But it is really an awful spot to a stranger—shut out from all view of the outward world, and the sea without intermission dashing its mighty waves on every side, with a deafening echo that drowns the human voice. On my first descent to this spot, I was so awe-struck, that, uttering an exclamation of surprise and terror, I walked back—but I afterwards succeeded in overcoming my dread, and frequently took a melancholy pleasure in resorting there—for my heart was heavy, and the wild solemnity of the scene seemed to harmonise better with my feelings than the blue sky and the sunny earth, and the cheerful sounds in the homes of men. From an inscription on a slab, which is inserted in a rock in this natural bathing house, it would seem it had retained its present appearance for a long period, the date being 1769. It was to this spot that Sandy bore his mistress and her child, on the first intimation of the approaching storm. Mrs. Vincent at first hesitated to adopt this as a place of refuge, but the faithful creature overruled her objections, saying "Do come, dear missus, no place so good, so safe; I see hurricane before, and they never moved the strong rocks—I know God will take care of us there;" and Sandy was right. God did take care of them there, and they were saved from the fury of the storm. But the agitation and excitement, added to the exposure she had suffered, (for they had remained all night cold and wet in the cave,) were too much for the feeble frame of the child. The fond mother watched the progress of her slow but sure decay, with an almost breaking heart. But now and then her darling