

"THE END OF PATIENCE IS THE EXPECTATION OF PROMISES."

dreadfully shocked at the condition of his unhappy friend, but set bread, cheese, and wine before him, of which he ate voraciously. Condorcet told him that in the retreat which he had just left in Paris, he had written an *Historical Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind*, which he had committed to safe hands, and which was intended for publication. He talked with much feeling of his daughter, and likewise of his wife, and wanted Suard to take her some money, but he was afraid to do this, but offered to go immediately to Paris, and strive to obtain for him an *avalanche* pass, which might supply the place of a civic picket; and they agreed that Condorcet should call for this on the next day for this safe-conduct. He asked for a *Horace*, and some snuff, of which he had felt very urgent want, and these were given him. Suard hastened to Paris and obtained a pass, and returned with it, and waited for Condorcet; but he did not come, and it was not till the third day that Suard heard that a man had been apprehended at Clamart, whom he supposed to be Condorcet; and so it actually turned out. On leaving Suard, Condorcet had returned to the woods of Verrière, where he passed the night. Next morning found him at the village of Clamart, where he entered a cabaret, and asked for an omelette. "How many eggs will you have in it?" asked the landlady. "A dozen!" replied the starving philosopher, ignorant of the quantity necessary for a working man's breakfast. This demand for so extraordinary an omelette, the fussiness of the linen he wore, combined with his long beard, his squalid appearance, and his restless manner, attracted the notice of one of those voluntary spies who then infested all France. This man inquired who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, and where was his citizen's ticket. Condorcet, at all times embarrassed to speak and give a direct answer, said at first that he was a carpenter, but his delicate hands belied him. He now got confused, and said that he was servant to a councillor of the Court of Ais; but his answers not appearing sufficient, the spy took him to Bourg la Reine, the seat of the district; but on the way thither Condorcet fainted, through exhaustion, and was placed on a peasant's horse. He was searched, and the volume of *Horace* and an elegant pocket-book furnished unquestionable and fatal evidence that he was a "skulking aristocrat," and he was then placed in a damp cell. Next morning he was found dead, (the blood still issuing from his nose), having taken

poison, which he always carried about with him. Hence it was that on parting from Suard he had said, "If I have but one night before me, I do not fear them; but I will not be taken to Paris." The poison which he took seemed to have operated gently without causing pain or convulsion. The surgeon employed to ascertain the cause of death declared in the *procès-verbal* that this man, whose real name was not then known, had died of apoplexy.

Condorcet was the author of *La Bibliothèque de l'Homme Publique*; a work on the *Integral Calculus*; several treatises on *Mechanical Statics*, and was a constant contributor to the *Republican newspaper press*. His widow long survived him. She was distinguished alike for her beauty and her attainments; and was herself an authoress.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S NAVIGATORS.

(2.)—It has been remarked that "the narration of voyages and travels, the histories of geographical research and discovery, form by themselves a library more copious than any single reader could hope to master, and more interesting than any literature of fiction;" and it will doubtless have occurred to the mind of the most superficial observer, that the work of some of the greatest discoverers has been accomplished in the midst of persecution, difficulty, and suffering—an instance of which will be found in the life of **MATTHEW FLINDERS**, the navigator, who, in addition to the hardships and dangers consequent upon a seafaring life, it will be seen, was most ungenerously kept a prisoner for six years in the Isle of France.

MATTHEW FLINDERS was born at Dornington, Lincolnshire; and at a comparatively early age entered the merchant service, but ultimately, however, he joined the royal navy. After being in the service for some time, he made several adventurous voyages, and had for his companion, William Bass, the well-known discoverer of *Bass's Straits*.

In the year 1801, Flinders sailed from England in command

THE PERILS OF THE DEEP!

of the *Investigator*, a vessel of 340 tons, on a voyage of discovery; and in order that his intended researches might not be interfered with by the war which was then raging between France and England, he was furnished with a French pass, commanding all French governors to extend to him help and protection, in the sacred name of science, should he happen to require it. In the course of this cruise, besides circumnavigating New Holland, Flinders made exact surveys of considerable portions of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and the neighbouring islands. His labours were unfortunately abruptly interrupted by the rotten and leaky condition of his ship, which was condemned as unfit for further service; and he embarked for England in a store-ship, the *Porpoise*, with the intention of communicating the results of his three years' adventures to the Admiralty. During the voyage home, on August 17th, 1803, the *Porpoise* struck on a coral reef, as did also the *Bridgeton* and the *Cato*, who were in company with her. The *Bridgeton* managed to get off safely, but sailed unconsciously away without endeavouring to render the smallest assistance to the crews of the two other vessels who were in such grievous peril!

After remaining ten long weary nights and days on the miserable sandbank, Flinders left, with a part of the crew, in a small open boat and made for Port Jackson, a distance of full 750 miles from the place of shipwreck, but which, nevertheless, owing to Flinders' nautical experience, they reached without accident on September 23d. On October 12th, Flinders, who had procured with great difficulty a small schooner called the *Cumberland*, returned with two other vessels for the purpose of rescuing the remainder of the crews whom he had been

compelled to leave on the reef. Part of the men went on board these ships, whilst others preferred to embark with Flinders, who set sail immediately for England. But his wretched little craft when off Mauritius was discovered to be in a sinking condition, so much so that it was quite impossible to proceed further; and when he had succeeded in effecting a landing by means of his boat, to his astonishment, himself and all his crew were made prisoners by the French officials, notwithstanding the pass he relied upon for protection and succour. Here he was detained for six years, both he and his brave companions being treated with the greatest brutality—the prison horrors being intensified by the thought that Buxton, the French navigator, whom he had met whilst making his surveys of the Australian coasts, would reach Europe first, and obtain all the honour due to the discoveries he had made. And it was generally believed that Flinders was kept in prison in order to enable Buxton to publish before him. It certainly turned out so, for on obtaining his liberty and reaching England in 1810, Flinders found that a French *Atlas* had been published—all the points named by Flinders and his predecessors having been re-named—and the whole put forth as of Buxton's finding, though he only discovered fifty leagues instead of one thousand—an instance of dishonest meanness happily of rare occurrence amongst nations.

Thoroughly broken in health and spirit, Flinders only survived four years after regaining his native soil—but this period he devoted to correcting his maps and writing the accounts of his voyages, which, singularly enough, were issued from the press on the very day their author died, in the month of July, 1814.