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ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR, VICTORIA, THE PROPOSED TERMINUS OF THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILWAY.

MEMOIRS

OF A

PROFESSIONAL LADY NURSE.

BY

M. STANNARD.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

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P R E F A C E.

AT the request of many friends, I have written a short account of some of my travels and adventures through the world. My life up to the present has been a continual chequered scene. I trust that my readers, in perusing these pages, may meet with something both to instruct and interest them. My desire in sending forth this little work is that it may be the means of exalting that Saviour who has led and watched over me to the present. The one great difficulty is to know where to begin and where to end. But, dear reader,

“ Think not perfection here to see,
Since no condition from defect is free :
Think not to find what here can never be.





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MEMOIRS OF A LADY NURSE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD, AND YOUTH.—MY MOTHER'S DEATH.—FATHER'S SECOND MARRIAGE.—BECOME A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—ENGAGED AS STATIONER'S ASSISTANT.—I RESCUE A CHILD.—MY ILLNESS.—ENGAGED AS GOVERNESS.—“PUT IN POSSESSION” AS BAILIFF.—FORCIBLE ENTRY AND EJECTMENT.—RETURN HOME, CONJUGAL SETTLEMENT, REMOVE TO FRAMLINGHAM, AND GO INTO BUSINESS AS A STATIONER AND COFFEE-HOUSE KEEPER.



I WAS born at Laxfield, in the county of Suffolk, and was an only child. I had loving parents, and, but for the firmness of both, especially my mother, who wanted me to be fit for the world when she was no more, should have been spoiled, but she, in her anxiety, would often, when I was being indulged, give a gentle rebuke to my father. As I grew up, it soon became evident that I was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and belonged to the wild olive. I was sent to school when very young, for while I remained at home, my mother being so afflicted, I was constantly causing her great anxiety, by getting into trouble. No matter how much I was watched by those who had the care

of me, I often managed to escape their vigilance. One time I fell into the fire and was very badly burnt, another time I fell into the town pond ; in fact, three different times I fell into the same water while trying to gather wild flowers. The last time I should have been drowned had it not been for the timely assistance of a kind friend who lived close by, who, finding I did not rise to the surface, plunged in and brought me out. The same gentleman on another occasion was the means of saving my life, when I slipped into a deep place of mud, while at my favourite pastime of gathering flowers, for from very early childhood I was passionately fond of flowers. This time I was so completely covered with mud that nothing could be seen of me except one thumb, through which a thorn had pierced, and by which it was held above the surface. When quite recovered (for I was ill several weeks), I was sent to a day school. One thing my father was ever careful and anxious to teach me was to be cheerful and kind to the old, sick, and infirm, and also to dumb creatures. To bring into practice kindness to animals he bought me several rabbits, and would often be pleased to amuse me by assisting me to feed them. I have great cause to bless God that He gave me such a good and kind father. One summer evening I asked Mr. Crofford whose duty it was to attend to the horses on the farm, to let me go with him when he took the horses to the pond to drink. He consented, and put me to ride on one beside him. While going I was as happy as a May queen, but my happiness was soon at an end ; for the horse I was on made a practice of lying

down in the water, and as soon as we were in carried out his strange propensity, and with me on his back laid down in the pond, I hanging on by his mane until the man could come to my rescue.

This led to my being sent away to a boarding-school, where I remained five years, at the end of which term I was taken away, and placed in one still higher to completely finish my education. I found more young ladies here than at the previous one, and we were all very happy. Whilst I was there my mother died, after which event, painful, you may imagine, Mrs. Goodwin (the Principal) treated me as one of her own—indeed, she was a mother to me, and taught me various domestic duties. I became very much attached to her, but was not long to be the recipient of her instruction, for it pleased God to remove her by death, only nine months after my mother. I was now left to the entire care of my father, who was firm but loving, still ever reminding me of my duty to my fellow creatures, and especially to the sick. He often prayed with me, and one evening, after his usual custom, I overheard him talking, and having no mother, I became a little curious as to who it was to whom he was speaking, and what it was he was saying; so creeping silently up to his door, and putting my ear to the key-hole, I listened, and heard him say, "Lord, look in mercy on my child, and turn her young and wicked heart to love Thee: if not washed in Thy blood, where Thou art she will never come. No, Lord, she will never join her father; for he believes that he will one day see Thee as Thou art, and as his Saviour."

These words deeply affected me, and as I could not bear to be parted from him whom I loved as my own life, I wept much, and could not get any sleep for many nights. But the Lord fastened my father's words upon my young heart.

I now had to assist my father in the discharge of his important duties. By-and-by it came to my knowledge that my father was going to be married again, which I could not believe; but my doubts were soon removed by his informing me that such was the case. I did not receive the intelligence with gladness, but, on the contrary, it filled my heart with sorrow, and I came to the conclusion that, however good my new mother might be, I would not remain at home; a resolution which I carried into effect as soon as I was able. But I should here remark, in honour to my father, that when I became older I found he had made choice of one in every way worthy, and one who proved herself to be a loving, kind, and faithful wife.

Soon after the marriage I became a Sunday-school teacher at the Laxfield Chapel, where previously I had been a scholar. Mr. J. Tottman presided as minister, and under whose ministry was revealed to me the wonderful plan of salvation through Christ. The teachers were one and all anxious for the welfare of those placed under their care, but none loved or wrestled more for their little flock than Miss Emma Garrard (formerly my teacher). Her name will live in the heart of every child who had the happiness to sit under her instructions. Methinks that even now I hear her sweet voice telling us of the love of Jesus, and reminding us that we were ever remembered by

her before the Lord that He would make us good children. God heard and answered her prayers, for several of her scholars were brought to the knowledge of the truth, though she did not live to realize the comfort of it. Ye who are Sunday-school teachers, do not be discouraged in your great and good work of teaching the rising generation the way of the Lord, for He will hear and answer prayer when you least expect it.

Having met with a situation, I left home, and had a baby entrusted to my care ; but I was soon taken ill which occasioned me to leave. I was sorry, as I had become greatly attached to my little charge. Having somewhat recovered, I was engaged by a printer and stationer as an assistant for the shop. I did not like the occupation, and only remained a month, and once more returned to my home. I had not been there long before my mind was quite made up to go into a farm-house that I might learn dairy work. I soon obtained a place, where I learned all that was needed to qualify me for making butter and cheese, and remained about two years. During my stay, one of the children who was just able to trot about by some means unperceived got out of doors. Though he was soon missed and a strict search was made, no tidings of him could be gleaned. A moat was near the house, and I, wondering if he had fallen in, ran to see, and found him lying at the bottom of the embankment which had been raised to prevent anything which might fall from going to the deep part. I gave the alarm, and instantly sprang in and brought him up, but when I reached the surface he was so

heavy that we must both have gone down again if help had not been near. He was laid on the ground, and I started to the village, which was not more than half a mile off, for the doctor. Having my wet clothes on, I could not run so fast as I wished. My father, who lived close by, seeing what a plight I was in, became frightened, as I was without bonnet or hat ; but when I informed him the cause of my haste, he was pleased to find I had been so courageous, for at that time I was unable to swim.

Shortly after this, I. was unfortunate in upsetting some gruel which had been put on the stove, and received some severe scalds. At my own request, I was taken home. For ten weeks I never left my bed. After my recovery I obtained an appointment as governess, where I had an opportunity of visiting the sick, which appointment I held till the people removed. One evening Mr. W. Grindling, a gentleman who had been very kind to my father, and whom we all felt anxious to serve, came in to inform us that he had received a message from an officer who was holding possession under a bill of sale for him, for £400, was taken suddenly ill ; and requested that I might be allowed to take his place. The only fear my father had was that I should not be equal to its duties ; but the fullest confidence having been expressed by the gentleman, and I being agreeable, we at once drove over to where the bailiff was, a retail shop, and I was soon installed in my new duty as bailiff, which office I held for eleven weeks, and I had the care of the cash-box night and day. The poor shopkeeper had a very profligate son, so, what with

watching the shop, house, and the son, I had sufficient to do ; but, with all my alertness, the son one night succeeded in entering my bedroom. He attempted to take from me the bill of sale and the cash-box, when a desperate encounter ensued. His father's bedroom being near, he came to the rescue, when the son, failing in his design, left his home, and I never heard any more tidings of him. The sale over, I returned home, and soon after was married. My husband was a builder, and, trade being dull, I soon began to feel the loss of a father's home. Many trials and troubles I bore, which I disclosed to no one but God, to whom I spent whole nights in prayer. Everything turned out so unprofitable that we were compelled to remove to the town of Framlingham, which boasted of its ancient castle, and for five years we did well, having taken a stationery business, in conjunction with a Temperance tea and coffee house. I was not only glad for our sakes that things prospered with us here, but for my father's sake also, as I knew well how sorely grieved his poor heart was.

I would just remark here to all my young readers, forget not to honour and obey your parents. Think of the love they bear to you, and ever remember the love and duty you owe to them. Ever shun, as in the sight of God, all that tends to wound their hearts. You little know, you who have praying parents, the many prayers that ascend to God on your behalf.





CHAPTER II.

BUSINESS UNSUCCESSFUL.—WE GIVE IT UP.—MY HUSBAND GOES TO IPSWICH, I TO LONDON.—MY HUSBAND SENDS FOR ME.—PERILOUS VOYAGE TO IPSWICH.—ZOAR CHAPEL.—MY BEGGING MISSION.—REASONS FOR LEAVING IPSWICH.

DURING our stay in Framlingham we used to go occasionally to Laxfield Chapel, which was seven miles off, and sometimes to Cransford, to hear Mr. Hill, whose ministry was made a blessing to my soul.

Business being now on the wane, we resolved on leaving and going to another town. My husband (Mr. Stannard) having gone to Ipswich for the purpose of visiting a sister, entered into a contract while there to build several houses, but, fearing the work would not continue long, it was considered wise I should remain where I was. I had previously given up my business. I accepted an invitation to visit the son and daughter of my first benefactor and friend (Mr. and Miss Goodwin), in London, where I stayed several weeks, during which time the Lord blessed the preaching of Mr. Foreman and Mr. Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, which made me feel as though my troubles were all over.

Having received a letter from Mr. Stannard, wishing me to get ready to go to Ipswich, I prepared

to return home, prior to removal, which my friends were sorry to hear, especially the young lady, she having dreamt that I had started home by the boat and was lost, and begged I would not go that day. I replied: "I shall not be lost; God is able to keep me from a watery grave." She went down with me to the boat, and took leave of me in a most affecting manner. The "Hardy" was not a first-class steamer, and only sailed from London to Ipswich. When we started the sun shone, and the band on board played all sorts of lively airs. As we glided down the Thames towards the Nore, one poor fellow, who to judge by appearance might have been a mechanic, said he had been down and inspected the boilers, and that we should be all lost, for that they were cracked. A gentleman who stood by remarked very dryly, "I hope the boilers are not so much cracked as his head, or we shall come poorly off." We came to the conclusion that the poor man was insane, and ought not to be at large. We soon rounded the Nore, but to witness a different scene than we had witnessed when going down the river; for just as we rounded it a white squall came on, and all faces soon wore a more serious aspect. We were very near being capsized, having some sails set at the time, which were soon torn to atoms. The sea began to swell, and the storm increased, and for several hours we expected to be lost. No one could take anything to eat; men, women, and children were looking more like the dead than the living. The captain, however, did his best to keep his vessel on the right tack, but she went all sorts

of ways. Once or twice the dream came vividly to my mind. Orders were now given for all seats and movables to be lashed and made secure. All the passengers (with the exception of three ladies who were too ill) were upon the deck. Strange to say, several of the passengers desired to be made fast to their seats. Many now began to say, that what the mechanic had said was going to prove true, and that we were indeed, to use a sailor's phrase, "going to Davy Jones's Locker;" though not from the bursting of the boilers. After the storm, the young man, the mechanic, was not to be seen, and the captain thought that through fear he must have jumped overboard. By some means the hatchway had become undone, and one poor old lady, who was sitting close to it, and who was not one of the smallest of her sex, fell into the sea, and after her several fat pigs, which had got loose, and were never recovered. A sailor, rather smarter than some of the rest, seeing the lady fall, sprang forward, and the steamer giving a lurch to the side where she was, caught hold of the heel of her boot, and hauled her upon the deck, and the best the circumstances would allow was done for her. All the glass and china and earthenware now began to give way, and get smashed. One young lady, who sat close by me, said to me several times, "Are you not afraid?" I replied, "Not much;" for I must tell the reader that while all this was going on I was secretly asking the Lord to let the trying circumstances in which we were then placed be the means of eternal life to those on board; for, if we might judge by words and conduct, there were not many praying

characters amongst them. I was comforted by these words coming very forcibly to my mind, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." The fear I had was vanished, and I felt that we should not be lost. The captain, though one of the bravest of men, seemed to have lost hope of saving the vessel. We were all in a dreadful state: men, strong and stalwart, looking like so many corpses; husbands, wives, and children clinging to each other. Some were in tears, while others were too much frightened to weep. The few life-belts we had on board were ordered to be in readiness, with all the boats, which were not of the best sort; but any boat in a storm will be thought much of till its imperfections are discovered. Shortly after this it was thought advisable to hoist a flag of distress, as we were nearing a port, though not the one we had hoped to have reached. The storm seemed to have abated a little, which it had done before. The captain ordered a flag of distress to be hoisted. It was seen by the coastguard, who sent out to us, and with a tug towed us into Faversham creek, where we were made safe. Many of the passengers wished to leave and go to Canterbury, and from there to London. The boatmen told them that if they could walk through a great distance of surf they could go, but no boat could take them. But, however, go they would, taking no luggage with them. During the time we lay there coals and a great many other necessaries were brought on board, and everything was made ready for another start to Ipswich. We steamed out of the creek at 4 o'clock in the morning, and reached the river Orwell at 5 o'clock in the after-

noon, and as we dropped down the river old hats, boots, and shoes were thrown up into the air, and the hearts of all on board beat with joy at their safe arrival, where we found all who had gone before anxiously awaiting on the beach for the time when they should get their luggage restored to them. I found my friends had been very much troubled about me, thinking that I must have been lost, but were greatly relieved to find that such was not the case.

In the providence of God we settled in Ipswich, where business for a time went on well. I joined the people of Zoar Chapel. They had no vestry or school-room, which was greatly needed, the chapel being in the midst of a thickly-populated part of the town, which was comprised mostly of the poorer class of people. After due consideration by the minister and congregation, it was proposed that they should build a school-room or a vestry, previous to which the ladies were to be furnished with collecting cards. Some of the ladies being much better known in the town than myself, I proposed to take a tour to the different churches where I was well known. This I did, staying at the different ministers' houses for a short time, and returned home at the end of seven weeks. I felt grateful to my husband for thus allowing me to be so long absent from home, begging—for it can be called by no other name; and, for the encouragement of those who go out on a mission for a good purpose, I may say that happier days I never spent. While plodding across fields and by-ways from house to house—for I did not confine my efforts to town—the Lord gave me strong faith to

believe that I should be prosperous, and so I was. Every place I went to I met with encouragement, and one that I visited stands out prominently before the rest in pointing out the truth, that all hearts are in the Lord's hands. It was the house of a very wealthy gentleman in Bungay. When I rang the bell, a servant came to answer the door. I gave him my card, but he wished to know something of the nature of my business; I partially told him, when he replied, "I will take it to my master, but I am sure he will not give you any thing." He went to tell his master, and while he was gone, from the position where I was, I could hear all that passed between the servant and his master. The gentleman, upon the message being delivered, shouted at the top of his voice: "No, no, nothing; tell her to go!" which message was duly delivered to me, and, judging by the expression of William's countenance, it seemed that he quite acquiesced in his master's decision. After he had told me what his master had said, he opened the door for me to go, when I quietly asked him if his master were a gentleman? Having received an answer in the affirmative, I observed that, "I felt assured he would not turn me away without speaking to me." Away the man went, though not at all falling in with my statement. I heard the gentleman say, "Ask her into the parlour." I was shown in, and he quickly followed in his morning gown, for it was early. He inquired my business. I answered, "A quiet talk about some people with a great many children, and we want to build a school-room; and God has honoured you by placing you over a large portion of

temporal goods, and, in the name of these poor people, I beg you will give them a little help." He looked at me very earnestly, rubbed his hands, and rang the bell, at which summons the powdered valet appeared, and received the order to "Bring a box." "Which box, sir?" asked William. "Cash," replied the gentleman, whose countenance was cheerful and agreeable, while William looked anything but pleased that I had succeeded in my request. While the box was being unlocked, he told me that "I must not come any more," and with those words gave me a pleasing donation. On taking leave, he shook hands and wished me "God speed."

I returned to the Christian friends at the Baptist church in Bungay. It was presided over by Mr. Hazleton, with whom I had some earnest conversation upon spiritual matters. I proceeded to Beccles where I met Mr. George Wright, an old and much-beloved servant of the Lord. I received a hearty welcome from the whole of his family, and during the time I was engaged in canvassing the town and suburbs I sojourned at his house.

I need scarcely say that the people were highly pleased at the success of my seven weeks' labour.

For some time after my path was rough and thorny in spiritual things; I found I was not to walk in silver slippers with the sun always shining upon me, and no intervening days of doubt and darkness. Truly, all through life I could say:—

"I've no abiding city here,
But lodge awhile in tents below."

But if it was the Lord's way with me, I felt content,

believing that the promise would be fulfilled, that all things should work together for good to them that love the Lord, though at this time everything seemed to tell against us for the worst, business being so very bad, we felt it necessary to leave that town. Several failed owing us large sums of money for contracts nearly completed, but could not be finished, and all came to a standstill. It was a great trial, and one over which we had no control.





CHAPTER III.

WE GO TO LONDON. — BETHLEM HOSPITAL. — QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S LYING-IN HOSPITAL. — BROMPTON. — INSTALLED AS ATTENDANT. — RESOLVE TO EMIGRATE. — NINE ELMS TO SOUTHAMPTON. — THE BAY OF BISCAY. — TIN AND DIN. — OUR BERTHS, REGULATIONS, AND RATIONS.



Now made up our minds to go to London. Being always glad to visit the sick, it had been impressed on my mind for a long time to go to some hospital, as I felt I could do a great deal for the poor invalids if I understood better how to treat them. Many things arose in my mind when I thought of the matter, and at last I named it to my husband, and with his consent I made application at the Bethlem Royal Hospital, and was informed that at that time no pupils were admitted, but if I desired to get instruction I could go in as an attendant, to which I agreed; and I can say that I have not seen anywhere a nobler institution for those who are afflicted mentally. There is every kind of amusement to cheer the drooping spirit, such as music, birds, flowers, aquariums, &c., &c. After remaining there some time, I desired to become thoroughly and practically acquainted with every branch of medical, surgical, and midwifery practice,

and, in order to learn the last-named, I entered Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, as an indoor pupil. There I received every instruction necessary to qualify me in nursing and midwifery. During the greater part of the time I was allowed to practise as midwife.

After I left Queen Charlotte's I went to various other hospitals for medical and surgical training. God gave me strength of body and mind to do all that was required of me, though I little knew what my future was to be. Notwithstanding I had been greatly supported in all my duties, my health began to decline, when my husband proposed that we should go and live at Brompton, thinking the change might do me good, as it was not so thickly populated.

After a short time, and when I found my health improving, the matron at the Brompton College sent for me to know if I would take charge of a young gentleman who, through a sudden promotion to a post of honour, had become mentally afflicted. I arranged to go to the College, and try what I could do with him, as they did not wish to send him away if I could at all manage him. I found him to be a fine young man, and the only son of a widowed mother. We had a well-furnished room to ourselves, where I endeavoured to amuse him in every possible way. I remained with him at night as well as day; often during the night he would get out of bed and see if I were asleep, and if he thought I was, would give me such a shaking, telling me to wake up and sing a song, and then he would sing one of his after I had complied with his request. I remained there

only eleven weeks, and at the end of which he was perfectly able to resume his duties. The unfeigned love and thankfulness expressed by him at our parting will ever be remembered by me.

I just remark here that, of all the noble works entered into as a profession, there is not one nobler than that of a nurse. She has a far greater opportunity of doing good than the medical man, though he may be ever so desirous to restore his patient. A good nurse not only feels it a pleasure to carry out the doctor's commands (which every good and faithful nurse will do), but at the same time will ask God to bless every means used for the restoration of the patients placed under her care. It is impossible to tell the good that has resulted from God-fearing nurses. I am greatly rejoiced to find that ladies are giving this noble work its due consideration. Many have already come forward in love to the afflicted, leaving the great pleasures of society and home to enjoy the unspeakable pleasure of doing good, proving the truth of God's word, "that it is more blessed to give than receive." What would have been the sufferings of those poor soldiers in the late war if it had not been for the high and noble minded ladies who, at the risk of their lives, went to administer comfort and relief to the maimed and dying? The great amount of suffering which they were, in the hands of God, the means of relieving will never be known. Many a poor fellow who heard their voice of love mingled with compassion, and who has been spared, can tell the tale of the kindness shown. May many more come forth into the great field of love, for

if properly entered, it will not be thought or felt a labour, but a high privilege to be enjoyed! for it is not every one that is gifted or fitted to fill the office of nurse, neither can they be taught to become clever, being destitute of the qualifications which a really good nurse requires. There is something impressively solemn when a dying sailor or soldier, who but a few days before was brought off the field of battle, says with a weak voice, rendered so by the ebbing away of vital power, "Thank you for your kindness to me, and may God bless you!" then grasping your hand with as much warmth of feeling as he can put forth, faintly smiles, and the soul goes to its Maker. You feel a satisfaction that you have been the means of alleviating some amount of suffering, both of body and mind, which he might have felt had no nurse been in attendance.

After I left the College and returned home, my husband expressed a desire to emigrate to Australia, as quite a mania had arisen for the gold fields, and, considering our losses at Ipswich, I felt it my duty to comply with his wishes.

We decided to go by emigration, which we found was better than going by private ships, particularly for those with large families. We went from Nine Elms to Southampton, where the vessel was lying that was to carry us over the deep blue sea. It being customary for intending emigrants to remain three days at the depôt, we obtained leave (for we did not like staying there) to lodge in the town till the following Monday, when we went on board, at which time the appointment of matron for the ship took

place. I being advised to make application for the appointment, did so, but was unsuccessful, which caused me to feel a little vexed, as I desired much to increase our funds.

On the 5th November, 1853, we sailed down the river, and dropped anchor just opposite the Isle of Wight, where we saw Gunpowder Plot to perfection: fireworks were to be seen in abundance. When we were at anchor, the Minister gave us a most excellent sermon on brotherly love, for he and the Commissioner came with us. The sermon was very touching and impressive, nearly all on board shedding tears. Having given us some good and wholesome advice, and wishing us a long farewell, the Commissioner and Minister left the ship. As the boat in which they went away left, the emigrants gave them three hearty cheers, which they returned in good earnest, wishing us "God speed."

At 2 a.m. next morning we weighed anchor, and commenced emigrants' life. It may be that some of my readers have never had the pleasure, if such it may be called, of sailing across the sea in an emigrant ship, so I will give a short but graphic description of it. Confusion and noise reigned triumphant, and all seemed to vie each other in that pleasant and delightful employment. The children, too, of whom there was no scarcity, seemed quite able and willing to swell the discord: men and women grumbling, having evidently expected to find all on board the same as on dry land, and who no doubt, if they could, would have gone back to where they had started from. In crossing the Bay of Biscay we encountered

a squall, which caused many of the passengers who just before had the boldness of lions to become weak as children. The ship rolled heavily, causing tins to emerge from all corners, like so many mice at play. The noise and rattle produced was something deafening, and to many stout hearts almost appalling. Tin and rattle was the order of the day. There were tin teapots of all sizes and shapes ; tin plates, but none of the willow pattern ; tin pans of various sizes, used for the purpose of holding soup ; tin tankards, used for drinking purposes ; tin bottles, to hold the daily allowance of water ; tin bowls, for ablutions ; tin hats, used by those who obtained the pity and contempt of the sailors, by being sick in, and which admirably served their purpose, being made like a Quaker's hat with a broad brim, and were placed on the knees of the unlucky individuals who had the misfortune to be seasick ; bully tins, which the emigrants' meat was preserved in, and which the sailors looked at with disgust, and passing any ship would yell out, with a fiendish grin, "Have you got any bully soup on board?" and if the ship was at too great a distance, used to chalk it upon a board. And then, to complete the long array of tin articles, the ladies had brought for the children every kind of tin toys, the noise of which, I leave the reader to judge, was in a storm, as well as a calm, something dreadful.

The Commissioners having allowed us to take our own beds with us, we were very thankful, and we found them to be quite a luxury.

The berths were snug places indeed, for one would have thought, by the length, breadth, and depth, that

they had been made on purpose for us. The only thing which we found to be at all inconvenient was, that there was only just sufficient room to sit conveniently in bed, and when you got out of bed great care had to be taken lest the deck above came in unpleasant contact with the top of the head. Fortunately, ours was a top berth, and if ever so clever when the ship rolled, we were sure to be inconvenienced by the head or shoulder coming in contact with the top or sides of the ship. These berths are not very good places for those who are troubled with nightmare, or bad dreams which cause them to start up in bed. One thing is certain—they would not dream long, but soon awake to their own safety. The bottom berths were not so good as the top ones, though you had to climb to reach the top ones, and were annoyed by the sailors using the "Bible," a phrase which they applied to the use of a stone which they rubbed on the deck every morning, for the purpose of keeping it clean, if the weather was such as would allow such ablutions. If the weather was rough, the passengers were obliged to sit between decks, which monotony was greatly relieved by each bed having a green curtain drawn before it. When meals were served, a long deal table with a rim was let down with ropes, and which had no legs, but was suspended from above deck, and each mess sat down with their captain (every mess having a captain to keep order), and who often numbered from fourteen to twenty persons. Every Friday—not an unlucky day to the emigrant—the chief steward served out the provisions allowed by the Commissioners for the week, and which consisted of flour, butter, syrup,

sugar, rice, suet, oatmeal, lime-juice, currants, raisins, tea and coffee, with many other articles. On the top of each berth was a kind of locker, but which had no covering of any sort. The articles served out were placed in these receptacles, and it not unfrequently happened that while you were indulging in blissful repose a gale sprang up, and you were rudely awakened by a shower of bottles and tins, which covered the bed with their contents. Then a scene of almost indescribable confusion ensued : some were crying out that they were being smothered in treacle, others had just received an unexpected quantity of flour, which caused general fits of sneezing and coughing ; others had got their eyes full of oatmeal, and were afraid to open them, lest they should get a fresh supply ; and all agreed to the fact that there had been a plentiful shower of raisins, currants, rice, suet, and the other articles which they had stowed away in safety in these lockers ; and last, and not least, some who slept with their mouths open were awakened by a piece of butter falling and filling up the cavity. The worst of all this was, that whatever you lost in these affairs you were compelled to do without till the time came round again for a fresh supply, as they were only served out once a week. Every Wednesday all beds and bedding was taken upon deck, if the weather permitted, and suspended between sea and sky on the rigging, which was done to preserve health, and while hung up the men would clean out all the berths, rubbing the floor with sand ; and if any refused to do their allotted portion were compelled by the constables who had been sworn in before the voyage commenced. All

water was given out by measure, and which taught us not to waste that great blessing. The captain was very kind, not only to the children, whom he regaled with all sorts of good things during the voyage, but to many of the females, who were allowed to walk upon the upper deck, and of the number so privileged I was one.





CHAPTER IV.

I AM APPOINTED SURGEON'S ASSISTANT.—A YANKEE TRADER.—
JAM.—REAL NATIVES AND QUEER PIGS.—WHALERS, NOT
STEAMERS.—A SHARK ON BOARD.—A STORM.—TWO NAUGHTY
YOUNG LADIES.—REWARD OF INDUSTRY.—“LAND AHEAD!”—
DANGER.—END OF THE VOYAGE.—BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

THE doctor was taken ill, and was scarcely able to get on deck, and he, knowing that I knew something of the qualifications of a doctor, came to me and inquired if I had any objection to assist him during the voyage. He promised that I should be handsomely paid, and have the privilege of the cabin fare, the same as himself and the captain, both in meals, wines, &c. I replied that I was willing, but must first consult my husband. He consenting, I at once entered upon my duties, but not without deep thought; for I saw the hand of God was in it, and that if He had allowed me to have had my own way in being matron, I should have been far worse off, for I should have often been shut down with those young people in a close place. I could then fully agree with the Psalmist, when he said, “He that is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.”

A ship being now sighted, we hailed her, but the

captain, instead of giving a reply, ordered his boat to be lowered, and was soon alongside our ship. He then informed us that his vessel was an American whaler bound to the Cape. We inquired whether he would take some letters for us, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, all hands soon commenced writing. When all was ready for delivery, one shilling each was paid for postage. The captain then sent back his boat to the ship, when, to our surprise, it soon returned, laden with cheese, jams, onions, &c., which were sold to a great number of the emigrants. Such was the immense quantity of things he had on board that the boat seemed to be a kind of floating store-house. But, however, no sooner had he taken his leave than exclamations of abuse poured forth from all quarters, especially those who had purchased jams; for Brother Jonathan had, to use their own words, "Jam'd them pretty well." They had paid seven shillings for each jar, and there was not more than two table-spoonfuls in them. After this, we expected our letters would not reach the Cape, as we felt assured that he was cruising about to catch vessels with passengers on board. But, however, to be just to him, whether he went to the Cape or not, our letters reached England safely.

A few days after we sighted an island, the name of which I have forgotten. The natives saw us, and came out in a very curious kind of boat of a very novel construction, which put me in mind of Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, when asked how she was made, said, "Didn't know; 'spect she growed." They came, not like Brother

Jonathan, to sell, but brought for the captain a present, which consisted of two pigs, some apples, oranges, and bananas. It was fine weather and quite a calm, giving all the greater pleasure to welcome the strangers, especially the "pigs," for they were admired, not for their beauty, but for their strange looks and manners, being of a dark red colour, with very long bristles, their front legs much shorter than those behind, yet, to the amusement of all, they went down on their knees to eat. The natives having been entertained by the captain to good old English fare, which they much enjoyed, and received presents from the captain, a breeze having sprung up, we bid our friends adieu, and sailed on for three weeks without sighting any ship. However, one morning, about four o'clock, the captain shouted down the hatchway: "All hands up—homeward bound steamer in sight." There was no time lost, for all were soon up, and most amusing it was to see so many on the deck, some sitting on the companion-ladder, loaded with writing materials; the poop was covered with emigrants, paper, and ink. The sun was rising, and all were delighted, and quite agreed with the captain that it was a steamer.

At 10 a.m. it was much nearer; many had lost their breakfast in watching her, but at noontide they discovered that they had made a mistake: what they had taken to be steam and smoke was a fleet of whales. Having discovered the supposed smoke and steam to be water which the monsters of the deep were throwing up, the crew had been enjoying the affair as well as the captain, though it was not altogether a

disappointment to us, for we all had a good view of them gliding majestically away. The next day we caught a shark. It was hard work for six sailors to haul it upon deck, where it played some clever tricks. One of the emigrants, an Irishman, who was very anxious to see the "wonderful crathur," went a little too close to examine it more minutely, when the shark gave his tail a twitch, which knocked his inquisitor down the hatchway, yelling out "he was kilt and murdered, and all his ribs were broken, and should niver see the dhry lãnd any more." He was, however, quickly recovered, and it was found he was only slightly hurt. On regaining the deck, he commenced, in much the same style as Pickwick, when he delivered his first Parliamentary address, a long tirade against the shark, much to the merriment and amusement of those on board. The sailors now soon put an end to the shark's playfulness, by each using his jack-knife in a very scientific manner, first cutting off the tail and then the head. Several expressed a wish to inspect the jaws of the creature, and the carpenter (the head having been severed from the body twenty minutes) taking up the head for the purpose of showing it, put his thumb between the rows of teeth, when the jaws closed upon his hand, cutting the thumb in a dreadful manner, and disabling him from work the remainder of the voyage.

The weather was beautifully fine, and on we sailed, little dreaming that rough weather was soon to set in with double fury. When it had lasted a week, we lost the mizzen-mast, and a week after we lost the mainmast.

Hatches were all battened down, children shrieking, men and women all expecting to die, their hearts failing them for fear—many on their knees praying during the storm who, it is to be feared, forgot to pray in calm weather. The storm abated, and once more we enjoyed the gentle breezes which wafted us forward, and all recovered their spirits, except the poor doctor, who still remained ill. We had a family on board who came from Jersey, and who had two daughters, both of whom were highly accomplished, and who caused quite a sensation on board, and a deal of trouble to the matron; so much so that the captain threatened them that their beautiful black tresses should be cut off as a punishment; and I, to save them from that sorrow and disgrace, begged that he would allow them to come under my care in the hospital, where I should keep them employed. He consented, and they behaved well the remainder of the voyage, and were very useful.

Previous to leaving England, a quantity of calico was cut up at the Emigration Depôt into various garments. They were to be made by the emigrants during the voyage, and at the end of which given to those who had made them, though at the time was kept an entire secret from them, being a reward for industry; for the more industrious they were the better for them, to the no small annoyance of those who had been idle, and which the day of distribution proved.

These two young ladies made several garments, as well as seeing to the work attached to the hospital, and at the end of the voyage were presented with the

garments by me as a reward for their industry and good behaviour.

We had experienced very rough weather during the voyage, and if the ship had not been a good old oak she must have been broken up. The sailors called her "a washing tub," as her sailing qualities were not very quick.

Early one morning the man on the look out bawled out to the captain, "Land ahead!" At this time every one was in bed asleep, but the welcome sound found its way into the ears of the slumberers, causing them to start up in bed, and, forgetting there was not much room, hit their heads against the top. Then an indescribable scene occurred: every one was trying to be first on deck, to catch a glimpse of the land they supposed to be nearing. Some went on deck barely half dressed, and without shoes or stockings; toes were trod on with impunity, and all strained their eyes to the utmost to see the land, not flowing with milk and honey, but gold, and which presented the appearance of a dark cloud in the distance; but something nearer was not only taking the captain's attention, but all on board.

On we sailed, with a fair wind, running to death, through a projecting rock standing far out into the sea, against which the waves dashed and lashed themselves into foam. The captain, seeing the danger, gave the old cry, "'Bout ship!" and once more went out to sea. The orders were to tack at two in the morning, and stand in for Portland Bay. At five in the afternoon we found we were in double danger, for we were too close to the shore, and breakers were near,

ready to gore the sides of the ship, and send to destruction all on board. "'Bout ship!" was again ordered, and once more went out to try our luck. We had on board a North-American coloured man, who was called "Black Harry," and who was well accustomed to those parts of the mighty deep, having been a sailor forty years. The captain, feeling he could have more confidence in him, gave him charge of the wheel, and orders to tack at two in the morning. The captain then retired to bed. I was standing by, and the chief officer coming up, Harry asked permission to tack then, instead of two in the morning, as he felt sure by so doing he could bring the ship to its destination. Permission being granted, orders were given to tack, and at daylight we had the unspeakable pleasure of viewing the rocks in the distance, and knowing we were then quite out of danger. During the time we were in danger every one on board was giving advice in the matter, some advising one thing, and some another, making the scene one of great confusion, and almost putting one in mind of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day we dropped anchor, after a voyage of 108 days. Many ships were at anchor in the bay; some had and some had not discharged all their emigrants, small-pox being on board. It appeared to give them pleasure when they saw us, for quickly all around were pieces of board put up, on which were questions, written in chalk, and in the same way received answer from us. We were more fortunate. Our ship was very clean, for which all concerned in the

management received great praise from the Commissioners.

During the voyage we lost five children, who were very weak when they came on board. Five were born, which gave me great pleasure, as I had officiated in every way for their safety and health, and thus we were enabled to take into port the same number that we had taken out.





CHAPTER V.

A MESSAGE FOR SOMEBODY.—DISAPPOINTMENTS.—GOOD NEWS.—
OFF TO WARRAMBOOL.—ROUGH BOATMEN.—OLD FRIENDS AND
NEW ARRANGEMENTS.—MY HUSBAND STARTS FOR THE DIG-
GINGS.—I TURN LAUNDRESS.—GOOD PAY.—SADDLE WORK.—
SUSPICIOUS DEATH.—IN SEARCH OF MY HUSBAND.

PREVIOUS to leaving the ship, the Commis-
sioners came on board to inquire into the
character and conduct of the emigrants,
and also as to what they were fit for in the
colony. The captain kindly insisted upon intro-
ducing me to the Commissioners, as the doctor's as-
sistant, when I received their hearty thanks. While
the inspection was going on, a steamer hove in
sight, but neither the captain nor any one else were
allowed to come on board our ship until the Commis-
sioners had completed their inquiries. The
captain of the advancing steamer called out that he
had a letter for some one, but no name could be
heard, and that the passage was paid, but where to
was lost in the winds. We had a shopkeeper on
board whose wife had a brother in Melbourne; she
at once concluded that the letter was for them. We
all arrived at the same conclusion, having no friends
who could or would have paid our passage for us.
They were very pleased, and at once proceeded to get

their things ready to leave the ship. Previous to the Commissioners leaving the ship, they desired me, when I became settled, to send them my address, when they would remit me remuneration for my services on board. I was somewhat surprised, for I had been filling myself with the hope that I should have something to draw to add to our little stock. I then went into the hospital, there being no one in it, and, with my eyes full of tears, poured out my soul in prayer to the Lord, that He would open a door of deliverance. I felt that God would appear for us, when those blessed words came with a power and sweetness which is alone felt when God applies it to the mind and heart,—“There shall be a way of escape that thou shalt be able to bear it.” I was quite satisfied that it would be well with us, and told my husband so; but he replied, “You are such a foolish woman to talk in that way. Where in the world should help come to us from here?” I replied, “Never mind: the ways and means are with the Lord, and Him alone.” Here, however, an enemy slipped in. A thought came into my mind, that if no deliverance came to us, how it would give an occasion to them who knew not God to speak evil of His name, and doubt the truth of my sincerity and faith.

In the meantime the Commissioners had left, and the captain of the steamer came on board, when he received a good shake of the hand from Captain Kerr, and a true English welcome. When they reached the cabin, the letter named was delivered to our captain. He immediately turned round and exclaimed, “Mrs. Stannard, this letter is for you; and the passage of

yourself and husband is paid to Warrambool." I was very pleased at this mark of estimation in which I was held, and glad for the sake of my Lord and my husband. For a few moments I could but just say, "Did I not tell you that the Lord would appear?" And yet I could but sympathize with the poor little wife, who had everything ready packed to start, whereas we had to be quick to do so, to go on board the steamer.

The next touching scene we had to pass through was to take leave of the captain and the doctor. We then went on board, and were obliged to huddle our luggage together in a heap, for it was dirt, dirt, everywhere dirt; yet a most cheerful little captain, who insisted on my standing upon a herring barrel, to enable me to see about, as we kept pretty close to the shore. In fact, he did every thing he could to make happy those who came from England. Fishing-lines were brought out, and we caught several fine fish, which were much relished for breakfast next morning.

We sighted a small township, so-called, but which in reality was not, as it only consisted of two brick buildings—the kirk of Scotland, built of stone, and a building of wood for the service of the Church of England, and a few tents scattered here and there. As the steamer neared Warrambool, a flag was hoisted for a boat to come off, which was quickly alongside, and, our luggage being put in, we took leave of our friends, as many had come from Portland Bay on their way to Melbourne.

I did not much admire our boatmen, who seemed of a very rough class, the upper part of their face

being just visible, and that was all—so much so that they might easily have been mistaken for natives. After rowing a short distance we reached the jetty, which was made of wood, and projected into the sea, and our luggage safe landed, for which they charged the moderate sum of £2, for about twenty minutes' rowing.

There was no one to meet us, the steamer being two hours before its time. We inquired of the boatman what would be the best for us to do. He very politely replied, "Go to the town and see." Nothing could be done but by going to the township, to find the friend who had invited us over, and paid our passage (who, I would observe, was an old servant who worked for us when at Ipswich, and who was now in prosperity). I now espied some who were real natives, for they were as black as niggers.

Several of the locks of our boxes had been broken during the voyage, and, after a short consultation, we determined to fill two carpet bags with the most valuable articles, and risk leaving the rest to either thieves or natives. The sun was shining fiercely overhead; the sand, through which we had to walk, was so hot I did not know how to bear it; consequently, I wished myself back in Old England, where the climate was more temperate. A steep ridge of mountains, which we had to climb, was before us, and on arriving at the summit we saw the little town below. I sat down on a stone wearied, while my husband went to seek for this friend; and I felt thankful to the Lord that here I could raise my Ebenezer, and in truth say, "Thus far my God hath led me." I felt a secret hope

that He would still direct, lead, and preserve us in this, for a time, our adopted land.

Our friend was soon found, and, with several others from Ipswich, gave us a hearty welcome, and soon entertained us with a sumptuous repast. For three days there was great rejoicing ; then our luggage was seen after, and, to our great surprise, we found everything had remained on the jetty as we left it.

An offer was made us by our friend to remain with him ; but, as we preferred living alone, we bought a small tent, and pitched it in the bush not far from the township. In a week or two there was a great rush to Ararat. A party was formed to go, among whom my husband was one, and a gentleman, who was a widower with two children, of whom he much wished me to take charge, promising, if successful, he with my husband, would return and fetch us. Neither myself nor my husband at that time knew what the diggings were.

The spot where we had pitched the tent was very lonely, and my husband, not wishing to leave me almost alone in the bush, after a short consultation, we hired a weather-board house in the township. It was a small one, having only one bed-room, and that with just room for one bedstead ; one sitting-room, which had to serve the purpose of kitchen, pantry, scullery, and anything else that was required ; not an inch of garden ground ; and for this "illigant spacious mansion" I paid the sum of 12s. per week, 12s. for a load of wood, and 10s. for a load of water, consisting of about sixteen buckets.

After seeing me safe in my new habitation they

started for the gold-field, Ararat, leaving in my care the two children. Two months passed away, and I received no tidings whatever. This rendered me very uneasy. I began to think it was high time that I got something to do, feeling a reserve must be left for the rest, as it might be some time before I heard from my husband, if ever, and I could not see the little ones left in my care come to want.

I had given my husband all the money I could conveniently spare, though he was not willing to take it. I counted what I had, and found that I had but a small portion left, which would only last but a short time. I went into the wee bed-room, and begged that the Lord would bring back my husband, or provide for me, and not leave me in my days of adversity. I had just concluded my prayer, when a rap came at the door. Wiping my face, for I had been weeping (reader, do not deem me weak), I went to the door and found it was my landlady, who had come to inquire if I would help her to do a little work for a gentleman, who had come to her house, from England, and was leaving for Melbourne. She regarded me for a few moments and then exclaimed, "Why, you have been crying! You'll kill yourself! You have much more to learn here yet! You must not fret!" I thought it was enough to make one fret; no husband, no earthly friends, and cash getting short, besides having two little ones to keep. It was Saturday morning, and, having consented to assist her, she sent me sixteen shirts to wash. I got them up and took them home the same afternoon, and imagine my surprise on receiving for my labour the sum of sixteen shillings.

My heart was full, being filled with the sense of the goodness of the Lord. "O ye of little faith, be not cast down, for your God shall deliver you in the hour of the deepest distress: for even while you are calling He will answer."

After this I did not pass my days in idleness, as the reader may imagine, for I had employment in stitching ladies' side-saddles with ornamental work, for which I received 5s. each, and doing often as many as three in the course of the day.

Eleven weeks had passed, and still no tidings of my husband. My landlady and I became greatly attached to each other, almost like sisters. She would often try to cheer me up by relating the trials she had undergone when they arrived. It was, however, ordained that I should not long enjoy her friendship. She became unwell, through a severe cold, and her husband advised her to have some medicine, which he procured for her at a chemist's shop, and at the same time he procured some strychnine to destroy rats, as he said. Rats, fortunately, were very scarce; in fact; there were none about the place. The same evening I made a call, and remained with her till she retired to rest, when I took leave of her for the night, promising to visit her again in the morning. I had not been home many minutes when the daughter came to my house, and said that her mother was taken suddenly worse. I ran at once across their garden, being the nearest way to the house. On entering the bed-room, I saw that she was in great agony, and apparently dying. I could not express my feelings, for I thought that foul play had been enacted. The symptoms and way in

which I found her were unmistakeably those of that powerful and subtle poison, strychnine—her head, arms, and legs, being all turned the adverse way. I caught hold of the bedstead to support myself, when the doctor arrived, and while he was satisfying himself that life was extinct, I turned round and saw on the dressing-table some paper, which apparently had contained a powder, with a cup and glass standing close by; and, upon examining the paper, we found it was labelled "Poison," which the husband on the day of trial acknowledged to have given her by mistake. Many a night I had no rest. It seemed quite clear the Lord intended me to have no earthly prop to my confidence, and in Him alone I must trust.

I now formed a resolution in my own mind that I, with God's help, would try to find my husband, though it should cost me my life. I packed a few things up, bought some canvas for a good tent, with some iron and deal, so that, if not successful in my search, I should have a place to be in. I also bought cheese, tea, sugar, and other articles, which I heard were dear on the gold-fields. I hired two horses and a dray, and engaged a driver, who was represented to me as being a steady man, and bearing good report. I was now much perplexed as to what I should do with the residue of the goods which I felt it would be necessary to leave behind me. On leaving England I had brought every kind of linen, and also several articles for domestic use. These were all carefully packed up; I had also boxes of shoes and wearing apparel. I was fully persuaded it would be folly to take them to the diggings, as it would be expensive to convey them

about, and the most feasible plan seemed to leave them; for if I did not stay in the fields I should return to claim them. A person in the town offered to take care of all goods I left; so I made up my mind to leave them. I would here just give those of my readers who have any intention of going abroad, a caution not to take more goods than what would be required on the voyage, for they can all be purchased there at the same, or nearly the same, as in England; and the money saved in that way would not prove the incumbrance that the luggage would do; and, again, you may be deprived of them the same as we were, for we never saw our goods again, or even the place we left them at. After a while I had my bed sent to me, but the carriage cost me as much as I could have made two beds for.

All was now ready to start, when a man came to my house and said he had a letter for me from my husband, and which had been eight weeks on the road. The conveyance by which it came was a heavy-laden bullock-dray, and accordingly travelled slow. Upon opening the letter I found it to contain two ten-pound notes; but even this did not alter my determination of going to where my husband was. Committing myself to the Lord, the journey was commenced. All went on well for the first two days, when it-set in to rain, at a rate to which I was totally unaccustomed, coming down literally in torrents. It was in June; that being a winter month, the driver feared the rain would last some time. He was anything but an obliging man, for every night when we camped I had to collect boughs, which of course were wet,

and which I laid beneath the dray, making them lay as smooth as I could, to answer the purpose of a bed, and threw blankets over them; while the children and myself rolled ourselves up in more blankets, and laid down for the night. Though my little ones slept soundly, sleep forsook me, for I did not feel quite safe with my drayman. He slept on the dray, over which he threw a tilt, to keep him from the wet, and also to protect some groceries which were under his care, and which he was taking to the diggings to sell. The tilt hanging down on each side of the cart formed excellent curtains, preventing the rain from beating upon us. Of course unrobing was out of the question. I now began to learn what life in the bush was. I found that the Lord was not in the wind, or yet in the storm, but in the still small voice of love and mercy, which He now and then spoke to my soul, and thereby strengthened my faith: for I must confess I had a fear of my driver, but often thought that the Lord influenced him, and so kept him quiet; for he only spoke three times during the journey of ninety-eight miles. When we encamped, he would go a good distance to prepare and get his meals, which compelled me to gather sticks to make our "billie" boil, and which is a vessel something like a milk tin, as my little ones were too small to help me. When going up steep hills, rugged rocks, and through rivers, as several had to be forded, I was obliged to fasten the children to me, to prevent them from falling, for sometimes the dray was almost perpendicular.

Arriving at the gold-field named Ararat, I need scarcely say how delighted I was, after the march,

which had extended over eleven days. It was with no small trouble that I found my husband, for upon the diggings were a vast multitude of people. The driver went about the diggings and inquired for "Tom Holland;" for the diggers do not make any distinction, and had he inquired for Mr. Holland or Mr. Thomas Holland, it would have been a great chance if that gentleman could have been found. The driver found that the children's father, or Tom Holland, as he called him, was with my husband, and finding him, said, "Does Tom Holland live here?" My husband replied in the affirmative, whereupon the driver rejoined, "Well, I've brought his wife and children." My husband told him he was mistaken, for Holland had no wife. The driver was quite hard in belief, and then fell to cursing and swearing as only a bullock driver can. My husband came out of his tent to where the cart was, and there found me, like a little bird perched upon a tree. He appeared very much frightened, even much more than myself, to think that I had ventured up through nothing but bush, in which murders were daily perpetrated. The father of the children was not at all pleased to see them, and at once took them and went to some other diggings, where he was never afterwards heard of more or seen by us.





CHAPTER VI.

OUR FIRST ENCAMPMENT.—LYNCH LAW.—A GOOD "RUSH."—
THIEVES.—A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.—SINGULAR DEATH.—
REMOVAL.—CROSSING CREEKS.

AFTER our mutual congratulations, I at once set to work to make our tent with the canvas which I had so providentially brought with me, as it would have cost there three times as much as I had paid for it.

This was my first encampment upon the gold-field, a situation I by no means approved of, being surrounded by all kinds of horrible noises, such as the cry of "Murder!" men fighting, others falling into worked-out pits, through getting drunk. Several were killed in this way; many were robbed of their gold, and then thrown down the worked-out claim or pit, either killed outright, or lay lingering with broken bones, to die a solitary death. Then, when the "fossicker" (that is, a man who, not having sufficient funds at command to bear the expenses of a claim, and who is compelled to go in a pit supposed to be worked out, to try to find a little gold, which sometimes he is fortunate to do), then, and only then, are the poor fellows who have fallen in these pits discovered, and oftentimes too late to be of any assis-

tance ; and the fossickers oftentimes in their searches for gold do much better than the owner of the claim. Firing off of guns and pistols, and shrieking men and women, was something awful to contemplate ; but such was life upon the gold-field. One day, when busily employed outside the tent, I was horrified to see a large number of men dragging a man to an old tree, which was just opposite where I was. I inquired the reason of this procedure, and was informed he was going to be "lynched," for robbing and shooting his mate. At this period I was a stranger to this form of law, and did not know what kind of punishment was inflicted upon a man who was to be lynched ; but I surmised the punishment must be something dreadful, judging from the contortions and grimaces made by the delinquent. Not wishing to see the tragedy perpetrated, I begged the men to take him further into the bush, for I did not want to see him after the administration of the law. The men acceded to my request, and took him further into the bush, out of my sight ; and I afterwards heard that he had been hung, or, as the men said, "They had been teaching him to dance a horn-pipe in the air," and had buried him in the bush.

This "rush" proved a good one, and was termed the "Black Man's Lead," a term used by the diggers for a run or seam of gold. It was discovered by an American Indian, and was therefore called the Black Man's Lead. The scarcity of water occasioned great expense to the miners, and for cooking and domestic use we paid from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per bucket. Many cleaned their plates by rubbing them with hot ashes,

and then polish them up with a clean cloth, instead of washing them.

Robbery and murder still continued to be rampant, through the greedy gain of gold. Bushrangers and ticket-of-leave men always knew who were getting gold, for in the day-time they would take a pick and shovel, and go round pretending to be diggers, in order to see who had the largest heaps of washed dirt, which sometimes contained a great quantity of gold, that they might take some of it, unless a strict watch was kept over it, and even attempt to murder the men who were watching it. Others would walk round, and endeavour to see into tents in the day-time, a plan that for some time answered well for them. For some days I observed a fellow constantly walking past our domicile, when he would stop opposite the door, and stare very hard into the interior as much as possible. The claim which belonged to us was yielding very well at this time. Feeling sure that he had watched our men at work in the claim, and that he intended us no good, I felt very uneasy about it. I told my husband about it, and said I should pray to the Lord about that man, which I did daily for more than a fortnight. The man still continued his practice of strict surveillance, and I began to have great fear that the Lord would not answer my prayers. Like Mercy at the gate, in "Pilgrim's Progress," it caused me to knock louder and in good earnest. Three weeks passed, and one Sabbath morning I felt as if I could not cease wrestling with God, that He would not allow the man to do us any harm. But no promise came to my mind to give me comfort. But the same

day, in the afternoon, as the man was passing our tent, he fell down when opposite the door. It was soon discovered that he was dead. When the people were carrying him away, I thanked the Lord for such a display of sovereign love. The Lord might have permitted him to have died in the bush, and it never have come to my knowledge, causing me to continue living in fear. It soon became known to the diggers that he belonged to that class who were a terror to all honest men.

Several weeks passed on, and the claims were almost worked out. Numbers started off to another rush, called Fiery Creek Rush, and we amongst the rest, starting, above all days, on a Sunday afternoon. In travelling many hardships had to be endured. Riding was out of the question, except when fording creeks, as there were diggers' tubs, picks, and shovels, and all other requisites, which had to be carried. There were thirty in the party, including two ladies and myself. When we had got about five miles on the road, we came to one of these creeks. We women immediately mounted the top of the dray. When we got into the middle of the creek, our horse suddenly stopped, refused to proceed any farther, and was equally unwilling to retrace his steps. Another horse was put to help him forward, but even this failed to make any impression upon him, and the men at last had to wade in and carry the things to the opposite shore, and then returning, put a cord round the neck of the stupid animal, and thus compelled it to go to the shore. During the journey the rain set in. Whole days we had to walk in a pelting rain.

For many miles we had to make the road ourselves, by cutting through the brushwood. At night large tents had to be erected, by throwing ropes over a fork on a tree, and fastening it. The single men had a tent made in the same manner; but if the weather was fine, we would all sit round the fire, with no covering except the canopy of heaven. Fires are invariably made when there is an encampment, either day or night, never failing to have one or two on watch if at night. The heavy rains which had fallen caused many of the creeks to be much fuller than usual, and which made it bad for all, especially the poor horses. The way in which we crossed these creeks may be interesting, and possibly be of benefit to all who intend going abroad. On arriving at the banks, a consultation was held as to the best method of crossing. After various suggestions had been made, it was finally agreed that some of the men should swim across, while others tied ropes to the dray. A horse was then unfastened, and one man rode upon it into the creek, carrying the ropes to those who had already gone before, and who, upon getting the ropes, tied them to a tree. The man then returned with the horse, which was fastened to the one already in the shafts of the dray, and then, with the united efforts of man and horse, the dray was deposited in triumph on the opposite side, to the great relief of the ladies, who were mounted upon the top, and who during the transit were in fear of being capsized into the swollen stream. We, however, determined that the next creek we came to we would swim, instead of getting upon the dray, but secretly hoped that there

would not be a creek to swim. However, our party were not the only ones; thousands were going, and in the same plight as ourselves, seeking for the new rush.

A few days after another creek presented itself, and we had now the opportunity of showing our newly-acquired valour and art of swimming. We proceeded a good distance down the bank, and after various preliminaries had been gone through, with a bundle of apparel upon each of our heads, and having on our bathing-dresses, with many fears as to our safety, we managed to launch ourselves into the stream, and in a short time, panting and gasping like fish out of water, we reached the opposite bank in safety, and soon joined the rest of the party.

After a wearisome march we reached the gold-field, and were far from being sorry. But we regretted to find that everything was dreadfully expensive—a four-pound loaf of bread fetching from 5s. to 6s.; flour, £10 to £12 per bag; and bread could not be bought unless you went to one of the shanties and bought a nobbler, which consisted of a little brandy in the bottom of a tumbler; but the sober part of the diggers would not put up with such imposition, and all agreed to meet the bakers, stop them, take their bread, and leave the money in the cart. This they put into execution for several days, until the “nobbler” system failed. Many people for a long time used nothing but “damper” in their families, which was very unwholesome and very indigestible, being made of flour and water. Some would put in

eggs, but as a rule they were far too dear, being for a long time sold from 6s. to 12s. per dozen. The "damper," when well kneaded, was made into one large loaf, measuring from half a yard to three-quarters of a yard across, and about six inches thick. A large fire was made. When it had well burnt down, a place was cleared in the centre of the ashes, and the damper was set in, the ashes being raked over it, completely covering it with the fire. When properly baked it would turn out very clean, no ashes adhering to it. A better plan is adopted now by the more careful housewife on the gold-field, by making her own yeast, that her bread might be more palatable and profitable, for much flour was wasted, the damper being anything but light. The process of yeast making requires a quarter-pound of hops to a tea-cup full of brown sugar, which was boiled in water for twenty minutes to half an hour, then passed through a sieve into a vessel, and then, when sufficiently cool for being worked, some of the last made was poured into it, stirring it well up, then a little flour sprinkled into it over the surface, and covering it up till the next morning, when it would be splendid yeast, ready to bottle up. By this plan we never failed to have light bread. I had an iron oven, which was round, and stood upon three feet, with an iron lid and ring for lifting up. I used to put six small-sized loaves in this oven and cover them up, putting fire on the lid and all round, with a little under the bottom, and so kept feeding the fire till it was baked, which, however, did not take long. The

bread ate very sweet when baked in this manner, and at the present time thousands bake their bread in the same way.

We pitched our tent but temporarily, for my husband went to see after marking out claims, and getting men to watch them. These men are by the diggers called shepherds, and obtain high wages for this employment, as every one who marks out a claim does not sink it at once, but watches those who are sinking, and then, if they strike gold, the first thing to learn is which way the gold dips or runs, which, if running in the direction of the claim marked out, and which your shepherd is watching, then in good earnest, working day and night, down goes the shaft, and if it proved to be worth working when bottomed, they next proceed to fence in the claim by the men making a small tunnel all round, each party being very particular to leave three feet of wall between each claim, and when both claims are worked out, the owner of each claim takes one foot and a half of the wall which was left, to wash in search of gold, I have known some who have been so fond of burrowing in the earth, that they have taken two or three inches more than they were entitled to, and have had to pay dearly for it, by giving several ounces of gold, according to the richness of the washed dirt so found. Some claims are composed of cement, and had to be gadzed, which resembled chiselling, the cement having to be burnt, in order that the gold can be extracted; other claims are of softer soil, but all claims are well propped, to

prevent accidents. Sometimes water is struck, causing great loss to the diggers. The wood for his props cost him nothing, for the trees of the forest are there for him to choose from, either for his work or tent-building. One morning, an old lady and her husband had been "surfacing," that is, taking all the soil to wash, to the size of the claim, and in doing so they came to a fortunate spot. In washing one tin of the dirt, it yielded several pounds weight of gold, so that they had to be protected until the police could reach the spot taking charge of the gold, ready for the escort to Melbourne, where it was deposited, the owner paying sixpence per ounce for its protection. Each claim is worked by four or six men, and sometimes, after working for several weeks, they would be disgusted, though they did not give up digging, thus finding it was not "all gold that glittered." Then might be heard booming over the hills, and in the valleys, the falling of gigantic trees. In the meantime, streaks of canvas had arisen, in the shape of stores, and which received the title of township; yet, in spite of these stores, everything could be bought, such as meat and spirits of every kind, and from a silk dress to a tin pot, yet up goes a "shanty" or "Tom and Jerry," which has been, and still is, the curse of the colony. Every vice and wickedness is practised by those who frequent these dens of iniquity; card-playing, quoits, and gambling of every description going on on Sundays more than any other day.

The discharging of firearms every evening, by the diggers, is a general rule on all gold-fields. Thou-

sands turn out, when all guns and pistols are fired, making the woods re-echo with the sound. The diggers then re-load, so as to be ready for any emergency, in case robbers disturb the peaceful slumbers. Many get round the fires, and there relate some wonderful adventures, and well-spun yarns, of which they were the heroes; and so each will tell his own tale till it is time to turn into their bunks or beds. In summer time, sometimes the digger was honoured by company, who was in full possession of his bed, in the shape of a snake ten or twelve feet long, and all through the night he received a gentle tickling from the numerous mosquitoes; and in the day-time he was kept alive by the flies, who delighted in finding their way into his nostrils, eyes, ears, or anywhere else where they could insinuate themselves. The snake, however, when found, was soon ejected from his newly-acquired possession, and summarily dispatched without trial by jury; but the flies and mosquitoes were not so easily got rid of. It is equally necessary to keep watch at the tent, as well as having firearms, if you have a good claim, and keep your gold in the tent. If single young men do not camp close to the married ones' tents, they seldom escape having their tents robbed. I have known them to bury their gold in the centre of the tent, and yet the thieves have found its hiding-place.

I have no doubt that a description of the interior of my tent would be interesting to my readers, so I will just give a bird's-eye view of it. It was divided into sitting-room and bed-room, each of which were

about fifteen feet square, a chintz-covered canvas dividing the two rooms, the same material being used all round the tent. The floor was first covered with flour bags, on the top of which was placed the carpet. My bedsteads were made of rustic wood, made by driving four stakes in the ground, with sides and cross pieces, forming a complete four-poster. On the cross pieces were heavy curtains, to prevent the mosquito from obtaining entrance, which, if not prevented, would disturb and destroy the blissful state of repose. The bed used on this occasion was made of long grass, which I cut up with a knife, for we had not been able to get our beds up from Warhambool yet. Our mattresses were made of the same material. The furniture was also rustic, and were my own design and make, and which consisted of easy-chairs, settee, sofa, and tables, constructed as follows. I procured an American flour barrel, and cut out three staves midway, which were placed at the back to raise it a little higher. Then cutting four staves, which were two on each side, one fourth down to form the arms, and filling a sack with grass, I placed it in the barrel, thus forming the seat; the back and arms all padded, and covered with chintz, with an extra cushion, made the easy-chair complete, and it was not a bad seat for a summer-house. The sofa was a fixture, which was made as follows:—The four legs were four posts driven into the ground, the two back ones being longer than the front. The ends of the sofa were made with two rustic sticks, two strong pieces being nailed across lower down, to hold the

slabs which formed the seat. The settee was made in the same manner, and like its companions was stuffed with grass. The tables were four stakes driven in the ground, upon which was placed a top made of a sheet of bark, which a native peeled off a gum tree for the purpose; and, when a cloth was thrown over, them, formed useful tables, as well as an ornament to the tent. The dressing-table was further ornamented with Colt's revolvers, two pairs of pistols, tomahawk, and two double-barrelled guns. The chimney was constructed of sods, cut in squares, like bricks, but much thicker, and, when built, was plastered with clay on the inside, and chalk stones were beat up, with which I white-washed the interior of the hearth. My tent was then complete, and very comfortable, having another little tent as a kitchen, and another alongside that for the purpose of a stable. The only thing which I was grieved at was, many times we remained but a few weeks in one place, and through shifting all had to be re-made, however I began to feel somewhat adept in the art of making furniture.





CHAPTER VII.

A VISITOR.—I FIRE AT HIM, AND WAKE MY HUSBAND.—A RHYMING LETTER.—OFF AGAIN.—A BUSH FIRE.—SAFE ARRIVAL.

DURING our stay in this place, we were honoured by a visit from one of the gentry whom I have before described. Mr. Stannard (my husband) and myself took watch alternately. The door of our dwelling at this time was simply a flour-bag, which was hung up in such a manner that a large dog which we kept could enter at will. One night it came in and laid its paw upon me, making no noise; his doing so gave me to understand that all was not right outside. Listening to ascertain more accurately the meaning of my faithful dog's warning, I soon arrived at the only conclusion left. What was I to do?—for whatever it might be, if a man, it was his object, without a doubt, to commit robbery, and perhaps murder, rather than be foiled in his scheme. My reader will not be surprised to know that being placed in such a position, and in such a state as the diggings were then, I was greatly agitated with fearful foreboding of evil. Every moment seemed an hour, though we were well provided for every emergency.

I felt that some prompt and decisive step must be attempted. To show a light would not do, for it might have taken the robber by surprise, and it might not, for the robbers on the gold-fields were not easily frightened; and thus in the struggle of mind what to do and what to let alone, this thought suggested itself to me,—to step lightly upon the bed, which stood across the end of the tent, and through a slit, which had been left in the canvas to allow the air to pass through, by means of a forked stick placed cross-way, I should be able to see if it was anything to fear, when, confirming my first opinion, there stood a giant-like fellow, and whom I might have easily caught by the hair of the head, it being only just below the slit or window. Everything was quiet in the tent, nothing being heard except the heavy breathing of my husband, who was fast asleep, and which, no doubt, the fellow could hear. It was a fine, clear night, and everything outside was hushed to sleep, no sound being heard except the gentle rustling of the leaves, caused by the fellow outside touching the temporary fence surrounding the tent. As I gently stepped back—for it was essential to safety to keep quiet and almost breathless—I heard a sharp instrument cutting the canvas close to the head of my husband. The suspense was now becoming almost intolerable; another moment and the fatal stab might have been given, and the same fate awaiting myself. Once more the canvas is cut. Reader, what a situation was this! The moment was critical! Should I awaken my husband to a sense of the danger that was present?

No! I felt that to be impossible, for while I should be arousing him the fatal blow would have been given, rendering all comparatively easy for the miscreant, who had come with the full intention of committing a desperate robbery. I did not want to give the robber a knowledge of our whereabouts, and with one ejaculatory prayer I felt that the time was arrived that I must be desperate, knowing that a desperate case required desperate treatment. I reached forth my hand and took my revolver, and a moment after I saw the bright gleam of the knife upraised over my husband, and which soon would have done its work ; but the next moment I saw the hand fall, for, in breathless anxiety, I had clutched the pistol too tight on the trigger, causing it to explode several times in quick succession. My husband sprang up, thinking I had shot myself, but at the same moment he noticed my appearance, and instantly comprehended the state of affairs. We kept very quiet, though we heard many voices, as many of the diggers had, at great risk, ventured out of their habitations at that hour. We, however, still kept quiet ; but did not hear the fellow go away from our tent, though by some means he disappeared, apparently satisfied with his attempt, for he never again troubled us. On the same night, a neighbour, a tobacconist, and who was supposed to be very rich, was also aroused by another of the same gang going to his tent. He, however, on getting up went to the door, when a blow was aimed at his head, but failed in the effect intended. He, however, quickly fired and shot the robber dead, who proved to be the

ring-leader of a gang for whom the police had been searching for months.

But to resume the narrative. The claims now being worked out, we preparèd for another rush to the White Leed at Ararat. I was not at all sorry, for the fear of these robbers made me quite uneasy. Previous to starting, I received several letters from old England ; one contained a few lines written by a good old Christian friend at Brompton, near London, whose age numbered ninety summers, while standing at the counter in his shop, and which ran thus :—

“ Well, as I have a little time,
I'll write a little more in rhyme.
My paper you will see is thin,
So I can the more put in.

“ And thus can keep within the weight,
To make my crooked matters straight,
When sixpence only I shall pay,
Instead of throwing one away.

“ Wisdom like the serpent this,
But it will never purchase bliss,
I must be harmless like the dove,
It will be so if God I love.

“ May these few lines find both in health,
With little of Australian wealth ;
And when in prayer you bend the knee,
Think, I pray, of worthless me.

“ For much I really stand in need,—
For me, I pray, you'll intercede.
My God, I know, will answer prayer ;
Pray, then, and He will lend His ear.

“ Ever since you left this place,
For you I have prayed before His face,
That He would guide you safe to shore,
For this, I say, I did implore.

“ I find I did not pray in vain,
The shore you might in safety gain.
I do not know one single day,
When I for you forgot to pray.

“ No, ever since you left this place,
Such has really been the case ;
And as I did not pray in vain,
I still will try and pray again.

“ But this paper looks so bad,
It will not be wisdom more to add,
And though to you it may seem dark,
I trust that you are in the ark.

“ So now, dear friends, I say farewell,
May I with you in Heaven dwell !
Our prayers will then be turned to praise,
And that through everlasting days.”

These few verses, though simple in reading, the meaning was great, and extended not only to our temporal but eternal good, and never failed to cheer and brighten my rough pathway of care.

Our packing was now all done, and once more a goodly company were ready to start. I was very pleased to find that the same two ladies, with whom we had previously travelled, were, with their husbands, going with us. It was something wonderful and pleasing to see, that though they had not been brought up to a hard life, how well they braved the hardships of a digger's life.

The weather was at this time the height of the Australian summer. We had scarcely started before the hot wind began to blow, which lulled a little in the evening, but only to commence with fresh vigour on the following morning. One morning we discovered that there was danger ahead, for we heard the rushing sound of a bush fire. What should we do for our preservation? Whatever we decided upon must be done quickly, as the fire would travel almost as fast as a horse can gallop. To turn back was useless; and to go forward worse than madness. The men hurried

the horses out of the drays, and covered them with cloths to prevent them from feeling much of the fire; others took the drays into a spot as clear of trees as possible; others set fire to the grass on which we were encamped; while one of the ladies with myself procured boughs and beat it completely out, until the spot where we were was all burnt, there being no grass to fire when it would reach our circle. Here we all suffered most acutely from heat, fire being on all sides; we were compelled to lie down with our faces on the ground. Soon many unwelcome visitors made their appearance, such as lizards, snakes, scorpions, opossums, and kangaroos, rushing from the fire. It is impossible to describe our feelings, when for many hours we lay in terror. Evening at length brought a little respite, though the heat was still intense, the trees all being on fire around us. The horses and dogs had their tongues hanging out of their mouths for want of water. We ourselves were not much better off, being just able to speak; but we resorted to the expedient of keeping a small stone in our mouths, which answered admirably in keeping the tongue moist. A heavy dew having fallen, we were enabled in the morning to again start on our journey, though for many miles we went through a forest of burning trees. Five days after, however, we reached our destination—White Leed, Ararat, where it soon became known that I was on the field; in fact, my horse was even better known than myself.

How mysterious and intricate is the path we are called upon to tread! Some are called to this and

that strange rough and thorny path through dangers seen and unseen, while others for years travel on in the same quiet way. True, it is we see through a glass darkly in this life, but we see sufficiently clear to trace the love and preserving care of the Almighty in the events through which we have to pass. Many such events as just described daily occur in the gold-fields, where human life is a chain of events, some being more startling than others.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

The wonder-working Hand of our God is to be seen daily in His providential dealings with His people, but it is to be feared that numbers who profess to be disciples scarcely notice His dealings. The Lord often works silently, yet the impress of His power is on all and in all, that essentially concerns those who love and walk in His ways. The joy and peace that accompany the sense of His divine approbation can only be understood by those who from day to day are watching the Hand of their God working for them, in them, and by them. "These are they who understand the loving-kindness of the Lord," both in Providence and grace, causing their hearts to be glad and rejoice in Him, who at the dawning of each day brings fresh knowledge of that rolling tide of God's everlasting love to His Church.



CHAPTER VIII.

PROFESSIONAL WORK.—A PRODIGAL SON.—OLD FRIENDS.—MY HUSBAND JOINS A PROSPECTING PARTY.—IN PURSUIT AGAIN.—LOST.—A STRANGE ANIMAL.—GRAND SCENERY AND GLOOMY PROSPECT.—“COO-EE!”—FOUND.—ANOTHER REMOVAL.—BATHERS.—A RESCUE.



MY time now became fully occupied in riding from morning until night, visiting and administering all the comfort, both temporal and spiritual, that God enabled me to do to the sick and the dying. If there was one sight on the gold-fields that grieved me more than another, it was to see a young man who had been once the joy and comfort of his home, fallen from that high and exalted position which previous to entering the gold-field he attained, by pursuing the path of virtue and temperance, but now brought to experience destitution in everything, and through the worst of all causes—intemperance. His health gone, no money, no beloved friends, death fast approaching, no mother near to kiss those frail and dying cheeks, and but a miserable substitute for a resting-place, in that old tent, which had been left as a cast-off by a more fortunate digger, one who had not wasted his substance in riotous living by visiting the grog-shops and gambling-shanties. but

one who had used that health and strength which God had given him, not only to his own benefit, but also to His fellow-creatures.

No one can tell what great joy it gives each heart when old friends in foreign lands meet, except those who are in foreign lands, especially on the gold-fields. Such was my joy when I met two who were travelling with their faces looking towards Zion. It had been many months since either of us had seen any who named the name of the Lord, except it was in cursing. I shall ever remember the intense feeling which pervaded my whole frame when they came to our tent. After our greetings were over, we often met together and enjoyed the unfoldings of Divine love, which enabled us to exclaim, "Our meditation of Him shall be sweet. We will rejoice and be glad in the Lord." We opened our tents alternately for public worship, and we humbly hoped that the seeds of truth which were sown by us were blessed to many, for I am glad to say that the place was filled. To render our little meetings more harmonious, several singers joined us. Afterwards, whatever field we were on, some of those who had met with us before would be sure to find us out again, as sure as our tents were open for prayer and the reading of God's Word, which gave us great pleasure, for though we were shut out from the more abundant communion of the saints, we enjoyed the presence of the Great Master, for truly God was with us.

Whisperings of new gold at Dunnolly was heard, and numbers were soon leaving for the new rush.

Once more we were on the march, and leaving my Christian friends, whose claim was not worked out. On arriving at Dunnolly we found great numbers there; but it soon turned out to many to be a *failure*. Mr. Stannard determined, in conjunction with two others, who still went where we went, and camped where we camped, to form a prospecting party, believing that gold was to be found in the locality. The party was formed, and for several weeks carried on with but little success. One of the ladies with myself was very anxious to go out to them to the bush. It was several miles, yet we felt we should be able to find the place, as we were promised that a notch should be cut in the trees as a guide to enable us to follow by the sun.

We started one morning well loaded with provisions in the shape of little dainties for them. The scenery was truly delightful, and in going after one beautiful flower and another we lost our way. We then endeavoured to trace our way by the sun, now and then giving the well-known cry of "Coo-ee," but received no reply. We wandered on, not daring to sit down, for several hours; but at last we got so tired that we sat down and refreshed ourselves, and then resumed our journey; as we thought, for home, but which proved to be quite the reverse. We saw a mountain, which appeared to be about a mile from us, and thinking if we climbed its summit we might be able to see some of the fires on the field which we had left, we directed our way to it, and with great difficulty reached the summit, and, although we were lost, we could not but admire the beauties of nature

spread out before us : quite different to some parts of the bush, there being no brush-wood, but splendid clumps of trees, and the grass being of a lively green, made it appear more like a park. One tree which we saw, the name of which we could not learn, much resembled the "acacia," only its boughs drooped, and reaching the ground took root, from which sprang another tree, until rows of them had grown and formed avenues. This tree bore a very abundant supply of white blossoms, which were no larger than the English forget-me-not. On looking round we failed to discover any trace of fires, and therefore began to feel cast down, believing that we were now beyond the reach of help. We glanced anxiously around, and looking down the opposite side of the mountain to that we had ascended, we espied something moving, which appeared of a light brown colour, and rather larger than a Newfoundland dog, and having a rough and shaggy hide, making its way up the mountain. We watched it for a time to see which direction it would take, when suddenly Mrs. Longman (my companion) exclaimed, "It's a bear or a lion!" to which I replied, that it could not be, for I had never heard of either having been seen in Australia. I tried to cheer her up by telling her that we could outrun it, as it was very sluggish in its walk. However, on its coming, and we began to descend, though a distance from it, on the same side of the mountain that it was ascending, feeling sure it would not be able to attack us, even if it felt inclined. We, however, escaped its notice, and arrived in safety at the bottom ; but did not again see the creature, which we supposed to be

an enemy. Overhead flew large flocks of cockatoos and parrots, and the scenery around was a truly grand panorama of beauty. In the midst of all this, we had almost forgotten our position. A consultation was held by us, upon which we decided to leave the spot as quickly as possible. On we marched, and ~~it~~ being very hot we were obliged to rest several times. Which course to steer we did not know, and night was fast approaching. We gladly reached a small elevated spot as the sun was declining. We sat down as we supposed for the night, thinking possibly we might see some of the fires which were lighted always when anyone was lost in the bush. Not a breath of air was to be felt, not a sound to be heard, except the shrill cry of the "carl," a bird which made a noise resembling the cry of a child. Several hours passed, and indeed they seemed to be of more than the allotted space of time, when we were startled by the well-known cry of "Coo-ee," and which instantly raised both fear and hope in our minds, as bushrangers frequently utter that cry to entrap poor lost victims. Was it our friends? In anguish of mind we invoked the presence of the ever-watchful Spirit to protect us. Another cry again sounded, but this time it was much nearer, and a well-known voice, as it was none other than that of Mr. Buchanan. My husband had gone in another direction to make search. We were both too much overcome to rejoice, but were glad to find means had been taken to rescue us from an awful death in the bush, numbers having perished through being lost. We reached home not very early the next morning, where several who had been in search

of us soon after arrived, declaring that "we were not to be found," but were delighted to find that their assertion was not true.

For the comfort of our men, we removed our tent to more convenient quarters, where it was placed in a beautiful spot under the crest of a large mountain, with a sheltering wall of wood, and gigantic rocks with creepers and flowers in wild profusion, and an extensive prospect of mountains beyond mountains, affording us a magnificent view of the wild bush, in which we had so lately been lost, and from which we had been so mercifully delivered.

A pretty green slope descended a few hundred feet from the tent, and at the foot of which lay, in the picturesque valley below, a beautiful little river, with its bright silvery streams sending forth gentle murmurings as it glided over each projecting rock, forming a natural cascade, along which its silvery streams went hither and thither far away, till the eye could not trace its gentle wanderings, nor hear its sweet music as it glided on through the romantic scenery; the wild bird now and then drinking of its refreshing waters, until it joined to swell the depths of the majestic deep blue sea, which bears on its bosom the mighty ship engaged in the commerce of the world, bringing to mind the words of Tennyson:—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

On each side of those enchanting streams stood various trees, from light green to more sombre brown, giving a grand effect to the mass, with here and there a

space, as if left by the great Creator for the benefit of man to admire.

Many of the diggers came from all parts of the field to these spots for the purpose of bathing. As the part best suited for that purpose was just opposite our tent, the authorities, not wishing us to be annoyed, particularly on the Sunday, notices were placed on the trees beside the waters to put a stop to the bathing here; but very little notice was taken of them, and we ourselves, knowing the luxury of a bath in the sultry day, could not complain.

One morning in December, the hottest month of the year, I observed several persons standing by the river-side, apparently in great trouble. I went to see the reason, and was given to understand it was a lad of fifteen years had been bathing, and got beyond his depth, and could not swim. A man came up, and taking off his clothes jumped in, just in time to lay hold of the lad as he came to the surface. The boy felt him, and instantly caught him with a death-like grasp, rendering him powerless; both struggled for a moment and then sank together. I stood with the rest gazing, expecting to see them rise to the surface; but it became evident to me that they were both drowning. I had on a morning wrapper, which was something like a bathing dress, at the time, and running to my tent, I procured a rope, and making a noose, I plunged into the water, as none dared to venture in, taking the noose-end with me, leaving the other end on the shore in the hands of the bystanders, telling them if I was successful in throwing it over their bodies to instantly haul them ashore. When

they came to the surface both were too feeble to struggle, and I succeeded the first time in throwing the noose around them ; when, with a shout from the lookers-on, who by this time were considerably increased, they were landed. I quickly getting on *terra firma*, restoratives were at once resorted to, though it took some time, and both were restored, and taken to their tents. In the midst of it all, I, with many others, could not but feel amused as well as shocked, the mother of the lad continually exclaiming, "I would not have cared if it had been his brother ; but Johnny is such a good boy !" Poor woman ! no doubt she thought it would have been a good thing to get rid of Johnny's naughty brother.





CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO ARARAT.—REMARKABLE BIRTH OF TWINS.—ANOTHER BUSH FIRE.—JOHN CHINAMAN.—UNDESIRABLE NEIGHBOURS.—A RUFFIAN.—CATHCART.—FEVER.—STRANGE COMPANIONS.

SHORTLY after the incident last related we removed back to Ararat. When we started a hot wind was blowing ; it was dusty, and the heat was almost unbearable. Grasshoppers, mosquitos, and flies were continually darting into the nose, eyes, or mouth, causing a feeling of discontent ; the poor horses not escaping their dreadful stings, though nearly covered with green foliage as a preventive.

Another new run of gold was struck. It was called the Deep Sinking. I was not a little delighted to find that my old friends the McDonalds were still there, and we at once encamped close by them. We were not long in this spot before another rush was discovered : it was called the Canton Rush, from having been discovered by a Chinaman. There were very soon between forty and fifty thousand persons on the ground. It was rather fortunate for me that we were encamped just between the two bends. The first person I attended professionally was a woman, whose age was fifty years, and who, strange to say, gave birth to two fine boys, and both mother and sons

progressed well. A most remarkable fact connected with this occurrence was that the mother had only had one child before, a girl, who at the time of this occurrence was fourteen years of age. There were no doctors on the field except Dr. Girdlestone, and he proved a great benefactor. Quacks were plentiful, and they all drunkards. As the rush increased, so did my practice, until I had not an hour to call my own. Going home one afternoon, weary and worn, I thought I heard the sound of a bush fire. I went to see, hoping it might not be, remembering my former experience of bush fire, and that my friend and neighbour was very ill. I found my surmises were too true; the mountains in the distance were all on fire. I quickly returned to make secure our tents, which several diggers came to assist to clear. The grass was fired at a good distance round the tent, and beat out again. Blankets were well saturated with water, and then thrown on the tents and temporary fence, which were thus saved from the sparks and small wood which fell from the trees all round. The fire, however, passed us in its way, and, fortunately for us, we did not feel much of its fury.

There was a Chinese encampment near to ours. The Chinese are very peculiar people, and I have no doubt that a short description of them will interest the reader. They are called by the diggers by the sobriquet of "John;" and if you chanced to meet them early in the day, and tendered the salutation of "Good morning, John," they would always give the same words in answer, no matter whether the person they spoke to was male or female. Their age could never be told

for old men and boys appeared nearly the same. They never allowed their wives to accompany them in their rambles. On the gold-field they had a peculiar way of travelling. One very hot day in January (this is the hottest month in the year) I saw about 400 of them coming along. Every one had a bamboo or cane, on one end of which was a puddling-tub as large as a small wash-tub, filled with all the tent utensils, while on the other end hung spades, picks, shovels, with the ever-useful article—the digger's cradle—with which John would make a good living where many an Englishman would starve, or leave the unwashed dirt in disgust. They seldom walked two abreast, but all paddle on one after the other, like ducks going to the water. The noise of their boots might be heard a great distance, for John does not believe in having boots to fit, but in having plenty of leather for his money. They are not allowed to encamp with people of any other nation. They are divided into two classes, one educated and the other not educated in their mother tongue: the former class soon pick up the English language. They are very expert in eating rice with chop-sticks, which are like very thin skewers. At certain times of the year they live on fowls, pigs, eggs, and so forth, their diet having something to do with their religion. The diggers are often much amused by the way in which "John" goes marketing. After he has feasted his eyes complacently for some time upon a little pig, he proceeds to make a bargain with the owner. As soon as this is effected, "John" says to the seller in an eager manner, "Me go catch him," to which the

seller always replies in the affirmative. "John" then proceeds very cautiously to where the pig is, and then makes a sudden grab at the tail of the animal. Sometimes he is fortunate in securing his prize, which he conveys home in triumph, carrying it in his arms, although squalling very vociferously. Very often, however, the pig eludes his grasp; then "John" falls sprawling all his length, the pig scampers away, and "John" would bawl out, "Stop, you pig! stop! me want you!" "John" would then run after the pig in all directions, sometimes having to stop to put his boots right, which would occasionally slip off. As soon as this was effected, "John" would have to seek his prize; and if he chanced to meet a countryman, he would say to him, "Why you let my pig go? Why you not catch him?" Very often the one so addressed did not know "John" had purchased a pig. In these chases "John" often had to run about an hour at a time, and had a series of mishaps, such as falling down, his boots coming off, tumbling over people who inadvertently came in his way, and his hat falling off and rolling away; all these had to be rectified before the pig was again sought after, which, when caught, "John" would hold tight in his arms, and mutter at a very fast rate, always keeping a firm hold of its tail, which the Chinese seem to conceive to be the handle of the animal. When any of them die they are invariably buried with many of their tools. "John's" drinking tankard, pipe, and tobacco are buried beside him.

A short time after we had been at this place, a strange tent was discovered pitched a short distance

from ours. Suddenly one night a stranger thrust his head inside the door of our tent. Our dogs had given no alarm, and this gave rise to suspicion that they had been drugged, which we afterwards found to be the case. My husband sprang up and took a gun in his hand, for the purpose of ridding the tent of the intruder. At my request, he did not shoot, and the next moment the ruffian grappled with and tried to throw him. In managing to pass the fellow, he dealt me a severe kick just over the eye, which partially stunned me, and caused the blood to stream down my face. I managed to possess myself of the dog's chain, and dragged him out of the kennel. The dog was quite stupid, and showed every sign of having been drugged. The air operating upon him, he soon began to comprehend the state of affairs, and immediately flew at the intruder, tearing his thigh in a fearful manner. He would, no doubt, soon have made short work of him had we not called him away, and the fellow, having had sufficient, retired as quickly as he could. In the morning the strange tent was gone. Such, then, was our life on the gold-field. We were never safe, but had always to be on the alert.

We remained at this place several months, during which time all the workings were nearly completed. The diggers had to seek for another lead of gold, which they found $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from us. It was called "Cathcart." The Canton Rush had been the means of greatly adding to the township, and many fine shops and good buildings were erected. The little town has now risen to be one of great importance in the colony.

Our party had a claim in which water had been struck, and which appeared as if it would defy all slabing or any other plan. Mr. Stannard, in endeavouring to check it, got so thoroughly wet that he became affected with typhus fever, and was ill for seven weeks, during which time I was greatly tried, not being able to get an assistant. In those days, if you had a servant, she could not be kept long, for servants were like the rushes, ever going and coming. I often thought, what would some of our ladies at home have thought had they seen me fetching water a distance of a mile with slings, for I had not strength to carry with my hands? What water I obtained was from an old muddy pool which the diggers had abandoned and with which I filled a large tub for the purpose of filtering it, which process was accomplished thus: I dissolved a little alum in some boiling water, and then poured it into the mud, which was somewhat in consistency like cream. It was then stirred up well, and in an hour it was fit for use.

This rush (Cathcart) having proved a failure, all were once more on the move. Just then word came that gold had been found near the township, close to Commissioner Hill. This was called the Black-Lead. The people were soon all gone, and I was left alone with my poor invalid, who was as ill as could possibly be. My only fear was that he should die in the night, no creature near to call in; but the Lord was good to me even there. Mr. Stannard had just begun to recover a little when I was taken ill. He was not sufficiently strong to attend to me. I felt that all these things were against me. Many a day, after

crawling about the tent to do what I could, my illness increased. I made an effort to get into the air, and not being able to walk, I went on my hands and knees to the back of the tent, and lay down on the ground, under the shadow of a fine old tree. Being distressed in mind and body, I lifted up my voice in supplication to the Lord, to take me from this world of trouble and affliction. Though my path had for some time been rough, the Lord did not forsake me. He has many ways of making His love and mercy known to us, and He maketh the heart to rejoice.

We had some strange companions in our solitude, and who never left us, but remained till we left them. A description will enable my readers to enter more fully into the pleasure which these companions gave to us: they were singular little creatures—the laughing jackasses. Early in the morning and late in the evening, eight or nine of these wonderful little birds would perch themselves upon an old withered tree standing not far from our tent, and commence their merry-making by one of them apparently tittering or trying to suppress a laugh, which in the end it reached, as one after the other caught up the same note, and a complete roar of laughter ensued. They made the whole forest echo with their merry peal. It was droll in the extreme; however dejected the spirits might be, one could not help feeling that laughter was contagious and joined in concert. These strange yet cheerful companions are of a grayish colour, with strong feet, thick body, stout neck, large mouth, strong bill, and a quick and penetrating eye. They are highly prized, and a heavy fine is inflicted upon

those who are known to destroy them. They are very adroit and cunning in killing reptiles of various descriptions. I have seen them watch a long time in the neighbourhood of a snake. The moment a snake makes its appearance, down darts the bird, picking it up just at the back of the head, and instantly rising into the air; when at a great height it drops its prey, and instantly descends; if the snake moves, it is again carried up into the air, to be dropped again. This performance is repeated till the snake is powerless to resist. The bird then bites off the snake's head quickly, and leaves it, never attempting to eat any particle of it. I kept one of these birds a long time as a pet. It seemed very contented, and never took any of its meals without first pretending to kill each portion with its bill by beating it, first on one side and then on the other; then laying it down, it would watch it very carefully. If it did not move, it would soon be swallowed. The bird was an excellent timekeeper, and was very useful in telling certain hours, namely, four in the morning and eight in the evening, by commencing to laugh outright in a very loud manner.





CHAPTER X.

THE BLACK LEAD.—SNOW.—MY COOK.—“RUSH, O!”—WELCOME LETTER.—FARMING.—AMPHITHEATRE DIGGINGS.—AVOCA.

HAVING now recovered in health, we at once made up our minds to remove to the Black Lead, a short distance from which we pitched our tent. Here my practice increased, and I was kept fully occupied. We encamped in a pleasant situation, in the centre of Commissioner Hill, with ground well adapted for a garden, which I resolved to make. I procured some large sheets of bark, and getting some iron hoops, which were in abundance on the field, nailed them on the top and bottom of the bark, and formed an excellent fence about four feet high. I planted all kinds of salad, which grew very fast. At Christmas I had plenty of green peas and water melons. As I have before said, December is a very hot month; but while at this place, we were treated to a novelty. One morning early, Mr. Stannard came and informed me he had something to show me. I instantly arose out of bed, expecting to see some kind of bird, beast, or reptile; but, to my surprise, it was a slight fall of snow, which, though thinly scattered on the ground, looked very pretty. I watched it till the sun rose,

when it quickly disappeared. During my sojourn in this country, a period of eight years, this was the only time that I ever saw any snow there.

Our claims turned out to be very wet, which caused a great deal of capital to be spent in erecting the necessary machinery. We worked it upwards of two years, losing heavily in consequence.

Here I was fortunate in procuring the services of a cook. He was a Chinaman who had received a first-rate education. He remained with us a long time. He informed me that his father had to pay a large sum to the Chinese Government, as persons were not allowed to educate their children without paying a stipulated sum.

Early one morning, in the same season, we were awakened by the cry of "Rush, O!" My husband arose, and on going to inquire if the report were true, found it was. Many diggers were already marking out claims not far from our tent. It was then about three a.m., and at ten there were hundreds on the ground marking out their claims. A digger possessing a miner's right is empowered to dig in any ground that he thinks fit, having marked the claim outside the ground previously. Unfortunately for me, the lead came right through the garden in which I took so much pride, and which was divided into four claims, each worked by three or four men. One claim yielded the sum of £6,000 to three men who worked it. I was compelled to live in this wretched place with four or five thousand men near. It was like a Babel: some shouting to their mates in the claims below, and with the noise of the windlass, I was

not at all sorry when another rush was proclaimed ; and I had not long to wait.

Before leaving that place I received a cheering and instructive letter from a friend and brother—James Reed, Esq. My friend Mrs. McDonald desired that I would lend it her. I did so, and never after reclaimed it. When writing to me, she would often speak of the comfort, under God's blessing, she derived from reading it. Such being the case, I have not the pleasure of presenting it for the perusal of my readers. How little do we know whether this or that shall prosper in the hand of God! It is a blessed thing to sow the seed, leaving the issue with the Lord, who hath declared the word shall not return unto Him void.

The time having arrived that we should take our final farewell of the McDonalds, we committed each other to the Lord, and doubted not but that His presence would go with us to the end of our journey. They had started farming, which is far better than digging, especially for those who have large families. It would be greatly to the advantage of many poor families who are struggling with poverty, to emigrate, particularly for those who understand farming, The Government provide and offer every facility for the purchase of land. You may pitch your tent in the bush where it has not been surveyed, plant, and fence it. No one will interfere until the surveyor comes, and even then you have the first chance to buy, and pay by instalments. I never knew but one sober hard-working man who was not well rewarded for his industry, and even that instance was caused by his

having a wife of intemperate habits. Your greatest hopes may be blighted by a flood or bush fire, but sometimes great damage may be prevented.

A goodly company were now ready to start for Amphitheatre diggings, as it was called. We journeyed three days, and a never-to-be-forgotten time it was. A burning sun overhead with a hot wind blowing, the air darkened with sand, which dashed into our faces. The road was strewn with dead bullocks, fowls, horses, drays, and goods, in all directions, caused by the excessive heat, combined with scarcity of water. With great wisdom our party drove off the road into the bush, where we encamped for the day, and resuming our journey in the night, when, instead of having a scorching sun, we had refreshing dews, which fell like gentle rain.

“Gently as the dews distil,
Breathing balmy fragrance round ;
Dropping gladness where they fall
Brightening and refreshing all ;
Every sense with pleasure filling,
Spreading joy on every side.”

We reached the diggings, and had our small tent pitched only a week, when the rush was declared to be a failure. This to me was very unpleasant news, for it was a pretty place, surrounded with peculiar beauty and grandeur. Mr. Stannard, having engaged five men, went into the Pyrenees, to prospect for quartz reefs. The men being engaged under certain stipulations, off they started, leaving with me only the cook, whom I taught to read and write in English, in which, to his intense delight, he became

proficient in a very short time. A week having passed, the cook and myself started to join the party. The beauties of this part of the bush were so grand that a short description will not be out of place. It was a few miles from the township of Avoca. Beautiful hills surrounded the valleys spread before our feet in picturesque beauty and variety. There were lovely flowers, various in colour, but which gave no perfume.

It was truly delightful to climb the hills with their gentle slopes, and the rugged sides of the mountains, which were here and there dotted over with the oak, or, as it is called, the "he and she" oak, whose boughs are used for feeding cattle; their dark green leaves forming an excellent contrast with the ten thousand bright yellow blossoms of the myrtle-tree, the stately gum-tree, and a thousand other evergreens, which, most singularly, shed their bark instead of their leaves.

During the time our party was prospecting, not having any patients to visit, I amused myself by gathering wild flowers, and catching birds by means of an old tea-chest, using it in the same way that boys in England entrap birds by means of a riddle or brick-trap. All that I thus snared, whether birds or reptiles, in a few days were perfectly tame.

While here I had a flying opossum presented to me: I gave it to a friend in England on my return. I secured two opossums quite different from any I had ever had before, and gave to each a name, which they soon understood. They were most amusing little things, and were as active as monkeys.

We were all sitting round the fire one Sunday after-

noon, when we were suddenly startled by a silver-coloured snake, which sprang out of the middle of the fire, which was kindled outside the tent. We imagined that it had buried itself under the turf, and the fire being kindled, caused it to emerge from its hiding-place. It was, however, soon despatched, and preserved in whisky.

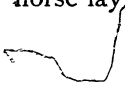
We remained at this place for several weeks, and incurred great loss, which once more compelled us to be on the march, though not knowing where to.

The morning on which we started everything except ourselves wore an aspect of cheerfulness. We reached the township of Avoca, which consisted of commission house, bank, and police camp, with one or two stores, and a few log-huts, with here and there a tent. As we entered the township the rain poured down in torrents, as it invariably does in summer-time. The drays being heavily laden with tents and mining implements, afforded no shelter. The horses would not face the pelting rain with such heavy loads. The dogs crept under the drays, while we meditated as to the best course to pursue. One of the inhabitants, with a spark of pity in his heart, came and offered me the shelter of his tent until the rain had somewhat abated, which, however, it did not until it was too late to proceed on our journey. The poor man's hut was but large enough for two to sit, one on each end of his seat, on which were awls, nails, tacks, wax, and a miscellaneous assortment of other things required by him in his trade. To stay there all night was impossible. I discovered, from conversation with the old man, that at night he threw a grass-bed on his seat

which formed his bedstead as well as a resting-place during the day. He gave me every attention to make me comfortable during the short time I remained in his hut. As I was very tired, and wanted to lie down, my husband thought he could make up a sort of a resting-place under the dray, as the rain had now somewhat abated. While we were planning how to do it, a blacksmith came up and told us that we might rest for the night in his travis, or the place where horses were shod. I need scarcely say that we were both glad, and that we accepted his kind offer. I was glad to find the place a large one, sufficiently accommodating Mr. Stannard, my two little pet dogs, my horse, and myself; the large dogs being left to watch the drays, with some men who came from the town. The beds, being stowed away at the bottom of the drays, could not easily be got at; so, laying our blankets (for all travellers keep them close at hand) upon the floor of stone, offered up our evening thanksgiving, and, committing ourselves into God's keeping, we laid down to rest. That place of rest will ever be remembered as one of the spots of consecrated ground, where God condescended to

“Be our Father and our Friend,

and causing my heart to overflow with joy and gladness. I believe we all, by sleeping soundly, enjoyed our bed of stone. When I awoke, to my surprise, my horse lay close to my back, fast asleep.





CHAPTER XI.

PETER'S DIGGINGS.—A LARGE FAMILY.—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.—
A CAPTURE.—COLLECTION FOR A NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.
— A TROUBLESOME BEAST. — RETIREMENT. — A REPULSIVE
INDIVIDUAL REPULSED.—“BLACK FELLOWS;” THEIR IDEAS,
MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

MORNING came, and with it the tidings of a
“rush” at two different places—Maryborough
and Peter's Diggings. We chose the latter,
and to reach it had to pass through some trials. At
night when we encamped, what with opossums and
goats, I had quite a family to attend to. I had
several birds, one of which was a magpie, a very
sagacious bird, who always took good care to place
herself on the hob of the wheel, inside the tilt, which
formed a curtain to our sleeping apartment. She
would then call “Smoker” (a dog to whom she was
greatly attached) to come and lie near her.

This field, with many more, promised to be a very
large one; but robbery and murder did not appear to
be much on the decrease. The people were greatly
scattered in the bush, as different runs had been
found, though not with much gold. Here I had many
patients, and, whatever dislike I had to travelling in
and about the bush, if I followed my practice, I must
take the rough with the smooth.

Going one day to visit a patient who was with
several more encamped a good distance in the bush, I

saw a man walking slowly along the side of the narrow road. I did not ride so fast as I might have done, as I wished to keep my eye upon him. He was very curious to go far enough to see where I was going, and turned again into the bush, with the intent of watching me. In returning home I kept looking round, expecting to see him, and when reaching a deep pass, I not only saw him, but a second one, who stood on the road opposite to each other. It was a lonely spot, and the bush very thick, so that there was no alternative but to go straight ahead, as more ruffians might be behind, in which case the last might prove worse than the first. Gathering up my habit, and speaking to my horse, I gave him a switch, which caused him to dart with the speed of an Arabian. When passing the ruffians, they sprang forward with a ferocity akin to that of a famishing wolf; but too late, for their prey had eluded their grasp, and was fast disappearing from their gaze. I was truly thankful, and could not help feeling that my deliverance came from the Lord. I had no doubt that I was well known to them, and that they imagined I had received my fee; but having my suspicions aroused by the first fellow I saw, I declined to take any fees on that day.

The next day the same two men were brought on the field to the police camp in irons, having the previous evening stopped a poor digger, maltreated, robbed, and left him for dead.

Time wore on, and the people were gradually leaving for different diggings. We, however, came to the conclusion not to remove far, but with some three

or four men try some old workings which had been abandoned at Middle Creek. Part of our men had left us with a view of bettering themselves.

For a few weeks it promised us a rich harvest, but this not continuing, I did all in my power to persuade Mr. Stannard to leave the diggings, and try and start his business in some little township. The men had all left, even our cook, which was a great trial as well as a loss, especially to me, as I should not be able to get any one there. Many a prayer had I offered to the Lord that we might leave the gold-fields. The Lord answered my prayer; but, as John Newton said, "it was in such a way that almost drove me to despair."

Six miles from our encampment lay the little town of St. Arnaud; it abounded in alluvial diggings, bidding fair to be in time a prosperous little town. Mr. Stannard resolved upon endeavouring to make a start in that place, and succeeded in taking some Government buildings to complete; the men who had begun the buildings having given way to drinking three days out of six. He returned home full of gladness, as he knew I should rejoice with him; but there was one drawback to my gladness, though I desired to be content. He had engaged to finish the work in a certain time, and in consequence could not spare any time for removing our tent. Therefore there was no alternative but for me to remain until it was finished, though no diggers or tents were near. I was thus left alone in the bush, and only saw my husband once a week. While Mr Stannard was at this work I was rather dissatisfied, but still I could not remove without help; so I was compelled to be

content for the time, and comfort myself with the prospect that we should soon settle down, and, as I hoped, for years.

While at this place I could not visit the sick or attend to my profession. One lady, who had engaged me some time before, expressed such a strong desire for me to attend her that I did so at great risk, leaving the tents and everything to goers and comers, who fortunately at that time were not numerous.

Much of my time was spent in collecting specimens for my museum, which already consisted of the most lovely birds, their plumage being of gorgeous colours that it is almost impossible to describe accurately; large and small snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and many other creatures the names of which I did know. I made all secure by preserving them in whisky (birds, of course, excepted); and which I considered a far better use to make of it than drinking it. I had still to attend to my little family, which consisted of my two opossums, two magpies, six goats, three dogs, one wild cat, and one horse.

While here a curious incident occurred, which made me very much afraid that I should lose my faithful horse. Several days he came home, and seemed very ill, and often in the day, instead of quietly feeding in the bush, would come home trembling and quite wet with sweat; evidently something in the bush had frightened him. When my husband came home, I told him the circumstance. We went in search of the enemy, which we discovered at a short distance from the tent, under a large gum-tree. Mr. Stannard immediately fired, when the creature instantly made

towards us. A second shot was fired, which it received in the head, and which brought it to the earth; and while dying it made a noise somewhat similar to the barking of a dog. When it was dead we took dimensions of it: it was three feet eight inches in length, and had a large, stout, scaly body and very long tail. What kind of creature it was, or to what species it belonged, we could not make out; but we did not again meet with another of the sort. It took me two days to prepare it for my museum. After this my horse went on well enough.

While at this beautiful place, where the scenery was romantic and charming, my enjoyment was great, though I wished much to be with my husband. As it was, I was shut out from the noise and bustle of the world; birds were my companions, their musical notes varying, the screeching of the cockatoos and the jingling of the bullock-bells in the distance forming an amusing and agreeable contrast. In the midst of all this I was very happy. Many times since I have returned to the bustling world have I wished I could recall those hours of sweet intercourse with my God, when from my heart I could say with Madame Guion, who, when banished for the truth, penned these sweet lines:—

“ All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love:
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee—
In heaven, on earth, or in the sea.

To me remain nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none,
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot !
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, ' Lord,' art Thou alone,
Nor other do I wish to own,
The point where all my wishes meet,
My Law, my Love, life's only sweet."

Indeed, language fails to set forth the beauties we see in that Saviour, when by the Spirit we are led to rely on His love, His blood, and complete righteousness.

Three weeks passed away in happiness and pleasure, but the next two were not to be free from care and trouble; if they had been, I should not so clearly have seen the Hand protecting me.

My attention was one morning attracted by the barking of the dogs, and the call of the magpie, who kept shouting, "Look! look!" On going to see the cause, I found a strange man was riding up the flat in front of the tent. By his dress he might have been taken for a gentleman, but I suspected him to be a bushranger. I felt at first startled, but picking up my pistol, went to see what the new-comer required, feeling determined not to die in the tent. When he came up, he saluted me with "Good morning, madam!" I saw at once that he was no bushranger, but one of those characters who, if possible, are far worse for the safety of females. After asking questions of a revolt-

ing character, he offered me something to drink, which he had in a bottle ; I refused. He then attempted to dismount, when I drew my pistol, telling him if he made another move to get off his horse I should fire ; forgetting for the moment that he, too, might be armed. But, however, after a deal of abuse he



LUBRA IN FULL COSTUME.

galloped off. Once again did I recognize the Hand which was held out for my safety and deliverance.

A few days after a larger number than usual of the natives paid me a visit. They were, as it appeared, on some important march ; all the "Lubras," or squaws, being armed with spears, darts, shields,

boomerangs, and other warlike weapons. When they reached my tent, they all sat down round the fire, which was burning just in front of the tent-door, all wanting tea and sugar, which, through being alone, I dare not deny them; and, fortunately, having a good stock with me, I was able to supply their wants. They were, however, not content for a portion to be given to them to divide amongst themselves, but each one wished for his or her share separately. I am confident that it would not have failed to amuse my readers, had they been able to see me perform the sharing of it out, and how well they each examined it, to see if each share was equal. I found from their conversation they were going to war with the Morry tribe, if what they said could be relied upon, and who, they said, were one "very bad fellows, steal our fish." I asked them how many black fellows they fight, when about thirty or forty of them jumped up, all of whom began opening and shutting their hands with marvellous rapidity. This was their mode of counting, and I must have been a first-class arithmetician to have counted them correctly, as it signified ten every time each one closed his hands, and which, according to their counting, must have been many hundreds. When they ceased counting, they gave the war-whoop, which was a most unearthly fiendish yell. The native when going to war never fails to well load his wife with war implements. If she is not able to carry all, he will, after a great deal of persuasion and chattering, condescend to select three or four spears, opossum rug, and boomerang. They are exceeding clever in the use of the latter weapon, never failing to hit the

object aimed at, when the boomerang will return in a different direction, falling at his feet. They are not a bloodthirsty race, for very few are killed in their battles, preferring to take prisoners rather than



READY FOR WAR.

to kill them. They are very courageous when fighting, and will endure a great amount of suffering when brought into close quarters with the enemy; but, on the whole, prefer to live in peace, and will not run

into war willingly, often acting very stupidly, till compelled to defend themselves. I inquired of several what their age was, and was again puzzled by their manner of counting with their hands. They do not reckon by years, but moons, and thus give the number of years they have lived by the number of moons, every finger signifying a moon. I have many times thought that if the same method were adopted in England for taking the census, the correct number and age of the people would never be known, for it would be a most complicated and perplexing puzzle. Before the natives went away I reasoned and expostulated with them, that they should not fight, when they exclaimed, "Black fellow die, and jump up one big white fellow!" it being a common belief with them that every white man has been a black one before he became white, a tradition handed down to them. Upon inquiry, I found out that, once upon a time, a sailor, who had been wrecked and cast ashore, wandered in the bush, and being tired sat down on a mound of earth to rest himself, not knowing that underneath the sod lay the body of a native. After he had sat there, a party of the natives came up. They were amazed on seeing him, but afterwards took him home, where he received a hearty welcome from the rest of the tribe, they fully believing that he was their black brother whom they had buried, and who they declared had jumped up a "big white fellow." The natives have a vague and indefinite idea of heaven. They believe in a Great Spirit, whom they shall see and be with in the happy hunting grounds, and who, when they arrive there, will give them dif-

ferent kinds of coloured cloth, good things to eat, and 'baccy to smoke; and, accordingly, when a native dies they bury with him his favourite 'baccy pipe, that he may smoke when he reaches the happy hunting grounds.

At the commencement of the gold-diggings, the



A FORTUNATE COOLIE DRESSED IN DIGGER'S TROUSERS.

native wore nothing except a girdle made of opossum or kangaroo skin. Sometimes, in going to the diggings, the gold-hunter found he had perhaps too many clothes to carry comfortably; he would then bestow a little article of clothing upon the native, which generally was a pair of trousers. The poor

black man would immediately put them on ; but they oftentimes being far too long, caused much trouble to the wearer, and much merriment to the giver. When he endeavoured to walk, he often fell down, though, if he managed to retain his equilibrium, he proceeded with a kind of double-shuffle. If, after repeated attempts, he could not proceed, he would sit down and declare he would go no farther. They are now compelled to wear a blanket, which the Government provides for them, and which are given them on a certain day every year, and which they seem to thoroughly appreciate. When naked their bodies were very thickly greased all over, to prevent the flies and mosquitos from tormenting them, but which emitted a most offensive odour.

Once a month the rising of the full moon is a night of special rejoicing. The natives hold a corroborry, making many fires, daubing their faces and bodies with clay and some substance like red ochre, so that you would not know one of them, and making themselves look most horrible. I went to see one of these gatherings, and a short description will no doubt interest the reader. Just before the moon was at its zenith, they congregate together and light fires, according to the number of guests supposed to arrive. Sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen fires have been lit on a patch of ground about eight yards square. As soon as the fires blazed the dancing began. Many of the natives get intoxicating spirits from the white settlers, and if they obtain money they expend it for "fire-water," as they termed it. After they have taken a few sups they become infuriated, and

while dancing around the fires throw the empty bottles at one another, often cutting themselves very severely. As the dance progresses their gestures and cries become stronger, each one vieing with the other in the production of the most horrible yellings and screechings, till all become thoroughly infuriated. The



DRESSED FOR A CORROBORRY.

dances are carried on all night, and when the day suddenly comes upon their vision, all wander away in the bush and sleep off their night's carousal.

Previous to the diggings they had been very troublesome to the squatters. They would drive their sheep high up into the interior, fence them in with

wood, and in a very cruel manner would break all their legs, and leave them thus under the scorching sun ; but soon on their track would follow the squatter, with stock rider and men, not omitting to take with them a native guide, who, like a bloodhound, is exceeding clever in discovering the haunts of the natives, many of whom, when found, paid in the struggle the penalty of death.



NATIVE AUSTRALIAN ON THE MARCH.

Since the introduction of spirits by the civilized portion of mankind, the natives are constantly getting intoxicated, and when in that state will fight to the death. They are, however, from various causes, fast decreasing.

The Australian natives when on the march seldom give themselves time for the chase. They invariably have a number of mongrel dogs with them, which, if

they need, they will kill and eat. They have no particular method of cooking; but, without skinning the animal slain, throw it upon the fire and roast it, and, when sufficiently cooked, devour it in a most disgusting manner. Their food consists of kangaroos, opossums, fish, wild cats and rats, snakes, lizards, birds, and snails. Gum and roots also form a portion of their food, in the search of which they will often travel miles.





CHAPTER XII.

AN UNWELCOME INQUIRER.—AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT.—
THE LETTER.—REMOVAL TO ST. ARNAUD.—LARGE PRACTICE.—
FLIES AND THEIR DESTROYER.—SNAKES AND WHISKY.—A
CAUTION.

EARLY one morning, I was awakened by the barking of the dogs. I knew some one was near, on account of the furious barking of the old dog, who was chained up. Scarcely able to leave my bed (for I had been ill about a fortnight), I went to the door, which was not locked, locks being articles seldom seen or used in the bush. As I attempted to open the door, I found that some one was holding the handle on the other side. With great fear I wrenched the door open, and to my astonishment, there stood a man covered with blood, and looking in every respect like a bush-ranger. I inquired what he wanted, and almost in the same breath murmured an ejaculation, upon hearing which he stood a moment, and then said he wished I would show him the way to St. Arnaud. I complied, but kept a respectful distance from him, and in returning to the tent I walked backwards, keeping my eye upon him. My impression was, he had attempted to rob some one who was more than a match for him, for his clothes were

much torn, and he was riddled with shot. His face, arms, and thighs were all lacerated and bleeding. What became of him after I never heard.

The next day I received a letter from a friend in Suffolk, in England, and whom I had never seen, and whom I did not know; if my friend had known or could have understood what a sweet message of joy and love the Lord intended it to be, he, with me, would have praised the Lord. No doubt some of my readers would like to know the contents of the letter which gave me so much joy. I therefore give it, trusting that the reader may derive as much blessing from it as I did.

“MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—

“Unknown personally to the writer, and yet known, for I have heard read the production of your pen, the reading of which made me feel that the writer was a sister, ‘one in Christ.’ Ye are all one in Christ. How sweet the word! Here the saints meet and feel that they are one. The nearer we live to Christ, the greater union shall we feel towards His members. If we live at a distance from Him, afar off from His cross, we shall live at a distance from His people. It is an utter impossibility to love Christ and hate His followers, and it is quite impossible to love His members, and not to feel interested in Him: ‘By this ye know that ye are passed from death to life, because ye love the brethren. I said the saints were all one. They are all one in the Father’s love:’ one is not loved more than another, but all alike. God’s love is like Himself, immutable; nothing can increase or diminish it. “I am the Lord, I change not;” I change not in my love; having loved my own, I loved them unto the end. The Church is one in the redemption work of Christ. I am not more redeemed than my sister across the water, nor my sister more than me. Blood redeems them all—the Blood alone, and nothing but the Blood of Christ. The weakest in the faith

may say, I am safe through the Blood, and the strongest may say, I am lost without it. What amazing love does the price of our redemption speak! We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of our sins, according to the riches of His grace. The saints are all one in the Spirit's work upon the heart; none called themselves, and none were called but by the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit does not always work in the same way and manner but the effect is the same. They all travel one road, but various are the means used to bring them to that road. They are all brought to Calvary, but brought in different ways. The saints, then, are one in the love, blood, and power of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and these Three are One. All that the Father chose Christ redeemed, and all that were chosen by the Father and redeemed by the Son shall be quickened by the Holy Ghost. O favoured Soul, to be interested in the love-purposes of the glorious Trinity. This threefold cord shall never be broken. Hell shall never, no, never, possess one of Christ's covenant blood-bought lambs. There shall never be a praying, seeking soul there. Satan shall never have one that sought the Saviour. 'Oh, blessed salvation!' Let us, though many miles apart, unite to praise Him for His goodness. Such is the desire of yours in Him,

"ROBERT EDWARD SEARS."

About a week after I had received this letter we removed to St. Arnaud, where I soon had a large practice. I hoped to remain here for some time, but new trials were experienced, although different from those I had been accustomed to on the diggings.

"Where far in the bush I loved to ride,
With my faithful dog alone by my side,
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild bird's haunt and the kangaroo's glen."

I found here a large field of usefulness and labour, but how little did I know what was looming in the distance! Behind that cloud there was a Father's

watchful eye, and a still small voice was heard that could cheer the saddest heart in the hour of distress, Now and then, for many months, there was a kind of depression which I could not understand. The Bible was still my chief companion, and many a sweet promise was my comfort and support day and night : one—"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings thou shalt trust : His truth shall be thy Shield and Buckler."

There being no doctor nearer than Ballarat, which was ninety miles away, I had to ride far into the bush to attend several squatters' families. My duties were now so numerous that I became almost exhausted. Often when riding a long journey I have slept while sitting on the horse. I was truly glad when a gentleman who was a doctor came to see me, with a view to get advice as to settling there with his family. I at once persuaded him to do so, assuring him there was plenty of practice for him. In the course of a week or two, he and his family came to St. Arnaud, where he soon had a large practice, and remained there when I left the town. My duties were much relieved, and I was able to take more rest than I had hitherto. A pretty little township was being built, and we settled down very comfortably. Trade flourished and everything went on well. We built a house and purchased land on which to build more, and we felt our standing was somewhat safe, perhaps for years. The first lady that I became acquainted with was a Mrs. Millet, a kind and true Christian lady, and the wife of a magistrate. They lived in a beautiful valley not far from the township. Many days of pleasure have I spent in

their domain, and I ever found the good lady of the house a faithful and affectionate friend, even up to the present, though now she is living in England.

In the summer we found the flies very troublesome. Many people go nearly blind through the sting of a small black fly. They are very disagreeable at meal-times, often blowing the meat while it is on the plate, sometimes compelling you to leave an excellent dinner.

There is, however, a small silver-coloured lizard, which destroys many of these insects. I have watched these creatures many times with much pleasure. When the door was opened, they would enter as if they were part of the family: four or five would follow in single file, and when all in they would remain very quiet, their little sharp eyes eagerly watching the flies, and and occasionally leaping upon the corners of the tablecloth. When satisfied, they would all retire in the same formal manner that they had entered. They were never disturbed or molested.

A singular incident happened one day. Several gentlemen who had been hunting came across a very large snake, ten or twelve feet long, and exceedingly handsome, jet black with a deep scarlet stripe down its belly, and a scarlet ring round its body every seven or eight inches. Knowing I had a great fancy for such things, they brought it home dead and presented it to me. I procured a very large glass jar, into which I put the snake, filling the jar with whisky, and sealed it very secure. During the evening many came to see the creature, having heard of the occurrence, and extolled it for its beauty, but not for its good qualities, for it was

of that sort of which the bite is deadly ; the part bitten must be instantly removed. A Newfoundland dog that lived in the town, while looking after some sheep, accidentally trod upon one, which instantly turned and bit him, causing his death in an hour, after great agony. The morning after I had bottled the snake, my attention during breakfast was attracted to it as it stood in the window, having placed it there that passers-by might see it. I looked again, when I thought that I saw it move; thinking I must have been deceived, I examined it closely, and to my surprise it moved again. What could be the cause puzzled me exceedingly; still I felt glad that I had made it secure. I returned to finish my breakfast, when it gave a violent whirl round the jar, out came the bung, and with it the greater part of the snake with six young ones about a foot long, which commenced a general stampede about the room. I leaped upon a chair, and called for assistance, when they were quickly dispatched. I regretted much that I had lost the snake, but it evidently seemed that they were teetotallers, and resisted any attempts to thrust upon them ardent spirits, and therefore made a desperate escape from what would have caused their death. Is not this incident a good moral lesson to those who take ardent spirits to their own hurt ?





CHAPTER XIII.

LAST INTERVIEW WITH MY HUSBAND.—PRESENTIMENT.—BRUTAL MURDER.—I AM ROBBED BY MY LATE HUSBAND'S PARTNER.—CONSOLATION.—AN ADVENTURE.

ABOUT three weeks after the snake adventure my husband, who was building a store or hotel at Peter's Diggings, a distance of about five miles, went to see how the men were getting on. On the morning he started I felt much depressed in mind and body, and when taking leave of him, my heart and eyes filled to overflowing, which he could not understand. I begged of him not to be late in returning; but he inquired why my tears and request? it was not the first time by many that he had been absent from home both by day and night. I, however, could not tell him, but still I had misgivings that all would not be well. He started, and I went to attend a lady professionally, and during the whole time my mind was in great terror and anxiety. Glad indeed I felt when I could return home, where I hoped to find my husband. On arriving home, I saw Mr. Kell (his nephew), who informed me that his uncle had not returned. It was about nine p.m., and the moon was pouring forth her golden beams, the sand and dust were very hot. I knew the road well by which he should return; so I started to see if I could meet

him. After going a short distance, Mr. Jones, a gentleman who lived in the town, met me, and tried to persuade me to proceed no farther, for Mr. Stannard was returning. His looks and averted face told me all was not right. Not heeding him, I ran on for another half mile, when I met a large cavalcade, which consisted of nearly three parts of the towns-people. In the centre of the mournful procession was a cart, in which Mr. Stannard was placed in a sitting position, being supported by four men, who covered him up as well as they could that I should not see him. Several came and prevailed upon me to return home as quickly as I could. One offered his horse, but I declined it, feeling I should go quicker without it. I went home, and at once sent for Dr. Lock, feeling I should wish him to assist me if it was a severe accident he had met with. When the cavalcade reached the house, I anxiously gazed to see him uncovered, when such a scene presented itself that will ever be remembered by me. My feelings none could tell, neither myself, as I cried out, "He has been murdered!" for to my gaze he appeared to be literally mutilated. His head was cut nearly in two, several severe wounds were upon his body, and stones were embedded in his back, evidently showing he had struggled desperately with his assailants. I never thought otherwise than that he had been murdered in a most brutal manner; his fingers were also broken, which was easily to be accounted for, in such a fierce encounter for life and for the property which he had upon him. That day he had my horse with him. Two gentlemen who were returning from kangaroo hunting saw by the

light of the moon, the animal standing, and recognizing it, at once rode up to where the faithful creature was standing, with his nose resting upon his master's chest. The horse being so well known, the miscreants had not attempted to take that, as it would have been the means of bringing them to justice. The house was soon filled with people, who were very sympathizing, and gave what help they could.

If the Lord had not given me support, I must have sunk under this trial. Those words came to my mind, and had a power just then: "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I prayed to the Lord for support, and to cause me to own His hand in all this trial, and to give me grace to feel that He was my God and Father, who does all things well.

"Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there."

Great respect was shown to my deceased husband by many of the inhabitants, who followed his remains to their last resting-place.

The place where the deed was done was not three miles from Middle Creek, our last encampment, where the bushranger came to me when alone, early in the morning, severely wounded. No clue, however, as to how or by whom the deed was done was ever obtained.

I was now left alone in a foreign land, and yet not alone, for I had many friends. Trouble did not end here. I was robbed to a great extent by the partner of my late husband. He decamped, and nothing more was ever heard of him.

Both before and after my husband's decease I spent hours in the bush, with my Bible, and there communed with my God till I felt it was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven; for in prayer alone I was strengthened, and enabled to bear whatever burden the Lord seemed fit to lay upon me, bringing the following lines to my mind with strength and force:—

“ How sweet and awful is the place
Where God unveils His lovely face ! ”

For some time after I kept my house open for prayer, from which I derived great comfort. But my greatest delight was to take my Bible, and go into the bush; I felt that God indeed was there, and I could fully appreciate the poet where she says,—

“ Ye forests, that yield me my sweetest repose,
Where stillness and solitude reign,
To you I securely and boldly disclose
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy and rude,
I am charmed with the peace ye afford,
Your shades are a temple, where none will intrude,
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

While a mantle of darkness envelops the sphere,
My sorrows are sadly rehearsed,
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the last is as sweet as the first.

There's nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
I feel out my way in the dark ;
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found ;
I am nourished without knowing how I am fed ;
I have nothing, and yet I abound ?

Oh, love who in darkness are pleased to hide,
Though dimly yet surely I see
That these contrarities only reside
In the soul that is chosen of Thee!"

Time passed on, and still remaining in the same place, I followed my profession. Some ladies living at the Tottington Sheep Station (a place twenty miles from where I resided) having been out for a drive, got accidentally overturned, the carriage was smashed, and the ladies were severely injured. The groom who summoned me, having many more places to go to, started off, and I was thus compelled to start alone to give assistance. When I had proceeded about ten miles, I saw a man whose appearance was not very prepossessing. I turned my horse on to the grass that the sound of his footsteps might be hushed. When I reached the top of the hill, I perceived the man walking in the middle of the flat in the road, which, being narrow, gave only just room for one vehicle to run. He turned round and saw me coming, and immediately placed himself in the middle of the road. I discovered his intentions. I walked my horse very slowly, pondering in my mind the best action to take. Many things rushed into my mind. If I faced him he might shoot me or the horse, for some would commit murder for the sake of a few shillings. I was getting in close quarters, and he still kept his position. I could not strike across from the road, for on either side was a deep quagmire, which would have been fatal to both horse and rider. Through fear, and thoughts of my late husband, I gave the animal a switch rather sharper than he had been accustomed to receive; but he evidently understood

what was meant by it, for he sprang forward, and the man, seeing that I should ride over him, stepped a little on one side as I almost flew past him. Just as I was passing him, he sprang at the bridle, but not taking sufficient hold he rolled over, and fell into the quagmire. I, however, did not stop, but rode on till my faithful companion began to show signs of fatigue. I then reined in, as I had a river to ford. On the road I passed two gangs of men, but they took no notice of me. It was not such as I that they wanted. A few days after I heard that the escort, which was proceeding to Melbourne, had been robbed, and several were wounded in the affray.

After I had attended to my patients I set off, not wishing to remain all night, as I might be wanted at home. It was getting late and would soon become dark, June being one of the winter months. I was fortunate enough to be able to cross the creek before darkness set in. I then let my horse take his own course home, as I could not see the way, feeling sure he would not miss his way. He proceeded at a rapid pace, and in an incredibly short time stopped and gave his well-known neigh, which he always did for the man who groomed him to take charge of him. I then found we had reached home;

“ Yet not my home, though it was made so
With earnest love and care.
How can it be my own dear home,
And he I loved no longer there ?”



CHAPTER XIV.

CHEERING LETTERS.—ST. ARNAUD.—I START FOR MELBOURNE.—
PAINFUL REMINISCENCES.—A DEN OF INFAMY.—MY ESCAPE.—
COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.—MELBOURNE.

THE English mail was now due, and I received ten letters, which gave me pleasure and renewed faith in God. How well-timed those letters arrived to give me comfort from friends so many miles away!

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

And ye also who are tried on every hand by losses and crosses; God will appear for you when you most need Him. Your extremity is His opportunity. He will deliver, and cause you to rejoice in Him.

My health declining, I was advised to go to Melbourne for a change. Before I proceed further a short description of St. Arnaud will, I have no doubt, interest the reader. The town consisted of four or five shops and an English church. There were several excellent government offices, with some substantially-built houses of brick, the Victoria Bank, and well-made streets, and, as the case almost everywhere, there were four or five places where intoxicating liquors were sold.—The chief support of the town was quartz-

reef mining for gold, but which has turned out to be a failure. On the whole, St. Arnaud is a pretty little township, surrounded with all the beauties of nature. In many places the scenery presented appearances of an English gentleman's garden, being mingled with various kinds and colours of grasses. In the distance could be seen several clumps of trees, which a new chum (a designation for a new-comer) might at first suppose had been planted by some gentleman who lived near; overhanging rocks covered with lovely foliage added to the pleasant scene. As a general rule, the trees, especially the gum-trees, grow to a great height and size.

A short distance from the town is the "Murry Scrub," an impenetrable thicket, composed of creepers and underwood of various-coloured foliage.

A report having been raised that gold had been struck in a reef some distance in the scrub, a party went with the determination to penetrate if possible into the midst of this thicket. After cutting a road for more than a mile they came to the reef, which was situated on the top of a hill. Gold was, however, found only in small quantities. I took the opportunity to ascend the hill with the explorers, and a more beautiful sight could not have been seen for many miles round. In some parts of the bush are many wild cattle, and, unless they were branded, belonged to those who could catch them.

Nine months had passed away since the death of Mr. Stannard, and my health had not improved. I therefore started for Melbourne, leaving a married couple in charge of my house.

Part of the journey had to be traversed by a coach, passing over the very spot where a few months before my husband had laid in the agony of a violent death. All nature seemed to wear a cheerful aspect, but I was not cheerful; the memory of him I had so recently lost being fresh on my mind. I left my home, not knowing whether I should ever behold again that lovely spot, where the bush teemed with the feathered tribe, whose plumage ranged from royal blue to deep scarlet. However low the spirits might be, one could not but admire the parrots and parakeets, with others of different colours, which were leaping and running about, apparently void of any fear.

It was a fine morning in the summer month of December when I started to Melbourne by the coach, which proceeded as far as Castlemaine; the rest of the journey was accomplished by rail, which was quite a novelty to me, having become accustomed to rough travelling. The train by which I travelled did not reach Melbourne till one o'clock the next morning after I started; and, being a perfect stranger to the place, I gave the coachman orders to drive me to a first-class hotel; but, instead of obeying orders, he drove me to a notoriously bad house in the city. At that late hour, being full of thought, I omitted to notice his number, as I have no doubt but that he was in league with the keepers, and thought he had taken them an excellent prize, as I had a quantity of luggage, and he knew by the train that I had proceeded from the gold-fields. This was Saturday night and I was thinking of the great treat I should have the next day in going to the House of God;

for, though my house had at all times been open for worship, which was well attended, yet I longed for the house of prayer.

I had not been able to partake of any food while travelling; and feeling faint, I ordered something to eat and some tea to drink. When the waiter brought it in, I was much astonished at the large dish set before me, and which contained about eight pounds of mutton-chops, all huddled together. It did not take me long to discover that I might use the same expression as many hawking men in England, who sell fly-papers, and who shout, "Catch 'em alive, O;" for the chops literally heaved with interesting creatures on the dish, being full of maggots. The tea was brought in by the servant girl, who had rather an interesting face, and while waiting upon me gave me a look full of meaning, which I interpreted as "Don't you drink that;" and accordingly I did not drink it. Every now and then, five or six gaily-dressed girls, with two or three rough-looking men, came, and having had a good stare at me, each in turn persuading me to go to bed and assuring me that my luggage would be quite safe. I informed them that I was not sleepy, and would rather remain up. As they could not prevail upon me to go to bed, a fearful-looking old creature came, and began to talk at a fearful rate, telling me that I must go to bed, as it was Saturday night, and my luggage was perfectly safe. I replied that I would much rather remain, though it was not a sleeping room, which I found to be far back, and only one window, and even that looked into another room. I, however, still persisted either my luggage go with

me, or I remain where it was. The old lady observed that I was "the stubbornest customer she had ever had;" to which I replied, "I am sorry, but I mean what I say." I was then left, and the door was fastened. I sat until morning, and was very anxious to see the servant who had brought the tea, but did not get a glimpse of her until the evening. The doors were all kept closed during Sunday, though I heard some strange proceedings in the house.

As soon as it was safe to speak, I asked the girl what kind of place it was, making her a faithful promise I would not reveal anything that she might say; and at the same time promising, if she would unlock the front door, I would handsomely reward her. She replied that she dare not until the following morning, when all suspicion would rest upon myself. She also said that all who came there were robbed and quietly put away, leaving me unmistakably to infer what she meant, rendering my feelings of a not very pleasant nature. I left this den of iniquity at four o'clock on Monday morning, having been there about thirty hours, during which time I had not taken any refreshment, and was therefore faint from my long fasting. I remained in the street more than an hour, though a good distance from the lion's den. A constable came up, and was much surprised to see me at that hour of the day standing amidst a quantity of luggage, and inquired why I was standing there. I informed him where I had been, and gave him the best description I could of the place, as I did not know it by name. He inquired very particularly if I had all my luggage safe,

telling me it was the worst house in the city. Having hailed a passing cab, he stowed my luggage safe, and ordered the driver to proceed to Tankard's Temperance Hotel.

Upon arriving, I found that everything was in perfect order, very clean, and a first-class table: all dining together in a large room, where every one was expected to appear at the table in neat array.

It was a beautiful place, but expensive. I remained there just long enough to look around me for cheaper accommodation. I was fortunate in obtaining excellent apartments with a surgeon and his family, who were kind people.

Melbourne is a large city, with splendid buildings, handsome library, a large, well-built, and substantial hospital, with fine grounds. There were large shops equal to those in London, botanical gardens, and splendid parks, beautiful cemetery, and handsome government house. I saw different places of worship; some were built on a grand scale with stone. The Post Office at that time was built of wood, but a new one of granite was in course of erection.

While at this place, I was one of the many who saw Burke and Mills, who had been starved to death in the bush, on an exploring expedition. Their bodies being found, were brought back to Melbourne, where they lay in state several days.

The suburb called "St. Kilda;" is a very pretty place, with good beach, fine sea-side lodging accommodation, and bathing machines.

There are various other suburban towns, very pretty. There is a large asylum called the "Yarra

Bend," from the Yarra river, which runs in serpentine form in close proximity.

One of the greatest attractions in Melbourne is the large market, which is called the "Paddies' Market." Everything could here be purchased, fish and grapes being predominant. I paid a visit once, and a brief description will, I have no doubt, interest my reader. On arriving at the market, I was much puzzled and confused by the almost indescribable confusion which reigned. The buyers and sellers were all, or nearly all, composed of Hibernians, whose chief delight seemed to be in exercising their lungs in a very hearty and vociferous manner, using their voice in the loudest key for various cat-calls, the purport of which I cannot describe, for it seemed to me to be a perfect Babel; fish, sweets, old clothes, grapes, hardware, and other commodities, being mixed together in indescribable confusion.

One of the greatest sights to be witnessed is the jetty, and the shipping on the broad and beautiful waters of Port Philip Heads, which expands into a capacious inlet or harbour, varying from sixty to eighty miles in breadth, and including an area of about 870 square miles. The largest fleet of shipping that ever went to sea could here cast anchor with perfect safety. Steamers run from the Heads to all parts of the world. There is an excellent court-house and gaol; a good substantial bridge has been erected over the Yarra Yarra, at great cost, and composed of one arch of 153 feet span, and about 30 feet in width. The depôt for emigrants is a short distance away, over the bridge,

where the inmates were in every way made comfortable. During the day the emigrants who stay at the depôt go out in quest of work, returning in the evening. In return for their board and lodging, they are expected to perform a little work. Sober and industrious persons, however, seldom remain long out of employment.





CHAPTER XV.

MORE TROUBLE.—ANOTHER REMOVAL.—AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE
—I AM APPOINTED HEAD NURSE.—I HAVE TO LEAVE THROUGH
ILL-HEALTH.—I GET AN APPOINTMENT AS COMPANION TO
ENGLAND.—“NO LADY.”—A PRIZE.—QUEER FISH.—ICEBERGS.

HAVING now somewhat recovered in health, I considered it wise to inform my landlady what my profession was, thinking it possible that she and her husband might assist me in procuring employment as companion to a lady. With the same object in view, I called upon my old friend Dr. Girdlestone, formerly of Ararat, but now of Melbourne.

A few days after a vacancy occurred at the Melbourne hospital. I became a candidate, but was an unsuccessful one. One day I had been out in quest of employment; I returned home in a dejected state of mind, and to my surprise I found the bailiffs in possession of the house, and everything was seized, and had I been much later my property too would have been impounded. As it was, I had much trouble in making the bailiffs understand which was mine. This was quite an unexpected trial. I had at once to seek fresh quarters, which I fortunately obtained at the house of a Madame Brunette, a French lady, with whom I was very comfortable. I returned to remove

my goods, and found the doctor's wife and the servants were in tears, he having failed through losses over which he had no control. Thinking I might soon be placed in similar circumstances at my fresh lodgings, I commenced to curtail my mode of living until my funds were increased by supplies from St. Arnaud. Days passed away, no money came, and I could get no appointment. Each day I felt my position to be getting worse, causing me great privation. Many a time did I feel that in my father's house there was enough and to spare, whilst I was compelled to be satisfied with less than enough; a wanderer in a foreign land, amid the countless throng; in sorrow and tribulation. Many forms of application had I used for various offices, but all was vain. One day, and, in my own mind, the last day that I would make any attempt to obtain an appointment, determined if not successful, I would by some means return to St. Arnaud, I wandered forth, feeling a great rising of rebellion and murmuring, because God did not appear to me there in that great city—alone; for I felt in every sense of the word alone, believing that God had forsaken me. My heart sent up a cry to Heaven for deliverance, for I felt that

“Thousands passed on, and no one stayed his pace
To tell me what the day was, fair or rainy,
Each one his object seeks with anxious chase,
And I have not a common hope with any.
Thus like one drop of oil upon the flood
In uncommunicated solitude
Singly I am, amid the countless many.”

I was not successful in obtaining a situation, and I directed my steps homewards with a heavy heart,

feeling my burden almost too much to bear. I partook of my frugal meal, though I never really felt hungry. I used every economy, in order that my apartments should be regularly paid up.

When I arrived home, I was informed that there was a letter for me. I felt very glad, believing it was the money for which I had written. On perusing my letter, I was much surprised to find it had come from the hospital at which a short time before I had been an unsuccessful candidate. It was a request for me to call as early as possible, a request I lost no time in complying with.

On arriving at the hospital, I saw Mr. Williams, the manager, who, knowing I had been a candidate for the office of matron, told me, if I was not engaged, they had now a vacancy for a head nurse. If I could accept the office, they would be glad for me to commence at once. I accepted the offer, and was engaged at £40 per annum, with the promise of an advance.

I returned home full of gladness, and, having packed up my goods, was soon in possession of my charge.

Here was a sudden change from the pit of gloom and horror into a flood of light and joy, and I felt that,

“Sorrow and love go side by side,
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands.
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run,
Disjoint their wedded hands.”

Once more I had the sick and dying under my care, and here again I had the opportunity of speak-

ing of the worth of Jesus, of His redeeming love and mercy to us poor sinners.

I remained several months, receiving great kindness from every one, yet, in spite of all, my health began rapidly to decline. Everything that could be done was done to restore it, but in vain. The doctors advised a sea voyage. In the course of a few days, I was fortunate in getting an engagement with a lady as companion, and to accompany her to England. My kind friends and patients took leave of me in a most affectionate manner; some of them wrote to me after I reached England.

In leaving the hospital, I could not but look back with some degree of pleasure upon the few months I had been there, devoting my time to the best of all occupations, and look forward to a time when I could return and renew my duties.

Arriving on board the "Dover Castle," bound for England, I was soon introduced to Mrs. C——, her husband having himself engaged me. To my surprise, I soon discovered that it was no lady I was to accompany as companion, but, if I might judge by appearances, a big powerful servant, who had the good fortune to meet with a squatter for a husband, and he had not failed to provide every comfort for the voyage.

Our cabin was an excellent one, being at the stern of the vessel. On the 15th of March, 1863, we weighed anchor, and onwards we glided over the calm, deep, blue sea. Nothing could be more beautiful than what appeared on the line of coast for a great distance. A breeze sprang up, which, filling the sails, made me inwardly exclaim,—

“Pilot through the mighty ocean,
Lord of earth and heaven and sea ;
Thou canst quell the wild waves’ motion ;
All my hopes are fixed on Thee.”

The voyage some days was far more cheerfully spent than others. Many things arise which cause the feelings to be cast down, while, on the other hand, many others may equally fill each passenger with joy.

We had been to sea about a fortnight and, whilst I was enjoying a walk on the poop, I was summoned to attend my lady, who was taken suddenly ill. To my intense disgust, I discovered that she had been making much too free with ardent spirits, and was in a position that no lady would ever wish to be. After she was somewhat composed, Mr. C—— desired me as much as possible to keep all intoxicating drink from her, as she would hide it anywhere ; and his reason for taking her a long voyage was to endeavour to wean her of her pernicious habit. I felt myself to be in no enviable position : I, however, resolved to do my best.

A few days after another scene presented itself, but of a different kind. All eyes were turned towards an object which appeared in the distance. The captain resolved to send off a boat, and several gentlemen on board desired to accompany the two sailors who were deputed, with the chief officer, to capture the prize. The boat which was to carry them to the object in view was hanging on the davits, and the gentlemen at once placed themselves in it. When the order “Let her off !” was given, several sailors placed themselves at one end of the boat, and passengers at the

other. When all was ready, the captain gave the order, "Let go!" The sailors at once obeyed by letting their end of the chain drop, but the passengers still held on, causing the boat to drop perpendicular, instead of alighting on the water, and causing the occupants to tumble over in headlong haste into the mighty deep. Then arose a great splashing and chattering on all sides, causing great confusion. Some who were thus immersed could swim, and some could not. Fortunately, we were just gliding along, being almost becalmed. We had on board some New Zealand chiefs, who were making a tour to England, and being excellent swimmers they at once leapt into the water, and soon picked up those who could not swim; so that none were lost. After the confusion had somewhat subsided, the boat was manned a second time; the previous valorous explorers now felt no desire to make the discovery as to what the distant object was. When the prize was reached, it was found to be a boat in good order, and containing a large quantity of fish. The prize was brought to the ship, and the contents was distributed amongst those on board, and which we all enjoyed next morning for breakfast.

A few hours after a stiff breeze sprang up, and we fell in for rough weather, which some of the passengers could not appreciate, particularly when the dead lights were put in, the cabins then being in darkness.

When the storm was over we enjoyed a walk upon the poop. The sun again shone brightly, and we amused ourselves by fishing with nets. We caught many strange-looking creatures.

While sailing along we saw the grandest of all sights, viz., the majestic icebergs, which are brought down by the current into the Atlantic, rising to several hundred feet above the level of the vast expanse of water, some being of immense length. The sailors informed us that they were supposed to be two feet below the water for one foot above. They are very dangerous to ships on their course, as large pieces floating under water grind against the bottom of the ship, and destroy the copper. All who see these gigantic moving mountains of solid water are led to exclaim with the great Psalmist, "These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

One morning it was intensely cold, and we discovered that we had passed two of these majestic dangers of the deep. We could not fail being deeply impressed with the fact that nothing but the ever-watchful eye and protecting care of God could have preserved us from having been crushed to death in their cold embrace, as we were not far from them. Many vessels have been lost through coming into contact with them.





CHAPTER XVI.

ON BOARD THE "DOVER CASTLE."—NEARING ENGLAND.—BIRTH IN THE DOCKS.—HOME.—HALIFAX.—NEW ZEALANDER'S RECOGNITION.—ANOTHER TRAVELLING ENGAGEMENT.—AN UNAMIA-
BLE CAPTAIN.—SANDY HOOK.—IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS.



HE had preaching on the poop every Sunday, weather permitting, by the Rev. Mr. Guinness, a minister of the Church of England, who was a good plain speaker. He also held prayer meetings on week evenings between decks, at which many of the sailors would be present, and who paid great attention while the Holy Scriptures were faithfully expounded. On a Sabbath morning in particular it would have cheered many a Christian's heart to hear about three hundred voices singing the praise of the Almighty God, and the mighty waters joining in concert with their sweet and musical ripples.

Our captain did all he could for the comfort of the passengers. Seats were placed in every available space on these occasions. Flags were hung round the poop, which enclosed it, and made it appear as much as possible like the House of God. The kindness of Captain Hales was appreciated by all who were on board.

The moon is an object at sea which creates a deal

of pleasure. It is a very beautiful sight, which many of the passengers sit up late to watch.

“ ’Tis half-past one, three bells have tolled,
The waning moon, now nearly gone,
Like paynim’s shield of burnished gold,
Rest on the distant horizon.

Phosphoric flakes fly shimmering back,
To mingle with the seething foam,
Marking a long white glistening track
To show the way that we have come.

The silent watch patrols the deck,
With sleepless look and steady stride ;
And views yon ship that like a speck
Skims lightly o’er the swelling tide.

The Southern Cross dips in the brine
Its glittering feet of starry spheres ;
Sweet emblem of our faith divine ;
The sailor’s hope through long, long years.

O Thou whose ever-watchful eye
Discerns all human mystery,
Guard all Thy people on the sea,
And bring us at last to heaven and Thee.”

The monotony, if such it can be called, of such a long sea voyage was greatly relieved by various amusements, as holding courts of justice, poaching on the high seas, breach of promise cases ; also the capture of lovers who ran away from home to get married, each scene never failing to create roars of laughter, as the gentlemen always took the part of each person represented in the trial. Previous, however, to these merry-makings, the help of the ladies was required, in making wigs of tow for those who took the parts of attorney, and which help the ladies

performed with much pleasure, feeling it a delight to aid any cause which would increase the pleasure and happiness of their fellow passengers. In wet weather, many of the gentlemen would give very interesting lectures in the saloon, where many would assemble to listen. The New Zealand chiefs enlivened the proceedings much by playing many of their native games, and the sailors also got up several games, and, with a good shaking in rough weather occasionally, we passed the voyage in a very pleasant manner.

We are nearing England, and every one is gazing with eager eyes to catch a glimpse of that land which is so dear to all, especially the English. A thrill of joy runs through every vein, as old and dear friends, fathers and mothers, are in anticipation of being met after, it may be, many years' absence, by equally anxious and expecting friends.

My earnest longings for home were for a little time checked during the voyage. One of the ladies on board expressed a wish that I would attend her professionally, and which I promised to do, thinking I should be at liberty by the time we reached England. All went on well till just as we entered the docks, when she gave birth to a fine son. This gave a severe check to my tide of joy, which had arisen in my heart, in the prospect of soon seeing old and loved friends. I remained with her on board till she could with safety be removed. I then went to my own dear home, in a quiet little country village, and which was far different from the life I had been accustomed to.

After a few weeks I went to Halifax, and while there I met with my old friends, the New Zealand chiefs, who visited Halifax for the purpose of giving their entertainments. When I met them they instantly recognized me, and, to my horror and astonishment, and the merriment of spectators, the ugliest and yet the finest of the group, rushed through the people and caught me in his arms and gave me a hearty squeeze, that being their mode of recognition. He instantly, with delight, shouted to the others, telling them who I was, as though they did not know. I invited them to the home of my uncle, where they were heartily welcomed. In the evening they gave a performance.

After remaining a few weeks I left for Liverpool, where in a short time I was engaged to travel with Lady C—, the wife of the captain of the vessel we sailed in.

We started in the month of November, and a more gloomy day could not have been chosen. We were attached to a tug, which took us as far as Skirrup, and going down the Irish Channel was something dreadful. Every sail was rent into ribbons, and several parts of the rigging was destroyed. I began to think that, like Jonah, I was not in my right place, and that the Lord intended the storm for me. Our captain was not the most amiable of men. He did not disapprove of his men swearing, he practising it himself. His wife, however, was a thorough lady by birth and education, and loved by all on board. The captain often exclaimed to me, "Now, you Methodist!"—that title he invariably bestowed on all who professed to love the Lord,—“now, you Methodist, you can pray

again, for here's another storm coming." The wind began one night, and blew a perfect gale, tossing us to and fro. The captain exerted himself all he could for the safety of the ship, it being his own property; and he, indeed, had spared no expense in fitting it up for comfort. The following morning brought to light great danger, for we were standing in for field ice, which sometimes floats down the Atlantic. We saw a ship caught in it. The poor fellows must have nearly lost all hope, as their ship was dismasted, and they were clinging to some part of the rigging, on which they had placed an old shirt as a signal of distress. I inquired of the captain if he would not attempt to save them. He replied, "I dare not, as we shall soon be in the same plight." The ice was fast approaching, still bearing down the poor fellows to a watery grave. We tacked just in time to clear it, and then ran alongside for eleven knots, it being of such an extent that we could not discover its width.

Glad was I when we touched Sandy Hook. Here again we were towed into port, the captain paying a handsome sum for the accommodation.

The next morning we found that our sailors had all run away except two. One was engaged in cleaning and painting the mast, when his foot slipped and he fell, breaking his back and both arms, and which caused his death in a few moments.

I had seen and heard so much of the captain during the first part of the voyage, that led me to the conclusion that I should not be very happy in continuing the voyage. Our agreement was that if

at any port a separation should be desired on either side it could be effected, and of which arrangement I availed myself, though feeling sorry for the lady, who, I felt sure, would be deeply grieved at the separation. I remained with her till the ship sailed, which was about four weeks.

The American war was still raging, and many of the people took me to be a spy; some, before I had time to make known the object of my calling, would bang the door in my face, with a not very polite "No!" It was late in the day, and I was very wearied. I could not get lodgings, though I offered fabulous sums for accommodation. I went back to the ship for the night, almost persuaded to proceed with them; still my mind revolted at the profane language I should hear, if I proceeded on the voyage. I, however, made up my mind that, whatever I might have to pass through, go I would not, though they offered me double the amount I was engaged for. Next morning I pursued my search for lodgings, and nearly all the day was spent in hopeless search. At last, walking along, wondering whether or not God had forsaken me, I passed an old newspaper depôt in Pike Street. I looked at it, thinking I might see an advertisement of lodgings, but the place looked so dreadfully poor and broken-down that I passed on, going nearly the whole length of the long street; but it was so impressed on my mind that I ought to have inquired there that I returned and went in. In the shop sat an old lady whom I judged to be eighty years of age. She looked very hard at me, with a quick and penetrating eye. I told

her how I had been tried in not meeting with lodgings. The old lady smiled and said, "No, my child; you have not yet been to the place where your Father intends you to stay." At this reply I was completely puzzled, as not a word of that nature had previously been referred to by either of us. I exclaimed, "You belong to that school, do you?" when, with a gleam of joy on her countenance, she said, "Ah, for many years." The old lady, with her daughter, who was nearly sixty years of age, then entered into conversation, at the close of which they desired me to inquire for apartments at a certain house, not far up the street, and the only place they knew of. I quickly sought the house, and gave a rap a little louder than I might have done, had I not been influenced by the hope of being successful.

The landlady herself answered the door, and soon gave me to understand that her house was full. The shame which I felt in having come from the old news-shop at first made me feel inclined not to reveal the secret of the old lady sending me. How little at that moment did I either think or feel the force and meaning of those words which God spake to Peter, "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common"! It was pride on my part, but God in a loving manner made it a lasting rebuke to me, never to despise His children, who are of great value in His sight, whether they live in a mud-hut, struggling in the world through the depths of poverty, or in a half-fallen old house with no window, but simply a board to slip up and down, such being the dwelling-place of that dear old Christian.

Seeing that I might not be successful, I informed the lady who had sent me. She stood for a moment as if pondering what to do. She, however, soon gave me to understand that, as the old lady had sent me, I could, if I had no objection, share a part of her room, which was large and handsomely furnished, and which I immediately accepted. I found out she was a widow lady, having one little daughter, an interesting child of ten summers.

In going down to the ship, I had to pass the news-shop. I therefore stepped in and told my old friend that I had been successful, when she exclaimed, quite in ecstasy of joy, "Bless His dear Name! He will do you good; His promises are yea and amen; and I have ever found Him faithful these ninety years."





CHAPTER XVII.

MY NEW YORK HOME.—THE CITY.—SAD NEWS.—ENGLAND AGAIN.—LIVERPOOL.—BACK TO NEW YORK.—THE WAR.—I RETURN TO ENGLAND, AND VISIT MY FATHER.

I WAS soon installed in my new abode, and when sitting alone I fancied I heard some singing. I went quietly and opened the door, for to me the sound seemed to come from a room below. I then heard these words,—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

I need not say that I was much affected, and could not help shedding tears. I could then fully enter into the remarks made by my old friend in reference to the Lord doing me good. I was very anxious for the hostess to come, that I might learn whence these sounds proceeded, and who it was that was singing. I had not long to wait before she came to inquire how I became acquainted with my old friend at the news-shop. I informed her, and thought it was no liberty to inquire if there was a chapel near, or was I deceived about the singing? She replied, “Oh dear no, madam; we have no chapel near us; but those are my young gentlemen lodgers practising; they do so every second evening, for they are all followers of Jesus.” And so it proved that nearly every one in that house were true Christians. I felt with the poet,—

“ For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father’s eye,
None prove less grateful for His care,
Or yield Him meaner fruit, than I.”

I remained nearly seven weeks with this happy family, during which time I frequently visited my old friend and her daughter at the news-shop.

New York possesses some splendid buildings built of stone and marble, in blocks or squares. It is a very fine city, and there is a large field for enterprise. Every facility is offered to steady men, who, with industry, have a far better chance to raise themselves above the working class than in England. Many an honest hardworking man has, under God’s blessing, raised himself and family to a state of affluence. Why is it that our people are so afraid to leave the shores of England for this vast continent, when by doing so many have not only benefited themselves, but their children and children’s children? There is in every enterprise troubles to encounter, and I do not say that the emigrant has no difficulties to meet with, but his perseverance is almost sure to be rewarded in due time.

During my stay I made several incursions in different parts. The rivers are beautiful, and the banks are crowned with lovely foliage. I shall not attempt to give the reader a description of the place, as it is almost as well known to English readers as their own land, to which, indeed, it is brought near through the line of steamers and the telegraph, vessels making the run of 3,500 miles from ten to fourteen days.

While staying here the sad news came one day to

me that a part of a ship had been picked up, which bore the name of the ship which belonged to Captain C—, and in which he set sail only six weeks before, for China. This was the very ship in which I was engaged to sail with the captain's wife. The general opinion was that the vessel must have foundered at sea, and all hands had perished. I could not but feel that the Lord had been my deliverer from a watery grave. I felt deeply grieved for the captain's wife.

I was much attached to my newly-formed friends, and was sorry when duty compelled me to think of returning home. In paying my morning visit to my old friend at the news-shop, she informed me that a lady was required to superintend a number of first-class lady passengers, who were going to England in one of the mail boats. She advised me to become a candidate for it. I thought the suggestion a good one, and started off at once, as no time was to be lost. On arriving at the office, which was in Broadway, I found an applicant was already there. We sat there a few moments, when ladies began to arrive, dressed in a variety of colours, and the language of the applicants was as varied as their dress was in colour. We were all seated round the room when the captain, with two or three other gentlemen, came in. Shortly after one of them was appointed to go round to each candidate, and make inquiry with reference to her qualifications and fitness for the voyage. I had a few testimonials with me, which I busied myself in getting into order. When he came to me, instead of looking at my testimonials, even momentarily, he passed on to the next candidate, and did not speak to me at

all. What construction to put on this strange proceeding I did not know. I felt grieved and half indignant, as I was the observed of all observers. I felt excessively annoyed, and wished that I had not become a candidate. Had the doors not been closed, I should have attempted my exit, but other ladies were sitting so close to me that I was compelled to remain.

Some time was thus occupied, and the examination was about over, when to my intense mortification the gentleman came to me. All eyes were at once turned to me, and I wondered what fresh indignity was to be put upon me, and I felt that a great insult had been offered to me. When the first question was put to me, I answered in a not very polite manner, for my feelings were much excited. He then wished for my testimonials. For a moment I hesitated to give them to him. Upon receiving them they were handed to the captain, who glanced at them and then returned them to the gentleman, making at the same time some remark, which caused him to quickly turn round and inform those present that I was appointed to the office.

I was much astonished, and looked at him with amazement, as it was what I never expected, after what had passed, and I did not fully realize the truth of it until the captain inquired if I could go on board that night. I told him I could, and on returning home I informed them what had taken place. I took farewell of my dear and true old friend and her daughter, and a mutual sorrow it was parting from each and all, as I never expected to see any of them on earth again.

On arriving on board I at once felt at home, being naturally fond of the sea. We had a large number of passengers, including many ladies, on board, and here, as on the "Dover Castle," the amusements were varied. We had an excellent run home, beautiful weather, very few sea-sick, nothing of note transpiring, and we arrived safe in Liverpool. The boat not returning for several days, the captain gave me a letter to the Chief Manager of the National Company, who were in want of a lady to proceed to New York with one of their steamers. I agreed to proceed with them, and taking my luggage went once more to brave the dangers of the deep. In going to the ship, I felt thankful to the Lord for the marvellous way in which He was caring for me.

When I arrived at the steamer, the passengers were going on board. It was a splendid ship. It had a large saloon handsomely fitted up, good berths or sleeping apartments. From my experience of voyages, I think that there are no steamers which have so much accommodation as those which proceed from England, particularly the "Cunard," "Inman," and "National" lines, and I have not yet seen them surpassed.

We soon weighed anchor, and I was once more on my way to New York. The voyage was rather rough, or, at least, those who were not accustomed to the mighty deep would think so, the ship rolling and the sea breaking over her and dashing into the cabin. The officers and sailors, as a rule, brave it with a cheerful heart, and are ever ready to help those who cannot help themselves.

Sandy Hook was now in view ; and I will here inform my readers that when steamers are nearing this place there are many pilot boats. Sandy Hook is a place where a vast quantity of sand has collected, and stretched itself far into the sea, and which would prove fatal to all ships approaching, unless they were properly piloted. The pilot boats at this place are constantly on the look-out for approaching vessels, to take them into port. Each pilot boat has a sail, on which is painted the number of the boat in large figures, and which can be seen a distance off. On some of the steamers there is a lottery got up by those on board. A certain sum of money is deposited by each to one who has been chosen. A number is then drawn by each, those particular numbers being known to be amongst the approaching boats. It is seldom that more than one boat comes to the steamer. As the boat approaches, every eye is anxiously and eagerly turned to see what the number is and who takes the prize.

We arrived in safety and good health at our destination, and the passengers all prepared to go on shore. Many had friends who met them on board.

Having no one to meet me, I lost no time in preparing to visit the friends with whom I had previously abode. We were much pleased to find that we had been spared to meet each other again. Upon making inquiry respecting my old friend at the news-shop, I was informed that shortly after I left she was taken ill, and died a most triumphant death. She was where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Her daughter, too, had died. I was much

grieved, for I had been looking forward with pleasure to the time when I should hear from her lips more of those truths which had often cheered my heart—the love and faithfulness of Jehovah.

I remained a few days, now and then going down to see the poor men go off to the battle-field. The dread sound of war rang in every home. It was a solemn sight to see fine young men, fathers of families, and even big lads shouldering a gun and going to a work from which hundreds never returned. I felt impelled by a strong desire to give them my service, and with that feeling I saw the celebrated Dr. Mott upon the subject, and volunteered to go to the field of battle. He gave me some excellent advice, in which he remarked, "You may lose your head or get shot, but anyhow it will be in a glorious cause." "Yes," I replied, "and also in the path of duty." He then gave me the address of the gentleman who made the arrangements, and gave every instruction to those who were sufficiently accomplished to brave the dangers of the battle-field. He had not a sufficient number of volunteers at that time, so I was obliged to wait a short time till a muster could be made to forward to the camp. Being engaged to return with the steamer to Liverpool, I was in hopes I should be able to return in time to join them in relieving the wants of the poor dying soldiers.

Taking leave of my friends once more, and with a determination to return if possible, I went on board. There was a large number of passengers, and, as usual, plenty of amusements to cheer them. We saw a large quantity of ice, but nothing worth notice

occurred. All appeared to be happy; very few were sea-sick. On arriving at Liverpool my service was at an end, and not being again required, I went to visit my father, with a view to take a long, and perhaps a final, farewell of my friends; yet I informed none of my intentions of returning to America.





CHAPTER XVIII.

A TELEGRAM.—A CONSIDERATE STATION-MASTER.—TOO LATE, BUT ALL RIGHT.—THE "CITY OF LONDON," BOUND FOR AMERICA.—THE NAUTILUS.—GLOOMY NEWS AT CHARLESTON.—FONTHILL, CANADA WEST.—THE MISSIONARY'S WIDOW.—HOMEWARD BOUND.—LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.



HAD not been home long before I received a telegram to proceed at once to Liverpool, to join another steamer, which had a large number of first-class lady passengers, who had taken berths to proceed to New York. This request I at once complied with, and calling at a relation's house in London, where part of my luggage was generally left, I just waited to change my raiment, and collecting a few things together, hastened to the Euston Station, where on paying the cab fare I found I had no money for the journey to Liverpool, having left my purse in another dress. I was rather puzzled what to do. I must lose no time, for I had already missed one train that I ought to have gone by. After a few minutes' reflection I went to the station-master and stated the awkward way in which I was placed, and asked him to lend me the money. He inquired how much luggage I had. I replied, "Only a small parcel," the luggage I required for the voyage being at Liverpool. He smiled, and said to the guard, "Pass her on to Liverpool; when there she will pay her

fare." On reaching my destination, I procured some money and paid the guard my railway fare, and then proceeded to the sailing department in Water Street, where I arrived just ten minutes beyond the time stated in the telegram. I was met and somewhat startled by the announcement of the head clerk, who exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Stannard, I'm sorry to see you." I was perfectly astonished, and thought it a strange remark, especially when I had been sent for. He observed my astonishment, and informed me that the steamer for which I was wanted had just gone, I being only ten minutes too late. He, however, wished me to call the next morning at half-past eight, and to be punctual.

On entering the office the next morning I saw at once that something was wrong, several gentlemen being there in earnest conversation. Mr. J——informed me it was a providence that I was too late for the steamer which I should have gone by; something was the matter with the boat, but to what extent they did not then know.

Another steamer was got ready, and for a few days I rested quite content that I had been delivered from all that trouble.

Having met with a lady, as companion, we at once went on board the "City of London," bound for America. We had a pleasant voyage, and saw large numbers of the nautilus, which I will just notice. It resembles a wee ship, and called by the sailors "the Portuguese man-of-war." I have seen numbers on the
outh Pacific coast not objecting to hoist their sails in rough weather. One great peculiarity belonging to it

is that it prefers to go against wind and waves. When floating along it resembles a ship in full sail. It was wonderful to see so little a creature—for to me it was the smallest I had seen—resembling a ship, beautiful and perfect, the colours of some being of brilliant pink and blue, and some purple, gallantly sailing on, braving the wind and billows, forming a sweet and instructive lesson to the Christian, who while he passes through this life has to battle against the many cares. This peculiar little creature has the power of stinging. Several on board were very anxious to examine it more minutely, so by means of a net we captured one. It very quickly furled its little sails, and when it came upon deck it resembled a lump of jelly, having at one end many very small strings or tentacula hanging down, two and three feet long, some being longer than others. It was put into a vessel, and while there, a young gentleman, desiring to examine it underneath, took it up in his hand, but, to our astonishment, he no sooner took it up than he dropped it down again, while he stamped and roared in a most fearful way, declaring he was stung as if by a thousand wasps; a few minutes after he turned very pale and sick. The little creature was then allowed to return to its native element, no one caring to examine it further. Quickly setting its little sails, it soon took leave of us. The poet Coleridge very beautifully says in an Ode to the Nautilus:—

“ In fairy pinnace gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless foundling of the mighty seas,
Thou thy light sail boldly spreadest;
O'er the furrowed waters gliding,

Thou no wreck, no foeman dreatest,
Thou no help nor compass needest,
While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosoms hide thee,
Thou can'st not fear,
Small mariner !

For tho' the tides, with restless motion,
Bear thee to the desert ocean ;
Far as the ocean stretch to the sea,
'Tis all thine own, 'tis all thy empery.
Lame is Art, and her endeavours
Follow Nature's course but slowly,
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
Still improving,—perfect never.
Little Nautilus, thou showest
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
Lore which man should study slowly,
Bold faith and cheer,
Small mariner !

Thine within thy pearly dwelling,
Thine a law of life compelling,
Obedience perfect, simple, glad, and free,
To the great Will that animates the sea."

All went on board well ; our time being spent in reading, promenading on the poop, and watching the flying fish and the gambols of the playful porpoise.

We arrived at New York in due time, but did not remain long, the lady with whom I was travelling being in search of her husband, who was at the seat of war. The journey was a very tedious one, and not accomplished without incurring great danger. On arriving at Charleston, we found that he had been mortally wounded, and his demise was the cause of our not being able to carry out our wishes to that extent we had made up our minds to do, in

helping and nursing the wounded. Shortly after the lady decided to proceed to Fonthill, Canada West. I felt a great desire to remain, but duty, under so trying a circumstance, rendered it impossible for me to leave her. I found her mind was made up to proceed to England, and finally to her father, who was in Australia: The path of duty to me was plain. At Fonthill we met another lady, the widow of a missionary, and she was seeking for some one suitable to accompany her to England. I saw her, and arrangements were made for her to go with us.

I could but look at the mysterious path the Lord was leading me. Both the ladies expressed a wish to sail by way of New York, each having business to transact. We at length took our passage in the "City of Baltimore" for old England.

My whole time was much taken up in endeavouring to cheer up my company in tribulation to make any note upon passing events. Viewing the hand of God, I was led to exclaim,

"The fictitious power of chance
And fortune I defy,
My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to His eye.
Oh, might I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
Engage to make me blest!"

I needed strength to undertake the delightful yet solemn engagement to comfort and cheer those ladies, whose hearts were wrung with sorrow and deep anguish, and I indeed could well sympathize with them. The missionary's widow had a son, an inte-

resting little fellow of twelve summers ; he seemed to have greatly felt the loss of his father, whose death was most appalling, he having died at the hands of a murderer, far up beyond the Niagara, where he had been proclaiming to savages the glorious plan of salvation by the blood of the Lamb.

The voyage was a blessed one to each of us. While God enabled me to cheer others in this rugged path of sorrow and conflict, I myself felt strengthened and encouraged to persevere, for

“The saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear,
For when they least expect His aid
The Saviour will appear.

Blest proof of power and grace divine,
That meets us in His word,
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord !

Wait for His seasonable aid,
And, though it tarry, wait,
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.”

No, dear reader, though the Lord may seem to turn a deaf ear to our cry, He most assuredly will appear.

The time now drew near when once more I must take leave of those to whom I had become attached, especially the widow and her darling boy. When we arrived in Liverpool, we wished mutual blessings, and took a long farewell. I then returned to London, for the purpose of recruiting my strength, for I was not thoroughly well.



CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER APPOINTMENT.—SCOTLAND.—CAPE DE VERDE ISLAND.—
FALKLAND ISLANDS.—CAPE HORN.—STORMS AND TROUBLE.—
BIRTH ON BOARD.—JUAN FERNANDEZ.—A LEVIATHAN.—AN
ALBATROSS.—THE PILOT-FISH.—THE STORMY PETREL.

AFTER a few weeks, I received a letter from a medical man in London, requesting an interview at an early period. Upon visiting him, he gave me to understand he was in want of a person who could take the entire charge of a lady professionally, and who could also be a confidential companion, for she was about to travel for some months. He gave me the address of one of her relatives, the lady herself being in Liverpool. After a short interview with her friends, and correspondence with herself, I was engaged. At the time appointed I proceeded to Liverpool to join her. Her husband was busily engaged superintending the ship being filled up, he having bought it for the intended trip, nothing being left undone for our comfort. We remained a few days, and then at the suggestion of the captain, who thought it might be too rough to go by the ship down the Channel, we started by rail for Glasgow, where we arrived the same evening, and went direct to the Queen's Hotel.

I am not at all surprised that our beloved Queen should prefer the quietude and beautiful scenery of the glens and valleys of Scotland to the noise and gaze of the people who delight to surround her at home.

We set sail from Glasgow, and enjoyed the lovely trip down the Clyde, and dropped anchor at Greenock, where we remained for a few days, the sailors putting the ship in trim for the sea voyage. The rigging set up and the sails unfurled, we at once got under weigh. At first we went ahead, yet the winds were light, the weather warm, and the sun always shining bright.

We reached Cape de Verde Island, which is a part of the Portuguese territory. The officials would not allow us to go on shore. This caused us much annoyance, especially as we were on a pleasure trip. They sent a yellow flag with which they intended to put us into quarantine, alleging as their reason that a ship not long before had taken into the harbour small pox, which proved fatal to several of the natives. After the yellow flag was hoisted, the government officer came alongside our ship, with an English interpreter, and called out for the doctor to give a statement of the health of all on board. The captain called me, and told the interpreter that I was the only doctor on board. When I made my appearance, and they had been led to understand as to who I was, to the great amusement of all on board, the natives with a deafening shout said that they "had never seen a he-she doctor before." After I had fully satisfied them as to the health of all on board, they gave three cheers and went away.

The captain bought a goat, kid, bananas, and many other articles. Though the natives had pretended that they would not touch a thing belonging to us, they very eagerly grasped the money for all articles sold.

The place appeared very rocky and barren. There

was a running brook, at which we saw a number of the natives washing, apparently superintended by a white man. They did not rub the articles, but each woman had a large smooth stone, as far as we could judge, on which the linen was beaten, by throwing it first over one shoulder and then over the other, which no doubt was refreshing to them, as the upper part of the body was exposed to the burning sun.

After staying there a few days, we took leave of the island, and with a fair wind went onward as fast as we could for Cape Horn. When off the river La Plata we encountered a strong gale; the waves ran mountains high, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared; but our ship went bravely on. Of fair winds I think we had the least share. We lost the kid and goat, which had become universal favourites. The weather being so rough, the captain decided to put in at the Falkland Isles. All hands kept a good look out, and when sighted, with a fair wind we made straight for the harbour. The sailor on look-out shouted, "Boat ahead!" It proved to be full of English gentlemen, who were coming to meet and welcome us. We were very glad to reach any isles belonging to Britain, for there we could with pleasure go on shore.

For four days we were entertained on a grand scale, and many presents were given us.

The islands abound with wild horses, which I was informed were killed for the sake of their skins, which were sent to England. The population was not large, and it was composed chiefly of fishermen. While here our party shot a "kelp goose" and a robin, which

were preserved. As we were gliding out of the harbour, the captain ordered the flag to be dipped thrice in token of our nationality.

Once more we were gliding on the billows, with a fair wind, direct for Cape Horn. The wind, however, soon changed; the sky became overcast. By these signs we knew well that a storm would soon arise. It at length came, and we were driven all sorts of ways. The waves, slashing each other, and the sea running high, great fears were entertained that we should have to put back to Stanley Harbour, which we had so recently left; but it pleased God to give us a few more days of fair wind, which brought us to our desired haven—Cape Horn. This did not give much pleasure, particularly to those who had been there before. I for one knew by experience what Cape Horn was.

There was a clear blue sky, with every prospect of having fine weather for a few days, at least; but, instead of this, it was only a few hours, for a breeze sprang up which soon increased to a gale, tossing us to and fro. It gave me to understand, as well as others, that God could raise a storm when we expected a calm; and is it not so sometimes in the Christian's journey home?

The ship rolled and laboured very heavily, and the sailors could scarcely stand. The 22nd of September came in with still worse weather, and the sea raging in awful grandeur. The captain, for the first time, began to fear his ship could not live in such a storm. He was an excellent seaman, and one who was generally as calm in a storm as in fair weather, studying well what to do before acting. We could not stand

in the cabin, though it was fitted up like a drawing-room; neither could we sit, except upon the floor, and even then was compelled to hold to something that was fastened to the deck. Everything on the tables had to be removed, and when we sat down the saucepans out of which we had to get our meals had to be fastened to the deck. This kind of weather lasted for several days, during which time the captain's wife, who was *enceinte*, was taken ill. What to do I knew not, as we were thrown from one side of the cabin to the other as soon as we were upon our feet. I, however, knew that the first thing to do was to fix the lady in as good steady position as I could, and begged of the Lord to help both me and her. I endeavoured, with the captain's assistance, and in as gentle a manner as possible under the circumstances, to fasten her to the couch, it being fast to the deck, which was managed, though with some difficulty. But something more had to be done. I could neither stand nor sit but by fastening a rope to the bulkhead. We hoped to remove the difficulty by the captain being able to hold me while attending to his wife, but all was in vain. Her appeals for help were constant; then, as if for the last struggle, the ship plunged and pitched, and the mighty waters rolled over the deck, darkening the cabin. I could keep silent no longer. The prayer that had silently ascended now burst forth. I pleaded past mercies and deliverances, and inquired if I had been brought there to be put to shame, or to perish. If He did not appear at once and still the waves, nature must yield, and it may be the poor patient would die. To His glory be it said,

in ten minutes the storm ceased its raging, and became a calm; the motion of the ship became steady, and an infant was born.

We had a young man named Marsden, one of our party, and who could not help making a remark on the goodness of God. His words were as follows:—

“That morn the ship had rolled tremendously to and fro,
Yet at the eventful moment quite steadily did go,
It was as if God in pity had looked from above,
And by controlling the waves showed His undying love!”

Many on board, though making no pretence to religion, could not help noticing the circumstance. The sailors, some of whom had been on the sea many years, declared they never saw the like before, fulfilling the words of the Psalmist: “Thou, O Lord, hast a mighty arm; strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand. Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.”

The storm now being completely lulled, the mother and babe progressed favourably. The captain felt the past circumstance deeply, and was much impressed with the wonderful omnipresence of the Almighty.

We now proceeded to the island of Juan Fernandez, made famous by Robinson Crusoe. It is a lovely, little island, of some twelve miles in width, and four in length. Fish are abundant in the bay. There was one palm-tree which stood alone upon the top of a bold and rugged rock, which brought to my mind some lines I once learned,—

“Mid rocks, and sands and barrenness,
How beautiful to see
The wild palm in its desert dress,
The solitary tree!

Alone amid the silent wild,
The boundless desert's favoured child,
In constant verdure dressed;

An emblem of that faith that cheers
The pilgrim on his road ~~through Life's~~
Dark vale of cares and tears,
Beneath his earthly load.

Through Life's

The palm is a beautiful tree. We much admired it from its peculiar shape, which resembled an umbrella when opened, affording shelter from both sun and rain.

We took leave of this pretty little place, and in crossing the South Pacific Ocean we caught several beautiful birds, of which I kept a few. In the distance we saw a large fish, which was throwing the water up to a great height at intervals. It was soon attracted by the sight of our ship, but, whether from the novelty of the thing, or from a natural instinct it possessed to follow in the wake of the ship to catch the food which was occasionally thrown to the fishes, I cannot say. It, however, came along, moving in a majestic manner. All hands were on the look-out, fearing it might come too close to be agreeable. On it came, destitute of fear, and when near the ship gave a roll over, which agitated the waters so much that it gave the ship a tremendous shaking, and sent the dinner flying in all directions, as well as some of us who were seated very comfortably at the table, while others were spotted with grease. The monster remained with us several hours, playing around the ship, apparently regarding it as a toy sent for his amusement. A stiff breeze springing up, we were

soon enabled to leave this leviathan, which might have proved a dangerous foe.

We were much interested in viewing the soaring of the albatross. It is a fine large bird, and varies much in size, some measuring from 8 to 12 feet from tip to tip of each wing. We captured several by means of a line and hook baited with a large piece of mutton-fat, and found it not an easy matter to get them on board, as they invariably endeavour to drown themselves by diving under water. We managed to get one on board, and could not but admire its beauty and form. Shortly after remaining on deck, it began to vomit, and soon died. I wished much to preserve it alive, to bring home as a curiosity. I, however, kept its head and neck, which I still have. Another interesting feature is watching the cunning and wily movements of the ravenous shark. We captured two large and three small ones; the latter I preserved in whisky and brought home. The pilot-fish to the shark is a very pretty little thing, and when swimming near the surface shows brilliant colours.

It was very interesting to watch three of these little creatures guide the great monster to the bait which is thrown out to entrap it. Every sailor has a great antipathy to the shark, and never rests if one is near until it has been secured. This is effected by means of a large piece of pork fastened on a hook. Some of these creatures display a wonderful amount of sagacity, as I have seen them eat all round the hook and then depart. One day came a fine old fellow, who seemed very stupid, for it took the little pilot all his time, with two others, to make him understand

where the bait was, which was effected by jumping upon his nose, the other two swimming by his side.

We all laughed, and was much amused to see how quickly the little fellow sprang from the nose of the shark as soon as it began to turn over, getting in readiness to attack the bait. When the bait is swallowed comes the deafening shout, "Haul in!" The shark above-mentioned was caught, and took the united strength of five men to haul it upon deck.

The stormy petrel, or, as the sailor's call them, "Mother Carey's chickens," and the various kinds of sea-gulls, invariably attract much attention.





CHAPTER XX.

PLEASURES OF A VOYAGE.—BAD WEATHER.—SOUNDING.—IN HARBOUR.—VANCOUVER.—AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.—NEW WESTMINSTER.—A "GRAND" HOTEL.—"UNPROTECTED FEMALES" SURPRISED.—A SLEIGH TRIP.—HOSPITALITY.—POISONERS.—"THE KENT" AND HER CAPTAIN.—MAKING GOOD USE OF RUM.—SAILORS.—CHEROKEE AND THEIR JARGON.—VOCABULARY.—A GOD BOUGHT.—FALSE TEETH.

THE going down of the sun is a splendid sea-sight and so is the rising of the moon. They must be seen before their respective beauties and grandeur can be known. They are gazed at and admired by all who visit the South Pacific: O Lord, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the sea is full of Thy riches; Thou appointest the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down.

Many are under the impression that it must be a dull monotonous life at sea, but I can confidently assert it is no such thing. A thousand objects are presented to the eye, which not only call forth praise to the God who made them, but also instruct the mind of man while he beholds the wonders of the deep and of its inhabitants.

During the voyage we encountered some dreadful weather: the decks were several times covered with snow, then frost set in, which at all times proves bad for the sailors, causing them to meet with accidents.

A few days would pass, when we were again on the poop, with the sun directly overhead—so much so that no shadow could be seen, while the rays of the sun seemed almost hot enough to cook meat. A few more days and the scene changes ; we are again amongst the snow.

The captain now ordered the men to *sound*, an operation which is performed by fastening a line to a lead pipe two feet long, into the end of which is pressed some soap or grease, in order that if it touch any foundation a portion will adhere, thus giving the captain some idea of his whereabouts. After an examination he discovered that land was near, and a short time after we were sailing down a noble river. On each side were forests of pine-trees, their tops covered with snow ; now and then some small islands appeared.

We now reached the Esquimault Harbour, and passing an English man-of-war, we gave them a salute, which they returned in true English style. In a short time we were once more in safety, riding at anchor. The harbour was surrounded with much picturesque scenery, which no one could behold without admiring, the noble trees being covered in snow. There were several highly-finished houses built close to the water, and in the background stood a pretty little church, a well-formed street, some good dwelling houses, and two public houses ; several more houses were scattered in different directions, making it appear quite a little town. It may become a place of great importance, and famous in the commercial world, if the Great Pacific Railway should have its terminus there. The harbour throughout has excellent anchorage for ships.

As soon as we had anchored, two English officers came on board to congratulate us upon our safe arrival, and also to transact some business with the captain, who was just preparing to go on shore to engage a carriage for his wife and myself to proceed to Vancouver, which was about three miles distant. The captain having friends on the island, they received us very kindly. We remained about a month, during which time a grand ball was given in honour of the captain's marriage, and also the birth of his first-born, who was now growing very fast.

A very pleasing incident occurred shortly after my arrival at the island. One day I was transacting a little business in the town, and happened to call at a private house, to enquire the whereabouts of a milliner, when, to my surprise, I recognized in the person who opened the door an old school companion, whom I had understood to have been dead for years.

I need not say how delighted we were to meet each other in that far-off land.

The captain's wife and myself went on board a steamer, and proceeded to New Westminster, British Columbia, the captain and the rest of the party proceeding by the ship. We arrived in the after part of the day, and saw a great number of the natives. Mountains of snow were on all sides. One of the passengers took pity upon us (as we did not know where to go), and offered to act as our guide to the best hotel, which offer we gladly accepted. We had taken the precaution to have a good supply of everything we were likely to need, but were given to understand that all would be overlooked by the

custom house officers, who, to our surprise and indignation, relieved us of everything but our wearing apparel, considering they had conferred a great favour by allowing us to retain that.

Our guide wished us to take a sleigh, but we preferred walking over the snow, and arriving at the Grand Hotel, which, to our amusement, we found constructed of weather boards. The waiters were French, speaking broken English, and there was not a female in the place. However, on the whole we were pretty comfortable.

One night during our stay we were much startled by a sudden rap at the door of our bedroom. There were no females in the house except ourselves, and I began to suspect foul play. Another rap was given, accompanied by a demand for admittance, by a strange voice. After a short parley, our suspense was relieved by the sound of a well-known voice, that of the captain, whom we gladly allowed to enter. He informed us that himself, with several others, had run into Burred Inlet, which they had reached with great difficulty and risk, in consequence of the prevalence of ice, wind and snow; and, the weather not changing, three of them went on shore, where they met the gentleman who had proved himself so kind to us on our arrival. On entering into conversation with him, he made mention of two English ladies he had conducted to the hotel. Upon hearing this, the captain at once concluded that it was none other than his wife and myself. He and his party immediately resolved to travel through the snow, to see if such were the case, and accordingly started off,

reaching us at night, and causing us a pleasant surprise.

The next morning a sleigh was ordered for the party, that we might have a better view of the country in the interior, and when loaded with all kinds of provisions, including half a bullock and a quantity of milk, we started on our tour through the regions of snow, which we all thoroughly enjoyed, though snow was all around us. "The Lord giveth snow like wool. He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels, and who can stand before His cold. His power and wisdom are infinite." Those who have travelled to the distant parts of the earth, either to the frigid or torrid zones, can enter more fully into the abounding love of God to man, even in a temporal sense, as well as beholding the display of His unlimited wisdom in the formation of much inexpressible grandeur, which makes the heart of the Christian to sing, "My Father made them all."

Our horses were in excellent condition, and finely decorated, including the usual accompaniment of bells. We soon were travelling along a beautiful avenue, which our guide informed us was nine miles straight ahead, through a dense forest, the whole length being completely arched over by the trees meeting each other. We could not but admire its beauty, though covered with snow; but how much more so when the sun shone forth in all its splendour, causing the great variety of trees to reveal their beauty; for here, as in many other parts of America where I have travelled, it would have puzzled the admirer to detect the

different flowers, fruits, or leaves belonging to each tree, as creeping and climbing plants attach themselves to the trunk of each tree, and mount the summit a height of more than a hundred feet.



SCOMAX, CHIEF OF THE VICTORIA TRIBE, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

There is in British Columbia forests a fine cone-bearing tree, its height being over 300 feet. Many of these forests are impenetrable, except either by fire or the hatchet.

As we passed under one of these immense arches the creeping plants had found their way through, and were hanging down, the frost giving them the appearance of a crystal candelabra.

All the people we saw were, like ourselves, well wrapped in furs of various kinds. Proceeding along, we came to a hut, into which we were allowed to enter and refresh ourselves. We were much amused when the native-looking man, though not a real native, brought to us a frying-pan, large enough to cook ten pounds of meat, and said, in a very generous manner, "There, fry away for yourselves, and you can get wood for your fire over yonder." The poor fellow, withal, seemed very kind in his way, and rather superior to some I saw after. Journeying on, we came to another of these huts, standing in a thick forest; and here, again, the civilized traveller was made welcome to its humble comforts.

The Indian does not don his winter costume till the snow dance has been performed, which, on their part, is an entirely religious performance, and in which all warriors take part. As each warrior reaches the appointed place poles are placed in the ground, upon which are placed the snow shoes and hunting accoutrements, with such other decorations as they may have. Each being dressed in fur trowsers, a general dance round the poles is commenced, accompanied by the beating of tom toms, and such other discordant yells as each feels inclined to make. Dancing is kept up till all fall asleep from sheer exhaustion.

During our stay there, some trappers, or police, came up, with eleven men, handcuffed to a chain,

which ran through the length of them. We were informed they had been committing robbery and murder, for which they were being marched to New Westminster, for imprisonment.



NORTH AMERICAN WITH HIS SNOW SHOES.

At no great distance from the above hut a descent had been made to proceed by boats to the different ships riding at anchor in the Burred Inlet. We signalled for a boat to come off, into which we were

soon seated, and gliding over the blue waters. As we went along we passed an English ship belonging to Liverpool, from whom we received a salute. On arriving alongside the "Kent" we were received with a hearty welcome by all on board.



NORTH AMERICAN IN WINTER DRESS.

A few days after Captain D—— came on board our ship and dined with us. He was a most agreeable gentleman, and, in conversation after dinner, he related an incident which I feel sure will not be out of place, but instructive to my readers. He informed us

he had been higher up, trading for timber or lumber, and experienced bad weather, through which he lost one man by frost, he having been frozen to death. The captain, fearing a sufficient quantity of grog had not been served out, ordered a double allowance. Several of the sailors instead of drinking it, bathed the exposed parts of their body with the spirits, and all who did so remained healthy, and the frost had no effect upon them. I trust this simple, yet highly beneficial plan may be known by hundreds of our noble-hearted sailors, who have to brave the intense cold of those regions, and maybe induced to adopt the method, convincing themselves of the benefit both to mind and body. Only those who have seen and felt the cold of the frigid zone, can imagine the dreadful hardships which the sailors have to endure. I look back with deep emotion to that noble and gallant officer, Sir John Franklin, who with his band of brave fellows, endured the keenest sufferings equally as much as those who have died on the battle-field for their country. Often have I been grieved for our sailors who have to face perils and dangers most appalling, yet they have never flinched from their duties, but greater the danger, the greater the courage displayed, proving themselves as bold as lions, however turbulent the storm may be.

The old proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," seems to hold good with regard to the sailors, for in many places of worship the sailors are seldom thought of in the prayers that are offered up, and in this the ministers are not alone, for people generally manifest the same indifference. I trust soon that our God will arise and cause a great feeling

among the nations on behalf of the sailors, that there may be a great and noble fleet of God-fearing men floating on the mighty waters ; that every ship might prove a missionary ship, all engaged in bearing forth the glad tidings of God's great love to sinful man.



SUNBEAM, QUEEN OF THE VICTORIA TRIBE, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

But to return. The inlet was surrounded with gigantic hills, covered with lofty trees. There were no buildings except a solitary hut, a lumber-mill completed, and one in course of erection. Timber

being in great abundance, was cut down by lumbermen for exportation.

We here appeared to be in the midst of a dense forest, far away from the haunts of civilization. There was a great number of natives. It was several days before I could prevail on the captain to put me ashore, for I wished to wander forth in the pine-grove, which still remained covered in snow, yet here and there were to be seen some beautiful evergreens towering above, and forming a sweet contrast to the white carpet beneath.

The natives were of an olive colour, very harmless and kind, great lovers of coloured cloth, beads, and ribbons. I was sorry to find that they knew but little of the value of their souls. During my stay, I often went on shore for the purpose of endeavouring to teach them the love of the Saviour to sinners. Many of them could speak a little English, so what with the little I knew of their language, we got on very well together, though a difficulty impeded free conversation, as each tribe spoke a different language, of which I append a few words, called Chenook jargon:—

Ict One	Tuckum . . . Six
Moxt Two	Senjimoto . . Seven
Cloon Three	Tutka Eight
Larket Four	Queets Nine
Quonum Five	Tatum Ten
Sun Day	Seeshak Bad
Moon Month	Nah-witka . . . Yes, or certainly
Hyas Large	Wake No
Tenasse Small	Icta What
Cloosh Good	Ohook This

Coopa . . .	In or on	Clar-hoe-yar	Salutation at meeting or parting
Charco . . .	Come here	O-lal-lee . . .	Berries
Clat-awar . . .	Go away	Po-lal-lee . . .	Powder
Kwan-seick . . .	How many	Canim . . .	Canoe
Tik-kee . . .	Want	Ai sick . . .	Paddle
Tum-tum . . .	Intention	Pell-pel . . .	Red blood
Me-sarcheé . . .	Dirty	Tarcope . . .	White
Man . . .	Man	Quarss . . .	Afraid
Clotch-man	Woman	Olo . . .	Tired or hungry
Yacca . . .	He or she	Hay-hay . . .	Play
Nika . . .	I or me	Mammook . . .	Make or work
Mika . . .	You	Mar-kook . . .	Buy or sell
Pulten . . .	Foolish	Hey-hoy . . .	Exchange
Tyee . . .	Gentleman	Camox . . .	Dog
Sacullah . . .	High or up	La-tete . . .	The head
Kik-willer . . .	Low or down	Lee-man . . .	The hands
Sapo-tele . . .	Bread	Lar Pied . . .	The feet
Mar-witch . . .	Deer	Moosum . . .	Sleep
Mus-mus . . .	Cattle	Ten-asse-sun	Morning
Lem-to . . .	Sheep	Sit-cum-sun . . .	Noon
King-George- man . . .	} Englishman	Polikely . . .	Night
Boston-man . . .		American	Sitcum polikely
Hy-you . . .	Plenty	Caa-ahave . . .	All
Kella-kella . . .	Birds	Sitcum . . .	Half
Patch-latch . . .	Give	Gleese . . .	Grease or fat
Is-cum . . .	Take	Stick . . .	Wood or trees
Cap-she-wolla	Steal	Illa-hee . . .	Land
Chick-a-man	Silver or metal	Clar-o-ney . . .	About or near
Cultus . . .	Nothing	Salix . . .	Angry
Cuppet . . .	No more	War-woo . . .	Speech
Halo . . .	None	Tap-so . . .	Hair
Midlite . . .	Stay	Syah . . .	Far away
Al-kee . . .	Wait	Anaty . . .	Other
Timolidge . . .	Tub or cask	Cum tax . . .	Understand
Chuck . . .	Water	Too-toosh . . .	Milk
Muk-a-muk	Eat	Ti-karry . . .	Don't care.

The accompanying engraving is a faithful sketch of one of the most kind-hearted natives who in-

habit British Columbia. This old chief has been the means of saving several English ships with their crews, by giving a timely warning to them when it



CHIL-LI-CAL-SETT, FOUNTAIN CHIEF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

was determined by the rest of the tribe to plunder and murder the crew, and then sink the ships. For these noble deeds, he was handsomely rewarded by

our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, in the shape of a silver staff.

The natives were very attentive when spoken to, no matter what the subject might be, and I have reason to believe that if the poor creatures were more thought of by others beside missionaries they would excel us in many ways, and would learn to know the true God. With a great deal of bartering and trouble, I purchased one of their gods; it is about six inches long, and made of bone, in the shape of the body of a man, with head and face complete, but no legs, the arms uplifted, but the hands hanging down. It is, on the whole, a most clever piece of workmanship, as they have no proper tool or instrument to work with. This god or idol is worn suspended round the neck by a string, composed of grass or other material. Great care is taken of it, by wrapping it up in cloth, scarlet being preferred. While negotiating for the one above-mentioned, I ventured to offer two dollars to the chief, but he would not part with it. I then adopted another plan, having some small change, but not amounting to two dollars; this I held in one hand and the two dollars in the other, offering him choice of either. I felt much amused in watching with what gravity he counted the pieces, finally deciding in taking the most in number, though not in value.

The medicine man or doctor, is a personage of great importance amongst the various tribes. He pretends to cure all and every disease to which the flesh is heir to, but in many cases nature alone lends her aid, and restores to health. It is extremely amusing to see with what dignity and grace he would approach his

patient, and after a mystic incantation would administer a medicine in the shape of a draught out of a bottle made of wood, and which resembled a bird, the medicine appearing like the juice of the water-



MEDICINE MAN, BARCLAY SOUND.

melon, which did neither harm or good, only to those who were suffering from thirst. He is also head supreme at all their amusements; one favourite pastime with the North American Indian is dancing, in

which he takes an active part, but like the more civilized part of mankind, is moved to pity towards the unfortunate members of the tribe, in which, during war, have become widows or orphans, and never forgetting the old people. The young men in the village will turn out to have a dance in favour of these poor



SAPPULLUK AND KILLACUMS—NORTH AMERICANS.

unfortunates; they have no complicated assortment of instruments, but simply a drum which the medicine man beats with all his strength, the whole company of dancers then advance towards the musician, bow, and then recede, giving vent to dreadful shrieks and

cries, all turning their eyes upwards with dreadful gestulations. This is considered an act of prayer to the Great Spirit on behalf of the sufferers. When all the prayers or screechings were concluded, the medicine man went round to collect for the poor, which all of that class being present received, in the presence of their benefactors.

We prevailed upon one of the native females to



SCOKYSLYANE, INDIAN MOTHER AND PAPPOOSE.

come on board. To our surprise she made herself very useful in washing, which in a short time she accomplished with great dexterity. She was very pleased when any one took notice of her while at work. One day while busily engaged, we were talking to her, and the conversation turned upon the quality of her teeth, for a more beautiful set than she

had could not be boasted of by any one. She was asked to take them out; she shook her head, and said, "Wake," meaning "no." One of the ladies standing by had a set of artificial teeth, and thinking it would afford some amusement to the poor creature, we asked the lady to take them out and show her. To our surprise, instead of being amused, she screamed out, and would, had no one prevented her, have jumped overboard. We could not with any amount of persuasion prevail upon her to resume her work, and the next morning our ship was besieged by a fleet of canoes, the natives being curious to see for themselves this strange person, who had the power of taking her teeth out, and who they considered was of some kin to the Evil One.





CHAPTER XXI.

ON BOARD THE "KENT."—HOME-BOUND.—VICTORIA.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS; THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

DURING my stay, each day brought its allotted portion of sorrow as well as joy. The captain, it appeared, would have to remain there some time, having made arrangements to take a ship-load of lumber to "Mazet Land," a part of the world I had no inclination to visit, my engagement having expired. Captain Davis, whose ship was still lying in the inlet, was about to start, and having expressed a wish to return home, it was arranged for me to go with him.

"Borne with the breeze and winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory of home o'er the deep."

It was a parting that will not soon be forgotten. I really felt myself halting between two opinions, yet an impulse, which I could not resist, compelled me to take farewell of all. The captain accompanied me to the ship which I then hoped would be the means of taking me to my beloved land.

As we glided out of the inlet, we watched each other, waving our handkerchiefs till the "Kent" receded from my view. While sailing along I could but look back, and ask myself, "Why have I left all with whom I was so happy? How mysterious are the

ways of our God! His paths are only known as He pleases to reveal them to us."

Once more upon the billows, amidst wind, snow, and rain, the vessel rolling and labouring heavily, I began to fear that I had no business there, but like Jonah should be made to know that where the Lord had placed me I ought to be content and remain; for I was confident it was He who had sent me on board the "Kent;" but I wanted to feel the same now that I had left it. I prayed that God would bless the weak endeavours that I had used to spread the truths of His Word, and bring the poor natives to understand His loving-kindness.

The storm increased, which brought to my mind the following lines:—

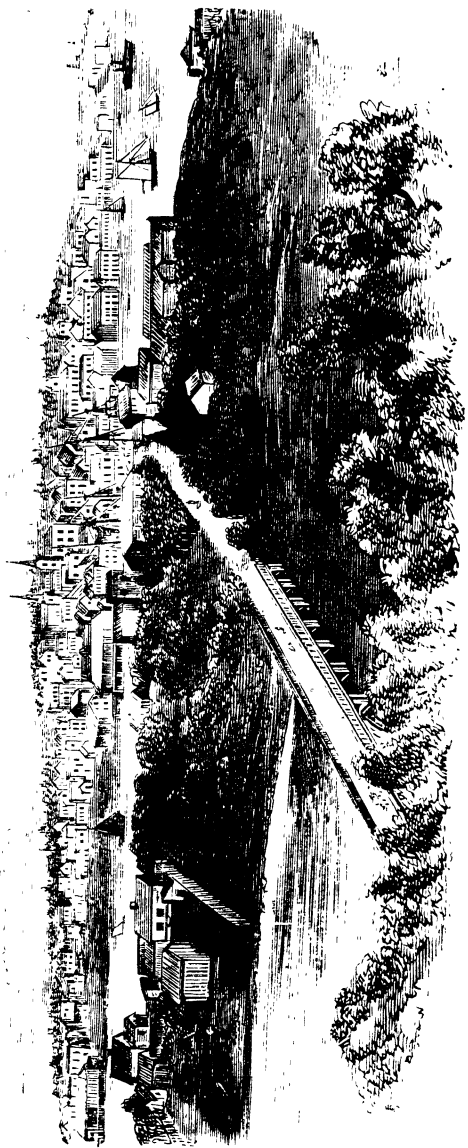
"What though at times a rough wind blow,
The breakers abound, the tide of joy run low?
Think how sweet, when we gain the wished-for shore,
To repose on our Saviour's breast, and all our trials o'er.

And thus, dear Christian, though His face
On some blest few less veiled may shine,
The waiting soul, the babe in grace
Is not the less, Redeemer, Thine.

Weak though the barque, it sails with Thee,
Does of Thy fleet a part compose,
Associates with Thy company,
Thy convoy share, Thy colours show.

When o'er life's tempestuous tide
His care has brought thee, then for thee
A place of streams and rivers wide
The Lord, the glorious Lord, shall be."

I had a secret hope that the Lord would guide us safely over the stormy ocean, though to all appearance



VIEW OF VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

danger increased. The ship was loaded with lumber or she would have laboured more, as she shipped sea after sea. It was well that the captain was not a stranger to these parts, but one who acted with great forethought. He determined to run in for Esquimault, which through great skill on his part, and mercy of the great Captain of the seas, we succeeded in reaching with safety. It was a memorable night, and one that will not soon be forgotten by those who were on board. The anchor was, however, cast and the ship was in safety: It was a late hour, and the captain prepared to go on shore. I expressed a wish to be allowed to accompany him, as I found he was going to Victoria. He acquiesced; and having collected my baggage together, which I decided to take at my own risk, we proceeded on our way. Though the distance was only three miles, we did not regret that it was so short; for it was an exceedingly dark night, and the rain poured in torrents.

Arriving at Victoria, we found the inhabitants had all retired to bed, with the exception of one or two public houses, whose inmates were still up. It was no use to endeavour to seek my friends at that late hour of the night; so, contenting myself, I engaged a bedroom, which was exceedingly uncomfortable, as there was not a spark of fire in the room, a thing I so particularly desired in my present dilemma; but, in justice to the hostess, I must say that everything was very clean. I passed a very restless night, and did not fail to be an early riser when morning appeared. My apparel still held the effects of my recent wet journey, but, dressing as well as circumstances would allow, I

started off to try and find my friends, who wished me to remain. It did not take me long to make up my mind, and I informed the captain of my intentions.



CANESSATEGO, GREAT WARRIOR, CLALLUM TRIBE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Apartments were engaged, and once more I was abiding in pleasant quarters.

Vancouver is a fine island, of which I will give a more minute description as we pass on. Victoria is the chief

town, and is well built. There are large government buildings, churches, and chapels. I believe every denomination but the Baptists is represented; and I may here remark that in the different parts of the world which I have visited they were less in number than any other. The anchorage is excellent, the wharves are noble, and the streets are fine, with large and noble-looking shops. One of these buildings was very interesting, as in front of it was a sign, "The London House." It almost made me feel that I was not so many thousands of miles away from old England. There was a large gaol, from which the prisoners were marched every day through the streets to repair the roads, where necessary. They were manacled to each other, some having heavy irons on one leg besides, and were well guarded by police. Adjacent to the wharf stands the extensive buildings belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, who send many ships and steamers up to the north, where a prolific trade for furs is carried on with the Indians, who know not the real worth of the furs and other articles which they have secured by hunting in the backwoods and forests.

Most of the various tribes have horses and fire-arms, but each tribe is so different that a description is not an easy task. The Sarcees are the greatest warriors, under whose war spears and strong arm the weaker tribes have to submit.

On the opposite side of the bay to the town of Victoria is an Indian village, to which I paid a visit, going across the bay in a canoe. It is a very fine bay with beautiful scenery; all around there are the snow-capped mountains in the Washington territories, and

which looked like mountains of crystal when the sun shone upon them. One mountain on the Colombia side, called "Mountain Baker," threw up forked and sulphureous flames, which I watched with great interest.



HYAS CLOSE, CHUCK MAN, MEDICINE MAN OF THE CHEROKEE TRIBE,
NORTH AMERICA.

On arriving at the village, the first object that caught my vision was a substantially-built Catholic school, with a good house for the master. There was a great number of Indians, male and female, and a large proportion of children. Many of the squaws, or females,

wore broad bands of silver round their arms, some had as many as three on each arm. Similar bands were worn on the ankles of a few; earrings and nose-jewels were in profusion—so much so that I doubted their genuineness, but, upon examination and inquiry, I was informed that they would wear nothing but sil-



WIFE OF HYAS CLOSE.

ver or gold. Their huts were constructed in a very rough manner, and did not look very enticing, having the earth for a flooring, the fire in the centre, and a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke, which I saw went rather by way of the door than through its appointed place. There were no chairs or tables: many

were seated on their fur rugs around the fire. In the huts were hanging up various kinds of skins, birds, and feathers. None of the natives looked very clean, yet many had an intelligent-looking face.

The day had far advanced, and I returned to the canoe, deeply interested with my first visit to the native village. Crossing the bay, my heart welled up, and

“ I thanked the goodness and the love
That on my birth had smiled,
And made me in my infant days
A happy English child.”

The next morning I went my accustomed ramble, but in a different direction from any I had previously gone. I passed several native huts, and in one I heard voices singing, which made me curious to know what it was that they were singing; so going up to the door, I gave a gentle rap, when an old black woman opened it, and welcomed me in to join them; and to my surprise there were fourteen little girls, and they too were all black, who had met in that poor old mud hut to read the Bible, sing, and pray. I could not forbear shedding tears of joy to see and hear these poor black children praising the Lord. What great good, under the blessings of God, the dear children may have been is not for us to know; but we do know that God has said, “My word shall not return unto me void.” I promised them each a bit, or sixpence, if they would repeat to me the 23rd Psalm when we met again. Upon inquiry I was informed they all belonged to Sunday schools. Neither the little ones nor yet myself forgot the next day of meeting. They were all in time, and appeared highly delighted. I was very agreeably

disappointed, for I found that they were all entitled to the promised reward. Their little hearts and eyes were filled with joy as they each repeated the Psalm. When each had received her bit, one little girl, sharper than the rest, proposed to make a collection for poor old Jem for the use of the hut. The suggestion was unanimously carried out. The poor old lady gave



SEYLAMIAHYG AND PAPPOOSE, NORTH AMERICANS.

me to understand that for a long time they had met twice a week. Do not these black children set an example to the Sunday-school children of England? I have seen many black and coloured children, but I never saw one tease or be unkind to the sick or old people. Some of my readers may not have had the opportunity of perusing the work of that good and

noble advocate for the North-American Indians—Mr. James Buchanan. Thanks to the united efforts of American government and the powerful agency of the English press, these sons and daughters of the wilds of America are now cared for. Thousands are



WINGENUND, MESHAC, SAKIA, BELONGING TO KIDDYE CANIN'S TRIBE.

now enjoying that freedom of social life which at the time Buchanan took up his pen to vindicate their cause they were denied.

The Indians are greatly attached to their offspring. I fully determined to procure a young deserted infant

if such could be found, whom I would have adopted and educated as my own. My plan was frustrated, as no emolument or hope of advancement would induce any native to part with his child.

The manner of their education is described by the missionary Hecklewelder, who says: "The first thing taught them is that they are indebted for their existence to a great, good, and benevolent Spirit,



WIVES OF KIDDYE CANIM, FIGHTING CHIEF OF CLINQUOT SOUND.

who not only has given them life, but has ordained them for certain great purposes; that this great Spirit looks down upon the Indians, and by one of his inferior spirits he has also sent down to them corn, pumpkins, squashes, beans, and other vegetables. When the first and most important lesson is thought to be impressed upon the children's minds, the parents next proceed to make them sensible of the distinction between good and evil—that good acts

are pleasing to the good Spirit. All that is bad proceeds from the bad spirit, who has given them nothing, and who cannot give them anything good, because it has it not: this the parents teach in their own way. When this instruction is given, it must not be supposed that it is done in a haughty and authoritative manner, but, on the contrary, in a gentle and persuasive manner. The parents' authority, too, is never supported by harsh or compulsive means; no whips or threats, no punishment is ever used to enforce commands or compel obedience. A father has only to say in the presence of his children, "I want such a thing done; let me see who is the good child that will do it." This word "good" operates like magic, and the children vie with each other in the performance of the task wished by the parent. In this manner of bringing up the children, the parents are seconded by the whole community. If a child is sent with a dish of food to an aged person, all in the house will join in calling him a good child. If a child is seen leading an old and decrepit person, all in its hearing call on one another to look and see what a good child that must be. It would be well if some of our English mothers would follow the plan adopted by the Indian in the training and nurture of their children."

The squaw has a very novel manner of keeping her baby quiet. When going to work, she takes with her a long pole, rather stout at one end, which she makes fast in the ground. The cradle, which is made of bark or grass, is made fast to the top of the pole, which is much thinner than the bottom.

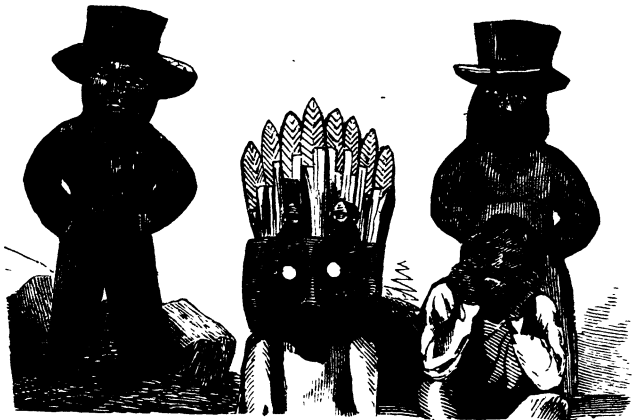
Placing her baby in the cradle, and securing it from falling out, she gives the pole a touch, which sets it in motion, the cradle and child afterwards keeping it constantly swaying to and fro, similar to a jumping chair, and thus the Indian mother keeps her infant amused.

I have seen a practice by some Indians of fastening the child's head between two pieces of bark, to make it as flat as possible.

They all believe in one great Spirit. In conversation with some I found that they believed that their heaven would consist of good hunting-grounds, good things to eat, and rich clothes to wear. One poor old woman told me that when they went to heaven they would have "plenty fish, plenty deer, plenty red cloth, plenty good hunting-grounds." All this comprised their heaven. I endeavoured to my utmost to point out the Saviour to her, and through Him heaven would be very different from what she described or thought of. They are very pleased to have notice taken of them. It seems to calm down that enmity which sometimes rises in their minds.

Our engraving presents a faithful view of an Indian burial-ground, and seems to bear a touch of the ludicrous in its aspect. The Indian has an innate genius for carving and cutting images for everything that he wishes to remember. In the accompanying engraving, two figures stand out with marked prominence, and would readily be taken for scarecrows, to deter the birds of the air from endeavouring to reach the departed one. This, however, is not so. The two figures are intended for gravestones; the tomb being in the centre. It is the custom if the husband die first for

the widow to sit by his grave till the body is supposed to have become decomposed ; the bones are then taken up and burnt, after which process the widow gathers up the remains carefully, putting them into a little bag or basket, which she has made during the time she has sat by the grave of her husband. She is not permitted to leave the grave on any occasion,



INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.

and all her food is taken to her, till the body is burnt, after which she is at liberty to go where she likes.

In visiting them, they showed me every kindness, never molesting me, although I went alone. They do not confine their acts of kindness to free white people alone, but extend it to their prisoners.



CHAPTER XXII.

A TOUCHING NARRATIVE.—THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS.—MISSIONARY WORK.—CARIBOO.—A PASSENGER POET.—EMPLOYED AGAIN.—AN INDIAN VILLAGE.—SQUAWS.—THE CHINESE.—CATCHING TEAL.

THE following incident, which occurred during the American war, will illustrate this fact. A white woman having been taken prisoner, the Indian chief saw, after a few days' march, that she was ailing, and was soon convinced that she was far advanced in pregnancy. He immediately made a halt on the bank of a stream, where, at a proper distance from the camp, he built a hut of bark for her, and gathered dry grass and fern to make her a bed, and placed a blanket at the doorway of the tent as a substitute for a door. He then kindled a fire, and placed a kettle of water at hand, that she might easily use it. He then took her into the little infirmary, gave her Indian medicine, with instructions how to use them, and told her to rest easy, as nothing should disturb her. Having done this, he returned to his men, forbidding them to make a noise, telling them that he himself would guard her the whole night, which he did, keeping watch before her door; walking backwards and forwards, to be ready at her call at

any moment. The night passed tranquilly, but in the morning, as he was walking along the bank of the stream, seeing him through the crevices, she called to him, and presented her babe. The good chief, with tears in his eyes, was rejoiced at her safe delivery, and told her not to be uneasy, for he would lay by or halt for a few days, and would soon bring her some nutritious food. Then, going to the encampment, he ordered all his men to go out hunting for her, while he remained himself to guard the camp. Forgive me, reader, if I for a moment disturb the harmony of my extract. There is nothing that I know within the whole range of anecdotal history more affecting than the present narration. How exalted was the humanity of the Indian chief? How refined the delicacy? How tender and watchful his care? We see through the darkness of the night the dusky warrior walking anxiously backward and forward before the little hut of bark—the little infirmary of the invalid woman—and in the pale dawn of the morning behold her in a state of utter exhaustion pointing to her babe. Delivered in the wilderness—in the darkness and solitude. Yet she was not without support, for over and above the secret aid which came from God, see, she meets with sympathy in a wild man—a stranger, a warrior—who melts into tears. But to resume: Amongst the men whom the chief had with him was a white man. The chief was much afraid of him, knowing him to be a bad man, but as he had expressed a desire to go hunting with the rest, he believed him gone, and thus entertained no fears as to the woman's safety. It was not long, however, before

he was undeceived, for while he had gone a short distance to dig roots for his patient, he heard her cries of distress, and hastening to her hut, was informed by her that the white man had threatened to take her life, unless she threw the child into the river. The chief was so enraged with the cruelty of the man, and the liberty he had taken with the poor prisoner, that he hailed him as he was running away, and informed him that the moment he should miss the babe the tomahawk should be buried in his brains. After a few days, the chief placed the woman carefully on a horse, and they went together to the place of their destination, both mother and infant doing well.

Could any Christian have acted with greater sympathy to any sufferer? I believe there are amongst them thousands who are washed in the Redeemer's blood, and with Watts would say:—

“ How sweet to think, that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above
And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family!

Christians who dwell on snow-clad ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found
In our fair and peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.”

I trust that every Christian will feel an interest in these poor outcasts, yet otherwise noble-minded aborigines. It is a solemn fact, that there and in other parts of the world much vice and wickedness has been caused by the white man, through the intro-

duction of spirituous liquors, and which some of the natives term "fire-water," while others call it "beson." A North American Indian once asked a missionary if the white man drank of the same liquor that they gave to the Indians, and did they also, when drunk, kill



KOOKSLIM, NATIVE MINISTER AT NANIMO.

people, and bite noses off, as the Indians do, and who taught the white people to make so pernicious a beson? The missionary answered the Indian in the best manner he could. The Indian replied, "The bad spirit must have some hand in it, for the devil is not the Indian's friend, because they will not worship him as they do the Good Spirit, and therefore I believe he

puts something into the beson, and henceforth shall he never again deceive or entice me to drink his beson." I rejoice that I have seen and heard of the indefatigable and persevering labours of the missionaries in different parts of the world, especially in North America; for truly the harvest is great, but the labourers are few, but though small in numbers, they have, under God's blessing, been the means of promulgating the Gospel in different languages. There is yet a great work for them to do. Let us who desire the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom endeavour by prayer to hold up their hands. There is a great want of more encouragement, and far more support, being given to those of our fellow men who are labouring for the good of souls in the dark parts of the earth,—men who are struggling against superstition and idolatry; but who have by God been enabled to unfurl the blood-stained banner of the Cross, using every means in their power, in the earnest hope that thousands of the Red Indians may be led by the Spirit of God to search the Scriptures, rejoicing that they have in their midst shining that great and glorious light and star of magnitude, the Bible. I trust the time may not be far distant when every son and daughter of the wilderness will be able to read the Bible in their native tongue, and cast their idols to the moles and bats.

Early in June of the present year (1872), a ship through rough weather and contrary winds was driven too close to the shores of Claroyot, and though every exertion was made by the captain to save the ship, she became a wreck. Some of the crew met a

watery grave, and it would have been well for the captain's wife and family if they too had met the same fate, for they would then have been saved from a more horrible death. ~ She, with her two children and their nurse, were cast upon the shore, and met death in its



QUEEN MHEM AND KIDDYE CANIM, GREAT FIGHTING CHIEFS, CLAROYOT SOUND.

most agonising form at the hands of this cruel chief, Kiddye Canim and his slaves. The mother, nurse, and one child having been brutally butchered, were cut up and divided to be eaten. Campbell, the captain, escaped to Beechy Bay, but was shot by Meshac, one of Kiddye's slaves. When the sad news reached

Vancouver's Island, it caused great gloom amongst the inhabitants of Victoria. An expedition was immediately set on foot for the purpose of tracing out the murderers, and in which search, one of Her Majesty's flying squadron, which was then cruising



KIDDYE CANIM AND SOME OF HIS SLAVES, CLAYOQOT SOUND INDIANS.

about, took part. The Governor of the island, took an active part, but, to the great grief of all, he too fell a victim. One of the slaves (Meshac) was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to be hung, but during the interval between the trial and the day appointed for the execution he died in jail.

The natives of Vancouver are a strong and well-built race of men. Captain Gordon, when he visited the island, was astonished at their industrious and friendly manner. When they were given to understand that he wanted coal, they became very active, and surprised him by their procuring, with rude implements of hatchets and wedges, a large quantity of coal.

The town of Victoria receives great benefit from the Cariboo diggings. Many of the diggers call there on their way up to purchase goods, and if fortunate in their calling return and spend their money in the town. To some parts of the field it was but a short run up.

In proceeding from Cariboo to reach the various gold-fields around, the traveller has to pass great precipices, which stand out with awful and imposing grandeur. Some of the rocks of which they are composed are several hundred feet in height, some of them affording excellent grazing for cattle, who in winter often hide themselves in the crevices in the sides. The scenery around is one of imposing grandeur, tall pine and fir-trees stretch their towering heads to the firmament above, while the many rills and rivulets add the music of their waters, lending an additional charm. The scenery throughout is almost past description with the pen. In the engraving before my readers may be seen a waggon which is returning laden from the gold-fields, and showing the mode of transit to and fro.

In leaving the steamer the digger had many miles to travel by land, over bluffs, through vallèys, across



mountains. Many hardships had to be endured by them ; yet the digger will face any danger when the cry of gold is heard, which may be seen by the fact that one steamer shipped 1,200 passengers who left New York, the majority as adventurers to the far-famed Cariboo. The ship started with very unfavourable weather, as will be seen by the following verses, composed by one of the passengers while on the way, and also present to the reader an illustration of the different scenery, of which a full detail will be given :—

“The sky was dark when we did embark, the rain poured down a storm :
The passengers all went below with looks of wild alarm.
And some were sick, too weak to speak, and most their trip did rue,
As we sailed away from New York bay, all bound for Cariboo.

The days wore on, as one by one the ladies came on deck,
With pallid face devoid of grace, and crinoline a wreck.
And many a cry now rent the sky, from loving hearts and true,
Who grieved the fate that called too late to turn from Cariboo.

On the 8th of May we made the bay surrounding Aspinwall,
And soon our feet were on the street, where things looked queer and droll.

And many a sight we saw that night, surprising strange and new :
We shall ne'er forget the scenes we met on our way to Cariboo.

At early dawn we rose next morn to travel o'er the land,
Past hamlets rude and people nude, through hills and forests grand,
Till Panama's old towers we saw, and o'er its waters blue
Where we joined the “ Aziba,” which was bound for Cariboo.

At four P.M. the gun was fired, the wheels began to move,
And hearts beat high with hope and joy, as through the waves we clove.
On the 17th of May we came to Acapulco bay—
To go on shore and to take in stores, to help us on our way.
At six o'clock, groves, hills, and rocks receded from our view,
As we sailed away, at close of day, still bound for Cariboo.

'Twixt Rosa Isle and Santa Cruz we sailed with hearts elate,
Past mountains grand, which fringed the strand, and through the
Golden Gate,
Till on the land, once more we stand, and bid our friends adieu,
And bless the Lord we are thus far on our way to Cariboo.

Still up the coast we'll steer our course, a free and joyful band,
And strain our eyes o'er seas and skies, to catch the distant strand;
And may our God still guide us through, to the land we are going to!
And with success our labours bless, when we get to Cariboo."

Returning to Victoria, I resolved to settle down, having very comfortable apartments. The landlady, with myself, was always ready and willing to visit the sick and feeble, and a warm advocate of temperance principles.

It having come to the knowledge of the Captain of the "Kent," that I was residing at Vancouver, and not knowing but that I was following my profession, to promote my interest, sent an article to the Victoria newspaper, stating my qualifications. The daughter of an English nobleman reading it, sent me an invitation to visit her; but having previously had an invitation from Governor Kennedy and his lady, which I had accepted, I did not go for a few days.

The lady, with her family, resided about three miles from the town; but, appointing a day, a carriage was sent to fetch me. In conversation with her, I found that she desired me to remain with her during her accouchment, and ultimately to travel with her. I acceded to her wishes, and after abiding with them a short time I felt quite content. Here I could roam in the midst of wild flowers of every hue and colour. The park-like grounds were covered with wild strawberries, of which I gathered in abundance every day.

It was, indeed, a lovely spot. After watching the movements of the pretty little humming birds, I would go to the Indian village, which was only a short distance. The natives all appeared to dwell in harmony: I never heard squaw and husband disagreeing, and the following observations on marriage by an aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among white people, and had



SYMGUIMAUTS AND WIFE, CHAMOIS INDIANS.

observed their ways, and in the end came to the conclusion that the Indian had not only a more easy way of getting a wife, but also more certain way of getting a good one, "For," said he, in his broken English "white man court-court—may be one whole year,—may be two years, before he marry. Well, may be got very good wife—but may be not—may be very cross. Well now, suppose cross, scold as soon as get

awake in the morning, scold all day, scold until sleep—all one, he must keep him. White people have law forbidding throw away wife, be ever so cross, must keep him always. Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to him, place his two fingers close



CLALASSLON AND KLASSONK, NORTH AMERICANS,—HUSBAND AND WIFE,
—IN THE ATTITUDE OF WORSHIPPING THE GREAT SPIRIT.

beside each other, make two look like one—look squaw in the face, see him smile, which is all one. He says yes. So he take him home, no danger he be cross. No, no. Squaw know too well what Indian do if he cross—throw him away and take another. Squaw love to eat meat. No husband, no

meat. Squaw do everything to please husband, he do the same to please squaw—live happy.”

Now and then we rode into the forest, and viewed the beauty of the splendid island, with its bold and rugged rocks, groves, and deep ravines, all made by God to feast the eyes, and rejoice the hearts of His creatures.

We found that Chinamen were employed here at washing, and digging for gold, as much as in other parts of the world. They are excellent at washing and mending, for if you sent John any article with a hole in it, he will, if possible, try to repair it by cutting a piece off some other part of the garment, and he then, by gum or any other scheme, will present it as being fairly mended; and it was a puzzle to find where the torn part had existed until the article was put into water, when John's assistance was again required.

I watched the natives catching the little teal with great interest, their skins being largely used by the ladies as an ornament. The price there varies according to size, from 1s. to 2s. 6d. each, if selling a single one. The native displays great cunning and wisdom in their mode of securing them. He would first fill his canoe with branches of evergreens, fixing them so cleverly that all stood upright, having the appearance of a floating plantation. His wife and himself then got in the boat, the wife taking charge and gliding it gently into the water, while her husband puts out his hand close down by the side of the boat, catching hold of the poor little creature's legs, instantly drawing it into the boat, and giving it no time to make a noise.

Thus he would go on for hours, and sometimes make quite a harvest.

There was a kind of a tree which was very pretty, and on which something grew resembling moss, hang-



SECELEIKIA, WIFE OF SCOMAX, CHIEF OF NANIMO, AND TWO
WAITING-MAIDS.

ing very long and floating in the breeze. It was of a light brown colour. The natives gather and boil it as a vegetable to eat with fish, which is abundant. Salmon in particular is plentiful and cheap.

A more beautiful spot we could not have had to dwell in, being on a small isthmus. The pretty little town of Esquimault lay in front across the blue waters, with here and there a picturesque little island, surrounded with rocks, which stood out in bold relief, delightful to behold by moonlight.

I was truly sorry when this pretty and quiet spot had to be left for the turbulent sea.





CHAPTER XXIII.

A LONG VOYAGE.—A FRIENDLY BIRD.—SHIP'S FLAGS.—FLYING-FISH.—SAN FRANCISCO.—"THE GOLDEN AGE."—DELIGHTFUL SCENERY.—PANAMA.

T may not be altogether uninteresting to my young readers, especially those who are, perhaps, in anticipation of some day starting on a long sea voyage, to inform them that the monotony is often relieved by the captain, well-disciplined crew, and agreeable fellow-passengers. All is happy and comfortable when such is the case. It is a rare occurrence that the sailors or officers are unkind to their passengers. Quite the reverse. Some days the eyes may search in vain for an object of interest, yet at another time attention is beguiled by a sail (or ship), or by a waterspout, which is like a dark cloud in different shapes, and very black. Great care is exercised by the captain to shun a waterspout as much as possible, as it contains many tons of water, which, if falling on the ship, would sink her, for the ocean sprays rise like the smoke of a thousand furnaces beneath its touch. Then sometimes, through great fatigue, sea-birds light on the deck, apparently destitute of fear, allowing themselves to be caressed. At other times, the pretty little bird of passage alights

upon the rigging for the night, sometimes venturing down to be fed, and after resting awhile takes a long farewell, flying onwards. It has no compass to guide the way, no sailors to help it, and no such assistance does it require.

“ Man goes by art to foreign lands,
With shipwreck and decay ;
Birds go with Nature for their guide,
And God directs their way.”

One morning, during a long voyage, we had proceeded many miles, when a very large bird alighted upon the deck, and began to march about quite at home. Of course, we all had a good look at it, and we discovered that it had a log of wood, about four inches square, tied round its neck. The log recorded the names of three different vessels which it had visited, with the date of month and year. It remained several hours, during which time one of our officers cut the name of our ship, with date, &c., upon the little piece of wood. It had an excellent dinner, which it seemed to enjoy much. After a short time it was lifted up, when off it flew in a majestic manner, to cheer more hearts on some other ship. Then the otherwise tedious hours may be beguiled by filling up your memorandum-book, or, as the sailor's phrase it, keeping your log.

In a long voyage one passes through different scenes, which tend to improve the mind as much as the sea air will improve the health.

It is most interesting to all travellers by sea to watch a number of flags which are brought up from the hold of the vessel. The officers will be glad if

you assist in arranging them for holding conversation with other ships that have been sighted, and which appear to be bearing down on them. Sometimes they will have good news, at other times it will be, "We want water. Our ship has been on fire." If possible, the desired help is given. Now and then the sailors get leave to hang at night a lamp just above the deck, to entice the flying-fish, which, on seeing the light, dashes itself against it, and falls on to the deck. The sailor pick them up, and preserves them until morning, when he enjoys them for his breakfast. Then comes the doiphin, leaping and playing around the ship, with a thousand other sea creatures. Then last, but not least, the Bible can be consulted, when you ~~can~~ contrast your voyage with that of One who was in a little ship fast asleep when a storm arose. Read what He did. Continue your search, and you will find an account of one that was shipwrecked upon a little island. But whether you may be on sea or land, objects never fail to present themselves that will either cheer or improve the mind.

Taking ~~leave~~ of all our kind friends, we went on board one of the Hudson Bay Company steamers, on our way to San Francisco, and rough weather destroyed the otherwise pleasant trip. We had a black steward and stewardess, with cramped up little cabins. The waiters, the beds and blankets—in short, everything—wore the appearance of black. Fortunately for us, the cabins were in darkness, so everything corresponded. Many seemed terrified at the rough weather, and the knowledge that one steamer a few days before had been lost added no little to

their fears. I was glad to find that all our party were wonderfully well and cheerful.

In nearing San Francisco, all hands were on the look-out, and what commotion existed when the anchor went down! Men coming on board like a swarm of bees, each having a large ticket on his hat, which gave a description of the hotel or dining-room to which he belonged. As a natural consequence, all luggage had to be sharply looked after. The encountering of the Custom-house officers, with the incessant chatter of the men getting out the luggage, is almost enough to make an inexperienced person sick of travelling.

After having shown what was required to be seen by the officers, we started to our lodgings, which were of the best description, and fitted up in an excellent style, everything being clean in every sense of the term. The dining-room was of an immense size, with a number of tables. The waiters were in full-dress livery.

San Francisco is a beautiful town, with shops similar to those in England, also churches and chapels with schools attached. The bay is a splendid piece of water, and an English gentleman informed me that it was large enough to hold all our English vessels. It is surrounded with low sand hills and scrub, which does not add to its beauty. Gold and other precious metals have been found in California, which has caused San Francisco to become a large and wealthy city. A great shipping trade is carried on, and steamers run from there to all parts of the known world.

We left our abode, and were on our way to the steamer, and glad to find that the ordeal of custom

officers was omitted. Great numbers were going down, and at the entrance there was quite a market, for every want could be supplied. We bought some chairs, which proved quite a luxury on board.

The "Golden Age" was a splendid steamer, carrying from four to five hundred passengers. The anchor was weighed, and we were soon dashing through the waters. The captain was excellent in maintaining order, and indeed in everything else that required his supervision. The gong sounded for every meal, when all who could attend were expected to appear, and in order too. The tables were very long, so that a good number could be seated at one time. At one end of the saloon was a raised dais for the chief steward to stand upon to enable him to see all down the tables, there being two rows, and on one side of each table stood a number of stewards in uniform. When the chief one rang a bell every dish was placed on the tables in an instant, each course being removed and replaced in the same manner, not a man moving only to pass the dishes on, as a line of stewards was formed to the pantry.

The scenery as we passed along was delightful. As we sailed through Rosa Isle and Santa Cruz, the mountains displayed great grandeur. On our way we sailed through the Golden Gate, where we saw the remains of a steamer that had foundered, of which mention has been made. We tacked and ran into the harbour of Acapulco, where we saw beauties of which but a faint description can be given, for they must be seen to be fully realised. The feathery palm towered its head up to the skies, with spires of every descrip-

tion, lime trees, the fruit of which was something like a small orange; here and there were little plots of green grass, with large but low-spreading trees. The mountains were covered with flowers, with which Mexico abounds. They were of every hue, reminding us of the majesty of that Being who made them to afford pleasure to His creatures. One tree, which was standing on the slope of a very high hill, had, if possible, more admirers than any other object of beauty. It was near 100 feet in height, and we were informed belonged to the cactus species. It was covered from the bottom to the top with flowers as large as a tea-plate. We all wished it could be transplanted to our own shores, and there flourish as well as in its own native land.

I had many times when in Australia seen high hedges of the cactus, but never so well shaped and with such beautiful flowers.

In the midst of all this grandeur and beauty stood a Government house, with a store close by, and several native huts. The natives quickly surrounded the ship, offering for sale various kinds of ornaments, made with shells. Like the natives at Honolular, in the Sandwich Islands, they were excellent divers. Several of the passengers threw sixpences in the water, when they immediately dived after them, rising on the opposite side of the ship to which they sprang in. The men are rather small in stature; the women are stout.

While a quantity of silver bars were being taken on board, a good number of passengers embraced the opportunity to explore the hills around. After a short time a gun was fired and a flag was hoisted, when from all quarters could be seen ladies and gentlemen run-

ning down to the beach to paddle their own canoes to the steamer, not wishing to be left behind.

We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, though the weather was very hot; yet the air was very fragrant.

We sailed out of the bay just as the sun was setting, but the beauty which it shed around, by giving the scenery a lovely tint, was something very enjoyable.

It was a beautiful day on which we were fairly on our way to Panama. In the transit we met here and there a little craft, now and then a flat boat or barge. We saw the grand old towers, where grew some fine evergreens, which looked very pretty, as they grew out of the place where once a window, or perhaps a gun, had pointed out over that famous bay towards the enemy.

The steamer now ceased to use its motive power, and soon we were all conveyed on board one of those large flat boats, or rafts. There were no sides to them to save you from falling over, yet everything was done in such order that no mishap occurred. Several boats were employed in taking the luggage to a train at a short distance from the steamer, which was waiting to convey us across the isthmus. On landing, there was a guard of soldiers forming a line, through which we had to pass, the natives not being allowed to come near us until we were all safely seated in the railway carriage, and, as Booth says, "one cannot well forget the scene, with the chattering of the native women, who were not very prepossessing in appearance, or some persons being nearly nude, but who had everything to sell that could be named of fancy goods, from a wee but pretty little singing,

monkey, to a parrot or boiled egg, or a screw of salt. They had ginger-beer in a bucket, with a ladle attached, out of which you drank, if so disposed, after fifty others." This noisy lot prevented us seeing much of the town. I need not say how glad we were, after several hours' sitting, to be free from that incessant noise and chatter.

In going by this line of railway we had a great comfort, and that was, we had no fear of coming into collision with another, as it was the only one that ran. Another great thing was, we did not go very fast at the commencement of the journey, for we were enabled to get out and gather flowers by the way. We could walk down the centre of the carriage without being molested, as the centre resembled a chapel or church aisle; at the end were steps which unfolded. What the distance was I do not know, but we were several hours on the way. The travelling was greatly relieved by the scenery we passed through, and we were not a little pleased that our iron horse proceeded so slow. As we passed the hills and forests grand, one might have thought a legion of gardeners had been at work. We passed a large square bed of flowers, which were about a foot in height. The bed was many feet in length, which presented a most charming appearance. We passed through several Indian villages. The houses were made of young saplings, through which we could observe the movements of the inmates. The roof was covered with palm leaves. Some of the Indians were naked, but others were dressed very gaily. There was a beautiful fruit-tree, the name of which I could not learn.

It grew to an immense height. The leaves were just at the top, the stalk being bare. On the top or crown hung one or two large fruit, almost a yard long. Near the stalk it appeared to be about half a yard in circumference, tapering off to a point. The fruit was of a bright, golden colour, resembling Indian corn in its formation. A thunderstorm came on, and gave us an illustration of the use of its leaves in protecting the fruit. On one large leaf lay the fruit; as soon as the rain began to fall the leaf began to curl round it, while the upper leaf fell gently down, completely enveloping the fruit from the rain.

We now dashed along smartly, while the thunder roared and the lightning flashed with awful grandeur and beauty. Little Indians ran about, holding a palm leaf over their heads for umbrellas. The storm, however, did not last long.

I was much charmed with the long avenue of trees, which were of many species. Singular creepers climbed the tall trees and shrubs, and hung their graceful foliage in festoons through the beautiful arched roof, with clusters of flowers of all shades and hues in great profusion and various positions. Who can imagine the beauty of an equinoctial forest, with its thousands and tens of thousands of flowers of every size and colour and form?



CHAPTER XXIV.

ASPINWALL.—BABY'S Food.—NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL, THENCE
TO LONDON.—VISITS.—GLOOMY NEWS.—HEAD-NURSE AGAIN.
—STRANGERS.

WHEN nearing Aspinwall, the guard gave us a timely warning to beware of the natives. We thought they were very kind, and we had not yet discovered why to be careful. Our surmising, however, was soon put to an end, for before the train had stopped the carriages were filled with natives, all waiting to carry off our luggage, or anything else portable. Our party had a great deal of baggage, of which I had the sole care, and I was not a little annoyed in keeping the visitors at a respectful distance. After a short time we, with all our baggage, were marched through a narrow gateway capable of admitting not more than two abreast, and where stood two guards with drawn swords, which glittered in the sun. Some of the ladies were taken a little aback by their appearance, as they looked more like exactors of life than preservers of safety. On we marched through a grove of pine-apple trees full of fruit, which to us, who had been a long time without food, looked very tempting. There was a goods-station, into which we were all stowed like so many sheep. There was no seat of any kind, and those who were tired or

exhausted could fling themselves on the ground, of which privilege many availed themselves.

After we were in, we discovered that the baby's food had all gone bad during the storm. What was to be done was now the problem to be solved. We did not know how many hours we had to remain. The steamer which was to convey us was loading with coal, and it appeared we could not leave the place without permission. One of our party said he would go out and endeavour to procure some milk. He, however, soon returned, declaring it impossible to obtain such a commodity, for in the first instance the people were very thick on the ground, and in the second the guards would not allow any one to pass through the gate. From the state of affairs I knew that something must be done to obtain food for my young charge, so I asked to be allowed to take the baby, promising that no harm should come to it, and at the same time wishing its papa to accompany me. We started for the town, and managed to get through the crowd much better than we did through the gate. The officers, however, gave us a deal of trouble, telling us that it would be at our own peril to attempt to pass through. They were black, or rather an olive-coloured set of men. We showed them the child, telling them that it wanted food, and unless it had some soon it would die. They gave a laugh, and a singular glance at each other. I then felt that I dare not venture with the child, for fear that they might do it harm accidentally, if not intentionally. We accordingly took it back, and left it in safe keeping. I then returned with a determination to pass through,

cost what it might. No superior officer being found to whom we could state our case, Mr. F—— would not allow me to go alone. He returned to the gate with me. I gave the men to understand I was in their hands to do with me as they pleased, but should make the attempt to pass through. I made the attempt at once, notwithstanding one had his sword drawn, while the other breathed an imprecation which I could not understand. I endeavoured to open the gate. I found it was fastened, but two more officers on the opposite side, to our surprise, immediately opened the gate, and we had to pass through a complete gang of native thieves. We wandered from place to place in search of milk, but none was to be had. I then went into a store, and purchased some prepared oatmeal, and requested several persons to allow me to make it. No one allowing me, I went up an old dirty passage which led me into an old black-woman's hut. On seeing a saucepan, I took it down, and poured some water into it, and put it on the stove. The old people in the hut looked at me with amazement, and at last mustered up courage enough to ask me, "What you white woman get black one's kettle for?" I said, "My baby die; no food." They replied, "Go to steamer;" but on fully understanding the matter, they both jumped up as quickly as they could, one getting me some sugar, and the other a spoon. While engaged in preparing the food, a fine black young man came in. He was their son. They told him that "white lady baby die; him no food." He made no to-do, otherwise things might not have been so pleasant for me, a stranger in his parent's hut.

When the food was prepared I found the old people had nothing I could put it in, so I ran to the store and bought a quart jug, and in returning saw Mr. F—— standing, evidently in much trouble, not knowing what had become of me. Bidding him remain where he was for my return, I filled my jug three-parts full of the prepared food, gave the old woman two dollars, shook hands heartily, thanked them, and then left.

Joining Mr. F——, our chief conversation was how should we get through the gate, as it was getting late. We saw, on coming up to it, that it was thrown open; part of our people had gone on board the steamer, and part were struggling to get through the crowd of natives, who then had the privilege to sell whatever commodity they possessed.

The noise at this place was even worse than at Panama. Getting the assistance of a policeman, who cleared the way for us, we found all our females in great trouble through fear we had been murdered; but our presence soon cheered them.

Going on board the steamer, we found it was very different from the previous one; yet I was never more glad to see the anchor weighed than at this place. It was bad at the last town, but it was worse at this. Another instance of the truth of the saying, it is never so bad but it might be much worse. On board the steamer we did not fare badly. Everything was clean, with a good table, and the stewards were very kind.

The weather was very warm. We had the Church of England service on Lord's-day under the awning.

Five different times going from Aspinwall to New

York the steamer was on fire. Through great exertions each time it was put out. It was so hot that we could scarcely bear our hands to touch the bulwarks.

A feeling of sadness comes over the mind when parting from friends whose acquaintance you have but recently formed, especially when you feel the hour is drawing near when separation must take place.

We had now arrived in sight of New York, and the baggage was being brought up from the hold. Upon arriving at New York we stayed a few days. I thought this would not only give me an opportunity to visit my old friends, but also to call upon Dr. Mott. I was sorry to find the Doctor had died a few weeks before.

Being somewhat rested, we engaged another steamer of the "Inman" line, which again differed in construction from the one we last were in. Everything was on a grand scale, food excellent, all being in the old English style.

We arrived in Liverpool, and had again to pass the Customs-house ordeal. We then went to the Queen's Hotel, and having refreshed ourselves, took train in the evening for London, by way of Wolverhampton. On getting to the great city we at once felt quite at home. The lady's father sent two carriages to the station for the family. We gladly entered, for home. Having abode with them three weeks, I took leave of them, proceeding direct to Stratford, in Essex, to see a beloved brother and sister-in-law, who at all times gave me a hearty welcome. From there I went to my father's house, where I found all well.

During the time I was here I received intelligence of the death of the child whose birth was so memorable, and which I had left at Burred Inlet. I had often comforted myself with the thought that I might, with that darling child, be spared to tell the tale of the stupendous mercy and love which was displayed by the Lord, both to myself and to all who were interested in the birth. I at all times felt a great attachment to the little ones, but particularly those who were born and rocked in a cradle on the deep. I was informed that it had died in Mazit Lan, in Mexico, to which place they had sailed from the inlet and the port, which I objected to proceed to. It appeared that shortly after the baby's death, they started for San Francisco, and during the passage, one night, an American steamer came into collision with their ship, completely cutting it through. All on board had instantly to leave their beds, and escape to the boats for safety. There was no time to dress, for the ship sank four minutes after the collision. The captain's wife was taken out of the water by one of the boats.

Again in this instance I saw the preserving and protecting care of God towards me. Had I been there, efforts would have been made on my part to save some of her valuables, at the risk of my life. But "determined to save, He watched o'er my path." I had often in my own mind felt condemned for leaving them. Sometimes murmuring, and as the late Mr. Gadsby has it :—

" Sometimes in solemn silence sat,
Then peevishly cry out ' How hard my lot !'

Each trial I have viewed with fretful eye,
And every mercy passed in silence by ;
Yet Christ and Him crucified has been my song.
And many are the mercies I have known,
My paths being strewed with blessings rich and rare,
Proceeding from Thy special love and care.
For His sympathising heart
Feels for them in distress ;
And love divine He will impart.
With strength and righteousness
Through all the scenes of time,
He'd make His goodness known.
His sons in every age and clime
His sovereign grace shall own."

I did not remain long at home, clearly proving that I had no abiding city here. Several ladies were anxious to engage me in my usual capacity ; but having received a letter from a medical gentleman stating that he had a vacancy for a head-nurse, and feeling weary of so much travelling, I accepted the offer, looking upon it as in the Providence of God, which was afterwards to be made plain. Here I had the pleasure to attend the House of God on week-day evenings, as well as on the Lord's Day, which to me was a great and delightful change. None but those who are shut out from the means of grace, can enter fully into the feelings of joy and gladness which spring up in the heart at meeting with cordial Christian friends, whether you have seen them before or not.

A few at the Rochdale Road Chapel, who saw that I was a stranger, gave me a truly Christian welcome, especially two, one whose bending form and white flowing hair told me he would not have long to wait

before the messenger would summon him to cross the river. The other—a lady (Mrs. D——)—acted towards me the real good Samaritan part, and, as a true sister in Christ, she continues to the present.

Excuse me, dear reader, if I here remark that many a stranger like myself has gone into the House of God, and members of that Christian body have allowed the stranger to come and go time after time, hearing the Word in the same place of worship as they themselves, but yet never inquired if they knew the Lord, or what had induced them to come. Such Christians entirely forget their Lord's commands by the apostle, "Not to be forgetful to entertain strangers," nor yet to disregard the sheep who may desire to follow in their track, and find pasture with them. Then there is the weak and trembling little bleating lamb to be sought after. We must not forget there was a need—be that our Lord should go through Samaria. The private Christian has work to do as well as the Christian minister. The follower of Jesus must not sit down at ease, and leave all to the pastor to do. He has his work to do; you may depend, he is often wrestling with his God on your behalf—oftentimes when you are sleeping and at rest physically. Let us, then, not forget to hold up his hands by our prayers, and endeavour to give every encouragement to him, by seeking out here and there the lambs who are bleating out under the ministry, and eagerly drinking in the pure milk of the Word, and with the poor backslider who is desiring to return to the fold, but is afraid. How such tidings would cheer the minister's heart! causing him to feel that his Lord was working

by him and through him. Thus his members with him would be able to comfort the cast down in Zion, and speak a word in season to those who fear not God, with a true desire that God might make them useful, yea, a blessing to their fellow-creatures. May God arise in His power, and cause the sweet breezes of His love to fill the hearts of all His members in Zion, and thus extend the hand with the word of exhortation to strangers, in the name and fear of the Lord! By so doing many a sad heart has been comforted. We bless God that there are some warmer-hearted Christians than those who dwell in the icy regions, or those isolated from the scattered bleating lambs and sheep of the fold.





CHAPTER XXV.

STOCKPORT SUNDAY SCHOOL.—THE LIFE-BEAT.—SAILORS AND SHIPS.

DURING my stay in Manchester, I visited that high and noble institution Stockport Sunday School. None can fail to be delighted with it who pay it a visit. Being a lover of Sunday-schools, and hoping this may come into the hands of some Sunday-school teacher, I will venture to give a little sketch of that justly popular school, not fearing my friends in it will be displeased with me for so doing, but that their labours of love may not only be known in Lancashire, but that they may be wafted on the breeze to the distant parts of the world, inciting all young people to follow the example set by the teachers and friends of the Stockport Sabbath-school. I am not speaking of it as being alone in the great work of doing good; for all Sunday-schools, under the blessing of God, are and have been the means of doing good.

The Stockport Sunday-school is a large building divided into class-rooms, where reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught. Hundreds of children, with young men and women, who during the week at the various mills and factories are busily engaged, may be seen wending their way to the school on a Sabbath morning. At the time when I visited it there were

upwards of 4,000 names on the books. I never beheld a more imposing sight than that of their faces beaming with joy during the service. The seats in the large room gradually rose from the pulpit upwards, so that every face could be seen by the minister.

There were also two small galleries, one on each side of the orchestra. These hallowed meetings have, under the influence of the Spirit of God, been blessed to many a wayward son and daughter. Many from it, who have gone to foreign lands, have been able to exalt that Saviour of whom they had so oft heard before, of His love to their dying souls, and blessed the Lord that they were numbered with Sunday scholars.

Does it not rejoice the heart of every Sunday-school teacher to know that hundreds are with them labouring in the great field of love and duty? The scholars of this noble institution presented to the Royal National Life-boat Institution a boat, which was named the "Stockport Sunday-school." Captain Ward, R.N., was in attendance to take charge of the boat, and superintend the arrangements for its launch, during which time the voices of thousands of the scholars, with the multitude, joined in singing the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. George Kinch:—

" Joyful, O Lord, this day we stand,
In England's fair and favoured land;
And, e'er we send it to the sea,
Our Life-boat we commend to Thee.

For many a sailor climbs the mast,
And dauntless braves the ruthless blast;
Whilst at the stern he proudly sees
The British ensign in the breeze.

And there the merchant goes to trade
With goods our willing hands have made,
And from a foreign strand to bear
The produce summer skies prepare.

And there the servant of the Lord
Bears forth in love His Holy Word,
That peoples on a distant shore
May learn His goodness, and adore.

But as they journey o'er the deep,
The storm-winds through the canvas sweep :
The mast is gone, the vessel lies
A wreck beneath the lowering skies.

Shall we to whom this tale is told,
Uncaring, their distress behold ?
Nay, we our youthful aid will lend,
And we our bonny boat will send.

Manned by the skilful and the brave,
Go, 'Stockport Sunday-school,' to save.
Dear name on land, and on the sea,
May the Almighty prosper thee !"

After the hymn was sung, Mr. James Leigh, one of the general inspectors of the school, addressed Captain Ward. The speech will be remembered by all who heard him, and who value our gallant tars. Amongst other remarks, he said, "We do not forget, although living in an inland town, that we are under great obligations to our sailors, that we are dependent upon them for the raw material of our industry, as well as for many of the luxuries of life ; and we do not forget that the greatness of England at the present time is owing in a great measure to her sailors."

Reader, we know not the good that might, under the blessing of God, be done for these poor fellows, who, as I have remarked before, have to meet and

brave dangers which none can fully understand but those who sail with them. If thousands more took the same view of their valour as Mr. Leigh, I doubt not that greater good would result in using every means to induce the sailor when he comes ashore to attend the House of God. A few ladies at Liverpool, amid the countless thousands, are engaged in that noble work, and have been encouraged by now and then hearing that God had blessed their labours, to the convincing and saving of the souls of the sailors.

Some of my readers may not have had the privilege of seeing much of sailors and ships. The following is an extract from a graphic description written by a literary gentleman during the time the British fleet was lying at Liverpool:—

“They were visited by thousands who gazed with astonishment and delight on these monsters of strength, some carrying five masts. The ‘Minotaur’ is armed with four 12-ton guns, and eighteen 6½-ton, and four smaller ones. The ‘Northumberland’ carries twenty-eight pieces of heavy ordnance, and the ‘Hercules’ has fourteen guns, most of them weighing eighteen tons each, and discharging a 400 lb. shot, and it is said that she could fire twenty shots of 400 lbs. each in a minute. These monster ships are the chief dwelling-place of hundreds of our blue jackets and mariners, who are ready to face the hottest battle, and who have proved themselves so accomplished in grasping the helm in the storm.”

It is well said that there is an inborn politeness about a true salt. He is one of Nature's gentlemen; he possesses a pride in his work. It is not a question

with our sailors how little they can do, but how much it becomes them to render service. They work hard from a love of having their ship in good order and clean, both in storm and sunshine.

Our jolly tar feels a satisfaction in his work. There is no running away from his post of duty, though his ship or craft may ship sea after sea, or, in other words, have tons of water rolling over her decks.

Many of these brave fellows have I seen day after day, and night after night, working under the greatest danger and difficulty, until their eyes became like balls of blood, from the effects of wind, salt water, and want of rest. Yet the sailor glories in the honours of his rough life. His duties are no guess-work, but the accurate carrying out of the well considered plans of his commander.

Every Englishman who feels any interest in his country must see the value of our seamen. Foreign gold may buy armour-plated ships, but no gold can purchase a British seaman from his Queen and country. We may be proud of our noble ships, but we have still more cause to be proud of our sailors, who have the courage of a lion, and the gentleness of a woman. His brawny arm will nurse and dandle the weakest infant as gently as a well-trained nurse. He will endeavour, in place of its mother who may be prostrate from sickness, to comfort it. But seldom are his hours at sea spent in idleness or half-holidays. During a calm there are many things to be done, such as sail-mending, painting, cleaning, &c. When turning into his bunk to take his allotted rest, at any moment he may be aroused from his sleep, and

ordered upon deck. The sea which shortly before was calm and peaceful is now wild and tempestuous. Every man must be at his post :

“ Fierce and more fierce the warring elements
Engage, as if the strength and wrath of Heaven,
Driven before the presence of its God,
Were poured along in one collected blast.
Such is the onset of the hurricane.
The ocean writhes under it, and resents
The insult, flings its monstrous waves aloft
And rouses defiance. Heaven’s artillery
Rolls in full volleys from the loaded clouds,
And thousand thousand flashes of red light,
Bursting from end to end the lurid sky,
Make the confusion visible. O Thou
Who once did bow the heavens and come down,
Thy throne encircled with dark water’s round,
Clouds and thick darkness underneath Thy feet,
Tempest and fire before Thee,—to whom but Thee,
Amidst the struggle and the agony,
Shall the tossed mariner look? Whom but to Thee,
When his heart melts within him, and his bark
Now plunges down the fathomless abyss,
And now careers upon the billow’s top,
And reels and staggers like a drunken man?
Whom, Lord Almighty, shall the sailor trust
But Thee? What other help but Thine implore
To save him lest he perish? Oh! do Thou
Hear and deliver! look in mercy down
And make Thy presence felt amid the storm!
Not in the tempest, for Thou art there,
But in the still small voice of love
Omnipotent, which whispers, ‘Fear thou not,
For I am with thee.’” Lord, faithful and true,
Assure the troubled spirit of Thy love;
Yea, let its fears assure it; let the storm
Witness of Thee—and sin, death and hell,
And all things mighty to destroy, approve
Thee mightiest to save—to save and bless
Eternally the soul that trusts in Thee!”

And now, dear reader, in closing my sea life, I have great pleasure in presenting a few lines written by an eminent poet. Having been so much upon the mighty deep, I seem to feel that my home was there, and the following lines fully express my feelings :—

“ I love the sea ; she is my fellow-creature ;
My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts me treasures from a foreign shore.
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?
Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflections ;
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
Without Thy presence, air 's a rank infection :
Without Thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure ;
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heaven to me ?
Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ;
Wisdom, but folly ; joy, disquiet, sadness ;
Friendship is treason, and delights all snares ;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness :
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be ;
Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.
In having all things and not Thee, what have I ?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
I wish nor sea, no land, nor would I be
Possessed of heaven—heaven unpossessed by Thee ! ”





CHAPTER XXVI.

SETTLED AT LAST.—MINERS.—A HAPPY DEATH.—CONCLUSION.

AFTER remaining a short time in England, I obtained the appointment of matron to an hospital, where I received, and still continue to receive, great kindness from those with whom I have been brought in contact, and feel truly thankful that I still experience that appreciation of my humble endeavours in a work so noble and good—in affording comfort to those poor creatures who sometimes are destitute of a friend on earth, many not knowing the value of their immortal souls. The district for miles round is composed of coal-mines, and the majority of the population are from early childhood employed in the pits; consequently, they are seldom afforded the opportunity of attending school until they attain riper years. The dangers to which they are exposed while at work are as great as those of the sailor. Many have lost their lives through having exposed a naked light; others have been burnt to a frightful degree. Many such poor creatures have I seen. Sometimes the mines will explode from various other causes: in boring and blasting the danger is great. It may be in the side of the hole is a hard substance, and in ramming

the powder into its proper place the friction will cause it to explode, sometimes blowing the man to pieces. I have seen some poor fellows who have had their eyes blown out, while the rest of the body has been unscathed. The falling of the roof is another danger to which all are exposed. Sometimes when a heavy rain takes place, the water penetrates the earth, and loosens it, causing it to fall in upon the miner quite unexpectedly, inflicting great injury and sometimes instant death.

Seeing the collier is exposed to so many dangers, ought not our sympathy and prayers to be called forth? Hundreds of them scarcely know what it is to enjoy the light of day, or behold the sun as he goes his round, causing the heart of his beholders to rejoice. Even the beasts of the field bask in the sun's rays, but these poor men are too deep in the earth for the beaming influence to reach them. Many of them need a missionary as much as the poor African, and I am rejoiced to say that near to many large pits Sunday-schools and chapels are being built, where the Gospel is faithfully proclaimed in all sincerity and truth. I would say, for the encouragement of all nurses who fear the Lord, and who delight to tell the sick under their care the love of the Saviour, "Be not weary in well-doing." When we are fearing our efforts are in vain, God's Spirit blesses our feeble means, to the opening of the blind eyes, causing the heart of the afflicted ones to bless God that they had been afflicted.

During my stay in the hospital, God was pleased to call two to the truth of the Gospel, using me as

the feeble instrument in His hand": "Not unto me, O Lord, but unto Thee be all the glory!" I cannot pass on without referring to one poor fellow who was brought to the infirmary with severe burns all over him—James M'Lean, a collier. He had been, as he told me, no swearer, no drunkard: he never took a glass of intoxicating drink in his life. He was a constant attendant at the House of God, and one of the leading singers. He was also a good husband, and thought he was quite safe for heaven in going his round of duty. I endeavoured to show him it was a sandy foundation to build upon, and that all his good works were excellent in their place, but that salvation was alone by the blood of Christ Jesus. His friends told me of his good deeds. His poor mother told him that God would take him to heaven, for he had been a good lad. He replied, "No, mother, that will not save me. I thought so once, but, bless God, He hath shown me different: none but Christ, no other way, mother." Seeing he could not continue long, I was often at his bedside, and one night when sitting by him, his face being covered with dressing, on account of the burns, he begged me to allow it to be removed or holes cut in it, that he might just see out. It was done; and through being fatigued, having sat up several nights, I fell into a doze. Being now able to see me; he cried out, "Wake up, and talk to me about Jesus." I said, "Why, James, do you still want to talk about Jesus?" "Yes," he replied; "say something about Him, for I love Him. He hath saved my soul." I then repeated those sweet words:—

“ Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;”

when he said, “ Stop ; that is blessed ; I will sing it.” It was just past midnight ; he commenced and sang the whole hymn through, causing the other patients to wake up, and tears to roll down their checks as they lay on their beds of pain, some of them saying “ they wished they were like James.” A short time before he died he gave me his blessing, thanking God that he had been brought into the hospital, at the same time telling me I had something on which was very bright. I said, “ James, I have not.” He, however, still persisted that “ I had something on very bright.” I remarked to him that “ perhaps the Lord is about to take you home, and those are the angels who are to be your convoy which you see.” Lifting up his poor arms, which were nothing but bones, the flesh having been burnt off, and clasping his hands, which were in the same state, he exclaimed with his eyes sparkling, and looking upwards, “ That is it ; I see my Saviour. They are waiting for me. Lord, come, and take me.” His arms fell, and he had entered into the presence of the Lamb, there to sing that endless song ; “ Worthy is the Lamb to receive all honour and glory, for He was slain for us, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood.” May the thousands of colliers, whose dwelling for the most part is in the bowels of the earth, die as did their fellow-workmen, James M'Lean !

These facts are enough to convince us that all the designs of Jehovah, which are full of wisdom and mercy, shall be carried out, and if there still remain to us anything obscure and impenetrable, let us put our hands

upon our mouths and say, "Lord, Thy judgments are right and equitable." Let these things encourage us, as much as in us lieth, to live to the glory of God, in contributing to the happiness and preservation of our fellow-creatures. Let it not be sufficient to supply our own wants, but endeavour to help when it is in our power to render to others assistance.

Dear Reader, in the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to give a description, though faint, of the way in which I have been led both by sea and land, and trust you have not been disappointed in your perusal. May our whole object be the Redeemer's glory and the welfare of those around us. However feeble our attainments may be, let the language of our hearts be, "Lord, ever guide us by Thy council;" for He will lead us by a right way, preserve us from a thousand snares, and be our Guide ever unto the end. Finally, to those who are engaged in nursing the sick and wounded, or, in fact, any good work, I would say:—

“ Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent,—
 Thy joy to do thy Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on ; 'tis not for naught :
 All earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
 The Master praises. What are men ?

Go, labour on, enough, while here,
 If He praise thee, if He deign
 Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice
The midnight peal, ' Behold, I come ! ' ”

