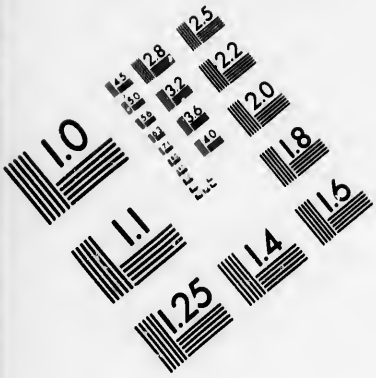


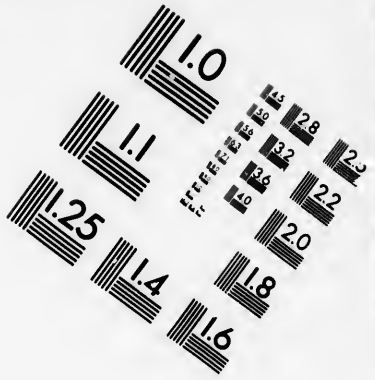
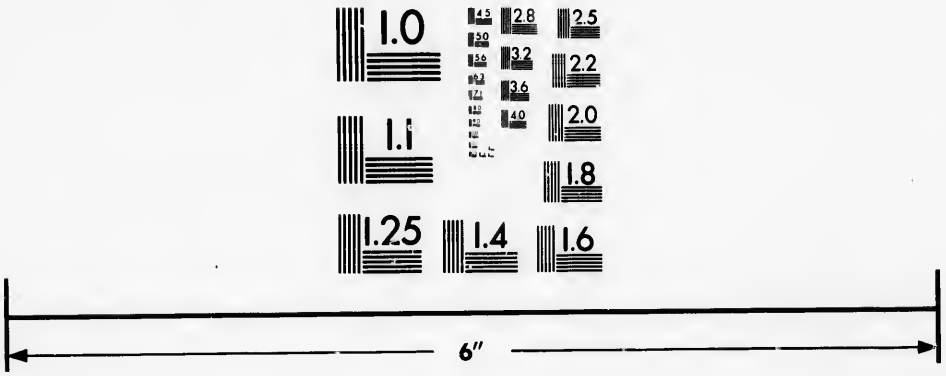
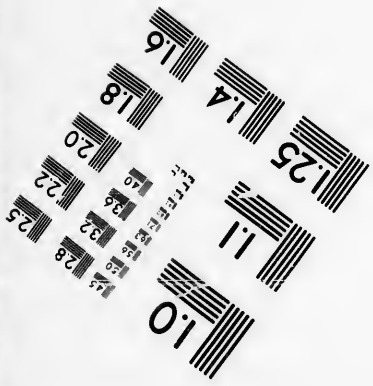
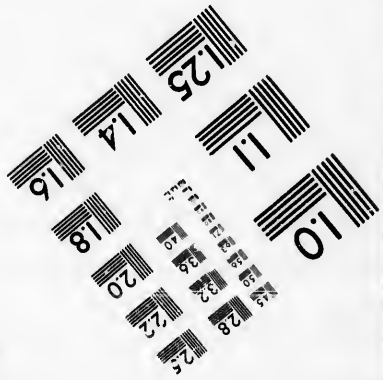


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

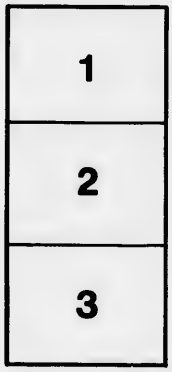
- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

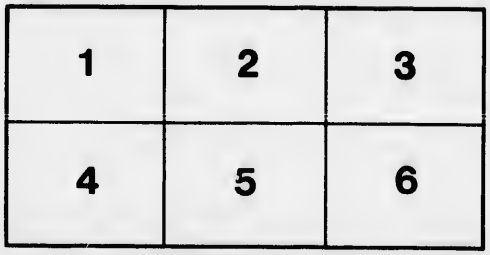
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						





MEM

SOLD BY CO
ROORBACH
HILL, AND
CLAYTON,
CUMMINGS.

HAVERHILL;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF WOLFE.

By JAMES A. JONES,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN INDIAN CAMP."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY J. & J. HARPER, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

SOLD BY COLLINS AND HANNAY, COLLINS AND CO., G. AND C. AND H. CARVILL, O. A. ROORBACH, WHITE, GALLAHER, AND WHITE, A. T. GOODRICH, PENDLETON AND HILL, AND E. BLISS, C. S. FRANCIS, M. BANCROFT, W. BURGESS, N. B. HOLMES, E. B. CLAYTON, J. E. BETTS, AND J. T. E. PORTER;—ALBANY, O. STEELE, AND LITTLE AND CUMMINGS.

1831.

r 1831,
outhern

Th
oners,
than v
They
agems
upon
courag
tary, u
Were
used;
once e
broken
door, a
vent m
Fooc
after, a
gill, of b
knew o
for love
kind, ar
citemen
a very s
ments,
were of
past tra
future,"
of raw r
The r
of those
seasons

HAVERHILL.

CHAPTER I.

The Indians are not in the habit of binding their prisoners, or of attempting to secure them by any other means than vigilance and circumspection, unless on their marches. They believe themselves capable of circumventing all stratagems devised for escape, besides, it seems to them a stain upon their honour, a reflection upon their wisdom and courage, that a whole tribe should fear the assaults of a solitary, unarmed individual, and that individual a white man. Were it one of their own race, more caution would be used; but in their opinion, Europeans are such fools, that once entrapped, they are as little likely to escape as a leg-broken bear. Two athletic Indians were to sleep at the door, and this was the only precaution used by them to prevent my escape.

Food of the most nourishing kind was brought me soon after, and upon this night a small quantity, perhaps half a gill, of brandy. It was the first and the only instance I ever knew of their parting with a drop of this favourite beverage for love or money. Being but little used to liquor of any kind, and withal overpowered by the great fatigues and excitements I had passed through during the day, I fell into a very sound, and, considering the nature of those excitements, a very pleasant slumber. I had dreams, but they were of those disjointed things which do not refer to any past transaction, nor can be considered "prophetic of the future," which may follow repletion or debauch, a supper of raw meat, or a bumper too much of whiskey-punch.

The night had set in with a heavy fall of rain, and one of those tempests of thunder and lightning which, at certain seasons of the year, are very frequent on the shores of the

St. Lawrence. Some time in the night, perhaps a little past midnight, I felt a slight jostling at my elbow, and immediately after, a hand was laid lightly on my face and then on my lips, as I supposed in imposition of silence. The hand was extended to my arm, a slight pull upon which implied that I was to rise and follow. I did not forget that I was within half a dozen feet of two vigilant sentinels, and moved with all the lightness and caution compatible with secrecy and despatch.

After wandering for a while through the woods we came at length to a cabin, into which we entered. There were only two persons in it, an Indian woman, blind, and very aged, and a little girl of five or six, apparently in the last stage of consumption, and the object of the sedulous care of the gray-headed nurse. She was the grandmother of the sick child. My conductor withdrew, and we remained sitting together for some minutes without speaking. Perhaps she was not aware of my presence. When made so by some little word of endearment bestowed upon the sick child, she broke silence by a question put in the metaphorical manner of her people.

"Why has the Pale-Face, for such thy speech says thou art, come to the village of my people?"

"The answer of the Pale-Face," I replied, adopting the figurative style, "is, not as a bird flies to the nest of its mate, willingly, and for love,—but as they bring a chained bear—growling, and by force."

"I hear thee, but I do not see thee—it is fifty winters since my ears drank in the sounds of a white man's voice. The aged Fawn's Foot thought never again to hear the tones which once were sweeter to her than the rattling of a brook of cool water in the ears of a thirsty man, or the song of a hen-dove in the season of its mating."

"And yet the home of thy tribe is so near to white people, that it is less than the labour of a sun to go from hence to their dwelling-place."

"The Fawn's Foot made a vow before the Great Spirit never to set her foot again among the treacherous people who can blush for what they do, the wicked men whose speech is a lie."

"Has the Fawn's Foot kept her vow?"

"The Fawn's Foot has kept her vow."

"And why did the Fawn's Foot make that vow?"

"Listen!"

"I listen."

"Then I will tell thee why. Mark my words, for I will tell thee the truth. Who ever heard the Fawn's Foot lie? Why should she? how dare she? when she must so soon go to the land of spirits, so soon become an inhabitant of the happy Hunting Grounds, or of those appointed to the souls of the coward, and the liar, and the hater of his parents, and the reviler of sacred things. Now the time of the Fawn's Foot is at hand, and knowing that she must soon cross the bridge of souls,* or the great snake,* or essay the stone canoe,* she will not do those things which shall place her lot among the bad. Let my son listen to the words which an old bird will sing in his ear of the treachery of the men of his colour.

"The Fawn's Foot was the daughter of the great chief, Burning Arrow. Her father was a man. He had struck —slain more enemies,—he had taken more scalps,—he had burned more villages,—than any other warrior of his nation. When men of war met together, they talked of the Burning Arrow of the Iroquoise. When mothers of other nations would make their children sit still or go to sleep, 'hark! I hear the war-cry of the Burning Arrow:' or, 'look! I see the eagle-feather of the Iroquoise Great Chief.' Does the Pale-Face hear?"

"He hears."

"I was his only daughter—where is he now? I had brothers, where are they? Ask the vulture and the panther. The vulture will answer, 'My beak is red with the blood of the seven sons of the Iroquoise chief. The panther—if the sulky creature speak at all, will say, 'I will tell you when I have done picking my bone.' 'What bone, panther?' 'The thigh bone,' says he, 'of an Iroquoise warrior.'"

"Thou hadst brothers, then, and they are dead?"

"I had brothers, and they are dead. When I was a squab dove, there were seven birds in the same nest. They are gone—with the snows that have melted, and run

* Different methods of crossing the "River of Souls," to arrive at their paradise.

to the embrace of the rivers, with the flowers that have withered or rotted on the stem. Listen, my son, and I will tell thee how they fell."

"I listen."

"There came to our borders an army of men of thy tongue and colour. It was more than fifty snows ago. They were very many, and they were armed, not as the Iroquoise are armed, with bows and arrows, but with spears that thundered and lightened, and sent forth unseen death. Their 'medicine' was so potent that the Iroquoise fell before it like nuts and acorns, when the trees of the forest are shaken by a high wind in the harvest-moon. Still, the Iroquoise were not afraid, for they were men. They said to the Pale-Face, 'why hast thou come into our distant forests to utter the cry of war?'

"'The Pale-Face answered, 'they are not thy forests—they are mine.'

"'Thine, are they? who made them thine?' asked the Red Man.

"'The Great Spirit.'

"'Thy Great Spirit might have bidden thee come, but it was not the Master of Breath whom the Iroquoise worship—the mighty Spirit who sits in the winds, and rides on the black cloud, whose cabin is in the Great Falls, and who is the friend of the Red Man?'

"'Brothers, the God of the White Man is the God of the Red Man,' answered the stranger. 'He has whispered these words in the ears of our race. The Red Man is a poor simple creature, he knows little—the sheep was his father, and the deer was his mother; take his lands—he does not want them, he does not know what to do with them. Brothers, we heard the words of the Great Spirit; they pleased us. We have come hither to take the forests of which you make no use, save to get meat from them; and the rivers, of which you make no use, save to take fish from them; and the lakes, of which you make no use, save to kill a few wild-fowls in them; and the grounds, from which you have lopped the trees, but use no further than for the planting of corn, and beans, and pumpkins. Every thing you have is of no use to you, because you are fools, but *we* are very wise—the owl was our father, the cunning old crow was our mother, and we have a great deal of the

blood of the eagle in our veins. We will take your forests, and your rivers, and your lakes, and your fields, and you shall see what we will do with them.'

"The Burning Arrow said to the stranger, 'Perhaps the sheep was our father, and perhaps the deer was our mother, but the offspring of the sheep and the deer are the lords of the land, and sooner will they become food for the wild-cat than suffer the pale-faced stranger to pick away the inheritance of their fathers, as the crow picks out the eyes of the dead buck.'

"The White Man replied, fiercely, and drew his big knife; the Red Man calmly took out his spear-head, and fitted it to the shaft, new-strung his bow, and wiped the dust from his war-club. My son hears.

"There was in the camp of the Iroquoise, while that people and the wily stranger were holding this discourse, a little maiden, who had seen the flowers bloom sixteen times. The people of her race thought her very beautiful, and loved her very much. The young men compared her feet to the leaf of the red oak, and her step to the step of the fawn, and her eyes to the eyes of the kid, and her hand to the spread wing of the lark, and her voice to the voice of the singing-bird, and the music of a little waterfall. They gathered the flower which blooms among thorns for her to put in her hair, and brought her, from the shores of the Great Lake of Storms,* the shells which Indian maidens love to weave in their garments. If there was a bird seen in the bush with gay feathers, the little maiden was sure to have it thrown at her feet; and if they heard of a paint which had a livelier colour, they brought it for the use of the girl of the Iroquoise. Dost thou know who was that girl?"

"I do not know who was that girl."

"That girl was the Fawn's Foot of the Iroquoise—the old blind woman who now pours her words into the ears of a boy of the pale race. Let my son listen and I will tell him yet more of the story of the wrongs which that race inflicted on the Red Man.

"There was, among the strangers who came to the

* Great Lake of Storms—the ocean.

council-house of my tribe, a young-warrior—let me pass my hand over thy cheek—he had seen thy years—it may be two or three summers more. The Great Spirit had made him very beautiful, and given to him a tongue which, like the eye of the rattlesnake, could lure whomsoever it would. He was tall as the tallest of my nation, and straight as a young pine. His hair curled like the tendrils of the wild vine, and hung upon his brow, in clusters, like bunches of grapes in the corn-moon. His step was as light as that of a young kid, his cheek was painted of the colour of the beautiful flower that blooms among thorns. Dost thou listen? Thou dost; it is well.

"The Fawn's Foot saw the beautiful Pale-Face, and love entered into her heart, and grief bowed down her soul. She said to her mother, 'I love this stranger—to her father, I love this stranger. Speak to him, father—mother—brothers, ask him to come to the village of our land, and let the little Fawn's Foot boil his bison-meat, and weave his moccasins, and prepare his corn.'

"The mother said to the Fawn's Foot, 'Wilt thou become the wife of a man who would drive thy tribe beyond the hills of the setting sun? No; let her children call a red man father.'

"The father said to the daughter, 'Will the daughter of the Burning Arrow sit down in the cabin of a man who comes to extirpate her race? No; let her children call a red man father.'

"The seven brothers of the Fawn's Foot said to her, 'Wilt thou become the wife of a man against whom the Iroquoise is now filling his quiver? No. The eagle does not match with the sparrow-hawk; the panther only couples with the panther; and when the wolf goes forth to look a wife, he never asks the badger for his daughter. No; let her children call a red man father.'

"But the maiden heeded not their words; she opened not her ears to the warning cry of the owl on the ridge of her father's cabin. The wicked stranger saw that she loved him, that he was dearer to her than the nestlings of a dove to their mother; and he said to her, fondly, 'Leave the smoky and crazy cabin of the Burning-Arrow for the arms and the house of a pale-faced warrior.' The maiden forgot

that the gay rattlesnake has fangs, and the sleek panther claws, that there is poison in the sting of the speckled lizard, and lies on the tongue of the mocking-bird; and she said to the wicked stranger, 'The Fawn's Foot will leave the smoky and crazy cabin of her father and mother and brothers, and go with thee to thy home, wherever it be.' Foolish girl! to follow a wicked Pale-Face. She should have remembered that the cabin which is smoky and crazy, so there be soft voices and love-beaming eyes within, is better than the house which neither the rain nor the wind can enter, but into which hard and contentious sounds may."

"Did the Fawn's Foot leave the Iroquois cabin for the arms of the stranger?" I demanded.

"The Fawn's Foot left the Iroquois cabin for the arms of a stranger. While her father, and mother, and brothers slept, she stole out from their crazy and smoky cabin, and fled with him to his own country beyond the Great Salt Lake."

"Did the Fawn's Foot live to be sorry that she fled with the Pale-Face?"

"The Fawn's Foot lived to be sorry that she fled with the Pale-Face. Let my son listen.

"We fled, and, ere two suns had set, we stood upon the banks of a great river, and saw before us a thing which seemed to be endued with life, white as snow, and moving like a cloud driven by a high wind. It was one of those creatures which carry the Pale-Face over the great waters. The beautiful stranger said to the Fawn's Foot, 'This great canoe departs with to-morrow's sun for the cabin of my father, in the island of white men. It is the order of my great chief that I shall take a paddle in her. Will the Fawn's Foot go with me, and be my love, or will she return to the smoky and crazy cabin of her father?'

"The Fawn's Foot began to feel sorry that she had left her father, and mother, and seven brothers, and she answered--

"'The Fawn's Foot will return to the smoky and crazy cabin of her father.'

"'And become the wife of a red hunter, and bear sons and daughters to a lazy man who will sit down drinking the juice of the "neshcamminick" while the mother of his

children is pounding the corn or dragging home the fuel? Now, let the maiden listen to my words. If she will go with me, I will take her to a pleasant cabin in a flowery valley; in the sides of this cabin there shall be many places through which the warm sun shall enter, to cheer and enliven those within it; vines shall creep over its walls, and these vines shall have rich clusters of beautiful flowers; and my love and I will sit in the soft evenings of the warm season, and note the buds just bursting into bloom.'

"How could the Fawn's Foot do less than look kindly upon the man who said such pretty words?

"'And then,' said the wily man, 'the bird will hop into the bush and sing his soft song, and again the lovers will say, 'how beautiful!'

"'But the Fawn's Foot will say, 'Just so the bird hopped into the bush that stood beside the cabin of the Burning Arrow,' and tears will flow into her eyes.

"'The Pale-Face will kiss them away.'

"'Ere that the Pale-Face will have ceased to love the Fawn's Foot, or to think much of her kisses. He will see the beautiful maidens of his own country, maidens with a skin like his own, and locks shining like the folds of a cloud, lit up by the setting sun, and he will compare them with the black hair and dark skin of the Iroquoise, and he will loathe the girl whom he brought from the banks of the Rapid River.'

"'The Pale-Face will never do this.'

"'How shall the Fawn's Foot know that he will never do this? Even in our own country there have been liars,—lovers who deluded and deceived, to their ruin, poor simple maidens like the Fawn's Foot. I may not believe thee.'

"'Listen, beautiful creature! to my words;—pour oil into thine ears, and hear. I will never quit thee, never cease to love thee. Dost thou believe, beautiful creature! in the Great Spirit?'

"'I believe in the Great Spirit.'

"'Dost thou believe that he hath punishments for the liar?'

"'I believe that he hath punishments for the liar.'

"'Him I call—him I bid hear the words which the Pale-Face now utters in the ears of the young maiden of the

Iroquoise. I will never desert thee. Thou shalt be my wife; my home shall be thy home; and the children thou bearest shall be my children. Wilt thou go, my beloved?'

"What could the Iroquoise answer? She loved the Pale-Face, and could not leave him. Her father was very dear to her, her mother was very dear to her, her seven brothers were very dear to her,—but dearer yet was the beautiful stranger; and for him she left the friends of her youth, and the flowers she nourished, and the trees she planted, and her birds, and her playmates, to follow him to his cabin in the flowery vale.

"She entered with him the big canoe, and saw its robes cast loose to the wind, and felt it tossed about on the waters. Two moons the canoe was tossed among great waves, but they were short moons to the Fawn's Foot, for the white man had not yet ceased to love her. The thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed, and the winds blew very loud, but the Fawn's Foot neither heard, nor saw, nor cared for them, for she slept in the arms of the man she loved. And pleased had she been if the Great Spirit had called her away then to the happy lands beyond the River of Souls, so that her lover could have been called also. Yet she often thought of her father, and mother, and brothers, and sometimes tears rushed to her eyes, but the white man kissed them away, and she was happy.

"At length they saw land again, and soon the waves ceased to toss the big canoe. Still they passed on, up a wide river, which bore, on its bosom, other great canoes, more in number than the tongue could count. Its banks were very green, and a hundred tall cabins lifted up their heads from out the thin groves which nodded over them, like a warrior who sleeps in the midst of dangers. At last we came to a great town, and the Fawn's Foot saw many people with skins like those who tied up the wings of the canoe which had carried her thither. It was now that the Fawn's Foot felt lonely and miserable, and wished herself in the crazy and smoky cabin of the Burning Arrow. She stood among strange people, who looked at her with eyes like those with which the dog looks at his brother dog who is trying to get away his bone. Strange men looked into her face with a meaning that did not please her; women

came and pulled at her crest of feathers and collar of wampum, her deer-skin robe, and moccasins of the black martin; and children made up mouths, and showed their teeth at the wretched Iroquoise. She looked around for the Pale-Face who had bidden the Great Spirit hear the words which he uttered in the ears of the young woman of the Iroquoise. What did she see? Listen, my son.

"She saw him standing a little way from her, and heeding her not. A beautiful woman stood at his side, her arms, white as the lily, were thrown around his neck, and her cheek, covered with shining locks, laid upon his bosom. Three little children were at his knee, the eldest cried 'father!' the second cried 'father!' the youngest cried 'father!' His eye, wet with the dew of the heart—had he a heart?—told that indeed they were his.

"The Fawn's Foot felt, at once, the courage of a daughter of the Burning Arrow, and she went up to the faithless man, and asked 'Who is this?'

"'My wife.'

"'Are these children thy children!'

"'These children are my children.'

"'What am I?'

"'A squaw, and a dingy one.'

"'Am I not thy wife?'

"'No—my light o' love—a creature for my sport.'

"'Where is the pleasant cabin, the flowery valley, with the places for the sun to shine through, and with the vines thick with clusters of beautiful flowers creeping over its walls?'

"'It belongs to this woman of my own colour—this wedded love of my youth. We shall sit there in the warm evenings of summer, and together note the buds just bursting into bloom.'

"'And what will become of the Fawn's Foot?'

"'Be to another what she has been to me.'

"'She can never be to another what she has been to thee. She can never love another as she has loved thee.'

"'Then let her beg, or die. Either were better than the smoky and crazy cabin of her father.'

"'Dost thou believe, Pale-Face, in the Great Spirit?'

"'I believe in the Great Spirit.'

"'Dost thou believe that he hath punishments for the liar?'

"'I believe that he has punishments for the liar.'

"'Him didst thou call—him didst thou bid hear the words which thou didst utter in the ears of the young woman of the Iroquoise. Him didst thou call to witness that thou wouldst never desert me. Thy words were 'Thou shalt be my wife, my only wife—my home shall be thy home, and the children thou shalt bear shall call me father.'

"'I may have said so. But if I did the words were not spoken to be kept—they were words spoken to an Indian—water poured upon dry sand.'

"'Dost thou believe in the Great Spirit?'

"'I believe in the Great Spirit.'

"'Thou believest that he will punish liars?'

"'I believe that he will punish liars.'

"'Him I call to hear and punish thy falsehood. Mayst thou thyself meet with the hard fate thou hast decreed to a poor Indian girl, who loved thee well, and trusted thee far. When thy years are numbered, and thy spirit, parted from the flesh, shall go to the River of Souls, may the snake—if the Blackfoot pass be thine,—or the sharp rock of the Delawares,—or the stone canoe of the Chepewyans fail to bear thee safely over that river to the Happy Lands; or if thou goest safely over, may thy father's cabin be not found among the cabins of the spirits of thy race.

"'Listen, white man, yet for a moment. Thou hast been a very, very bad man. Thou hast taken the poor little Fawn's Foot far from her home, in the house of those who loved her, and now thou leavest her in a strange land with none to say to her, I am thy 'father'—'mother'—'brother'—'sister'—'cousin'—'friend.' She may die tomorrow for want of bread.'

"'Bread I will give thee.'

"'The Fawn's Foot will take nothing from the bad man who has brought her into misery. Keep thy bread for thy wife and little ones—it may be that the Great Spirit will revenge upon thee the wrongs thou hast done to the poor Iroquoise, by leaving thy birds and their mother without bread. We meet no more.'

"And the Fawn's Foot stood alone in the land of strangers, without the tongue of the people, and with no other friend than the Great Spirit. They bade her leave the great canoe which had brought her thither, and she left it: Many came and made laugh at the poor Indian woman—men came, and said bad things, women came and jeered, children called her bad names,—and all the poor Indian woman could do was to sit down and weep. She grew hungry, and asked for victuals, but they gave her none; she became thirsty, and asked for water, but they said 'get you gone,' and made the dogs chase her from their door. Fainting with hunger and thirst, and weariness, she lay down to die, when there came to her a good man, a priest among his people, and asked her why she slept with the rain falling in torrents upon her. The Fawn's Foot told him the words of truth. They moved his heart. When will the words of truth, when poured into the ears of one who believes in the Great Spirit, fail to do so? He heard the fainting Iroquoise, and spoke kind and tender words in her ears. He fed her, he clothed her, and was unto her what the Burning Arrow had been ere she left his cabin upon the banks of the Rapid River,* for the arms of the beautiful bad man of the Yengeese. He gave her meat and drink from his own table, and bade the mother of his children treat her as one of them. He gave her a new blanket and new moccasins, for her own were soiled and torn. And when, ere the second moon grew old, another great canoe was found, about to go to the Rapid River, he bade the chief guide take the Fawn's Foot back to her people. He took the Fawn's Foot back to her own river. But did he take her back to her people? Let my son listen.

"They put the Fawn's Foot upon the land at the rising of the sun, and before the sun of the next day set, she came to the little stream which ran but four bowshots from her father's cabin. Much time passed ere she could gather heart to look upon the home of her youth. At length she mustered heart and went forward. What a scene presented itself to the eyes of the forest woman. Where

* The St. Lawrence, so called by the Indians.

the cabin of her father and seven brothers stood, there were now but heaps of ashes, with here and there a quenched beam. Of all the populous village of her land there was not a single cabin left, or a single being to tell the tale of what had befallen it. There was a wolf snuffing blood amid the ashes, and a fox passed along warily, according to his nature, yet without dread, for he knew there was naught there to harm him.

"The poor Iroquoise woman called loudly for her friends but there were none to hear her. In her madness she ran through the woods which encompassed the village, and through all the well-known haunts of the women and children of her tribe, but there were none to hear her cries, or answer tears with tears. At length she saw an aged man —he was not of her own band, but of the same nation, and of him she asked—

"'Where are the Iroquoise who dwelt beside the Rapid River?'

"'Ask the wolf and the panther,' he answered.

"'Father, tell me what has become of the band of Iroquoise who dwelt beside the Rapid River. What has become of the great chief, the Burning Arrow? Father, answer me, for I want my people!'

"'The wolf and the panther know better than I do where their bones are laid, for they had the picking of them. Ask me, maiden, where the snows of the last year are, and I can tell thee as well as I can name to thee the resting-place of the band of thy tribe, of whom thou sayest thou wert.'

"'Are they dead?'

"'They are dead.'

"'How did they fall?'

"'As brave men should fall—in battle, and with a war-whoop on their lips.'

"'With whom did they fall?'

"'With the Pale-Faced Yengeese.'

"'My father?'

"'He fell by the thunder of the Pale-Faces.'

"'My mother?'

"'She fell by the thunder of the Pale-Faces.'

"'My seven brothers?'

"'They also were foxes which fell by the hands of Yengeese hunters. Of all the people of thy tribe who dwelt on this spot, *not one lives* to say to thee, I am thy 'father!—mother!—brother!—sister!—cousin!—friend.'"

"The aged man spoke true. Of all my tribe not one remained to me—they had fallen in battle against thy people. I stood alone. I built me a cabin—upon the spot where my father's cabin had stood. My own bow and arrow supplied me with meat, and the corn I planted gave me my bread. I gathered and dried the nuts and berries of the forest, and made them my food when I had nothing else. When my son was born—the son of the beautiful bad Pale-Face—I gave him the name of the Burning Arrow, and taught him to name my wrongs. And a burning arrow has he been to thy race. See, there are nine scalps with shining hair drying in the smoke of my cabin, and soon will his daring spirit add more. Wherever there is Yengeese blood to be shed, there he is the foremost of his nation. It is his cry which is heard the loudest—his step which is the fleetest in pursuit—his moccasins which have the deepest stain of blood. If thou shouldst meet a tall warrior,—ay, I can touch thy scalp-lock, but not his,—far, very far, in advance of his brothers, his nostrils scenting blood with the keenness of the vulture, know it is the young Burning Arrow of the Iroquoise revenging the wrongs of his old blind mother.

"And yet the Great Spirit tells me it is not well that I have taught my son to thirst so for white men's blood. Thy race has wronged me, and it is our nature to revenge our wrongs, but not so deeply as mine have been revenged.

"I would render thy people one good deed before I die. Pale-Face, hast thou a father?"

"I have a father."

"Does thy father love his son?"

"My father loves his son."

"Hast thou a mother."

"I have a mother."

"And does thy mother love thee?"

"My mother loves me."

"Hast thou brothers and sisters, and do those brothers and sisters love thee?"

"I have brothers and sisters, and much those brothers and sisters love me."

"Pale-Face, dost thou love to look at the rising sun?"

"I love to look at the rising sun."

"Hast thou pleasure in the sight?"

"I have exceeding pleasure in the sight."

"And hast thou much joy in the clear sky, and the shining moon, and the glittering stars?"

"I have much joy in the clear sky, and in the moon and stars."

"And had thy father, and thy mother, and thy brothers, and thy sisters joy in them?"

"They had when I was with them—but now they will find no joy in them, for their son is away and in captivity to cruel enemies."

"Will thy father shed tears."

"My father will shed tears."

"And thy mother, and brothers, and sisters? will their eyes, too, be wet with the dew of the heart?"

"Their cheeks will be wet, too, with tears—tears of deep but unavailing sorrow."

"See, Pale-Face, the door is open—I cut the cords which bind thee—thou art free. Go to thy father, and thy mother, and thy brothers and sisters, that they may again have joy in the rising sun, and the clear sky, and the shining moon, and the glittering stars, with eyes tearless, and hearts filled with gladness. Go."

"The warrior who watches—"

"Is the young Burning Arrow—he will not harm him whom his mother would save."

"The warriors who surround us—"

"Will raise no weapon against one whom the young Burning Arrow leads forth in friendship. Go—yet stay. Come to the old blind woman, my son. Let me pass my hand over thy face. It is soft, and so was the face of him who led the daughter of the Iroquoise astray. It is beardless, too, but a bird has whispered in my ear that thou hast the heart of a man, and an arm to second the deeds which thy courage prompts. My son, yet a word more. I am blind with the eyes of the flesh, but I see with the eyes of the spirit. I will tell thee what I see.

"I see the lords of the wilderness, the men of my race, driven from the lands which their fathers have occupied ever since the sun rose in the east and set in the west. Their cabins lie in smoking ruins; and the oaks, which sheltered them from the summer's heat and the winter's cold, are leafless and prostrate. The graves of their fathers are ploughed up, and white men's dogs are mumbling their bones. Their conquerors have usurped the soil, and reared lofty cabins where once they planted corn. Is that an Indian whom I see skulking about like a dog which has been beaten for theft? It is an Indian. He wears no more the bold brow, nor hath he the strong hand of his fathers. How can he have strength or courage, beauty or manliness, who hath known shame, yet lived afterward?

"Son of the Pale-Face, the glory of the Indian is no more. In a few snows men will cease to remember that he was. They will ask, 'Was there *once* such a thing as an Indian?' and the answer will be, 'I have *heard* so.'"

CHAPTER II.

She called, and the warrior by whom I supposed I was to be conducted stood before me. I had now an opportunity to remark him more fully. He was the noblest specimen I ever saw of these wild men. He was, at this time, about twenty-five, at least six feet three inches high, the most perfect in form, and, at the same time, the most sinewy, of any thing I had ever seen wearing the features of a human being. His forehead was high and broad—the distinguishing characteristic of his race—his skin of the colour of bronze, his teeth white and even, and his eyes filled with an expression unusual to those of his people. I had read much of the perfection of art exhibited in the Apollo Belvidere, and other pieces of ancient statuary, but I believe I saw their equal, if not for beauty, at least for symmetry of limb, in this Iroquoise warrior.

"Let the Burning Arrow listen to the words of his

mother," said the aged woman, addressing her son. "Much blood hast thou spilled, and thy mother has looked and smiled. Thou knowest that my word has ever been 'more! more!' that, when I counted thy scalps and found but nine, I ever said ten were better. But now I hear a voice in my ear, crying thou hast drunk blood enough, let the Pale-Face go free. I know not whose voice it is, nor whence it comes, but I know it is a voice that will be obeyed."

"The Burning Arrow cannot pluck the eagle feather of a chief from his scalp-lock," answered the young warrior. "When the sun rises he must lead his warriors to battle; but he will call one who shall show the Pale-Face to a place of safety. Yet a word in the ear of my white brother. My warriors have lapped blood till they love it: they are dreaming of a full bowl to-morrow. If their hands are once upon thee, I know not if the voice of the Burning Arrow, potent though it be, will avail to save thee. But my brother is wise; in his flight he will be the cunning adder, which steals along in the grass unseen, and no one thinks him near till he strikes; and not the foolish rattlesnake, which shakes his tail to show you where he has hidden himself. Let my brother be seen no more by my warriors."

When he had finished his admonitory speech, he went out, and presently returned, bringing with him the person who was to act as my guide. It was, as near as I could judge from the imperfect aid afforded by a lighted knot of pine which was blazing on the hearth, a woman considerably past the meridian of life. It is not difficult to fix the age of one of the other sex, their years are more distinctly written on their faces than any race of men I have ever seen. Their labours being comparatively light, always for short periods, and succeeded by long intervals of rest, there is nothing to bring premature old age upon them. Not so the other sex; who, subjected to the most unfeeling treatment, become, in consequence, old before their time. While unmarried and young their condition is endurable; but when they enter into that state which was intended to swell the aggregate of human happiness, the deterioration of the faculties of the mind hardly keeps pace with the prostration of those of the body. Their backs are then bowed to the most

intolerable burthens; they are compelled to every species of manual labour, and are used in every respect worse than slaves on board a Turkish galley.

Upon leaving the cabin, we struck directly into the fields. It was very dark; but the path by which my guide conducted me was so worn and plain, that I had little difficulty in keeping it. Occasionally there would be a false step, or a stumble, by reason of the striking of my feet against the slight declivities of the furrow into which the ground was worn by the constant tread of men and animals. We did not continue long in this path; it was not adapted to the concealment so strongly recommended by the chief, and recognised as necessary by the guide; and after tracing for some distance what appeared to be, and doubtless was, the bank of a river, probably the St. Charles, we struck suddenly off into a very wild and rugged country. After travelling an hour amid woods, over hills, and through quagmires, many of which would have been impassable to one who had a less object than life in view; and after surmounting difficulties which, but for the thorough acquaintance of my guide with the country, could never, even with my urgent motive to prick me on, have been surmounted at all, we reached an open space beyond the wild and desert region. The clouds now dispersed, the moon shone out, and I saw that we stood upon a steep precipice, with a narrow and sluggish river in front of us.

At the edge of this river a canoe lay fastened to a tree, and into this canoe we entered, and committed ourselves to the stream. The currents of all the small rivers which empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, upon the Quebec side above Montmorency, are fed from such niggardly sources, and flowing, for the greater part of the distance, through a level valley, gather so little strength, that an oar is necessary to proceed even down the river. My deliverer found it necessary to call in the aid of paddles to make our speed commensurate with our exigencies; applying them with the usual skill of an Indian, our frail bark moved down the stream with the rapidity of a race-horse.

We had not proceeded far when various sounds, becoming

every minute more audible, convinced me that we were approaching—I thought much too near—the encampments of our enemies. Soon my eyes added their conviction to my ears. I now saw and knew where we were. Upon our right lay a large building, which, from previous descriptions, I knew to be the general hospital. Noisy and boisterous shouts came from the same direction—these proceeded from a body of Indians who were holding a drunken carousal in the rear of the companies of the regiment of Languedoc, which occupied the space between the hospital and the creek which branches out of the St. Charles.

A suspicion of treachery naturally presented itself at this moment. Hitherto our retreat had been conducted in perfect silence; it was now time to break it. Addressing my guide in the low tone which our situation called for, I demanded why she had left the safe covert of the woods to come out into the open space, and among our enemies.

"Water leaves no track. Look, is there a furrow?"

"But we shall be marked from the shore."

"The moon is a kind moon; see, she has a shadow; she throws that shadow upon the side of the river down which the white man is floating to his countrymen."

"Yet why did not we dare the less danger, and continue among the woods?"

"The less danger! The white man speaks with the wit of a deer: he is a fool. Knowest thou not that, with the dawning of the day, a thousand warriors of my nation would have been on our track? When the swan hides himself under a hazel-leaf, when the bear crawls into a fox's hole, then may the footsteps of those who fly as thou and I have done, escape the eye of a Maqua warrior. I have weighed the chances, Pale-Face; by the means I have taken alone couldst thou hope to escape."

Having said this she relapsed into silence, and renewed her exertions with the oar. When they had carried us past the bridge, she drew it in again and recommenced.

"Would a woman of the Pale-Faces have done as much for the son of an Indian as I am now doing for thee?"

"If a white woman had a motive sufficiently strong she would do as much for an Indian as thou hast done for me. I may not judge of thine, seeing that it is hidden from me."

"It is gratitude. The dog remembered him that plucked a thorn from his foot, and the bird will fly from a cruel to a kind master. Shall an Indian do less than a dog or a bird? Shall an Indian receive favours and forget his benefactor?"

"But thou hast never received favours from me—I know thee not."

"Thou once knewest me well."

"Where?"

"On the shore of the Great Sea? Listen."

"I listen."

"Does not the Pale-Face remember the boy whom the hard men of his own colour would have beaten much for the fault of a thief in the moon of ripe grapes? They had taken the blanket from his back, when the son of the white man said to the man who held the rod, 'It was I that plucked your apples from their boughs, lay the rod upon my back, and let the little Indian boy go free.'"

"And you are—Indian Martha?"

"I *was* Indian Martha; but I am Indian Martha no more."

"And that boy?"

"Who dost thou think was thy preserver when thou wert stricken down in the fight?

"The question seems to imply that it was thy son. And yet he no more resembled my little playmate than thou dost Indian Martha. I can see nothing in the stern and painted warrior to remind me of the little boy who escaped, by my means, from a punishment he had not deserved."

"Dost thou wonder at the change? In thy land we were a despised race,—here we are free. My son is a warrior, and the friend of the great chief, Burning Arrow. He has put off the brow and bearing of the white man's slave, and taken upon him those of a man of the wilds. Well is it that he was near thee when the hatchet was uplifted over thy prostrate body. But for him thy scalp

would now have been drying in Maqua smoke, and thy ashes have been strown in the path of the red-bird."

"He effected my deliverance?"

"He saved thee at first, and he and his aged mother wrought thine after deliverance. He knew thee at once, though thou didst not know him,—and said to his mother, 'the young eagle is caught in the claw of the wild-cat,—the white warrior is fast in the trap of the red. The claw must be loosed, the trap must yield up its prey.'

"'How will my son set him free whom his brothers have doomed to die?'

"'I will cut the thongs which bind him to the stake, and throw my body between him and his enemies.'

"'Not so, my son;' said his mother. 'Listen to the words of an aged woman, whom men have compared to the owl for wisdom and to the fox for cunning. Thou knowest Namana Mata, whose years are more than the gray eagle's, and whom the tribe regard as the favoured of the Great Spirit.'

"My son answered, 'I know the Fawn's-Foot.'

"'I will pour my story into her ears. Let it be ordered that the Pale-Face shall be last at the stake, and, when his turn comes, say whatever thy wit shall devise to save him till another day. I will go to the aged Namana Mata, and tell her why we would save. A bird sings in my ear that I shall prevail.'

"'If Namana Mata—if the Burning Arrow will not hear——'

"'We will risk our lives for his.'

"Thou knowest I speak the words of truth, for these things were done. The Pale-Face remembers that he who saved his life in the field was afterward his friend at the stake, and the cause of his living till another sun. And he remembers that the same warrior was his guard during the night. Cannot, then, an Indian be grateful? Would the mother of a white man have done for a red man what I have done for thee?"

"Will not my brave preserver suffer for his kindness?" I asked.

"Tekarrah is a man: he can hold up his head among the men of his nation; and when one shall say to him,

'Didst thou do this?' he has the heart to say 'I did,' and the hand to bear it out. Besides, the Burning Arrow is his friend, and approves that he saved thee, and that I am here."

"Wilt not thou, will not the aged Namana Mata come to harm?"

"Who dare offer harm to the aged Namana Mata, who, blind as the mole, can yet see further than the vulture? For me, I also am a medicine,* and my people know it. The owl is my friend, and the rattlesnake and I build our cabins together. No one dare offer me harm."

While we had been holding this dialogue the canoe had been drifting slowly down, and we now found ourselves in a little cove or bend of the river, half-a-mile below the bridge. Here we landed, and drew up the canoe. We were now in a cultivated country; the woods had disappeared, to show in their stead farm-houses, with now and then a better tenement, the summer residence of an opulent burgher of Quebec. We continued to track the shore cautiously in the direction of the village of Beauport.

Day now dawned upon us, and soon there was sufficient light to enable me to see more distinctly the face of the grateful creature who had led me out of this peril. Her declaration that she was the being I had known years back as Indian Martha, and her knowledge of the circumstance, which was indeed true, that I had taken upon myself a charge of theft, brought against, and received a whipping intended for, her son, were the only evidence that she was that being. Her personal appearance had undergone a complete transformation. Time, which had silvered her hair, had done far less than other circumstances to change her appearance. Among the white people they were contemned, spurned, and despised;—they were now with their own people, and, relatively speaking, were at the pinnacle of human greatness. The son was the second warrior of the nation—the mother more reverenced than any other person in the wilds for her supposed knowledge of the ways and will of the Great Spirit. They felt the improvement in their condition—strange that that should be improvement which consisted in exile from civilization,—

* Medicine—spirit.

and, "renewed in the inward faculties of the mind," a change had come over the "outward man," which rendered recognition impossible by those who had only known them in their former abject state.

It may be safely averred that a more wonderful metamorphosis never took place. Actual contact with white people has the same effect upon the Indian that the touch of the hand has upon the sensitive plant. Place him down in the immediate vicinity of the race of men who seem appointed to effect his extermination, quite as much by the difference of their manners and customs as by their cruelty and oppression, and the virtues of savage life—reader, there are such—justice, benevolence, and good faith, are of the number—disappear, to be replaced by the vices of a more enlightened condition of being! In his savage state he has certain good traits—he is just, charitable, benevolent, true to his word, and, according to his light, a sincere and fervent worshipper of the Supreme Being; but let a white man, greedy of gain, and bent upon appropriating the wilds to his own use, settle down in his neighbourhood, and he becomes—I can find no word to convey a correct idea of a thing so wicked and worthless.

It was the hope of my preserver to find a boat upon the shore large enough to encounter the waves of the St. Lawrence, then agitated hy a high wind, and thus afford me the means of getting on board one of the English ships at anchor in the stream. But, upon tracing the entire shore we found nothing, save an old canoe, and this had laid so long exposed to the burning rays of the sun, that it would have been as reasonable to have ventured out in the sieve that Macbeth's witch proposed to sail to Aleppo in. What was to be done. It was now nearly sunrise, and we began to hear the busy din which announces the return of day to an impatient army. The wit of my shrewd benefactress did not forsake her in the emergency. Hard by there was an object which promised to afford a tolerable screen. A cannon-ball, either from a quixotic spirit, or a love of mischief, had turned aside, from a hundred legitimate objects, to attack and utterly demolish a quiet, inoffensive haystack. Some of the hay had been thrown upon an adjoining fence, forming a hidingplace, which would have

been the delight of a schoolboy. I crept into this retreat, and Metopa, filling up the outlet with the same substance, left me with an assurance that she would be back for me the ensuing night, soon after dark.

I lay in this situation for many hours, neither so much at my ease nor so much delighted with my situation as they may suppose, who have learned the nature of hay only from the song-writers and pastoral poets, and have never been made acquainted with the fact that it sometimes gets —damaged and sour. This had been soaked by the great rains which had recently fallen, and, being in a very exposed situation, as the coup-de-main practised upon it fully testified, its proprietor was not romantic enough to jeopard his life from regard to its effect in a landscape. Hence a part had been suffered to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," whilst that part which the beams of the sun were able to penetrate had been dried, until it was little else than a heap of dust. The smoke it created gave me several fits of coughing, in one of the intervals of which I heard, distinctly, through the aperture I had made for a breathing-place and ventilator, the question asked in French—

"Sacre! what is that?"

"Old Carlo, with the hoopingcough, nothing more."

Presently I heard other voices, and caught a glimpse, through the opening, of several, wearing the French uniform, busily engaged in removing the hay. Aware that hay and straw are frequently used in constructing fortifications when nothing better can be had, I had no doubt of being rolled up in a bundle of it, and passed along as a fascine. This fate, however, was so much preferable to that I had been near undergoing, that I bore the prospect of its occurring without a murmur.

"Sacre! Antoine, you are not going to disturb that?" demanded one of the soldiers. "Why, sure you know that poor Jacques de Prevost must have a place for his hens to lay their eggs in. Don't you see the very hole by which Madame Cackle creeps into her snug lodgings after she has breakfasted? Come away, comrade, come away, we were not sent hither to annoy the lady-mothers of chickens that have not yet found their way out of the shell.

For shame! Antoine, let the old lady do her duty undisturbed."

"How do you know now, that there is not a great treasure hidden under this heap of hay, Phillipe? A pretty girl—"

"Monsieur Denis, you are always thinking of pretty girls! Eggs, eggs, nothing more."

"I'll know, by Mary Mother;" and he took the proper method to settle the dispute, by throwing off the hay with the point of his bayonet, which, as it passed into the heap, inflicted a wound upon my thigh, and caused an exclamation, which rendered vain all further attempts at concealment.

"Mon Dieu! there's a chicken for you, Phillipe! Come out, come out, devil. A full grown chicken, my brother, and big enough to be roasted on a Huron spit. So much for a Gascon's curiosity, that you are always laughing at."

"It is indeed a prize. A spy, no doubt. We must instantly take him to head-quarters. What a reward—fifty louis d'ors if a single livre— Martin, a lieutenant! Phillipe, an ensign! Pierre, a cornet! Antoine, any thing he asks! Holy Mother! the fortunes of four poor Frenchmen made —out of a haystack!"

"The fortunes of four poor Frenchmen made out of a haystack! who ever heard the like?" repeated Phillipe and Martin.

"What a dance we will have!" cried Pierre. The moment the idea of dancing took possession of their minds, they threw themselves into a saltant posture, and danced a quadrille, in a style which would not have disgraced professors of the art.

Had the headsman stood over me with his axe raised for instant decapitation, I must have had my laugh at the grotesque appearance made by these happy Gascons.

As soon as this was finished, we set out on a quick step for the head-quarters of the French army, amid a multitude of crossings and ejaculations of "Mon Dieu!" and "Mary Mother!" and "Sacre!" and "Diable!"

CHAPTER III.

Ten minutes brought us to the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief. Antoine, the spokesman, having announced our business, we were ushered into his presence.

We found several general officers assembled in the tent, among whom were Brigadiers Senezerques and De St. Ours, Major de la Sarre, and several others. There was nothing in the appearance, or previous or subsequent behaviour, of the gentlemen I have named to entitle any one of them to a separate and elaborate notice. Senezerques, after fighting with uncommon bravery, was mortally wounded, near the close of the battle, on the ever memorable 13th, and died on board our fleet three days after the capitulation of the town was signed. General de Bougainville was not in the battle, having been detached up the river some time before to watch the motions of our army.

I do not know that it will be thought foreign to my subject to introduce a brief sketch of the commander-in-chief of the French army. Louis Joseph de Montcalm Gozon, Marquis de St. Veran, Baron de Gabriac, was born at the castle of Candiac, near Nismes, in the year 1712. His family was among the most illustrious in France. As early as the fourteenth century, a Montcalm of this family obtained the dignity of grand-master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the family tradition asserts, in consequence of having delivered the island of Rhodes from a dragon that infested it. Though we, of this age, may be a little inclined to skepticism on the subject of the particular service, the more important part of the story, that there was such a grand-master, is matter of history. It is asserted that it was at this time they first added Gozon to their name.

Louis Joseph was the second son, the eldest was also a

youth of exceeding promise. They were fortunate in having for preceptor the celebrated Dumas, reputed to be one of the most accomplished teachers of the day, and the inventor of the typographical desk, which introduced so vast an improvement into the art of printing. Under this eminent man he made great proficiency in his studies, and there acquired that taste for polite literature and reading less rugged than that of his profession, which never left him, even amid the din of arms, but rendered him known, even to the savans of Paris, as a successful cultivator of letters. His known acquirements procured his being named for a seat in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, with a prospect of being elected, which, doubtless, would have been realized had he lived.

At the age of fourteen he left M. Dumas to commence his career of arms, which was one of great and deserved éclat. His opportunities for signalizing himself were numerous, his valour and good conduct were every where eminently conspicuous, his family influence was great, and he rose rapidly. He was present at the battle of Placentia, fought between the French and Spaniards, where he received three wounds. At the fatal "engagement of exiles," (de l'Assiete,) he commanded a regiment of infantry, distinguished himself equally as on the former engagement, and was twice wounded. Having the year following been appointed a brigadier, he passed into the cavalry with the rank of colonel in the regiment which bore his name. I am not able to give the date of his promotion to be a major-general; it was, however, sometime previous to 1756, when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army destined to defend the French colonies in North America, against the threatened invasion of Great Britain. He arrived at Quebec early in the season, and forthwith proceeded to repair the blunders of his incompetent predecessor Dieskau. Truth compels me to admit that he appears to have been very much superior in talent, sagacity, and military skill, to either of his opponents, Lord Loudon or General Abercrombie. Indeed, had his army been drawn from the nation which supplied the *materiel* of that opposed to him, it may not be doubted that Canada had been, for that war, lost to Great Britain.

An almost uninterrupted train of successes ensued his command until the Supreme Controller of the events of war placed him in contact with one who had not his equal living. Even then, his conduct and disposition proved him wise, prudent, and fearless; and if he was eventually compelled to bow his head to superior fortune, the recollection that his opponents were of a nation who seem born to triumph over the French in every encounter of arms, removes from his shoulders a large portion of the odium of defeat. He did all that the most skilful general could do, and fell with the reputation time will never impeach of having been one of the greatest generals of the age.

That he was cruel and faithless, to a proverb, will never be doubted. The massacre of the garrison of Fort Ontario, in violation of the articles of capitulation, is attributed to his connivance; that of Fort William Henry is thought to have been as much in consequence of "general orders" as any other movement of the army he commanded. It must be a matter of deep regret that he sullied his otherwise fair fame, by permitting, encouraging, or ordering the atrocities of his Indian allies.

"So, a spy, I understand?" demanded the general, in tolerable English.

"No, sir," I answered, proudly.

"What then are you?"

"An officer in the English army."

"Still you may be a spy. How came you where my soldiers found you?"

I described the manner of my capture.

"Why are you not among your friends, instead of being found within a few toises of my camp, ensconced in that most unsoldierlike and spylike retreat, a haystack?"

I related my story, and my fruitless search for a conveyance to the fleet.

"Your story is susceptible of proof or disproof, by a reference to your captors. De la Sarre, was there such a skirmish as he speaks of? I do not task myself even to hear, much less remember the reports made of petty Indian skirmishes."

"I recollect, sir, that M. de Matissar, captain in the

regiment de Languedoc, said last night there was, and that the Indians were victors."

"Young man! It is not possible that your story is true, but we will only hang you when you are found guilty. In the mean time, and until we have leisure to look into it, you must be kept in the strictest confinement. M. Beau Chatel!—but, no, Governor De Ramsey will see that you are taken care of."

At the moment he had concluded this invigorating speech, which held out the trifling threat of shooting me for a spy, one entered to say that a body of Indian chiefs were at the door of the tent, and solicited an audience. My readers will keep in mind that these were the words of him that bore the message, not of those who sent it. An Indian never condescends to solicit till, by his association with the white people, he has parted with the stubborn pride which, in his native wilds, forms the basis of his character, and is the source of all his virtues, as well as of the one bad passion which negatives them,—his all-pervading love of war and bloodshed.

I saw, immediately upon their entrance, that my fate was sealed. I recognised in them the leaders of the war-party by whom I had been made prisoner, the prime actors in the revolting spectacle I have described some few pages back, without the individual to whom alone I could look for protection. They came to demand their prisoner. In words few, simple, and well-chosen they urged their claims to me, and were told by the commander-in-chief, "that I was justly theirs to do what they pleased with, and that the sooner they bore me to the stake, the sooner would justice overtake a notorious spy and villain."

Provocation, or whet, to their cruelty was not wanted; nevertheless, as little as the savage appears to care for the removal of legal restraints, he is not, while among white men, insensible to the pertinency of the question put by the retainers of the Capulets, "Is the law on our side?" nor to the importance of having it answered in the affirmative. The Indians were delighted at the idea of the sanction given to their barbarities—unhappily they never wanted that sanction while Montcalm commanded in Canada,—and bore me off with the assurance that, if I escaped them again I

must be wiser than an owl, and they greater fools than the Maqua, who married a rattlesnake and forgot to cut off her tail.

We had not proceeded far when we were met by her whom I still choose to call Indian Martha. It is surprising how soon these suspicious, watchful, and wary people gain a knowledge of passing events. Scarce an hour had elapsed since my hidingplace had been discovered, and, in the interval, the news of my recapture had spread through all the bands of a people occupying a space of country greater than that of many German principalities. The quick succession of events to myself in the last forty-eight hours was not so much the subject of my astonishment as the rapidity with which they became known to these wild men. "The birds of the air carry news," says the proverb—really it seemed not only that my captors had employed aerial messengers, but, withal, had been careful to select those which were most rapid of wing.

"Why is he, to whom the wise woman of the Maquas gave freedom, bound anew with thongs, and driven along with blows?" demanded the aged sybil.

"Our grandmother is an aged woman; she does not know that the wild-cat which is caged can neither bite nor scratch—that the dog that is whipped is more obedient than the dog upon which the lash is spared."

"The Maquas themselves are dogs, and worse than dogs, to bind and beat the adopted son of their grandmother, she whom the aged Namana Mata has bidden be saved. In the name of the Great Spirit I bid ye give him his freedom."

They made no answer to the authoritative appeal, but urged me to greater speed. I had now to witness a specimen of scolding which would have done honour to Xantippe. She began, and that in no measured tone, calling upon her tutelary deity to take vengeance upon them, and invoking the Great Spirit to visit them with defeat, pusillanimity, misfortune in hunting, barrenness of their wives, sores, sprains, bruises, visits from evil spirits, &c. &c. They paid, however, not the least regard to her. This inattention to the imprecations of a supposed sorceress surprised me much, for I knew that they were, in general,

acted upon by their superstitious fears to an extent which rendered them the obsequious slaves of any one supposed to be possessed of a powerful familiar spirit, or who chose to assume the reputation of being intimately acquainted with the will of Heaven. A bold face, a smooth tongue, a ready wit, and a little legerdemain, are all that is necessary to give an Indian sorcerer reputation among his brethren.

She continued, but in vain, to use both persuasion and threats to effect my liberation. In the mean time, we had been "progressing" rapidly, and were now upon the right bank of the St. Charles, a little above the boom which had been thrown across that river to check the possible advance of our ships in that direction.

Happening, at this point of time, to cast my eye upon my swarthy friend, I perceived her face lit up with an expression which was not there a moment before, and which seemed to indicate a relieved and cheerful feeling. It is not often that the countenance of an Indian, of either sex, betrays what is passing in the mind—perhaps it never does so involuntarily. Framed to consider all manifestation of feeling as derogatory and "womanish"—the last word speaks a volume of obloquy in the ears of an Indian—they acquire a command of countenance which puts at defiance all your attempts to know what they wish to conceal. The smile upon her lip augured well, for it was intended and received as a hint that she had struck out a plan for my escape. The instant she saw that I understood her she drew a knife from her girdle, cut the lashings of hide which confined my arms, placed the handle of the knife in my hand, and precipitated me over the steep bank into the river, where it was thirty feet deep. The whole action did not occupy the space of ten seconds.

No man ever lived, perhaps, who excelled me in the art of swimming. From my sixth year I made myself the wonder of all who knew me, by my feats of dexterity in the water. When I had attained to full years, I could swim three feet to a Newfoundland dog's one, dive out through the surf when it was breaking "mountains high;" indeed, perform all the feats which belong to the nimblest water duck. This proficiency in an art little studied, but

which should form a part of the education of all, was now to avail for my escape. The moment I struck the water, the whole party simultaneously discharged their muskets at me, but without doing me any injury, for anticipating that such would be the case, I had dived down, and swam under water until I supposed myself, and nearly was, out of the reach of their shot. When I rose to take breath, I found five or six in close pursuit, and exerting themselves with a skill and effect only second to my own. They were not, at the time, more than twenty paces from me. It now became a trial both of speed and bottom; the river at this place was near a mile wide; and, though exceedingly expert in the use of my propelling organs, it remained to be seen whether my adversaries could not outlast, if they could not outswim me. The race continued one of interest, and apparently equal in chances—for my superior skill—superior even to an Indian's—but just made up for the extraordinary "weight" I was compelled to carry. An Indian's only covering in summer is a blanket, of which even when "skewered," he can, and, when necessary, does, divest himself in a second of time; I wore trousers and other articles of dress which much impeded my progress, and yet could not be thrown off without wasting upon the minor purpose the minutes wanted for the major. Under all these disadvantages I gained considerably upon them, and probably should have reached the opposite shore sixty yards in advance of their leader, but for a circumstance which enabled them to gain a temporary ascendency.

Just below, upon that part of the shore towards which I was striving, as a man strives for breath in the nightmare, a shoal projected a hundred or more yards into the stream. At the distance of some twenty rods above there was another, which ran in a parallel line with the first, and about as far into the stream. I was not aware of this circumstance, but my pursuers were, and had shaped their pursuit with a view to drive me into this bay, or gorge. When then they were abreast of the outer end of these shoals, they landed, two on each, and made all possible haste to cut off my retreat. I saw the dilemma in which I was involved: it was, indeed, a vexatious alternative, but the "horn" easiest taken hold of lay before me. I redoubled

my exertions, gained the shoal water, but ere I had gone ten steps, was encountered by one of my fiendlike enemies.

We were armed alike, each with a knife, but he possessed an obvious advantage in knowing how to use his, whereas it was to me as novel a weapon as David's sling would have been in the hand of a court lady, or her fan in that of Achilles. When fighting with knives it is always best to act on the offensive—you cannot put by, or ward off, blows given with a knife, and must, therefore, accomplish by strength and fearlessness what it were folly to expect from skill and dexterity. The chances were a thousand to one against me. I was, however, tied, like Macbeth, "bearlike, to fight the course," and could not fly; other Indians were coming up,—death was before—behind —on every side of me, when it occurred to me to attempt to save myself by a stratagem. I dropped the knife at my feet, and made the token of submission. Before my opponent had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the action—before the characteristic "eh!" had died on his lips, I closed with him, wrenched his own knife from him, and buried it in his heart.

Rapid flight and unslackened pursuit continued to be the chief purpose of the actors in this drama; but I did not possess the same superiority on the land that I had obtained in the water. Nevertheless, I was at least fifteen rods a-head, and a stern chase is proverbially a dull chase—by my calculation, they could not, at the rate we then ran, overtake me in a mile. But I forgot that speed of foot gives no promise of the endurance necessary to enable one to win in a long protracted race. Nothing is more common than to see one run with the speed of a hound, yet panting, breathless, done up in a quarter of a mile, whilst another, to use a pet phrase of country people, "will amble and jog," i. e. move easily and leisurely, for ever and a day, and thereby accomplish astonishing feats of travel. It takes place every day on every race-course in the kingdom. I tripped along at first as lightly as a south wind over a field of corn, or, lighter yet, as a maiden to be married when she likes the swain. Reader, have you ever paid particular attention to the motions of a youthful bride when she is going to be given away to the man she likes? She hardly touches the earth, —she can walk upon roses without bending their slender

stems, and suspend herself from a bough of mignionette by a spider's web. Was there ever any thing so sylphlike and aerial?

Presently I began to feel a tremor creeping over my nerves, next a weakness in my knees, and thirdly, a beating at my heart, which, like Paddy's in the song of "*I was the boy for bewitching them*," promised to end in "one on my back." I was now not more than a hundred yards from the palace gate of the town. The gate was locked, but a knowing shot from the old beauty, the Princess Amelia, 80, doubtless aware that soldiers prefer entering besieged towns through breaches rather than gates, had, that morning, paid a visit to the handiwork of M. de Chaussegros de Leri,* and several rods of the wall lay in ruins. I directed my steps to this breach. My pursuers saw my increasing weakness, and redoubled their exertions as mine grew fainter. "When you are chased by the devil, never stop to look at his hoof," says the proverb. I had not then heard of this apothegm. If I had I know not if I could have restrained my curiosity to see what kind of beings were behind me, and how far they were distant. I look—they are within a musket-shot of me. I feel my strength going very fast: it is nearly the breath of a dying taper—it is a mooted point in my mind whether I shall reach the wall or not. They are gaining on me very fast—ten rods—nine—eight—seven—am I then doomed to die under their horrid tortures? With the pressing conviction that life is very, very sweet, I call up the remnant of my wasted strength, I impress every latent energy into my service, I address myself anew to the race—and succeed. The foremost of my pursuers was not twenty paces behind me. If he had borne a spear he could have transfixed me with it. His keen knife was already glittering in his hand, when I gained the dismantled wall, and, with a convulsive effort, threw myself over it.

I recollect that, as I struck on the other side of it I had a glimpse of a number of persons in black passing up a street a little distance from me, and at the same moment, heard, from the foremost of the Indians, the exclamation "eh! the Black Women!"

* The builder of the walls of Quebec.

CHAPTER IV.

The great influence possessed by the French priests in Canada over the Indians was the reason why the exertions of the latter were always commanded in favour of the French king. When, at any time, the French soldiery had quarrelled with the Indians, even when they had, as was often the case, spilt their blood without provocation, it required but a few words from a Jesuit or Franciscan to make them forget their wrongs, and to re-establish complete harmony. No living being is so susceptible of kindness as an Indian. Millions cannot "drive him to water," but he can be led there by a child of a year. The Romish priests early discovered this trait in his nature, and operated successfully upon it. The great secret of the wonderful success of those priests in making converts to their creed of savages—success which has attended them whithersoever they have gone, nor left them whilst they avoided to mix in politics, and forbore to dictate to rulers—is their extreme good-nature, and kind sympathy with suffering. They are the surgeons, physicians, and nurses of the sick and disabled, the comforters of the afflicted, the friends of the unhappy. Relieving human suffering to an extent never even attempted by missionaries of other creeds, is it surprising that they have attained to an influence which none other ever possessed? A Roman author relates that a famished lion outraged his instinct so far as to fawn upon him who plucked a thorn from his foot. It is the same with the American Indians. Do them a kindness, and, barbarous as their natures are, you bind them in bonds of gratitude and affection which nothing but your own injustice can sever.

Of all the religious orders of Canada none possessed so strong a hold on the affections of the Indians as the Nuns Hospitallers of St. Augustine, or, as they are commonly called, the Sisters of Mercy. They were attached to the Hospital; acting as nurses to the sick, their first acquaintance with the Indians usually grew out of their professional

duties. This latter people are, themselves, exceedingly skilful in the treatment of some diseases, but there are others which baffle their skill, and they are, withal, so very capricious in their dispositions, that sometimes they will discard their own simple and effectual remedies to make use of those which come recommended by novelty and a foreign origin. The wonderful cures which were frequently wrought in the Hotel Dieu, the merit of which rested entirely with the "Black Women," as they called the nuns from their dress, had given them the reputation of being the especial favourites of the Great Spirit. Hence they were looked upon with mingled love and fear, themselves reverenced as superior beings, and their least commands obeyed with an alacrity which strongly contrasted with the general unwillingness of the Indians to do the behest of any one, and of women especially.

Mine was but a momentary swoon. When I came to my senses I found myself being carried, by two stout men, on a litter formed by that juxtaposition of hands which children sometimes call "Lobb's easy chair," and sometimes "the baby's hurdle:" I cannot describe it, but I am sure the reader knows what I mean. Women, dressed in a most uncouth dress—as I thought—black, with black caps on their heads,—I had never seen a nun,—to the number of eight or ten, were walking, some in front and some in rear, in silence. Occasionally they would turn their benignant eyes upon me, to remark if I had recovered from my trance, and to speak a few words of encouragement to my "team," and then on again. My first thought was to claim the privilege of being my own "'van,"—the second, to sit still and enjoy the ride. I was acquainted with the circumstance that there was an order of charitable women who devoted themselves to Christ's service in a way which will sooner earn for those who use it the glorious euge, "well done, good and faithful," than the assigning a missionary to every ten men, the building a church upon every rood in heathen land. The suspicion struck me at once that these women were no other than the excellent and celebrated Sisters of the congregation of Mercy, and that they were taking me to the Hotel Dieu. "On the one hand, I am pursued by relentless savages," said I, mentally;

"on the other, I am suspected of being a spy. Shall I not be safer and better off in the hospital than in the dungeons under the castle of St. Louis?" Need it be told that I remained insensible.

In the Hotel Dieu there were two large wards, one for men and the other for women. I was carried to a snug room in the former of these, and laid upon a bed. The men who had borne me thither now left the apartment, and with them all the nuns save one. She immediately set about those little offices of kindness which are without any precise or definite end but to show the value of a woman in the apartments of the sick, her inexpressible worth in moments of pain and disease. She raised the window-curtain and lowered it, pulled to the bed-curtains and unclosed them, smoothed the wrinkles out of my pillow, wiped the drops of perspiration from my brow, and did a thousand other little acts, the more grateful to me from the recollections they revived of my dear home and mother. Woman! dear woman! what were a sick chamber—what were life without thee! When we lay stretched on a bed of anguish, pain racking our bones, and hope banished our hearts, how does the touch of that soft little hand, laid upon our brows, dispel the former and recall the latter! Out upon those who decry you, and profess to see in you less than beings sent to man in especial kindness, and deserving his utmost tenderness and protection.

Presently one of the sisters returned with a cup containing some exhilarating cordial. It being impossible to keep my secret much longer, I thought it best to make a confidant now, and of my nurse. I related my story to her, nor did I attempt to hide the fact from her that I should, probably, at this moment be in durance on the vilest charge which can be brought against a soldier, but for the belief of the general that he had found a readier executioner than even the provost-marshal.

The kind creature replied, that what to do was altogether above her comprehension, but that she would send the superior to me.

She went out, and in a few minutes, that usually haughty and presumptuous, but here modest and retired, ecclesiastic entered. A circumstantial account of my recent sufferings

and present danger followed. After devoting a few seconds to reflection, she said that, "trusting to my assertion that I was innocent of the charge preferred against me, she would assist me—not to escape—that was impracticable, but to secrete myself till the impending danger had blown over. At twelve at night I was to be in readiness to leave the hospital. She had a sister, a widow, residing in the Upper Town, who had a spare apartment, which she was sure she could command, and the more especially as her sister was anxious to pay a debt of gratitude to the English for a kindness done her some years before by individuals of that nation, and remaining unrequited. Madame Melot's house was less exposed to our shot than others, so that, whilst the contiguous house were a heap of ruins, that in which she dwelt remained untouched.

At twelve o'clock I was ready; the guide engaged by the sister was punctual to his appointment; we got out of the hospital without noise, and reached Madame Melot's without molestation. In expectation of a guest, she had not retired, but awaited our coming in the room intended for my reception.

I found her a lady of some thirty years, beautiful, accomplished, and as gay and lively as French ladies usually are. We conversed but little that night, for the fatigues of the day made me wish more for rest and sleep than any other boon of heaven.

I slept next morning till near ten o'clock. My hostess, in compliment to me, had deferred breakfast, till I should be ready to partake of it. It was now served:—a French breakfast, eggs, bacon, coffee,—which is coffee! not ditch-water; but every body knows what a French breakfast is; and least of any part of the French possessions do they stint you in Canada in the matter of breakfast. Her little son —she had but one child—had risen, and was creeping around the room in anticipation of my entrance. He was now eleven years of age, and one of the finest little fellows I ever saw.

In the course of the morning I told my story and heard hers in return. She was born at Boulogne. Her father, M. de Bourdesolt, was at one time a merchant, doing a large business at that place, but failing in trade, and reckoning little of the transition from legal to illegal traffic,

he turned smuggler, and connected himself with the celebrated Thurot, he who, in the early part of the next year, (1760,) so frightened the western-island men, made a descent upon the Irish coast, took and plundered Carrickfergus, and fell, on the 28th of February, in a desperate action with the Æolus, Pallas, and Brilliant frigates, off the Isle of Man.

M. de Bourdesolt throve so well in his new occupation —or, rather, his old one a little twisted,—fair trade, saddled with an impost a little slackened in the girth,—that he was able to give his children, who were all daughters, a very good education, and, by that means, aided by handsome marriage-portions, to match them above his own condition in respect of birth calling. M. de Melot, who married the subject of my sketch, was appointed, three years after his marriage, to an office in the island of Martinique, whither they repaired, and where they continued till, in the attempt to remove him from the West Indies to Canada, he was removed from this to another world.

The ship in which they sailed was wrecked on her passage thither. There was little to be remarked in the manner of their wreck which does not take place in the usual cases of stranding of vessels. A long spell of thick weather, a long succession of heavy gales, and want of skill and prudence in the master, were the proximate causes. It took place when they had been out twenty days; they had not seen the sun for the latter half of the period. When the bark struck, Madame Melot was below; she was hurried upon deck by her husband, and the next moment swept from it by a tremendous surge. Seeing one of the children near, she caught it with a convulsive grasp, and made it the companion of her miraculous preservation. She never could exactly tell how she was saved, but entertained a dim and confused idea that it was by means of clinging to a spar.

The most interesting part of Madame Melot's sketch related to Thurot. No resemblance could be stronger than that between this celebrated desperado and another who, with much fewer claims to celebrity, has, at a later period, attained a wider reputation, and been fortunate enough to connect his name and piratical exploits with the struggles

of a great nation for their independence. But while Paul Jones has had half a dozen industrious eulogists at work ransacking archives for inedited letters, and rescuing from merited oblivion the slightest memorials remaining of him in oral report, Thurot, in every respect his equal, and in many his superior, has been passed by without other notice than a mere three-page narrative of his bold attempt to divert, with his little squadron, the attention of Great Britain from the grand French fleet under M. de Conflans. A brief sketch of this celebrated man, whose name was at one time leagued in report with every thing that is terrible, just as Jones's was at a later day, may not be uninteresting.

The paternal grandfather of Thurot was a native of Ireland, and bore the name of Farrel. He was among those who served James II. in his attempt to destroy the liberties of his people, and upon his failing to do so, followed him into exile, and served him the full term of his natural existence. While employed about the royal person, if that phrase may be used of a dethroned king, he, much against the inclinations of her family, married Mademoiselle Thurot, the niece of a member of the parliament of Paris. They never forgave her this step, and when, three years after the death of the royal despot, he removed from St. Germain's to Boulogne, in the hopes of awakening compassion among those of his wife's relations who resided at that place, he found them equally inexorable, and constant in their determination never to extend forgiveness to him. His application for assistance disregarded, his whole dependence for support was upon the very small and uncertain pension allowed him by Queen Catharine, the widow of the deceased king. He was a posthumous child, born three months after the death of Captain Farrel; his mother did not survive him a year.

Upon the decease of his parents he was taken home by the Thurots, his mother's relations, and went ever afterward by their name. He was bred to the bar, though it is believed he never practised. He was married three times; his second wife was the mother of the subject of our sketch, and she died in giving him birth.

A remarkable incident happened at the christening of the subject of my sketch, and to that he probably owed his ad-

vancement in after-life. At the moment his father held him at the baptismal front, the body of his mother was being reposited in the cemetery of the same church. M. Thurot had been a very tender and affectionate husband, and the scene, and the reflections it gave birth to, overpowered him, he leaned against the holy vessel, and wept like a child.

They have a custom in Catholic countries, during Christmas, for ladies of distinction to go into the churches, and offer themselves as sponsors for children brought to be christened, and not provided with the baptismal "securities" demanded by the Romish ceremonial. It was at that season that Madame Thurot's death took place. Whilst the ceremony was being performed at the font, a lady of great rank and fortune, Madame Tallard, entered the church, and remarking the extreme sorrow and affliction of the widowed husband, demanded its cause. The priest told her. The circumstance furnishing a volume of comments on the character and conduct of the bereaved husband, and manifesting a depth of affection which women are not slow to prize, excited the admiration and pity of the good lady, and determined her to make the child the object of future remembrance and bounty. She stood sponsor, made it afterward a handsome present, and desired that it might be sent her upon her return to Boulogne. Neither the obligation to be grateful nor the promise to remember were forgotten, though many years elapsed before the latter was claimed.

My fair biographer knew little of the boyhood of Thurot —he did not become known to her father till he was near twenty. The particulars of his life antecedent to that time have been supplied from another source, reference to which has also been had in compiling those of a later period. Madame Melot had heard that he was a "wild chicken," living for little else than mischief and dissipation, incorrigibly idle, and addicted to women, even at an age when they should rather have been his nurses than his *chére amis*. When we recollect that libidinousness was the strong trait of his after-life, and that all the knowledge he possessed when he became known to the English public was acquired at the time it was being displayed—that he "bought his wares in the morning, and offered them in the evening"—that mathematics were taught him by the famous

Donelly when he was at least twenty-four years of age, and that we can, with the same ease, trace his other acquirements to a period consequent upon his arrival at manhood, we shall be ready to give Madame Melot the credit of propagating no more than the truth in what she said of his boyhood.

When he was about fifteen years of age, one Farrel having charge of a vessel employed in smuggling goods between the French and Irish coasts, came to Boulogne upon his usual business. It will be remembered that this was the name of his grandfather, a fact which becoming known to the contrabandist, he came and claimed relationship with the family. He assured them that the "O'Farrels of Connaught were still a flourishing house," and proposed to the elder Thurot to take his son with him, introduce him to his wealthy relatives, and urge them to push his fortunes. The father seeing little prospect of his son's doing much at home, and perhaps hoping a change in his disposition and conduct from a change of scene, acquiesced in the proposal, permitted the generous cousin to equip the boy at his own expense, and they sailed for Ireland. Limerick was the ultimate port, the Isle of Man, a noted place of deposite for smuggled goods, the intermediate. At this latter place they stopped, and there, upon some misunderstanding between them and the consequent disgust of young Thurot, they separated. The patron of some ten days sailed away, leaving Thurot upon the island destitute of the means of support, and compelled, for the first time in his life, to labour for his bread. An Anglesey smuggler, seeing him an active and spirited boy, took a fancy to him and engaged him in his service. He continued with this person as much as three years, sometimes in charge of a vessel trading between the Isle of Man and Ireland, and at others having a general superintendence of the whole business as supercargo or factor. Once he remained at Carlingford more than a year; and it was at this time that he acquired his knowledge of the English language. In whatever he undertook he was distinguished for great cunning, boldness, and daring; he was a prime sailor, a ready accountant, feared nothing, preferred hazardous enterprises—a rough sea to smooth water,—and spent his money like a prince. But

though wild and reckless in his deeds and disposition, and seemingly stamped by nature *gibier depotence*—game for the gallows,—there was nothing of the ruffian in his appearance or general deportment. Indeed, he was rather the gentleman, as far as manners make him; and here he had the advantage of Paul Jones, who was arrogant and quarrelsome; a complete braggadocio, and, but that his hand was always ready to bear him out in what he threatened, a quality supposed to be wanting in a bully, one of the most thorough Bobadils that ever existed. Thurot was remarkably bland and courteous—Jones was stiff and professional in his manner, whether in court or on board his ship. Both were under the middle height, both spare, muscular, and very agile, but the complexion of the Frenchman was fair, whilst that of the Scot was coarse, and only redeemed from sheer ugliness by a remarkably fine eye. As far as appearance and personal deportment went, Thurot was decidedly superior. But to return.

It is the strong trait of those formed of fiery materials to like change of scene, vulgarly it is called a "roving disposition." Thurot wished to see more of the world than the Isle of Man and Carlingford; he had not forgotten the "flourishing house of the O'Farrels of Connaught," and he determined to see what influential relatives could do to promote his fortune. He accordingly set out for Dublin—with eleven shillings in his pocket, but amply provided with that treasure which is money to a youthful traveller, health and spirit which has not been taught the delusive nature of human hopes, nor been made to feel that the proverb, "welcome as a leak in a new ship," was expressly intended for the poverty-stricken, who thrust themselves into the houses of their rich relatives, and exclaim, "How do you do, *kinsman?*"

It is believed that he did not find any of his relations in Dublin, since he was reduced so low, whilst at that place, that he was obliged to enter into the service of Lord B——, as his valet. Here he lived two years, going by the name of Dauphine. At the end of this time an event occurred in the family of his lordship—the alleged incontinence of his wife, I believe, which ended in the flight or dismission of the valet. Thurot, being in high favour with his mistress,

was suspected by his lordship of knowing more of the intrigue than he chose to acknowledge, and both Thurot and Lynch, the countess's own woman, were dismissed. This created a bitter feud between the nobleman and his valet, in which the latter was sure to have the worst of it. Lord B. laid things to Thurot's charge, of which he averred himself, and probably was, innocent, and the latter in revenge spoke so freely of his lordship's private conduct, and entered so fully into his domestic management, that it became unsafe for him to remain longer in Dublin. The waiting woman being soon after taken into the service of the Earl and Countess of Antrim, he followed her to Glenarn Castle, their seat in the north of Ireland. Here he made himself acceptable to the earl and his friends by his skill in sporting, and here he remained till his predilection for a pursuit, which offered all the excitements of the chase, with risks and profits more congenial to his disposition and habits, led him into the company of the smugglers who frequented that part of the coast, and finally into a connexion with them. He soon became proverbial for his boldness and daring. Lack of discretion in vending his illicitly-got merchandise, the vanity of one of his female friends, together with his excessive liberality in bestowing, without price, where the customer was of the softer sex and possessed beauty, for such were always sure of a new gown, soon placed him in the power of the officers of the excise. Upon one of his nocturnal voyages from Mona to Ireland, they succeeded in capturing four out of the five boats which were conveying goods of the company to the latter place —that in which he was himself escaped by superior management, and found a safe harbour, and unlading place —if I remember right—in the north-east coast of Ilay. By means of a stratagem—sending out the crew, disguised as pedlers—they were able to turn their merchandise into cash. Of the amount realized, one hundred and fifty pounds became his; with this sum he started for Edinburgh, where equipping himself with handsome clothes, he prepared to return to his native country.

There was at this time, in the Scotch capital, a French gentleman, doing business as a merchant, and having occasion to employ several small vessels between that place

and London, he was, at this time, wanting a master for one of them, and having seen Thurot, who passed for a seafaring man, and, withal, possessing in his accent the recommendation of being a countryman, he offered him the berth. He accepted it, and the following week, the Anie, of Edinburgh, Thurot, master, was among the clearances at the custom-house for London. He did not prosecute this trust to a happy issue, the vessel, upon her arrival in the Thames, was burned by a neighbouring warehouse taking fire, and Thurot did not return to Edinburgh. He took lodgings, for a while, at Paddington, and afterward in a court leading out of Carey-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, till he became master of a vessel sailing between London and Calais, Dunkirk, and other French ports.

From 1748 to 1752 he was employed in carrying on a smuggling trade between France and Ireland, and was known in both countries by his real name. About the latter period he made Boulogne his chief place of residence. He now entered largely into illegal traffic, and became the terror of the douanniers and custom-house officers for his boldness and uncontrollable fierceness. They could never break up smuggling, they said, while one so shrewd and cunning was at the head of it, nor could they be expected to arrest the offenders while "the devil was their leader."

The practice became so prevalent and barefaced, that the French government determined to put a stop to it by the strong arm. The president of the province received orders to use legal measures for its suppression, in consequence of which several of the smugglers were arrested, and among them Thurot. After the usual examination, they were carried to Dunkirk, and confined in a common prison. I do not know what became of the others, but the president, who was no other than M. Tallard, the son of his benefactress, remembering the hours they had spent together in boyhood, interposed and saved his life. He was removed to Paris, where, upon his second examination he gave such shrewd and pertinent answers to the questions put to him, and showed such thorough knowledge of the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, that he was liberated, as being one who, in case of a war between France and England, might do the latter deadly injuries. He went from

the prison, M. Tallard still befriending him, to take command of a king's sloop, but finding that her commander was likely to lead an inactive life, he left her to take charge of a Dunkirk privateer. In this service, the scourge and terror of the British commercial marine, bold, bloody, active, ever chased and never overtaken, to-day in Dunkirk, to-morrow off Ushant, and the day after in La Hogue Roads, he continued till the beginning of the summer of 1759, when he was advanced to command the squadron in which he terminated his labours and life.

The general facts and incidents connected with his last expedition have become history, and do not belong to my subject. Not so the spirit in which he conducted it. Private property was everywhere respected by him, and the safety of the inhabitants cared for as far as it could be done, consistent with the practices of war and the objects in view. The people who went on board his squadron were treated with great civility; he paid for everything he took from the shore; and where his officers had, without his knowledge, extorted supplies without making remuneration, he made them pay for them from their private purses.

His character may be summed up in a few words. He was dissipated and amorous, of great bravery and hardihood, undaunted in getting and free in spending, with those talents for imparting pleasure to the social circle, and whiling away the tedious minutes—the telling a story, singing a song, and uttering a joke or repartee, which have spoiled more choice spirits than any and every other cause. He was literally the prince of good fellows. He made love as he made war, spilt wine as he spilt blood, and carried the same active valour to the demolition of the decanters and drinking glasses, from which he had imbibed the momentary madness, that he carried into battle. But with the martial qualities which rendered him an antagonist worthy of Britons, with the vices and follies which sullied their lustre, there were blended great generosity and humanity, unceasing attention to the wants and welfare of those who served under him, courtesy to his equals, and, excepting when wine was in and, by a consequence, wit out, respecting to his superiors. He fought less for plunder than honour, and his death secured the glory he sought. Such was Thurot.

To return to a less fortunate person—myself. I remained for eight days secreted in the house of Madame Melot. With each succeeding day my impatience to rejoin my friends increased. Nothing kept me silent so long but the fear of involving my excellent friend in trouble. At length I frankly told her my feelings, and begged her to aid my escape. At first she merely laughed at me; but, finding me serious in my determination to run any risk rather than remain inactive, while my brothers in arms were winning well-earned laurels, perhaps steeping them in their hearts' blood, she said she would see what could be done for me that very day. When, after a brief absence upon her benevolent mission, she came into my room, I read in her gloom and depression that she had succeeded, and began to dream of deliverance. She had, indeed, found a guide, and one in whom she thought confidence might be placed.

At ten o'clock the guide came, and I took an affectionate leave of my admirable hostess. He led me to one of the breaches in the walls, by which we passed into those fields where I afterward saw near twenty thousand men hugging each other with all the rapturous ill-will and killing kindness that belong to the strife of ancient foes. Continuing along the plains in nearly a south-west direction, we came suddenly to the brink of a steep precipice, and saw, rolling rapidly beneath us, that river which wants but a busier hum of cultivation upon its banks, and the gleaming of a few more sails, and the rushing of a few more prows along its waters, to be second to none in the universe. We heard, a little to the westward of us, the voices of men talking, which my guide said proceeded from a captain's company stationed at a small redoubt on the bank. We descended this wild and rude declivity, until we came to a narrow and broken path, impeded partly by trees felled across, and partly by rocks rolled into it. It "went out," the guide said, at the foot of the redoubt. Continuing to descend by this path, we came to the water's edge, and stood upon the white, hard, smooth sand. Thus far every thing had gone well with us; but the important "rest" of the journey remained unaccomplished—how was I to get on board the shipping? He who flies for his life will hardly

perish for want of an expedient. There is, at all times, on the St. Lawrence, and all the larger rivers of the western continent, an abundance of what is there called "drift-wood," that is, trees, torn from their imbedding by the encroachments of the tides and mountain torrents, and, hurried down till they find salt-water, and eventually become that which prognosticated to Columbus the existence of another continent. I sought among the trees which lay strewed along the shore one suited to become a sanctuary for my fortunes, and found it in a large fir, which had been stripped, root and branch, by the waterfalls above, and landed here in a state as forlorn as my own. After bestowing upon my faithful guide all the money I had about me, and promising a further remuneration when we had taken the town! I pushed the log into the river, placed myself astride of it, as a clown rides a bare-backed horse; and, taking in my hand a broken bough, to serve as an oar, committed myself to the mercy of the current.

The night was rather dark: still I hoped to be able to find the ships without difficulty. But chance did for me what my own sagacity would have failed to accomplish. The first I knew, a tall dark mass appeared in the horizon before me, and the next moment, such was the rapidity of the current and the obstinacy and self-willedness of my bark, I found myself in the miniature whirlpool created by the fretting in the tide's wake of the cable which held the Shrewsbury, seventy-four, and the attraction and repulsion of water to and from her bows. I had no means of getting on board, and was soon hurried past her. But I knew now where I was, and set up a loud cry for assistance. It was answered,—the usual discussion took place, and, before five minutes had passed, I was taken on board the Stirling-Castle, sixty-four.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY the next morning I had the pleasure to receive a summons from my brave and excellent general to repair to his quarters. I found him literally wasted to a skeleton—not less from the operation of disease than from disappointment and perplexity. His own natural valour and contempt of difficulties, his extreme confidence in his troops,—confidence begotten by what he had so often seen them perform,—had led him to overlook the obstacles which actually existed to the accomplishment of the object intrusted to him. I have said that General Wolfe was naturally of a very ardent temper, lively, impetuous, and impatient of restraint; and from the concurrence of these circumstances with great military skill, was better calculated to achieve seeming impossibilities than perhaps any commander of his time, always excepting Frederic of Prussia, whom in some respects he resembled, and in a few things certainly imitated. But he had the fault of a soldier, and could not "gain, like Fabius, by delay." He was now a disappointed man, so far his plans had proved abortive, his stratagems had been met and baffled by prudence and foresight, on the part of his adversaries, equal to his own,* nor had his troops behaved themselves in the field with the courage and good conduct expected from them. The battle of Montmorency, though merely called, in the official despatch, a "check," and, in the histories of the period, "an unfortunate affair," was neither more nor less than a complete defeat and rout of those of our troops who took part in it. The general knew it to be, and among his friends spoke of it as such. And having failed in an object presenting few

* In a letter from him to his mother, dated "Banks of the River St. Lawrence, August 31, 1759," he says, "The Marquis of Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army."

obstacles in comparison with that still unattempted but to be achieved before we could call ourselves conquerors—for what was the surmounting of the heights of Montmorency to the escalade of the walls of Quebec, and what kind of conquerors should we be if the last were left undone?—he became disheartened and gloomy, and gave way to deep mental despondency. The celebrated despatch to which I have so frequently referred betrays the melancholy under which he laboured. After remarking upon the uncommon strength of the landward positions occupied by the enemy, the number of floating batteries and boats which defended the river, the ceaseless warfare he was compelled to wage with those ever vigilant and never-to-be-surprised enemies, the Indians—"our officers disabled, our army much weakened, the most formidable part of our armament deprived of the power of acting, yet the whole force of Canada to oppose," he goes on to declare that "in this situation, there was such a choice of difficulties, that he owned himself at a loss how to determine." "The affairs of Great Britain," says he, "require the most vigorous measures; but, then, the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only when there is some hope of a favourable event." This courage was afterward exerted to the production of events which had no parallel in that war of heroes.

The disease of the climate and season came in aid of mental troubles. Both together had, in the short space of twelve days, wrought such a change in him that you found yourself asking whether it was possible that grief, and the operations of a disease seldom fatal, could in so short a time bring about such an utter prostration of comparative health and vigour? Yet his lively temper would sometimes break bounds, and then he would be as playful as ever; would indulge in lively "sallies with his officers upon their Sallys," and tease them about their alleged courtships of the pretty rustics of the neighbourhood. These fits of pleasantry were, however, not frequent, and only came like momentary gleams of sunshine in a lowering April day, to be succeeded by hours of gloom and darkness.

General Wolfe was a very early riser, being often

abroad at sunrise; indeed, before his illness, he was usually out and busy not much after daylight. Upon this morning, ill as he was, and this was "quarter-day," as he humorously called that upon which his fit of the ague (quartan) returned, he had finished his breakfast before I entered his tent, and was employed in dictating a despatch to his military secretary. The position in which I found him indicated what his feelings were at the moment. He sat upon a low settle, his head resting upon his hand; and in that posture he gave directions and made responses to the writer. When I entered, he rose, threw himself into a lounging chair, and held out his hand in a very kind and cordial manner.

"Ah, is it you? Welcome, welcome, my boy—glad to see you. I would rise to receive you, but really, my fine fellow, I find myself at this moment in a position which recruits my aching bones a little, and therefore dislike to leave it. Well, and am I not changed? Did you ever have the quartan?"

I answered "Never, sir; our New-England shores happily are free from that pestilence of damp and marshy countries. We enjoy, sir, the luxury of frozen fingers and ears; but agues play very shy of the rugged and barren land of the pilgrims."

"Very true. Yet Canada is colder in winter than the land of the pilgrims, as you call it."

"Yes, sir, and warmer, much warmer in summer."

"And that is, probably, the reason why we get fevers here, and why there are periodical returns of certain diseases. The two extremes produce between them that condition of the atmosphere which is so unfavourable to health. Well, you have been making a tour—an involuntary tour, since I saw you."

"A short one, sir."

"By-the-by—that was a sad oversight of mine, the sending you to attack a party of Indians ambushed in woods. And what have you seen, my young friend, worth speaking about to your general? Sure one so keen and hawk-eyed as you are could not have been twelve days in an enemy's country, among gentlemen, ladies, priests, laymen, soldiers, nuns, noblesse, and bourgeoise, in town and in

the country, without picking up something which, if it do not improve us in stratography, may, at least, make laugh or cry come?"

"I cannot believe that my general will think my remarks of sufficient importance to waste his time in hearing them."

"You mistake yourself as much as you mistake me, Mr. Haverhill. I always set you down as vastly shrewd and clever. You are naturally sagacious; and when to this I add that you was educated in New-England, and hence must be ready at 'calculating,' and 'reckoning,' apt at 'guessing,' and all that sort of thing, I have said enough, I think, to show why I may reasonably expect to obtain much information from you. I have now said enough to set your ambition at work in shaping intelligent answers to my questions. Where have you been?"

"In the first instance, among the Indians, sir."

"And how did they use you? I hope they did not compliment you as they did the lover of Tabitha Bramble."

"Not exactly, sir; they spared a principal part of the civilities they paid Mr. Lismahago, but favoured me with a few introductory compliments—as an invited guest receives a biscuit and a glass of brandy and water, to stay his appetite till dinner."

"You witnessed savage scenes, I dare say. If your tongue were to give utterance to what you have seen I am sure it would tell a tale of horror. Their warfare is dreadful; those whoops and yells of theirs appal the stoutest hearts. But if we can but once put our hands upon them, they shall be heavier than Rehoboam's yoke upon the ten tribes of Israel. You have been among the French, too, have you not?"

I answered that I had.

"And in the very city which has caused me to lose sight of the spirit-stirring scenes of Germany. A curse on my bad stars that led me to prefer this ignoble service, for such I fear it will prove, to the glory of serving with Granby, and Kingsley, and Sackville. I might even have slept with the brave Keith on the field of Hochkircken, or been permitted by a kind God to die at Zorndoff or

Rosbach. I should have been anywhere but where I am, to acquire the glory my heart pants for."

"Will your excellency deem me bold if I venture to predict that this army will yet cover itself with eternal laurels."

"How and when is entirely beyond my comprehension. It cannot be disguised that our loss in the affair at the Falls was severe; it need not be disguised from you that we are daily growing weaker; and that the sickness of body and mind which weighs me into the dust is felt, in a greater or less degree, by every individual in the army. Our strength, our energies, our resources have diminished, individually and collectively, at least a third since the day we landed on the island of Orleans. Oh! ho!—And then, what remains of the army—but I will not sing a cuckoo's note, to damp your spirits, my young friend. Had you an opportunity to remark what was the temper of the French?"

"Yes, sir; and it is of that I am to speak to your excellency. They seem over-confident, over-secure."

"In heaven's name do you think so? Now is this 'a Yankee truth,' *i. e.* guess-work, or an opinion grounded on wholesome observation?"

"The last, sir. The bad conduct of our troops at Montmorency, our being six weeks in their neighbourhood without striking, according to our usual custom, a home blow, has given them a very light opinion of us. They believe that your excellency is an able soldier,—but I fear I am talking more than becomes me."

"Go on, go on, you delight me—how fortunate that the first good news I have heard for weeks should come through the medium of my protégée. What do they think?—never mind ceremony, consider me your equal—inferior—any thing you please, so you will tell me quickly upon what your opinions are grounded. I'll listen from now till Friday morning at muster-hour so the tidings are aught affecting the glory of Britain. What do they think?"

"They think that the most able general cannot achieve impossibilities, that no valour or skill can conduct bad troops to victory."

"They think that our troops are bad, do they? It may be that we shall teach them to entertain a different opinion of us yet. And so they grow careless, do they?"

"I am sure they do. They have not, as far as I know, left the gates unlocked, or issued a general order for the sentinels upon the walls to go to sleep at sundown and wake at sunrise, but they are in a fair way of doing so. Their vigilance relaxes daily; the caution and circumspection which I have been taught to suppose were the characteristics of a good soldier have altogether deserted the army of our opponents."

"Haverhill, my friend! my better angel, is this so? Adieu to agues, chills, and fevers! This news has put me in sufficient spirits to shake off that which has so long oppressed me. I am better! I am revived! I am well! Give me a sword—bind up my wounds—hang out banners on the outward walls! When do you think we may slip our bloodhounds out of the leash?"

"I fear your excellency is not well enough yet to undertake any active measure."

"Well enough, say you? why, I was never sick—except heart-sick, and the disease has been removed from that region by the wise and effectual prescriptions of a certain Dr. Haverhill. I am as ready for action as ever I was in my life. I see, by your eye, there is something behind. Now, an' thou lovest me, Hal, keep me no longer in suspense. Tell me what you have seen, for something you have seen, which leads you to intimate the speedy accomplishment of our hopes?"

"I am not sure that what I have seen may operate to the reduction of the fortress, but I have seen a little cove, or bay."

"And where is this little cove, or bay?"

"Some two or three miles above Cape Diamond, and half that distance below Sillery."

"The depth of water?"

"I do not know the precise number of feet, but it is very bold."

"How near may the ships approach?"

"I should think, sir, to within point-blank shot."

"Excellent! and what are the heights above it?"

"Bold, and very steep."

"But not insurmountable? Is there any path over them?"

"*A footpath, so narrow that two men cannot go abreast in it*,—and blocked up, or rather impeded, by the timber which the enemy have felled across and the rocks they have rolled into it."

"What defends the pass? or have they overlooked it?"

"They have not entirely overlooked it, but nearly so. When once landed, a small battery and a captain's guard are all the impediments to be overcome at that point, and they may be overcome without difficulty. Your excellency knows better than I what our prospects may be when we shall have formed on the Plains of Abraham, though, if I may be permitted to give an opinion, we shall beat them with ease."

"What prospects! the best! Victory will surely be ours if we can but achieve a landing and the ascent of those heights. If we can but once get footing upon those plains, Quebec shall be ours, though mine should be the fate of Epaminondas!!! You and I, my brave fellow, may not live to see the banner of England flying on Cape Diamond, but others will, and have withal a blithe carouse to our memory, after they shall have buried us, with the roll of the drum, in the spot best fitting for the last home of a soldier—the field of battle."

"I hope we may achieve the victory, and your excellency live to be duly honoured and rewarded for it."

"I have always felt that I shall not survive this war. I am a soldier—I trust, a fearless one, but my presentiments are abiding that my days are numbered and few. I have but a short time to live. Well, so I die in the arms of victory, I am ready to die to-morrow; so that that cove shall come to be called 'Wolfe's Cove!' and that my name shall be inscribed on the long roll of heroes who have adorned the annals of my country, I am content to lie down anywhere."

He remained for a few minutes in deep silence. He then drew from his bosom a miniature, which he pressed to his lips, kissed with much tenderness, and handed to me. It was the portrait of a young lady of great beauty,

Miss Lowther, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom he was to have married immediately on his return to England. It was to her that the ode, ending with these stanzas, was addressed upon his death.

Yet weep no more, but nobly claim
A proud alliance with his fame,
And all his glory share;
His country's cause requir'd his aid;
For victory to Heaven he prayed,
And Heaven hath heard his prayer.

His wound was honest, on his breast—
Lay me in peace, and let me rest,
Th' expiring hero cried;
The pitying fates his death delay,
Till Heaven for him declares the day—
He heard, rejoiced, and died.

"I could wish," he resumed, "if it were God's will, and not incompatible with my duty to my beloved country, to press my betrothed to my heart once more. But this must not be, I am damping the spirits of one upon whom half the chances of success depends. Do you know," he continued, shaking off the gloom which our recent conversation had called to his face, and becoming quite like the General Wolfe of some two months back, "do you know what a scrape your officious zeal is likely to bring you into? We shall, and that ere the moon grows old, on the strength of your discovery, attempt to scale those heights, hitherto deemed impregnable, by the very path you recommend. As you are best acquainted with this path, you will, of course, be expected to go up first,—be the foremost man of the *enfans perdus*, or 'lost children.' I know that your nerves are not easily shaken, and I will, therefore, tell you that it will be a very hazardous service."

I replied, as one in my situation and with my feelings might be expected to reply, "that I was a poor boy—born of very low parents—very anxious to emerge from the obscurity of my origin, and willing to

'——Set my life on any (honourable) chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.'"

He smiled, and taking my hand, kindly asked if there

was not a woman in the case; and, upon my cheeks becoming suffused, declared that he had always suspected it —that he had always remarked that my blows were given with the hearty good will which belongs to those who are cutting their way to a lady's hand. Much other conversation passed, chiefly by way of question and answer, on matters relating to the great affair before us. I had the honour of passing at least two hours at this interview, and may boast that I was more consulted than, perhaps, any other man in the army. Who will say there is not such a thing as predestination? Look at my life, and see if foreordination be not written upon every hour of it? I am half a Mussulman in the inveteracy of my belief in a doctrine which others as fervently deny.

Immediately upon my interview with the general, I had another "lift," as the vulgar say: I received a commission as captain in the light infantry. The rapidity of my promotion excited no jealousy among my brother officers, for I bore my honours very meekly, and contrived, by humility, by extreme deference to their opinions in professional matters, and by unceasing good-nature, to make them my warm friends; and friendship sometimes—though not often —overlooks the sudden prosperity of its object. I believe, however, that I owed both my rapid promotion, as well as the little envy it excited, to my being "The Castaway."

CHAPTER VI.

It has been remarked, by the historians of the period, that "General Wolfe was far less communicative of his intentions before an action than commanders of armies usually are." They usually are fond of shifting a part of the responsibility from their own shoulders by frequent councils of war and conferences with their juniors. It is my opinion that more battles have been lost, more military enterprises abandoned, through the uncertainty and vacillation created by listening to a dozen "ingenuous" pros and cons, than by rashness and overweening confidence,— "the acting alone and in opposition"—of the commander-

in-chief. I think very lightly of councils of war, nor deem his martial talents of the first order who frequently resorts to them, or who, when he does resort to them, is much influenced by them. One writer asserts that General Wolfe held frequent deliberations with his officers, and that it was determined at these councils that the principal operations should be above the town. It may have been so; but it is admitted by all that "he kept to himself the precise object," and made no one acquainted with the particular point at which the triumph was to be achieved.

On the 3d and 4th of September the camp at Montmorency was broken up; our troops were conveyed to the south-east of the river, and made to reoccupy their old position at Point Levi, and at the westernmost point of the island of Orleans. On the 5th and 6th, the army, with the exception of a small force left in each of the encampments, were put on board the transports, which had passed up the river three days before, and anchored just above the town. Fearing the effect upon the troops at this dangerous season, crowded as they were in the transports, of the excessive rains and sultry heats, the general caused one-half of them to be relanded and cantoned on the south bank of the river, where they continued refreshing and recruiting themselves till the night of the 12th.

In the mean time Admiral Saunders had not been inactive. The squadron under Admiral Holmes, which had been stationed abreast of Sillery, made, for several successive days, the 7th, 8th, and 9th, movements up the river, with the hope of drawing the attention of the enemy from the town, and thereby of preventing all suspicion as to the general and final movement in contemplation. It was attempted to impress upon them the belief that our object was to land and intrench ourselves upon the level below Sillery and Cape Rouge. The ruse did not succeed so far as to induce our opponent to throw up his impregnable position, and follow us with his army; but he detached M. de Bougainville, with five companies of grenadiers, two hundred and thirty cavalry, and a body of Canadian volunteers and militia,—in the whole fifteen hundred men,—to follow us and watch our motions. This stupid man proceeded along the western bank of the river, while the English army directed its march the same way

on the eastern bank; but not being aware of our retrograde movement on the night of the 12th–13th, he found himself on the day of battle so far from the field on which it was fought, that his services were lost to the French army for that time and campaign.

On the 12th, the plan of action having been resolved on and matured, the intentions of the general in part permitted to transpire, and all the preparations made for the contempleted landing, the commander-in-chief ordered that that portion of the fleet which was under the immediate command of Admiral Saunders should make a feint as if it were intended to renew the attack upon the French lines, on the Beauport shore, below the town. They were to use all possible exertions—even make some sacrifices—to give to this feint the appearance of its being a movement for the accomplishment of a former and unrelinquished purpose. The admiral accordingly resumed for his ships the position which had been theirs on the morning of the 31st of July—the north channel of the island of Orleans, opposite Montmorency, and as near the French encampments as the sandbanks would permit them to approach. A better-imagined feint was, perhaps, never put in practice; or, being put in practice, better executed. The enemy never, for a moment, suffered himself to suppose that we had relinquished our first, and apparently most feasible, plan of attacking him in his lines. He clung to this idea with singular pertinacity. Even when we had broken up our intrenchments north-east of the Falls, and withdrawn the last soldier and the last cannon from them, he still supposed it a stratagem to distract his attention and weaken him at the points where our attack was to be made. Hence the inadequacy of De Bougainville's detachment to any other purpose than that of observation.

These dispositions being completed below the town, the greater part of our troops were embarked on board the transports, and, with Admiral Holmes's division, moved up the river as far as Cape Rouge, nine miles above the town. At one o'clock on the morning of the 13th, we crossed the rubicon. The light infantry commanded by Col. Howe, the regiments of Bragg, Kennedy, Lascelles, and Anstruther, the American grenadiers, and a detachment of the High-

landers, the whole commanded by Brigadier-generals Monckton and Murray, were put into flat-bottomed boats, and ordered to fall silently down the river. A movement made at the same moment, and for the purpose of deception, by Admiral Holmes, with the ships under his command, up the river, attracted the attention of the French sentinels, and the important flotilla passed unobserved by them. In a very short time the fleet tacked about, and followed the army, for the purpose of covering its debarkation.

It has been remarked before that the current of the St. Lawrence is one of the most hurried and impetuous river-currents known. Three, in some places four miles an hour is the usual rate of its velocity. There had recently been a succession of very heavy rains, which had swollen it so, and given so much rapidity to it, that the first division of boats, though sensible that they were at the point where the landing was to be made, were compelled to give way, or be crushed by those which came drifting down upon them. Thus they were carried near a quarter of a mile below the intended place of debarkation. The fleet under Admiral Holmes arrived, at the concerted point of time, to cover their landing. It was determined that, since the boats had fallen so much below the centre of the cove, they could not well be rowed or warped back, that the eastern side of the "bend" should become the place of landing.

The debarkation of the troops commenced about half-past three in the morning. As fast as they landed they essayed the narrow path up the declivity. There was a small stream, or rivulet, which fell over this abrupt precipice; the path lay nearly "with it." We found that the idea I had formed of it, and my consequent description to the general, though based on a very brief inspection by moonlight, was true in all its details.

The light infantry, commanded by Colonel Howe, was the first to attempt the path. As I had anticipated and wished, I was the foremost man of the foremost file. The grenadiers came struggling after, pulling themselves along by the boughs and stumps of trees, in their haste sometimes grasping at fancied helps—decayed stumps, and rotten boughs, or stones but slightly imbedded in the earth,

which, proving treacherous supports, often sent them recoiling upon the next, and for a moment effectually blocked up the passage.

The height above the path was intrenched, and defended by a captain's guard and four pieces of cannon. From the amount of ordnance placed at this point, and the extent of the works, which it will be perceived were disproportioned to the number of men, the general supposed that it had formerly been considered as a pass available to British courage and daring, and not likely to be overlooked in the scrutiny of every place which might become a point of attack.

The opposition made by the guard stationed at the debouchure, or outlet, of this important pass does not deserve to be dignified with that epithet. Had they been disposed to show fight, we should undoubtedly have driven them from the intrenchment, but it would only have been after a serious loss of men. Before five minutes had elapsed from that on which I set my foot upon the green sward, we were in possession of the works. Happily for my individual safety, the little of their wrath which eventually did show itself, was reserved until near twenty of the grenadiers stood on the same platform with myself. Then, without waiting for further reinforcement, we attacked and dislodged the guard, who hardly made play enough to enable us to boast of a victory. Ours—the glory of the forlorn hope, its doughty leader myself—was limited to the loss of one man killed, and another wounded, to the making four prisoners, and slightly maiming, in the recapturing, a refractory Canadian, who, having reported himself amongst the "killed," afterward rose and attempted to run away, and thereby came near procuring for himself the posthumous reputation he sought.

As fast as the troops surmounted the precipice, they were formed on the level ground contiguous to it. The landing commenced, as I have said, at half-past three; at a little past five the whole of that part of the army which was to take a share in the business of the day was in order of battle upon the plains. Never, perhaps, was the landing of the same number of men under such difficult circumstances accomplished in so short a space of time. Brigadier Murray was now detached with Anstruther's to

attack a battery of four guns upon our left, which was deemed capable of annoying us in the event of our deploying in that direction; but the beams of the morning sun revealing to us the French army in full march for the St. Charles, or already across that river, he was recalled from that service to carry the troops he commanded to the part of the field they were to occupy in the day's operations.

When the debarkation of the army had been effected, and the victory—in imagination—achieved, for it did not enter into our conception of possible things that the French could beat us in the open field, and with the fair play which would now be afforded us, the general sent for me to his tent. I found him the slave of joy. He was in complete ecstacy, rubbing his hands violently, as was his custom when very much pleased with any person or occurrence —when a military object of importance had been secured, or, to use his own phrase, a victory half gained. I knew before there was such a thing as sickness of the mind, but till now I had never supposed that it could impart to the countenance the appearance of being only physical disease. His eye had recovered all its wonted fire and brilliance, his step had all its former sprightliness and elasticity, and the good-natured smile was upon his lip again. But the change had been wondrous, and beyond my power to depict fully.

"So far, my brave young friend, every thing has gone right with us since our landing upon these heights," said he, holding out his hand. "Daylight has returned"—

"I perceive it has—to your excellency's face, a most radiant daylight."

"Who would not feel gloom to be situated as we were three days since, and who would not shake it off and be joyful, under circumstances like the present? And now let me remark that we have found every thing just as you said we should; so far every thing has tallied with your descriptions, every thing verified your predictions. What does not the country—what do I not owe you? for it was you who revealed to us the path to victory. You smile, but I consider the victory as much ours as if we were at this moment 'bagging our birds.' Do you think that five thousand Britons cannot beat twice that number of Frenchmen?"

"I was not smiling at that, sir, but at the apparent change which has taken place in the feelings of my general. The other day your excellency was so melancholy and dispirited that I half dared to think—let me not offend you—that I saw a tear struggling to escape; to-day I am sure you was never more gay and blithe."

"Very true. I said then, you know, that I had a presentiment of approaching death. Now, what will you say of my present levity, when I tell you that the presentiment is, at this moment, stronger than ever? What will you say when I tell you that I am firm in the belief that I shall yield up my breath to him that gave it in the arms of victory, before the sun sets?"

"I am too young and inexperienced to decide upon presentiments and revelations, but for myself I am free to say, sir, that I should pay no more regard to them than I should to the whistling of the wind in a November day."

"I have had no presentiments nor revelations—there has been neither phantom nor phenomenon across my path. No unhallowed ghost has risen from the infernal shades, nor beatified spirit descended from the realms of bliss to convey to me forewarning or intimation. Not even a supernatural Will-with-a-wisp has appeared to me. And yet I have a feeling, no matter how conveyed, in what shape, or by whom, that this day is to be the last of my mortal life."

At that moment the mist, which had partially obscured the lowlands, was sufficiently dissipated by the beams of the sun which was just rising, to enable us to see that Montcalm had quitted Beauport, and that the front ranks of his army were crossing the St. Charles.*

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed the general. "Britons, strike home, and the day is your own. Poor Monsieur! From my soul I pity him. He sees that our fleet and army are both precisely in the situation they should be in—that our positions cannot be changed for the better

* When Montcalm was informed that his opponents had landed and ascended the heights, he treated the information with scorn, believing the thing impossible. Even then he held the attempt so desperate, that, being shown the position of our troops, he said, "Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être." Forced to quit his intrenchments, he said, "S'il faut donc combattre je vais les écraser."

—and that the Upper and Lower Town may now be simultaneously attacked. He has the comfortable reflection that nothing but a battle can save him, and he does not feel absolutely sure that even that will—a doubt in which I concur. He must, however, put his fortunes upon the venture. In half an hour we shall see him forming on the plains opposite to us. He is very late with his movements to our front, but the cause is apparent. He believed it a feint to induce him to abandon that strong post, which has been, as he knows, the object of all the real attempts we have made since the beginning of the campaign. But we have no time for words. Captain Haverhill, I wish to keep you near me—you will act to-day in the capacity of extraordinary aid-de-camp. Who knows," and he good-humouredly patted me on the shoulder, "who knows but that your 'guesses,' and 'calculations,' and 'reckonings' may assist even the soldier who has seen Lafeldt and Minden?"

The Plains of Abraham, upon which we now stood, from the magnitude of the events which took place upon them, and their connexion with one of the brightest pages of British history, deserve a particular description. They were in breadth rather more than a quarter of a mile, and extended a considerable distance to the west, with a gentle slope on each side, so that they were rather a valley than plains. Throughout the entire space occupied by them there was nothing to impede the progress of troops across except a few groves of trees—otherwise they were as smooth as an inland sea—green, level, and offering an admirable field for the manœuvring and display of troops upon them. To enter them from the town you passed out at the gate of St. Louis, and, after travelling west for the distance of about sixty rods, came to four martello towers, erected on the heights which overlooked them. They ran in a line with each other, from the before-mentioned elevation, to where the mountain subsides into the valley beyond the suburb of St. John.

Our order of battle was this. The regiments of Bragg and Otway formed the right, which was covered by the Louisbourg grenadiers, who were disposed in a line extending to the river. It was commanded by Brigadier

Monckton. The left consisted of Anstruther's regiment and the Highlanders, and was under the orders of Brigadier Murray. The centre was composed of Kennedy's regiment and Lascelles's, or the 74th. The light infantry under Colonel Howe, protected the rear and left, and Webb's regiment was drawn up in eight subdivisions, with large intervals behind the right for a reserve. To the extreme left Brigadier Townshend was posted with part of the light infantry, and two battalions of Royal Americans—and, for the purpose of meeting any attempt to outflank us, with Amherst's, which was drawn up *en potence*, as military men say—that is, in a manner which presents two faces to the enemy.

The several positions of the French army were these. Their right was composed of the regiments of La Sarre and Languedoc, a portion of the troops of the colony, the burghers of Quebec, and the whole of my good friends the Indians. Their centre was formed by the battalions of Bearne and Guienne, with twelve hundred militia. Their left consisted of the remainder of the troops of the colony, and the battalion of Royal Rousillion. Brigadier de Senezerques commanded the latter, the right was commanded by Brigadier St. Ours. Montcalm's own post was at that part of the field where the battalion La Sarre was stationed —a little to the left of Lascelles's Highlanders.

The dispositions on both sides were judicious; both evinced the great talents of the respective commanders, and were worthy of two who have justly been considered among the best soldiers in Europe.

The battle was commenced on both sides with spirit; each, from the first moment, evinced a determination to be victors or die. It was begun by the Canadians and Indians posted in the woods in their front. These—the best marksmen in their army, and particularly selected for their experience with the musket and rifle, kept up for some time a galling, though irregular fire, upon our whole line. Our brave fellows bore it all with the utmost patience, firmness, and good order. They had been directed to reserve their fire for the main body of the enemy, who were now advancing upon us at quick step, and who were permitted to approach as near as eight rods without our draw-

ing a single trigger. When they were at that distance our troops delivered their fire along the whole of our line, which took effect along the whole extent of theirs, and literally mowed them down by hundreds. They gave way, were rallied, and led on again, to be met by the same destructive fire, and to be finally driven back on the rear division.

I was standing, at this precise moment of time, within four feet of the general. I shall never forget his look. He was surveying the enemy with a countenance radiant and joyful beyond description. Once or twice I caught his eye, and then he gave me one of those familiar nods, as much as to say, "do you see that?" He was wounded then in the wrist, but had wrapped it up with a handkerchief, and it passed unobserved.

"Now, now is the minute," he exclaimed, as the enemy gave way along the whole line, and he issued his orders for the troops to advance, and charge them with their bayonets. The order was promptly obeyed. At the moment of making the charge a ball struck him in the head, inflicting a dangerous though not mortal wound. He paid no attention to it, but continued to animate his troops. "Haverhill, Ligonier," said he, in a low voice, addressing the two who were nearest to him, "I am wounded, badly wounded—the last time—on the head, but say nothing about it. On, my brave fellows," he continued, addressing the troops, "on, and the day is our own. Remember our glory at Louisbourg, remember our defeat at Montmorency. See, they waver—they fly—advance my men, and the victory is ours." At the same moment he whispered me—"be near at hand to support me, for I am growing very weak."

We continued to advance with the troops. The wounds he had received did not seem in the least to abate his mental energies. His eye retained all its wonted fire, and his manner the coolness and composure which he possessed in a more remarkable degree than any man I ever saw, whose passions, at the same time, were lively and impetuous. I could perceive that his hurts were very severe, and as he occasionally caught my arm, or leaned upon my shoulder, it was evident from the growing burden he imposed upon me, that his weakness was momently increasing,

and that he must soon be content to be carried out of the field.

There was, in front of us, and about twenty paces distant, a redoubt, defended by a portion of the regiment of Bearne. Being upon ground higher than that in the vicinity, its possession was desirable, as it would afford us the means of annoying the contiguous posts of the enemy on the lower grounds. The general, amidst all his pain, saw its importance, and gave the word for attacking it. The "rapture of the strife," as Attila called it, completely subdued the anguish arising from his wounds. "See, my brave fellows," he shouted, "see what your comrades are doing in every part of the field. See, the grenadiers are absolutely achieving impossibilities. Hurry on, my lads, or you will be reported in my despatches the only lag-behinds in the army. Look, my hearts, Monckton is driving all before him; Murray is bravest among the brave; the bonnie Scots are flashing their broadswords to the usual good purpose—even the Royal Americans are making glorious amends for their forgetfulness of their origin on the 31st. Hurry on, or we shall be late."

The last word had hardly escaped his lips, when the exclamation "Oh God!" drew my attention from the conflict. He had received a third wound—that of which he died,—it was in the breast. I was in season to prevent him from falling to the ground. As I caught him in my arms he turned his eyes to the front, where our brave fellows were driving every thing before them, and exclaimed faintly, "To the redoubt!"

Assisted by Ligonier, I carried him in my arms as he directed. In the centre of the redoubt there was a large flat rock,* one of those which are so venerated by the Indians. They call them by the name of *memahoppa*, which means a "medicine stone." They are supposed, by those superstitious beings to possess peculiar and important—what a Methodist would call "soul-saving" virtues, and to afford

* This stone has been removed or sunk—I do not know which. Indeed, all the traces of that glorious victory have been effaced, and now

"The flocks are feeding on the mounds
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow."

the best medium of prayer and supplication to the Supreme Being. We bore the dying hero to this rock; and, wrapping around him the flag of the regiment of Guienne, which twenty minutes before had been flying over the now prostrate enemy, we laid him down upon it. I placed myself behind him upon one side, and Ligonier did the same on the other.

"Turn me towards the enemy," said he, in a low voice. "My head—lay my head on your bosom. I am going, my friend—my presentiments were right—three wounds, the last only mortal—the days of Wolfe are near ended."

"But may we not hope, sir, that this last wound is not mortal?"

"It is mortal—ten minutes more will finish my earthly career, and send my soul to its last account. But I shall die—as I wished to die—in the arms of victory. I shall sleep—envied mortal!—on a field—of glory."

He paused a moment from exhaustion, and then, with a strong effort, renewed his speech.

"Friend—thank you for the patience you show—few would show so much. Would you go? go then."

I answered that "I was well pleased to forego any purpose or gratification, so that I could soothe or cherish him."

"I know it, and thank you. Young man—there is in my bosom a portrait—you have seen it before—the portrait of my beloved—let me look at it once more. And, in my pocket, you will find a letter—addressed to my dearest. When I am dead forward them—to the—same gentle being. But, how is this?" and he half raised himself by the energy of the action, "shall Wolfe bestow a thought even on the adored of his soul, when the greatest object that can interest a mortal, the welfare of his beloved country, is at stake? Shame on me! Raise me that I may look on the field of battle."

We raised him a little.

"Turn me so that I may see the enemy," said he, with the energy that sometimes returns to the dying for a moment ere the breath quits them for ever.

"You are already turned, sir, with your face to the enemy. The remnant of the battalion of Royal Rousillion is directly in front of us."

"Alas! I cannot see them. And is it so? Have I then looked for the last time on the glorious field of strife? Shall I never again see the banner of my country floating in a field of victory?"

His head sunk upon my shoulder, and he remained for a moment in silence. Again he attempted, but in vain, to distinguish the objects upon the field.

"Death has indeed cast a veil over my eyes," said he, with increasing faintness, "but—but it has not palsied my soul. How fare our friends?"

"They are rather hidden from my view, sir."

"Leave me to—to Ligonier; kind Haverhill, mount the stone, and tell me how goes the battle."

I did as I was bidden.

"The enemy seem broken, sir," said I.

"How! broken!" and a serene smile crossed his face; "tell me, broken?"

"His left—"

"His regulars—I recollect—the royal Rousillion—they were at Minden, I think."

"Are retreating before Bragg's. It is a hard fight, but the advantage is with us."

"God! I thank thee. And what is Murray doing? Look—quick—for I shall not—last much longer—and I would—carry—to Marlborough—and the Black Prince—and Cœur de Lion, and others of my brave countrymen, who have gone to the—world of spirits—before me—a report of what we have done on this day's field."

"They are doing on our left still better than on our right. The opposition made by the enemy there is but the breeze one meets when walking fast in a calm. The burghers of Quebec—the battalion La Sarre—Indians—La Colonie, and all, are dispersed."

"They fly, do they?"

"It is on that side of the field a total rout."

"I am—thankful—indeed I am. And how goes—the day on our right? Is the advantage still with us there?"

"I am sorry to say not so decisively as at first. The troops have fallen into some confusion, doubtless by the report of your excellency's misfortune."

The intelligence seemed to give him a new though painful motive for existence, as well as to impart tenacity to the threads of life. I verily believe, though I am not physiologist enough to tell how it could produce such an effect, that his life was lengthened at least five minutes by the momentary disorder of our troops.

"The Royal Rousillon are making a stand against the Louisbourgs," said I; "but Brigadier Monckton is carrying up a portion of Webb's, and all will be well."

"How near are we to the place of combat? Can you see distinctly what is passing?"

"We are not more than twenty rods from it, sir; the objects are the same to my eyes as if I stood among them."

"And now?"

"The French are overpowered—they yield, they fly!—Good God, what a misfortune!"

"What?"

"General Monckton has fallen."

"Ah, poor Monckton! He must die very soon—or I shall be—in the other world before him. And do—our troops—waver?"

"No, sir; they rush on like tigers to avenge his fall. Right—centre—left—everywhere the enemy flies. It is one of the most complete and total routs I ever heard of. There is not in their whole line—throughout their host, as far as I can see,—and my vision embraces every important point of the field of action,—a single Frenchman who at this moment offers resistance."

"Then I am—satisfied; I die contented."

His head fell upon Ligonier's bosom, and he expired without a struggle.

Such were the closing moments of James Wolfe. He died as he had lived, with the name of his beloved country on his lips; her glory and welfare the first—last—all engrossing thought of his mind. He had an affectionate, a widowed mother: he was betrothed to a lovely, amiable, and accomplished girl; but these were private affections; they were not those which in his opinion should engross the last moments of a soldier; and he dismissed them from his mind, to concentrate every thought, wish, hope, remem-

brance, upon that other and more beloved mother, mistress —his country.

Great Britain can produce a long muster-roll of heroes —of men who have displayed great abilities in the field, and achieved important victories, both by sea and by land; but she never had one who exhibited greater promise of being "first in war!" or who, for the opportunities afforded, performed more glorious actions than General Wolfe. Nature had formed him to excel in that pursuit. "Men may become tolerable soldiers by constant observation of martial habits and practices; officers will be formed by experience, built upon even middling talents;" but these are not the "geniuses" who, from time to time, have astonished mankind by the splendour of their deeds in the field. It is genius, such as that possessed by General Wolfe, which has given to the profession of arms the splendour and brilliancy which make it the darling pursuit of ambitious minds. How high he would have risen, had his life been spared, Heaven alone knows. He was young—in his thirty-third year only; and from commanding a regiment but a short time before, had been appointed by the great political pilot of the period to direct one of the most important enterprises planned in the course of his ministry. The victory which cost him his life, had he survived it would, undoubtedly, have placed him upon the highest eminence of public favour. Riches, nobility, stars, the garter, the highest command in the army, perhaps one scarcely second in the state, would have been deemed inadequate to recompense "the Conqueror of Canada." His death was well denominated a "national calamity:" still, to himself, it was, perhaps, the happiest event which could have befallen him.* We know not if his future years would have rendered just the application, made to him by one of his officers a few days before the battle, of Boileau's eulogistic lines upon Louis XIV.

*. Walpole says, vol. ii. 383, "Wolfe, at the time of the battle, was languishing with the stone, and a complication of disorders which fatigue and disappointment had brought upon him. It has been generally supposed that he bore about him, at the time of his death, the seeds of a disease which must have taken him off in a short time.

"Rien ne peut arréter sa vigilante audace:
L'ete n'a point de feux, l'hiver n'a point de glace."*

What more can a soldier wish than to acquire the brilliant reputation which shall cause him, at the age of thirty-two, to be placed at the head of an army, to die, while so elevated, in the lap of victory, and to have a whole nation for chief mourners. If he had higher aspirations--if he had other motives than these, in embracing military life, it is scarcely possible that they could have been worthy ones. To die for one's country is, next after his redemption, the greatest boon which heaven can grant to a mortal. It is the fate which should be sought by all who are emulous of true glory, and who wish their names to be wafted to future ages in the breath of song.

It did not occur to me, when I was compiling the brief account of the life and services of this eminent man, to remark that few have been less indebted to favour than he. It has been seen that his father was not a man of wealth or influence. It was well remarked, in the House of Commons, upon Pitt's motion for an address to his majesty for a monument to the memory of the general in Westminster Abbey, that, in his appointment to the command of that expedition, there had been "no parliamentary interests, no family connexions, no aristocratical views consulted;" he owed his appointment solely to his merit.†

I have seen the house in which he was born, the cemetery in which his ashes repose, the cenotaph erected to his memory. The first is a plain unpretending structure of red brick, situated on the western side of a gentle eminence, on the road leading out of Westerham. He was born in the chamber which looks out on the park-lawn and upon a beautiful range of hills in the eastern horizon. The proprietor permitted me to enter this apartment, and enjoy, for a brief space, the exquisite yet mournful feelings prompted by my affection and by the recollection that I stood on

* "Nothing can arrest his daring vigilance. For him the summer has no heat, the winter has no ice."

† Walpole says that Pitt's harangue upon the occasion was, perhaps, the worst he ever uttered. "His eloquence," says Walpole, "was too native not to suffer by being crowded into a ready-prepared mould. Lord North did better."

hallowed ground. There was a print of his last glorious action hanging in the apartment, less to be valued, however, for any skill displayed by the artist than for the affectionate remembrance it excited.

I learned that Colonel Wolfe did not remain in this house long after the birth of his son, but removed in a few weeks to another, about thirty rods further east, and in the centre of the valley. The precise period when he left Westerham to reside at Blackheath remains another but an unimportant blank in our chronicle of family events.

I know of but two monuments erected to his memory; one in Westminster Abbey, the other in Westerham church. The last is a tablet which, after making the doubtful statement about his birth before referred to, and accurately giving the date of his death, has the following lines, which are copied *verbatim*:—

"Whilst GEORGE, in sorrow, bows His laurell'd Head,
And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead;
We raise no sculptur'd Trophy to thy name,
Brave Youth! the fairest in the list of Fame.
Proud of thy Birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy Fall, we shed a general tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honours date our own."

The inscription concludes with the words—I. DECUS I NOSTRUM, in letters of white marble, inlaid in a ground of black marble. Lord Hillsborough, then residing in the neighbourhood,* deeming the effort insufficient to express the opinion entertained by the public of its object, offered, if they would permit him to remove it, to substitute an elegant monument in its place,—and, as a further inducement, to pave the church with white marble; but one of the parishioners, whose ancestor had a slab in the floor, refused to allow it to be removed, and the design was abandoned.

General Wolfe was to have been married, on his return from Canada, to a most amiable and accomplished lady, Catherine, daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., of Westmoreland, formerly governor of Barbadoes, and sister to Sir

* At Hill-Park, his favourite residence, about four miles from Westerham.

James Lowther.* Six years after the death of Wolfe, Miss Lowther married the Duke of Bolton.† It has been mentioned as a singular circumstance that, in more than two hundred letters written by General Wolfe to his parents, at various times, being all he ever wrote them, her name never once occurs.

Of the various portraits which have been supposed to hand down his resemblance to us, one alone is known to be genuine—one only, as far as I know, was taken from the life, the others were made up from recollection of his features. He could not have been at the time this was taken more than sixteen years of age, for he is drawn with a wig which it is known went out of fashion about 1742. This portrait, which, by the fault or purpose of the artist, has the red hair peeping out from under the wig, passed, with the possession of all the letters ever addressed by him to his family, to his personal friend General Ward.‡

CHAPTER VII.

My story is connected rather with the fortunes of an individual than with the campaign of the troops he commanded. Were it not, little more could be said in relation to the battle of Quebec, or as it has been popularly called, "The Battle of the Plains of Abraham." Brigadier Townshend, upon whom the command devolved after the death of General Wolfe, and the inability of Brigadier Monckton, from his dangerous but, happily, not mortal wound, to keep the field, terminated the battle in a manner worthy of one who had served with honour at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Lafeldt, and Culloden. The fall of the com-

* Afterward Earl of Lonsdale.

† Lord Harry Paulet, the "Captain Whiffle" of Roderic Random. He had, but a few months before his marriage, succeeded his brother Charles. Smollet has painted him in no very glowing colours in that novel. With him the dukedom of Bolton became extinct. The dutchess died in 1809.

‡ See note on page 179, Vol. I.

mander-in-chief created some confusion in that part of the field where it was first known, but it was soon by proper and judicious exertions removed, the advantages which had been gained were pushed to their utmost extent, and in an hour's time we saw ourselves masters of every inch of the field of battle, and in a condition to complete the investment of the town.

Montcalm fell about the same moment of time as Wolfe. To the last moment of his life he sustained the high reputation he had acquired in the field of European warfare. While his opponents lamented that a man so brave and talented should have permitted, authorized, or ordered the repeated massacres which took place during his military command in the Canadas, they justly gave him credit for "having made the most perfect dispositions that human prudence could suggest both before and during the battle." The suffering his opponent to take advantage of the pathway up the precipice was an oversight; but when the natural impediments to the pass are viewed in connexion with the chain of events which had previously taken place, it will be seen that they were such as only a Wolfe would have attempted to surmount, and, therefore, a Montcalm may well be forgiven for overlooking. He was conveyed from the field to the convent of the Nuns of St. Augustine, about a mile from the town. With the generous care for his soldiers which had so endeared him to them, he wrote from this place a letter to General Townshend, recommending "the prisoners to the generous humanity which distinguishes the British nation." He lived but one day after the battle.

His remains lie in the saloon in the north side of the church which occupies one of the wings of the General Hospital at Quebec. At the solicitation of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris, the English government permitted, in 1761, a monument, bearing the following inscription, to be erected to his memory. His merits are very happily put forth in it; and, except that he is called a "victor with the *tenderest humanity*," and that it contains an insinuation that the army opposed to him were superior in numbers to his own, there is far more truth in it than there is in monumental legends generally.

Here lieth,
In either hemisphere to live for ever,
Louis Joseph de Montcalm Gozon,
Marquis of St. Veran, Baron of Gabriac,
Commandatory of the Order of St. Louis,
Lieutenant-general of the armies of France;
Not less an excellent citizen than soldier,
Who knew no desire but that of true glory.
Happy in a natural genius improved by literature,
Having gone through the several steps of military honours
With uninterrupted lustre,
Skilled in every branch of military science,
The juncture of times, and the crisis of dangers,
In Italy, in Bohemia, in Germany.
An indefatigable general;
He so discharged his important trusts,
That he seemed always equal to still greater.
At length grown bright with perils,
Sent to secure the province of Canada
With a handful of men,
He more than once repulsed the enemy's forces,
And made himself master of their forts,
Replete with troops and ammunition.
Inured to cold, hunger, watchings, and labour,
Unmindful of himself,
He had no sensation but for his soldiers.
An enemy with the fiercest impetuosity,
A victor with the tenderest humanity.
Adverse fortune he compensated with valour,
The want of strength with skill and activity;
And with his counsel and support,
For four years, protracted the impending fate of the colony.
Having, by various artifices,
Long baffled a great army,
Headed by an expert and intrepid commander,
And a fleet furnished with all warlike stores:
Compelled, at length, to an engagement,
He fell in the first rank, in the first onset,
With those hopes of religion which he had always cherished,
To the inexpressible loss of his own army,
And not without the regret of the enemy.
XIV. September, A.D. MDCCLIX., of his age XLVIII.
His weeping countrymen
Deposited the remains of their excellent general
In a grave
Which a fallen bomb, in bursting, had excavated for him,
Recommending them to the generous faith of their enemies.

I hold it to be the duty of an author to account for every person of whom he has, at any time, made a prominent display. It will be remembered that some pages

back, I commenced a story of what would be called by novelists,—the romantic "loves" of a young man, by the name of Borlase, and a little Huron girl whom he had protected from insult, and with whom he had afterward contracted a "Canada marriage." I am now able to bring that story to a conclusion.

Borlase belonged to Amherst's battalion, which was stationed on the left. In the attempt, near the close of the action, to repel a body of Indians and Canadians, who wished to possess themselves of a wooded eminence a little in advance of our line, he received a wound in the thigh, and at the same moment, a blow upon the head from an Indian war-club deprived him of his senses. He was placed, at this moment, in a situation of imminent peril. The savages were advancing to take his scalp, our troops could not—perhaps the stake was not thought worth playing for—afford him assistance, and, by some chance, I never knew what, his little Indian girl was separated from him. The savages were within twenty paces of him, advancing with uplifted war-axes, when a terrific scream was heard in the interval between the two lines of troops formed *en potence*. Another and another succeeded, and Tatoka, utterly regardless of the balls which were flying thick as hailstones around her, her hair flying loosely in the wind, her teeth set and clenched, and her cheek livid as the dead, was seen flying to save him or share his fate. She held in her hand the characteristic war-axe. With one arm encircling his waist, with the other she brandished her weapon in his defence. A warrior approached to exact the usual bloody tribute, and received the axe to its head in his shoulder.

"You shall only take him from me when I have ceased to breathe," said she. "The bear defends her young, the hen-dove would do battle on him who would harm her mate, and so will Tatoka on the enemy of her lover. Spare him, fathers! warriors! spare the beloved of the Antelope! spare my beautiful Yengeese boy!"

"He is doomed to die," said an aged savage, as they bore him back into their own camp. "Maiden, who art thou?"

"A Huron."

"The Hurons are men," replied the chief, who was himself a Huron, and he relapsed into the stern and characteristic silence common to them. Another came forward—it was her father. "Why," demanded he, "dost thou wish to save this pale-faced foe of our race? The hands of the Yengeese are red with Huron blood, and yet the daughter of the red man says to men of her own colour, 'spare him.'"

"She does—spare him! spare him!"

"Does the carcajou spare the elk?"

"He sucks his blood."

"Even so will the Hurons suck the blood of this Yengeese boy."

"Then will the Huron girl go to the happy Hunting Grounds, beyond the River of Souls. She knows how to die."

"Why shouldst thou wish him spared?"

"He is my husband?"

"Hast thou married him?"

"Ay. We married. He said that he loved me best of any, and I became his own Tatoka. We married each other, the moon, and the stars, and the trees, and the waters, know we did—they saw us married."

"This is not marriage among the Pale-Faces—maiden of the Hurons: it wants the man in black and the foolish words. This Yengeese boy, after a few moons, will cast thee off as a deer casts off her young when the season for weaning has come."

"This Yengeese boy will never cast off Tatoka. He loves her."

"Then let him declare it, and the father of Tatoka will say to him, 'Let us bury what is past in a deep pit, which has a strong stream running under it to wash away all evil from our remembrance.' He will say to the Pale-Face, 'Let us plant a tree whose top shall reach the warm sun, and whose branches shall spread so wide that many people shall repose in its shade. Its trunk shall be girded with a bright covenant chain, and the Pale-Face shall take one end in his hand, and the father of the Antelope will lay fast hold of the other.' I have spoken."

The beautiful little Indian girl looked tenderly and

imploringly in the face of her lover, to see how he would meet the proposal of her father. He had recovered from his swoon, and answered as became one sensible of the wrong he had done.

"It does but hasten the resolve which I have long since formed," said he. "Nor must the performing it now be attributed to fear of death. I have long said to myself that if I survived this war I would repair my injustice, and, at least, endeavour to reward the affection which this innocent and confiding creature has shown for me. Huron, I accept your offer."

"Yah!" exclaimed the Huron.

Two days after they were married by a Catholic clergyman. Subsequently he served with some éclat under General Murray; and when hostilities were terminated by the treaty of Paris, having attained the rank of captain, he settled on the borders of Lake Erie, upon a tract of land given him by the "Great Snake," as a marriage portion.

Some time afterward, I visited this pair at their snug quarters at "Wolfsville." They had then been married ten years, and she had borne him six children. Unlike most soldiers turned farmers, who generally are very idle and improvident, he had been very industrious; and the wilderness, under his excellent management, had become a garden. His wife was as beautiful as ever; but such a whimsical being, I am sure, never lived before or since. In all, save affection for her husband and children, which never varied for a moment, nor under any circumstance ceased to be the leading motive of her conduct, she was a creature of caprice—good-natured caprice, and acted from impulses as unregulated as those of the wind. Frequently she gave the son of nine the girl's bonnet, "because he looked best in it;" and the boy's hat, from the same reason, was bestowed upon the little daughter of seven. The same whim frequently put the petticoats upon little William and the breeches upon Adeline. Her taste, in the choice and display of her own ornaments and dress, was equally as strange and preposterous. The second morning after my arrival, I heard noises in the principal apartment some time before sunrise—it was madam, up

by candlelight, and to use the sailor's phrase, rigging out for a grand display. She appeared at the breakfast table in a dress cap and silk gown, of the newest fashion at Quebec, a beautiful lace handkerchief, *anklets*, bracelets, and a collar of wampum, or Indian beads! but without shoes or stockings. When the husband came in, he could not refrain from bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Indians are extremely sensitive to ridicule, and her tears gushed out like a shower of rain. She was not offended, but grieved.

"Now I have broken its little heart," said the husband, playfully, but in accents of the deepest tenderness. "Mary Anne, my dearest, dry your tears. You know I have never ceased to think you beautiful—beautiful as the sun, and I never saw you more so than you are this morning; but you have forgotten what I have often told you, my dearest, that, with the people of the countries where this gentleman and I were born, it is the custom for ladies to put their little feet into shoes and stockings."

She rose, and with an imploring look, which I understood to be, and actually was, a request that we should not laugh at her while she was gone, left the room. When she was out of hearing, my friend spoke of her with much animation and feeling. "Her unbounded love for me balances, at least in my eyes, a thousand such little violations of decorum as that you have witnessed this morning," said he. "You knew before that she saved my life at the battle of Quebec; but you was not aware, I think, that it has twice since been preserved by her at the greatest risk of her own. She saved me from drowning, when I was spearing fish upon the ice on the lake; and she afterward, at the expense of a broken arm, threw herself between me and a ferocious bear, when, by my carelessness, I myself had been caught in the trap I set for him. The whole ten years of our union have been a record of unequalled affection and constancy—of kind services rendered, of natural habits overcome, and natural tastes suppressed in obedience to mine. She is guileless as an infant, and in many things quite as simple. The few whims and caprices which she has not wholly suppressed, and which relate principally to matters of dress, sit so well

on her, that they have almost come to pass for beauties with me; and, as I learned before I was fifteen that women were creatures of whim and phantasy, I am delighted to find that my partner's share of those qualities is limited to what can never seriously affect my peace of mind."

His eulogistic apology for his wife was interrupted by her entrance, all radiant with smiles, and confident,—now that she had put on shoes and stockings, the former blue morocco, and the latter silk, striped red and white,—that she should be irresistibly charming in the eyes of both her husband and his friend. I paid her a few compliments, and her husband kissed her affectionately;—between us we succeeded in making her assured and happy.

Five days after the battle, Quebec surrendered to our troops. The capitulation was signed on the 18th of September, and on the 19th we took possession. Had he lived to enjoy the victory whose was the glory of achieving it, the acquisition would have been thought, by the army, deserving of the liveliest demonstrations of joy and satisfaction; none of which were now permitted to be made. The roll of the muffled drum was heard instead of the sounds of rejoicing; and the army more resembled a family who have lost a father than men who have just achieved a splendid victory.

It is probably known to my readers that the remains of our beloved general were immediately brought to England, and deposited in the burying-place belonging to his family, at Greenwich.

"On Sunday, November 17th," says the obituary of the year, "at seven o'clock in the morning, his majesty's ship Royal William (in which this hero's corpse was brought to Portsmouth), fired two signal guns for the removal of his remains. At eight o'clock the body was lowered out of the ship into a twelve-oared barge, towed by two twelve-oared barges, and attended by others similarly appointed, in a train of gloomy and silent pomp, suited to the melancholy occasion. Minute guns were fired from the ships at Spithead, from the time of the body's leaving the ship to its being landed at the Point, at Portsmouth, which was one hour. The regiment of invalids was ordered under

arms before eight, and being joined by a company of the train, in the garrison at Portsmouth, marched from the parade there to the bottom of the Point, to receive the remains. At nine the body was landed, and put into a travelling hearse, attended by a mourning-coach, and proceeded through the garrison. The colours on the fort were struck half flag-staff; the bells were muffled, and rung in solemn concert with the march; minute guns were fired on the platform, from the entrance of the corpse to the end of the procession: the company of the train led the van, with their arms reversed, the hearse with the corpse followed, and the regiment of invalids, with their arms also reversed, followed the hearse. They conducted the body to the Landport-gates, where the train opened to the right and left, and the hearse proceeded through them on its way to London. Although there were many thousands of people assembled on this occasion, not the least disturbance happened, nothing was to be heard but murmuring accents in praise of the hero."

The solemn escort, upon its way to the capital, was every where received with the same honours, the glorious dust it guarded with the same deep awe and veneration. In his native village of Westerham, the populace, out of respect to his mother, who returned to reside there after the death of her husband and son, unanimously agreed to allow no illuminations, firing, or other signs of rejoicing near her house, lest they should disturb, and seem to rejoice over her maternal grief.

The monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey is splendid, superb, unique. There is, in my opinion, nothing that equals it within that venerable pile. The lions that rest upon the base and the wolves' heads that ornament the flanks are done with great power, and the alt-relief that decorates the front, and represents the landing at Quebec, conveys a more lively view of the obstacles to be encountered, and impediments to be overcome, before they could approach to attack the enemy, than perhaps was ever before chiselled.

The inscription is very simple, it is as follows:—

To the memory of
James Wolfe,
Major-general, and Commander-in-Chief
Of the British land forces,
On an expedition against Quebec,
Who, after surmounting, by ability and valour,
All obstacles of art and nature,
Was slain in the moment of victory,
On the 13th of September, 1759.
The King and the Parliament of Great Britain
Dedicated this monument.

On the morning of the 20th of September, General Townshend, now commanding the forces, sent one to say that he wished me to come to his quarters. He had always been considered a proud man, barely civil to his equals, harsh and arrogant to his inferiors. Such was the character he bore in the army, and such was the opinion I had formed of him at the time I saw him in the admiral's cabin. The brief account of him in the preceding pages was penned in accordance with this belief. But at this interview he was civil—almost kind to me. Perhaps he wished, in his new capacity of commander-in-chief, to buy golden opinions from all sorts of men, and so was not above courting the fisher-boy a little.

He said that having to send despatches to the Governor of Massachusetts, to apprize him of the important event which had taken place in Canada, he had thought to do me a favour by making me the bearer of them. He had heard me spoken of by the late commander-in-chief in terms of warm commendation, and was anxious to do honour to those whom that great man particularly favoured. "You will derive a double pleasure from the mission," continued he. "You will be the first to apprize my old friend Hutchinson of our glorious victory, and you will have time to see your family and friends. You look surprised to find me acquainted with the place of your birth—it is not often that I know as much of the history of the young officers who may be serving under me, nor should I now of yours, I fear, happy as I am, nevertheless (bowing politely), to be made acquainted with it, but for the circumstance that I was last evening in company with one who spoke of you in such high terms that I was induced to inquire particu-

larly who it was that had thus enthralled a hero of the highest fame, and a lady of the greatest beauty. Your fair eulogist was Madame Melot, with whom I had a flirtation some years ago, at Paris, when she thought as little of the Chevalier Melot as I of Lady Charlotte Compton.* She pleaded so hard with me to use my exertions in your behalf, that I promised to whisper in the ear of the king himself that there was a certain Captain Haverhill—Lynn Haverhill, she made me remember even your Christian name,—who deserved every thing that majesty could do for him, and who would be sure to thank him for his graciousness by dealing out hard knocks upon his enemies. I promised to do my best for you, and the first fruit of my good intentions is an honourable mission, which will make you valuable acquaintances, and enable you to take leave of your friends with éclat."

He smiled, but as if he supposed that he had been a little too familiar with one who, after all, was—a fisherman's son, he checked himself, and said, with a gravity the more chilling from its contrast with his late behaviour,—

"The despatches shall be ready for you at ten o'clock to-morrow. Upon receiving them you will proceed with all possible haste to deliver them to Governor Hutchinson. Having placed them in his hands, you have my permission to remain one month with your family. That month having expired you will hasten to England, and report yourself at the office of the adjutant-general. Good morning."

This was more than a polite intimation that he had important business to transact, and I made my bow immediately.

Nothing now remained but leave-taking. It is known that military acquaintances seldom bestow more than a civil nod upon each other at parting. It is not the fashion for soldiers to seem touched by any thing—they may not betray emotion at any of those occurrences at which others may breathe sighs, shed tears, and wear the

* Only child of the Earl of Northampton, whom he had married. The barony of Compton, and of Ferrars of Chartley, came to the Townshend family with her.

emblems either of mourning or of rejoicing. He must seem, at least, while he is a soldier, a cold, soulless, and impassive being, as hard and passionless as the steel he wears at his side.

CHAPTER VIII.

My parting from my French friends was of a different character. I spent the evening previous to my departure at the house of Madame Melot. She had collected in her drawing-room,—but that is rather too ambitious a phrase to be used of the principal apartment in a Canadian residence,—a number, perhaps twenty, of the better order of people, consisting of those jovial old fellows, the descendants and territorial representatives of the French nobility, who were the first grantees and settlers of the colony. It is probably known to most of my readers, that the class of people by whom this province was first settled was far superior to the colonising material of the other parts of that continent. The feudal system with all, indeed with more than all its general inconveniences, but still with those obligations of fealty and homage which made it the darling of aristocratic minds, was in force here; and the territorial jurisdiction, which was not absolutely connected with the system, but which the seigniors here exercised by law, tempted thither those who would never have gone to become subject to republican institutions, or to hold by less than despotic tenures. The first settlers of Canada were poor nobles, or the younger sons of nobles of power and influence, disbanded or discontented officers, persons of good condition in the professions, together with those who came for purposes of trade, and those who were to hold in *roture*.* The inhabitants, of course, formed two classes. That to which I had access,

* This word cannot be translated into English and retain its full meaning. We have no word in our language that conveys the full sense of *roturier*, as used in tenures in contradistinction to *noble*.

and of which Madame Melot's party was composed, were as polite, as cheerful, and as well-bred as those one sees in Paris. The society of Quebec, at this period, was almost that of the French capital. The same easy and unembarrassed address; the same frankness of speech; the same liveliness and grace of manner; the same care to choose words and topics which will not be likely to recall national animosities, nor awaken national pride and jealousy, might have been remarked here, which constitutes the particular finish of the French character--the "grace beyond the power of art," which they "snatch" elsewhere. In this respect both classes were alike. The Canadian peasant could dance as well as the seignior; his bow and his walk were equally as graceful, and his shrugs and grimaces as well placed. Delightful people! delightful amid all their heartlessness!

The inhabitants of Canada were, very naturally, much imbittered against their conquerors—to use a vulgar phrase, the worst word in their mouths was too good for the English; nor have they subdued this feeling, which burns at this moment as fiercely as ever. But Madame Melot was my friend in every proper sense of the term; she had conceived a very strong regard for me, and had contrived to interest her visiters so much in my favour, that when I entered I found myself quite a lion, and was teased with innumerable compliments and civilities, all having for their object the making me happy. They were careful to suffer no allusion to be made to the recent battle, nor any political topic to be introduced, in which either the mother-country or the colony was concerned.

There were several very pretty young ladies present, who sung with some science and much sweetness. I could sing a little, and played, it was thought, very well on the flagelet, so I took a part, apparently much to the satisfaction of my audience, in one of the new chansons, which, I was assured, that charming young man, M. St. Blainbair, captain in the regiment de Rousillion, had brought just six months before from the Rue Vivienne.

Dancing succeeded: and here their performance was inimitable; but, alas! I could not participate in this amusement--if it required a greater display of science than that

to be found in the rustic revels of New-England, for I had never been taught this refined accomplishment. I was well content, however, to sit still, and have my eyes regaled by the graceful and sylphlike motions of those charming little creatures in the waltz, or which were more used, minuets, and a sort of reels one only sees in Canada.

Dancing was soon given up, and cards were introduced, probably out of compliment to me. But I knew none of the games which they played. I was in my *younger days* thought to be possessed of wondrous skill at "all-fours," and "single hand," and my brother officers had recently taught me, among other things for which I was none the better, how to make the most of a long suit of trumps at whist, as well as how to "make my thumb and forefinger," when I wanted them led. But of vingt-un, écarte, faro, piquet, and such games, I was as ignorant as a child of six. They were too polite to suffer any amusement to be continued of which I could not partake; and cards and dancing were soon given up, and conversation substituted in their stead. I had now another proof of the intrinsic, born-with-them good breeding of this people. My glaring deficiency in accomplishments upon which the French people pride themselves so much, and which they value so highly, a deficiency which was proof of the lowness of my origin and the poverty of my resources, produced no diminution of kindness or abatement of respect. In the better circles of my own country, or of England, I should have needed additional covering to protect me from the increased *chill* of the atmosphere. I suppose it was something new to the company, to see a man wearing the uniform of a captain, and who had lately acted as aid-de-camp to a conquering general, who could not dance, who, eldest hand at vingt-un, "drew upon eighteen," and at écarte, made such blunders as I did; but, whatever they thought, they said nothing, and permitted my ignorance to pass without censure.

Having laid aside cards, and given up dancing, we seated ourselves around the stove and commenced talking. The rooms in Canada are always warmed by stoves, and that to a degree of temperature which makes them highly unpleasant to those who are unused to them. There were

two or three present who had never heard Madame Melot's story of her shipwreck, and these were to be gratified. The relation of this extraordinary escape from death led to the telling of other stories, some good, some but so so, some droll, and some silly. Among the silly stories was one by a count, which proves, I think, that wit is not a prerogative of high birth, as I had always supposed it, nor that aristocracy and stupidity never go hand in hand. A fat, jolly little *recollect* told us a story of diablerie, which would have been very good if he had not spoiled it by making his infernal majesty, contrary to the canonical, and orthodox, and poetical belief, a "nice gentleman," rather than "the disagreeable brute" inculcated in the books.

Others succeeded; principally adventures of forest life, and hairbreadth escapes from the Indians. As I have already devoted many, perhaps it will be thought too many pages of this volume to their customs and modes of life, I shall not recount those narratives which may not possess that interest for others that they had for me. I never could help being interested by the marvellous. There is as much to catch attention in a tough story well told, as there is in a "doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant tune sung lamentably." The fictions of the Indians are the most pleasing of the class, because their faith is as strong in them as the faith of a Christian in the truths of his religion. When an Indian tells you, upon such a time, and at such a place, he saw the devil, you may be sure that he saw something he could not name, and which he really supposes was the spirit of evil. All his wild legends, as I have remarked in another place, receive the appearance of being true, from the implicit credence which he seems to give them. He relates each with a circumstance, whose simplicity and truth to nature almost startle you into a belief that such things have actually been.

A gloomy story is not the best preparation for going to bed; it does not make the pleasantest nightcap. The last one told us was very pathetic, and set one half of us crying. I have not space for it at large, and my readers must be content with a summary. The narratrix was a lady—French of course—who had arrived but a few days before

from the island of Miquelon, in the West Indies. The story related to a poor American girl, seduced from her friends, who resided in some part of New-England—the lady did not exactly learn in what part, or if she had learned, had forgotten—and left among strangers in a state of complete destitution and want. Description was the forte of the fair story-teller, and she gave us a portrait of the young and beautiful outcast so vivid and striking—described her height, air, voice, and probable years, feet, hands, eyes, hair, complexion, with such minute and startling exactness, that it seemed to me I should want no other guide or description to enable me to pursue her all over the world. She could not furnish us with a sequel to this fresh instance of woman's love, and man's inconstancy, the wretched girl having left Miquelon a week before her, with the hope of finding her betrayer at Jamaica, to which rumour said he had gone. The pity of the inhabitants had clothed her previous to her departure, and they had added to their gift of decent apparel a small sum of money.

After the due comments had been made upon this pathetic story, and the young ladies had bestowed their usual allowance of ohs and ahs "on man's deceit and wickedness," saying at the same time with their dear eyes, how ready they were to encounter the risk of finding him faithless, we separated with many good wishes for each other's happiness. I should regret to think that it was an eternal farewell, though I fear it was, for a more pleasant and agreeable circle I never entered.

Early the next morning I set out for Boston with my despatches. Nothing occurred worth mentioning on the journey, which took up eight days. This was then called rapid travelling; now (1784), the same distance is performed in six. Immediately upon my arrival, I repaired to the governor's and delivered my despatches. An invitation to a "family dinner" followed.

Having nothing to do till that time, I sauntered down to the wharves and docks. The sensations we experience when we have before us scenes which were once familiar and which recall family recollections—withal, when we know we are within a few miles of the spot where those scenes first met our eyes, and whence those recollections

are derived, are only second to those inspired by a view of that spot itself. I could see a hundred objects upon the wharves and in the docks to remind me of home, fishing vessels of the peculiar construction I had been used to, piles of salted and unsalted fish, the men themselves with their *barvels* or leather aprons, and other exterior marks of those who pursue that hard calling. Pleasure boats were skimming the water, barks were coming in and going out of the harbour—the scene revived feelings which I thought I had mastered. There was a sloop sailing down the harbour, which, from a large black patch in the after-cloth of the mainsail just above the reef-points, I knew to be one which, ever since I was seven years old, had been employed in carrying wood from our hamlet to the metropolis. What a feeling the sight of her gave me!

It would have been great folly to have asked the governor, or any of the principal inhabitants of the town, about the welfare of one so poor and miserable, and consequently unknown, as my father. My entertainer was of course able to answer all my inquiries about judge Danvers. He sailed for England the latter end of the preceding August, and his daughter went with him. They resided at the governor's for the week previous to their departure. The judge stated that his object in going to England was to meet his nephew, between whom and his daughter a marriage would take place as soon as the former arrived from his cruise. That event accomplished, he should return to America, leaving it to the happy pair to accompany him, or remain in England, as they chose. If they preferred staying behind, he should dispose of his property on this side the Atlantic, and return to spend his days with his children.

"Man appoints, but God disappoints," said the governor. "The ambitious father is indulging golden dreams of the prosperity and happiness of his daughter, while I only see that she is miserable now, cares nothing about the future, and will speedily sink into a decline, if relief be not administered. I remarked it to her father, and from the way in which he chose to treat the subject, I suspect that disappointed love is the cause of her melancholy and wanness. By-the-by, I do not see why the marriage did not

take place last summer. The intended groom was here in July."

One of the party remarked, that the reason was his being so suddenly recalled to his ship, which was ordered to the West-India station.

My anxiety and impatience to see my friends, and hear more of Mary than I could learn at Boston, became so strong, that I determined to set out that very day. The custom of dining early—at one o'clock—was the only one of puritan growth which this strict tory and loyal Briton could be brought to adopt—I had time enough, after I had despatched that important matter, to be at my father's door before his usual hour of retiring. It was twenty miles from Boston; but what was that to one whose remembrance of home was as strong as mine; I could have walked thrice that distance in a day, when the pillow upon which I was to recover from my weariness was to be my dear mother's bosom.

I had not proceeded far when I overtook a kind of chaise, drawn by one horse, the driver of which kindly offered me a seat as far as he was going, which was rather more than half my distance. From him I could learn little calculated to relieve my anxiety, though the information he gave contained nothing to increase it.

The remaining part of the way I walked. My hopes and fears gave me, upon this part of my travel, a greater speed than that of the horse to which I was indebted for assistance on the other, and I was at my father's door a little after nine o'clock.

It was my intention to have gone first to another house than my father's, that, by some little stratagem, the news of my return might be broken to the family gently. My mother's nerves had always been very weak—they had, probably, been weaker since our misfortune—it was not impossible that the sudden overflow of joy at my return, alive and well, might prove fatal to her. I made the round of the cabins, but their inmates were all in bed—no unusual circumstance, for, in the country towns of New-England the expense of tallow used in candles, and oil in lamps, after nine o'clock, may safely be reckoned at less than a penny a month. Finding I should not be able to obtain

the wished-for messenger without waking him from a comfortable nap—a deed that a compassionate man, who knows the value of sleep in knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care, will be slow in doing, I determined to present myself at my father's door, and leave it to God to "temper the wind to the lamb."

There was no candle burning in the house, and I walked several times around it before I could muster courage to look in at the window. When I did so, I could see, by the imperfect light thrown out by a heap of decayed brands, my father sitting in his usual corner, and near him two persons whom I did not know. Neither mother nor sisters were visible. There was nothing very strange in this, however,—the former might have gone to bed, and the latter might have done the same, or they might be out at service.

"What shall I do?" said I, while my agitation became so excessive that I could hardly keep myself from falling to the ground. "I will knock at the door and reveal myself. It must be done, why then do I delay?" And do thou, oh merciful God! prepare them for the shock which awaits them!

So I knocked.

CHAPTER IX.

Once! twice! the third knock brought my father. "Who is there?" he demanded.

"An old friend," I answered; while it seemed as if my heart would jump out at my mouth. I had faced battle with as little trepidation as any mortal man ever did, but now I stood trembling like the veriest coward, lest the next word of my aged parent should reveal some afflicting tidings from the few who yet remained to me of a numerous band of brothers and sisters.

"I know of no old friend that speaks with that voice said he. "Is it you, Jack? and if it is you, and if it is

not you, what do you want here at this time of night, when you know that the hand of the Lord is upon me. When you know 'that, for all this, His anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still,' how can you find it in your heart to disturb me—a broken-hearted man—at this time of night?"

I supposed that the affliction to which he alluded was the loss of my brothers, and said "I want a lodging for the night, if you will be so good."

"The hand of death is upon my house; had you not better go a mile farther on to Mr. Meshack Peabody's? He lodges folks who are benighted, and victuals them too, and very well, it is said."

"I would rather lodge here than in a palace."

"My beds are very hard."

"I have slept many a night upon them."

"My food is very coarse."

"I have eaten it for years."

"Who are you?" And he undid the door with a trembling hand.

"Your son."

"Who did you say?"

"Lynn."

"Lynn! He is in his grave: the worms have eaten him: you mock me."

"Not so; he stands before you. Father! my father! my dear father!" I held out my arms,—but it was to receive him lifeless into them. The shock was too much for him, broken down as he was by years, infirmity, and sorrow. He uttered a shriek, and fell, fainting, on my breast, which never received a more precious burthen. His cry brought to my assistance the two persons whom I had seen in the apartment, and whom I now recognised as neighbours, and brought little Michael from bed, but when they caught a glimpse of my face they all retreated, leaving me to support him alone.

I carried him into the room, sat him down on a chair, and busied myself in endeavouring to restore him. For some minutes I was so exclusively occupied with my father, and with means to revive him from his swoon, that I took no note of the horrors around me. When I raised

my eyes from the contemplation of his ghastly and grief-worn face, it was to fix them upon two corpses, laid out in the corner of the apartment. Man can have but a faint idea of the shock it gave me; if he has ever been placed in the same situation, much of the impression must have passed away; for the excess of horror is produced by the sudden bursting of the spectacle upon you, and subsides, in some measure, when you have had time to collect your scattered senses. Michael, who had hitherto stood aloof from me, now convinced it was not a spirit, but actually his brother, came weeping bitterly between joy and surprise, in which exercise he was accompanied by the compassionate, though simple woman who was acting as housekeeper.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before my father regained his senses, and then it was only to experience a partial restoration of them. At length a flood of tears burst from him, and he became more composed. He raised his head from my bosom, upon which he lay sobbing like an infant, and putting out his hand, and stroking my face, and chin, and forehead, asked, "Are you indeed my long lost son? or is it a spirit that I see? —but, no; you are flesh and blood:—I feel you warm, and I see the tears rolling down your cheeks. No; it is not a spirit; it is my son."

"It is, it is your son—your Lynn, who stands before you, my father," said I.

"Let me look at you once more. Yes, it is the form of my son, though fuller; and it is the warm kiss of my ever-dutiful and affectionate Lynn. But how art thou restored? and where, oh, my child! where are your brothers?"

I remained silent.

"I see, see they are gone; in the language of the blessed book, you only have escaped to tell me. I will not ask you how they died, my son; it is enough that I shall never see them more with the eyes of the flesh."

"In my turn, my father, I have a question to ask you. How is it that I do not see my sweet mother?"

The tears flowed afresh, and he grasped my hand with all the energy of despair. "She is gone——dead, my son."

"One of those corpses is then my mother's; but whose is the other?"

"Your poor brother Simeon's."

"And how is it, my father, that I do not see my beautiful, my beloved Sally?"

"She is not dead, my son; would that she were!—she is worse than dead—vile and dishonoured! And yet, you see, I live. My wife and one son now corpses in my house, three sons swallowed up in the ocean, a daughter, my pride and delight, seduced by a villain to leave her home,—and yet the breath of life is in my old body—I even enjoy strong health. Thus God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb! My beloved son, we have an important duty to perform. My son, let us thank God—upon our knees—my darling! you remember that was the posture in which we used to praise our great Preserver. For this was my son that was lost, and is found. I cannot, in justice, say, as the mighty prophet Isaiah said, 'For all that, his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still,'—for, see, his anger *is* turned away—he has restored to me one of my sons—brought him safe back to the arms of his wretched, but not all-wretched father!"

The language of the good old man's prayers was homely, but where the heart is speaking there will always be eloquence.

"I thank thee, oh God!" said he, "that thou hast seen fit to lend me back for awhile—it may be for the few days I may remain here—this my beloved child, who was lost and is found. I thank thee, that one of my sons is rescued from a bed in the depths of the sea, to kneel with his aged father in prayer and thanksgiving. It hath pleased thee, great Father of Mercy! to bereave me, in the half of a year, of the wife of my youth,—of four sons who were dear to me as the apple of mine eye,—and to permit dishonour to sit upon mine aged head, in the shape of foul wrong done me by the ruin of my beloved daughter. This thou hast done for thine own glorious, though inscrutable ends,—thine own beneficent, though seemingly harsh purposes. Blessed be thy name therefor. What though my sinful nature, my rebellious heart may struggle awhile with thy decree, yet do I know and confess that thou knowest better than I what is good for me; and hast veiled kindness under the appearance of wrath, perhaps hast

hidden my soul's final welfare under a cloud of grief and dishonour.

"I have thanked thee, Father of light and life! for thy great and manifold mercies--wilt thou permit me to offer one fervent, soul-felt petition to thee! It is for my lost and unhappy daughter. I know not where she is, but thou knowest, and that is better, and it is enough. Take her, Heavenly Father! under thy protection. Judge her, Father, in the spirit of thy promise, to forgive whoever shall call upon thee in Christ's name, though he shall have sinned seventy and seven times."

When our devotional exercises were finished, he took me by the hand, and led me into the attic, where, for near twenty years, I had been a happy lodger. My feelings, upon entering this chamber, may be imagined. Every thing stood just as it did on the evening previous to our embarking on the expedition which terminated in the death of three out of four of us. There were the clothing, hats, shoes, &c. hung up, each in the corner allotted to its then proprietor. The two beds--straw beds, upon which we slept the night previous to our embarking, had never been moved—they had not felt the weight of a human cheek since the night we quitted them, all but myself, for ever.

"There has not been a day since you left us, my son," said my father, "that I have not passed an hour in this chamber. I come here with the Bible in my hand; I read a chapter, and sing a psalm. Then I take down all the clothes, brush them, and hang them up again, open the boxes, take out the shirts, and other things, and see if there be no mildew on them, air and smooth them carefully, and put them up again. Lackaday! now I bethink me that the moths have got into poor James's waistcoat, and I saw to-day a large spot of mildew on Timothy's go-to-church shirt. That ever I should have forgotten it. Wo is me, how forgetful I have become!"

Here his manliness and resolution forsook him, and he burst into tears. His fit of weeping was short, however, and wiping his eyes, he rose to leave me.

"I must ask one favour of you, my dear father," said I.

"And what is that, my boy? ask, and you will be sure to obtain, because I know you will ask nothing wrong."

"Will you permit me just to lay my cheek on my mother's pillow?"

He took the candle, and I followed him into her apartment. After a full and sorrowful examination of every thing in the room, and in the sleeping room of my sisters, I returned to that which had been mine for so many a gladsome hour.

What a surprising change does the lapse of half a year sometimes make in a family. A father or mother dies, and this event creates a dispersion of the family; or children die, and this induces an alteration in the views and hopes of the parents. Some go out into the world, never to return to the family hearth-stone; some go abroad with riches, and return penniless; some go out poor and come back laden with wealth and honours. Great and sudden, lasting or evanescent changes, mutability in all its forms, violent ransitions and reverses, are the portion of humanity; and he who separates himself from his friends for any period of time must make up his account for tears and sorrow on his return.

I hope my readers will not think too lightly of my poor old father, when I tell them that, before he went to sleep, he came twice into my room to embrace and kiss me. "For this is my son that was lost and is found," said he.—"Lynn, my child! I do not use these words of the father of the prodigal son because you have been a prodigal—I only mean that you was lost, and are found."

The next morning, after breakfast, my father gave me an elaborate narrative of the events which took place on my leaving home; from want of space I must abridge it.

The grief of my family, at our supposed loss, may be better imagined than told. For a while the effect on my mother was such that her life was despaired of. She grew a little better, however; but a second affliction, in her eyes surpassing in poignancy the first, soon after caused her removal to another and, there was just ground for hoping, a better world.

That affliction was the abduction and dishonour of the family idol, the beautiful Sally. To soothe the grief of the sweet girl at the loss of her brothers, Mary Danvers, with whom she was a favourite, obtained permission to

take her home with her. This was during the visit paid by Lieutenant Danvers to his uncle. Danvers was accompanied on the occasion by a gay and dissipated youth, a Captain Munday, who, alas! was but too successful in his efforts to seduce my confiding sister from the path of duty and the house of her father. She eloped with him: they were traced as far as Boston, where it was reported and believed they embarked for the West Indies.

The heavy tidings for a time deprived my mother of reason and almost of consciousness. She never recovered the blow. Her senses so far returned that she spoke rationally whenever she spoke at all, which was but seldom; but her powers, both of mind and body gradually decayed, and she sunk into the grave. Her death took place just three days before my arrival; Simeon's death was caused by a fever contracted from exposure.

The moment he had finished this narrative, the thought flashed to my mind with a rapidity which gave it almost the effect of inspiration, that the story told by Madame Calomarde, of the young woman carried to Jamaica by a British officer, and afterward deserted by him, related to my lost sister. The time—the description given of the person—every circumstance mentioned in the story, confirmed me in the belief that its unhappy heroine was no other than she. There was, besides, one of those convictions floating in my mind, the origin of which we cannot trace, the nature of which we do not know, or by whom given, or by what prompted. I communicated my impression to my miserable father. It seemed to give him new life.

"Oh my son, my dear son," said he, "if the poor wanderer could only be recalled, how happy I should be. No matter how much she has strayed, we could reclaim her if she were but once to be brought under this roof. If there were tears on her cheek we would kiss them off, sighs on her lips, my son, our kindness should chase them away—I even think we could make her happy yet. Some of our neighbours might sneer a little at us, but we would live within ourselves, and pray God to forgive them, and those yet greater sinners, ourselves. What should we care for the world? My son, will you pleasure your poor old father?"

"In what, sir?"

"I am afraid to say what."

"A father afraid of his child! My father afraid of me!"

"I am not afraid of my child, but the favour I shall ask will, it maybe, cast a blight on his future prospects. He is ambitious, honourably ambitious,—how will he like to forego the hopes he has of becoming a great man?"

"Come, come, my dear father," said I, coaxingly, "tell me what it is you want?"

"I want you should—go, and see if—you—cannot find your sister."

"It will indeed, my father, destroy the high hopes I had formed, and be the cause of my losing that for which I have toiled hard, yet I will go—willingly, for duty demands it. There is nothing I will not do, my father, to restore the erring yet, I am sure, neither wicked nor sinful girl to your arms."

"Bless you, my son. God will not forget the sacrifice you have made to Him—to your father, and your duty. When will you go?"

"In less than three days."

"My child, perhaps I do wrong in sending you on this voyage. It exposes your life to the stormy elements again, but I have a presentiment that it is to prove successful."

It was arranged that I should embark the next week, provided an opportunity should be found to go direct to Jamaica, where Madame Calomarde supposed the heroine of her story had gone. It was not easy to do so in this month, as vessels going there would arrive in October, the month in which the severest hurricanes are usually experienced. It was a year, too, in which little business was done between New-England and the West-India islands, in consequence of the swarming of French privateers among both the Windward and the Leeward islands. Fortune favoured me. I wrote upon the subject to my friend, the governor's private secretary, who returned for answer that a brigantine called the Indian Chief, a new, stanch, and well-provided vessel, would sail that day week for Jamaica. At my request, conveyed in a second letter, he engaged a passage in her

for me, and I made preparations for immediate departure.

I should have mentioned that Judge Danvers and his daughter had embarked for England early in the preceding August. Though loneliness and gloom enshrouded the mansion, and though its chief ornament was away, these circumstances did not prevent me from paying as many visits to it as I spent days at home. I revisited all the spots which were connected with my early, unchanged, and unchangeable love, and spent nearly half my time in recalling the traits of goodness displayed by the beautiful and beloved girl during our acquaintance of a life.

Every thing around me served to recall her image to my mind, and renew the sentiments approaching to adoration with which I regarded her. And there were the "bowers she loved so much," and the "trees she planted," and the flowers which had flourished, budded, and bloomed under her eye and management, by the aid of my spade and humble advice—I knew them all and their history. The servants left in charge of the mansion permitted me to explore every apartment, but, alas! its pride was away.

Once more, then, I bade adieu to my aged parent, and at the certain sacrifice of my hopes of promotion, and my prospects of acquiring the reputation which alone could give me the object of my love, prepared to encounter the perils of a West-India voyage. But the consciousness that I was performing an imperious duty abated a little of the melancholy which the circumstances would otherwise have rendered insupportable.

CHAPTER X.

We sailed from Boston on the 12th of October. It was a little after sunrise when the anchor was taken upon the bow, and the vacant, half-serious, half-jocose, "good-by-t'you" was nodded to the metropolis of New-England. We made very great progress in our passage at our first

setting out. Westerly winds, at that period of the year, chiefly prevail upon the coast of America. Very frequently outward-bound vessels, upon their leaving the shore, take a wind which continues fair for the whole distance they have to run. We had the prospect of having the first part of our passage very fine and pleasant. We were leaving the colonies at the season which promises the most steadiness of wind, and the greatest strength within the degree which makes it a tornado, and should go into the latitude of the "trades," at the time of the year, when, unless they visit you in the shape of a hurricane, they are so pacific and good-tempered, that you may almost venture to leave the vessel wholly to the charge of Neptune and his Tritons, constituting them "master, mate, and all hands," every thing but cook and butler.

It is only those who have experienced the delightful breezes called "trades," particularly when they are wafting you over the sultry Indian Ocean, where, perhaps, you have lain becalmed for a month, who can fully appreciate the pleasure which is imparted by a fair wind. What are the trade-winds? It was, at one time, advanced that they were produced by exhalations from the "*lenticula marina* of the Sea of Saragossa;" but philosophy seems now fixed in the belief that they are "caused by the expansion of particles of air in the hottest part of the equatorial surface of the earth, and the advance of the colder air of the polar regions, to replace the rarefied portion." It is from their utility in facilitating trade that they take their name. And, truly, without them, what were those interminable Indian seas, and a space of a certain number of degrees upon each side of the equator?

This is not intended to be a dissertation on winds, though I know not how half a dozen pages could be better appropriated than to the beautiful theory of their causes and consequences. Now merely ruffling the bosom of the ocean, in bland and cheering zephyrs, now sweeping it in the typhon of the China sea, or the tornado of the African coast, or the hurricane of the "vext Bermoothes." How many tales of love and romance are connected with the ocean, and the disasters which have taken place upon it. How many a heart has bled over the miseries which the

voyager upon it has encountered. The pages of maritime adventure and history are, indeed, replete with interest. Our libraries are half made up of books and publications which are the annals of wind and water. The gems of our topography are the accounts of the marts which have risen out of it; our statistical essays are beholden to it for a principal part of their bulk and value. History most delights when it speaks of naval achievements; architecture, when it treats of the tremendous naval structures launched to contend for victory on the ocean. The parson preaches about the seas; the novelist lays his scene there; or if he has not sufficient nautical science to enable him to portray minutely and correctly the habits and duties of nautical life, he at least contrives to let his readers know that the ocean is blue off soundings, and green when you are able to take its depth. The interest felt in marine matters is universal, and will continue to be so as long as men remain with that exquisite sense of the sublime and beautiful wherewith their Maker has gifted them, and which has a glorious object of perception and contemplation in the scenes and vicissitudes of that wonderful element.

In three hours after we left the harbour, such had been our progress that the land began to look low and distant, resembling more a fog-bank than terra-firma. There is something in quitting our native shores, especially when the transition is by water, which has a sickening effect upon the spirit; at least, I know it always has on mine. At the same time, there is something in a view of the lessening land which has the power to displace those disheartening impressions, and to replace them with a set of enlivening hopes and influences. I have not a gift for essay writing —few have. The refined taste, the sparkling wit, the chaste simplicity, the subdued energy, and the extreme acuteness of thought requisite to make an accomplished essayist, have not been found united in more than half a dozen since the days of Faust. If I possessed this talent, I would analyze, separate, and attempt to call by their right names the feelings which thus agitate yet soothe, which wound yet heal immediately, the heart, at the moment we are quitting our native land. I believe that most of my readers, who have registered their emotions at the

moment when the land of their birth was receding from view, will find that they had a perplexed and troubled feeling, a host of inexplicable sensations which they were unable to define or account for. The sombre class of them does not seem to be produced, altogether, by the knowledge that we have left behind us friends and relatives, some of whom, in all probability, will die before we return; nor by the circumstance that we are entering on a new and untried course of life, on a capricious and unstable element. Nor does the joyful class of sensations appear to be inspired by the novelty of the scenes around us, nor by anticipations of yet greater novelty, nor by hopes of gain—if our object be gain, nor by love of change of place, if we are fond of what the softer sex call "gadding." I gaze anxiously on the shore, but I have no wish to go back; I think fondly of my absent friends, but I should be sorry to see them; I view the slackening sail with regret, and see it distended again with satisfaction; I mark with visible delight the increase of the wind which is wafting me away, and all this while my eyes are full of tears, because I am losing sight of the land I am so anxious to quit!!

There were a number of passengers of both sexes; and, what is truly surprising, there was not a single snarler among them, a thing which I never knew happen before or since, with an equal number of persons on shipboard. It is very seldom that you can persuade people on board a vessel that their happiness will be materially promoted by good temper and amiability—in general the "non-contents," to use a parliament phrase, "have it." However pleasant and good-tempered people may have been on shore, put them into that nursery of crabs, a ship's cabin, and you shall see every thing, from a glass of tainted water to East India madeira—from a dry biscuit to that exquisite delicacy "a sea-pie," transformed into an *apple* of discord. Every thing becomes matter of contention, and every word is misconstrued. Half the time, upon the termination of a sea-quarrel, ask the parties why they quarrelled, and they cannot tell you.

All the male passengers, excepting myself, were merchants, going to the West Indies, on purposes of traffic. Well-informed men of that profession—merchants, who

have caught more of the spirit of trade than its mere jargon, are aspleasant and agreeable companions as one meets with. Very often they have been abroad, and having seen things worth seeing, are enabled to relate stories worth hearing. It may be remarked that no class of travellers are so little given to exaggeration and falsehood. An old friend of mine attempted to account for their singular travelling and anecdotical veracity in this way. "They tell," said he, "so many deused lies in the way of their business, that they know that one added on any other score would sink them eleven leagues below the infernal pit. Now lawyers," continued he, "are known to make the least veracious travellers, which proves my position a correct one, for they never tell a lie in the way of business!"

Our female passengers were very accomplished and elegant women—indeed, there was not one of them who might not have passed for a belle and a beauty—at least, after her sea-sickness had subsided. There was among them a lady, by the name of Hetherington, who deserves more especial mention than the others, because she was very good, and good women being scarce—in some countries—should be held up for imitation in a book which may possibly be read there. She was a Creole—so they are denominated who are born in the West Indies, and a more thorough-bred West Indian you never saw. With all the sensibility which belongs to those who are born in the Mexican archipelago, she possessed no small share of the haughtiness and pride which distinguishes them above every other people—even more than the nobility and aristocracy of Great Britain.

Mrs. Hetherington was born in the island of Nevis. Her father was a Yorkshire gentleman, who, in pursuit of the "chief good" of most people, and of Yorkshiremen particularly, money, came to that island, married a French woman, and commenced planting. Upon the death of his wife, which happened three years after their marriage, he sold his plantations in Nevis, and, with a view to the better education of his child, removed to Jamaica. He there devoted himself to the only two pursuits for which he had any inclination: the first, prompted by the sincerest parental love,—the education of his daughter; the

second, by a provincial, may I not say a national, passion, the adding field to field, and acre to acre. Major Wilmot loved his broad possessions; but, to his praise be it spoken, he loved his daughter more, and would have sacrificed every rood of one of the most fertile vales in Jamaica to promote her happiness. He had soon an opportunity to prove his love for his child paramount over every other feeling. At the age of sixteen her hand was sought by two men, who were perfect antipodes to each other, being unlike in every thing except in a wish to please the beautiful Anne Wilmot. One of them was a man of great wealth, but of vicious principles, ignorant, ill-bred, ill-born, and ill-tempered. The other suitor, Mr. Hetherington, was a young naval officer, who had recommended himself to the notice of Major Wilmot by assisting to suppress an insurrection of the slaves upon one of his plantations. He had nothing to recommend him, save honesty, courage, candour, and the before-mentioned generous interposition of his person; that is to say, he wanted money, and that only, to make him an excellent and virtuous man! The lady chose the tar; and the father, having made a statement of the advantages attending wealth and remained sulky for twice twenty-four hours, gave up the point, made a call on the young man, brought him home to dinner, and placed him beside his beautiful daughter as her future husband. It was a love-match, and, strange as it may seem to those who know how seldom they turn out well, it was a happy one—at least as long as the union continued. Lieutenant, afterward Captain Hetherington fell, in the tenth year of his marriage, in an attack upon a guarda-costa, on the Spanish Main, leaving but one child, the beautiful little girl now the companion of her mother.

The grief of Mrs. Hetherington for her husband was not the grief of those who have no hope. She sorrowed as a reasonable being should for the death of one born to die. She had loved her husband so truly and sincerely, that it became her chief pleasure to watch over the softened image of his noble and graceful form, the reflected type of his pure and excellent mind—the child she had borne him. Repeatedly solicited to change her state, by suitors every way unexceptionable, who could not but admire her character and virtues, nor resist her still blooming personal charms, for

she was at the death of her husband only twenty-six, and exceedingly beautiful, she yet vowed herself to widowhood, and at an age when ladies generally, and widows particularly, most rejoice to see a crowd of adorers kneeling at their feet, and to listen to the voice of silver-tongued flattery, gave herself up to seclusion and the education of her daughter. Few imitate her. I am happy to think duty does not demand that they should. Matrimony is, nineteen times in twenty, the happiest condition of life. In my opinion, they do well who embrace it at an early period of life, and renew the connexion as often as it is legally dissolved, waiting a couple of months or less to testify suitable respect for the memory of the deceased! I am neither monogamist nor marriage-hater. I permitted my daughters to accept the first good offer made them after they were sixteen, and nominated wives to my sons on the day of their majority, with the honest, though perhaps mistaken, idea that I was taking the measures best calculated to promote their happiness. No, no; let your sons marry the moment they have made a good choice—marry off your daughters, and give Heaven thanks whenever they shall have bestowed their affections worthily.

The wind which we experienced at our first setting out held us till we had crossed that remarkable current of water denominated the Gulf Stream. By-and-by we came into what sailors call the "horse latitudes," from the circumstance that the earlier navigators, here becalmed, found themselves compelled to throw overboard the horses intended for the West Indies and America. We then had head-winds, gusts, and calms for a short time, but, after a brief delay, ran into the "trades," and then "we had it all our own way."

Upon the whole we had a very pleasant and agreeable passage. The ladies were at first a little sick, but they soon recovered, and conducted themselves like so many "sea-dogs"—a nautical epithet for those who have passed much time at sea, and are accomplished in its learning. As soon as the ladies had recovered, which was on the third day, cards, that unfailing resource of those with whom time lags, were introduced. We had a backgammon-box and a draught-board, and we had—a punch-bowl and a toddy-jug! we had a good and substantial bark, well manned

and equipped, and an experienced seaman to conduct her; judge then if we could be very gloomy and unhappy. The way in which the time is generally passed on board a vessel, when there is a sufficient number of passengers to "form a quorum," may be inferred from the following transcript from the mate's log-book.

"Games of whist played by Tom, Dick, and Harry, passengers on board the brig Indian Chief, Captain Larrabee, bound to Jamaica..... 462
"Ditto games of Draughts..... 731
"Ditto 'Old Sledge' (all-fours)..... 1121
"Ditto Put..... 163
"Ditto Backgammon..... 209
"By Saul and Sam (cook and steward).
"Bushels..... 28
"Fox and Geese..... 75
"*Morals*..... 11
N. B.—No account kept of those played in the forecastle. Second N. B.—No "morals" played in the cabin, *morality* being something unknown in that quarter.
"Jugs of toddy drunk by the gentlemen in the cabin 180
"Bowls of punch, drunk principally by the ladies. 979
"Mugs of flip by self..... 53
"N. B.—The captain thinks that the number of bowls of punch charged to the ladies is exaggerated, and that a round. O should have been placed on the right of the "53" for the number of mugs of flip my own dust had soaked up. Noty bena the fourth, the captain drank nothing but brandy and water—five brandies to one water."

We were twenty-four days on the passage. In the whole host of pleasurable sensations, there is not, I imagine, a greater to be found than that felt by the mariner when he has moored his bark in a safe and friendly port. Abundant cause has he to be so. He has escaped the dangers of the sea, its tempests and its icebergs; he has avoided the rocks, ledges, and quicksands, and may now sleep without the frequent calls to action, the startling sounds, and appalling alarms connected with nautical life and its state of unrelaxed vigilance. He breathes in a different air, partakes of different food, and encounters sensations new or experienced only on the like occasion. He is no longer "Jack at sea," but "Jack on shore." Both the

outward and the inward man demonstrate the change. The huge *norwester* with a tail like a peacock's, the tarry roundabout and trousers, the greasy tarpaulin, and the shirt of dirty red flannel are exchanged for a spick-and-span new suit. Jack shaves—for the first time for a month, washes in fresh water! muttering the while many "dry damns" on the tar which sticks to his hands, spite of his endeavours to cleanse them. When the rites of ablution are performed, if he wears a pigtail, he says to the steward or cabin-boy—in their absence, to the cook or to a messmate, —"Hark you, brother," or "boy," or "blackee," as the case may be, "just, do you see, cast off the bit of stopper from the pump-handle on the back of my head, and give it a fresh sarvice my boy. And, Cuffy, you d——d ebony face, make my go-ashore shoes shine so that you may see to read a Guinea sarmon by them at twelve o'clock in a pitch-dark night."

Thus "mended," and every thing put to rights on board the ship, yards squared, and the bunts of the sails well hauled up, decks washed down, cables payed out, ropes coiled up, and permission duly obtained from the officer of the deck to go and have a frolic, the joyful fellow reels on shore—but reels from a far different cause from that which sends him reeling back again, to proclaim his happiness and spend his money. He is now the happiest creature alive. It is the exuberant joy awakened by the change in his situation which renders him the unreflecting debauchee. Every thing conspires to make him over-joyful —unfortunately the habits of nautical life tend to give that joy a reprehensible direction. He meets an old acquaintance, and it is a nautical maxim, that "he who will not treat an old acquaintance to a glass of grog deserves to be d——d." So he invites his messmate, and all his companions, though there should be a dozen, into the next tavern, and goes on treating and treating them till the whole are dead drunk, or till the "pump sucks"—in other words, till his purse is exhausted.

Jack is the best-hearted creature alive, and the pronest to do good to his fellow-creatures.* And just as charity covers

* "The sun, in his whole progress through the heavens, does not behold a class of men more uniformly generous, manly, and brave han the accomplished British sailor."—*Vicesimus Knox.*

a multitude of sins, so does his generosity offer atonement for the mischief he occasionally does by his prodigality. I must not be understood to say that this generosity is evinced by his disposition of his hard-gotten gains, for he throws them away without even an attempt at discrimination. It is benevolence run mad—charity on a wild horse. But it is Jack who will go the farthest for a friend, and soonest forgive a foe; who will the most fearlessly interpose his body as a shield to innocence and helplessness—who will the soonest "walk a plank" (jump overboard) rather than commit wilful fraud or injustice. He will even fight for a dumb beast, which he is sure to make a boon companion.* There is no one that equals him for his honesty, candour, and singleness of mind and purpose. One should know him as I have known him, at sea and on shore, rich and poor, free and in bondage, to estimate him properly, and give him his due rank in the scale of men.

I love seamen dearly. The strong regard I have for them has grown out of my intimate acquaintance with nautical life and manners. Though I never signed a roll d'equipage, did a seaman's duty, or took a seaman's pay, I have been so much in their company that I am half a sailor. Whenever I see the swing of body and hitch of trousers which denote an apprenticeship to the ocean, my heart warms in a moment, and I prepare for long yarns and characteristic drollery with anticipations of delight as strong as those of an audience assembled to witness, for the first time, the performance of an actor whose fame has preceded him. It is not always, though, that Jack will condescend to be "Jack." You must take him in his moments of inspiration, at the very nick of time, or no fun with him. He

* The gallant Captain Marryatt, in his admirable novel "The King's Own," has a pleasing chapter upon the ease with which animals, even when *ferœ naturæ*, are domesticated on shipboard. He makes the captain of the afterguard, who is *rubbing a leopard's nose against the deck* for some misdemeanor he has committed, say, "That, if the *Hemperer of Marocey* would send them a *cock rhinoceros*, they'd tame him in a week." I believe him. I myself saw two lions, apparently two-thirds grown, playing about the deck of a Senegal trader, just like a couple of kittens. It was dangerous, however, to continue the game long with them, for their treatment of you grew rougher and rougher; they would, probably, have torn you into inch-pieces out of pure love and kindness.

has his ups and downs, or times of elevation and depression, as well as another, and will no more spare you a shot from his locker of wit because you demand it, than Sir John Falstaff would have eaten raisins upon compulsion. It is a good time to set upon him just after a storm—provided he has had a little sleep, or when he has gone to the lee-side of the long boat to mend the apparel shattered by the passed hurricane. While he is eating his dinner is a good time; but the prime moment for sacking his repertory of haps and mischances is during the night-watches, in fair weather. He has then nothing to do, save when it is his turn at the helm, but to talk to you of the things he has seen in his eventful pilgrimages and wanderings from shore to shore. It is true that he will now and then cast his eye aloft, to see that all goes right, as well as below, to see that nothing *comes* wrong. But these are seasonable interruptions, which enable him to replace his tobacco with a fresh quid, or to give the necessary hitch to his trousers. Hours and hours, while our vessel has been ploughing her way along the ocean, have I sat listening to his narratives, sometimes pathetic, and sometimes humorous, of the scenes he has witnessed. Now he was with Hawke, in such and such a battle, d'ye see, and then followed a blessing—everybody knows what a tar's blessing is—upon the finest old fellow as ever led a ship into action, and thumped the mounseers to their heart's content. Then he "took a voyage in a merchantman, and it proved a d——d bad concern. Little to eat, little to drink, a great deal to do, and no pay. Well, what should happen, but one night, as we were running down from the Hole-in-the-Wall to the Berry Islands—let me see, who was on deck wid me—ah, Dick Dogget, him as was killed afterward in the battle 'tween the Monmouth and the Fuderong (Foudroyant), and which by all accounts was the best-fought action in the war. Says Dick to me, says he, did you hear, says he, a noise, all one as if somebody was hanging to the starboard cathead? No, I didn't, says I," &c. &c. I believe I passed as much as three, perhaps four hours out of twenty-four, in listening to the "canterburies" and matter-of-fact narratives of these jovial and good-hearted fellows.

CHAPTER XI.

SURMOUNTING the various difficulties which presented themselves in the shape of rocks, reefs, shoals, &c., which render a passage among the windward islands of the West Indies one of the most perilous that ever was attempted, we had at length the pleasure to hear that welcome sound—"land!" It was a misnomer, however, for it should have been "rock!" It proved to be the Tortugas, a group of barren islands, which lie at the entrance to the "Windward Passage." This latter is a strait, or sound, which divides Hispaniola from Cuba, and is the channel through which vessels bound from the American colonies to Jamaica usually pass. Next we made Cape Dona Maria, upon the Hispaniola shore, and the ensuing morning Point Morant, the easternmost part of Jamaica. The wind continued to waft us down the coast, full within view of the mountains which every where rear their lofty crests upon this noble and singularly picturesque island. Late in the afternoon of the first of November, the captain announced to us that, if the wind continued, we should literally "*bless our eyesight*" in the morning. He pointed out to us the waves dashing upon those frightful rocks which lie upon the left of the channel before you pass Port Royal. Soon after we took a pilot, an event which landsmen consider tantamount to an ending of the risk, though I suspect the underwriters at Lloyd's would tell a different story. The greater part of the passengers, especially the unromantic, matter-of-fact folks, of whom I was one, retired at the usual hour; but there were some so in love with the glimpses of the mountains frowning upon them out of the moonlight, that they remained upon deck the whole night.

The view which burst upon my vision when I went upon deck the next morning was, indeed, one of great beauty. We had passed Port Royal, and were now in the eastern branch of the inlet which runs past the great mart of the island. The city of Kingston, built upon a

gentle acclivity, and laid out in a manner which gave it the full advantage of its unequalled site, lay before us, in all the beauty of a tropical fine morning, its white chimneys rising from out the deep or lighter tinted foliage of the pimento and other evergreen shrubs and trees which adorn this gem of the West Indian Archipelago. The mountains of St. Catharine, the Blue Mountains, and the other peaks of that Alpine chain, came in for a large share of my admiration. Indeed, the range of mountains which occupied the entire northern horizon are not, perhaps, surpassed in majesty and grandeur even by those of Switzerland and Italy. They only want to be depicted by a few pens of power, to be travelled among and hymned to as much as those of the old world. When Columbus discovered this island (he approached it on the northern side, which has more variety and beauty than the southern, without its grandeur and sublimity), he was struck, says the historian, with delight and admiration. Well might even his capacious, and gifted, and travelled mind have been filled with awe and wonder.

While we were thus employed in that most delightful of all occupations, the contemplation of novel objects of natural beauty, and the comparison of them with those which were previously in the eye of the mind, our vessel dropped anchor within a hundred yards of one of the principal wharfs, preparatory to "warping in." And now a scene presented itself quite as novel and striking as that furnished by our first view of the mountains. I cannot, to be sure, say that sublimity was present, nor will I assert that woolly heads, flat noses, thick lips, and eyes of the hue which skimmed milk assumes when you throw brown sugar into it, before it has acted as a dissolvent—I will not assert that one ever finds himself saying, at such a time, "oh, how beautiful!"—but I will affirm that he may derive exceeding interest from the scene, even substitute for the exclamation of pleasure and delight one of potent surprise and amazement. Hitherto my acquaintance with the dusky sons of Africa had been confined to Cæsar, his spouse Dinah, and his son Scipio; now it was difficult to see any thing else, all was "black as ten furies." For every white face you saw at least ten sable ones. Our

vessel was soon surrounded by boats, manned with negroes, bringing for sale the tropical dainties—oranges, limes, melons, the yam, the manioc, and the various genuine delicacies of air, field, and flood which a Jamaica market affords. The noise produced by the applications for preference was deafening.

"Massa Buckra, buy crawler?" asked one, displaying a basket filled with that singular creature, the mountain crab, "hi, massa, tak care, him got teet, bite, scratch like young debble. Keep e claw down—got no manners?—bite e tranger?—won't drop e paw, eh?—take dat then; lie still now, spose, eh? Wery good crab, massa. Take him right time. Jis he get back him's burrow; he creep out de ole shell, as the mephity preacher say (and here Sambo showed his teeth), he born again, come out new man, and wery good crab; buy, my massa; buy poor Sambo crabs. Cold wedder come; Sambo no tockin, he no shoe, he no hat, he no tart (shirt). Oh, massa!"

"And what have you to sell?" I asked of another, a yellow-skinned Moco.

"Me, massa? possum, fat possum; catch him up a gum-tree; him make climb berry fas; run out a branch; nigger shake de tree—possum scream—hole on—cling, cling—by-by down he drop, and here he be. Buy, my massa? Or mebbe, massa, buy shelly-feller (uncovering an armadillo), or, no tellin, mebbe he lub eat guana. Fine fat guana; white as chicken; tew him up wid yam and ochro—put in leetle salt, good deal a pepper; massa smack his chaps; missus smack his chaps; young missus smack his chaps; you all smack your chaps. My massa, do buy possum, shelly-feller, guana?"

"I don't want them, my boy."

"Den jis as shure as my Massa Higson, at Windsor-farm, on Christmas-day, kill two ringtail pigeon at one shoot, wid his long gun, jis so sure, Massa Buckra, 'less he 'pent, and get de troo grace—de genooine blue in him heart, he die, an go to burnin pit, which God grant may be de happy potion ob us all, none more dan Quaco."

There was hardly any thing with which they were not prepared to supply us. Here were rice-birds—October birds they call them in Jamaica—an exquisite delicacy—

turtles, green turtles—as applied to the gratification of the palate, the "vanity of vanities"—weighing, perhaps, a hundred and fifty pounds, together with all the vegetables and wild fruits which a tropical climate boasts, and the whole to be bought for a mere song—five shillings would have purchased the cargo of a large canoe.

Before I left the ship there was a promise exacted from me by each of the passengers, that if any favour, pecuniary or otherwise, should be wanted, I would apply to him or her individually. Appointments were arranged with the gentlemen, and calls with the ladies; cards were amicably exchanged, and the other ceremonies set down in the formulary of custom gone faithfully over.

Owing to the swarming of French privateers in the different channels and passages, there was, at this period, but little trade carried on between the West India islands and the colonies on the American continent. At the time of my arrival there was no vessel bound to any port in America; even that in which I came was intended by her owners to take a voyage to Europe before she returned to New-England. There was every reason to fear that I should be detained much longer than I wished, even should the object which had carried me thither be accomplished. In the mean time, I endeavoured to blunt my sorrows by indulging my passion for natural scenery. This thirst for seeing carried me out in daily rambles through the vicinity. As the gentlemen to whom I brought letters were not in the city, I should suffer little, save in my feelings, by my deferring the inquiry prompted by my object in coming thither. I rambled, quite in the picturesque style, among the lesser hills of the range I have referred to, and derived from the exercise an increase of health and spirits, as well as gratification through the medium of sight and sound.

It is known to most of my readers, I presume, that during winter and early spring, the climate of the West Indies in general, and of Jamaica in particular, is thought to be the finest in the world. It is never what those in the high latitudes call cold, though a traveller thither from hyperborean regions will hear the epithet frequently used of a state of the atmosphere to which his own nerves, used to a harsher climate, will apply the opposite epithet. Nor is

the heat then so great at any time of the day as to be oppressive. At night, if he is a resident, or has come from a climate equally warm, he will need an additional covering; and when it is getting towards sunset, he will probably be glad to exchange nankeen pantaloons for those of a stouter material, and to throw aside his loose morning robe for a coat from the Leeds loom.

Then and before the sultry and pernicious heats of summer set in, the sensations produced by a view of fields and forests clothed in the verdure which, in northern latitudes, is their property only for some three or four months—a boon, as it were, reluctantly granted by the goddess of nature to be clutched by her the moment she has an excuse for resuming it—I say, the sensations then experienced will lead one to pronounce the West Indies delectable abodes, and to put them down in his note-book as the authentic Hesperides. But, as the showman says to the children, "wait a little, and you shall see the Duke of York." Continue to reside in these periodically interesting spots till July, August, and September come to broil you, and a different set of opinions shall replace the former. When you see vegetation parched up by the fervours of a sun blazing with irresistible fierceness; the heat, by the thermometer—of your skin, at 270; and refrigerators necessary at the bottom of a well; lightnings flashing, thunders pealing, earthquakes rocking, tornadoes levelling the forests, and strewing the earth with the ruins of habitations which have crushed their owners, your mind will be differently disposed towards the equinoctial regions, and your heart will yearn after hyperborean lands, with their solemn forests of pine and spruce, and their heavy garments of kersey and fearnaught. The exchange of nankeens, evergreens, and orange groves with the general debility, mental and corporeal, of the low latitudes, for the periodical severity of climate in the high, with the strength of mind, firmness of purpose, alacrity of feeling, and physical energy, which usually belong to it, is not so great a disparagement of the wisdom of him that makes it, as some may suppose. In my opinion, it would argue a man neither idiot nor lunatic, because he followed the wild ducks in their migra-

tions from a torrid to a temperate climate, though his object were neither to moult nor incubate.

I have said that I did not set immediately about the business which had carried me to the island. When one first goes on shore after having been for some time on the water, he feels for a while very indolent, and does not relish active exertion. He wanders about, especially if he has seen little of the world, and nothing of the particular spot, stargazing, looking at this, that, and the other, taking street by street in his peregrinations, diving into churches, diagonalling squares, taking the altitude and superficies of churches and public buildings, and if he is not past the age of threescore-and-ten, peeping under every cottage-bonnet, and into every honeysuckle-bower and half-curtained window, for a pretty face. It is not to be doubted that I went to see all the lions; withal I visited Port Royal, the scene of the most dreadful earthquake which ever happened in the West Indies, that of 1692, of a great fire in 1703, and of a heavy and destructive hurricane at a later period. There was a superstition connected with this ill-fated place which I took some pains to investigate. Be it known to every lover of the marvellous, be it remembered by every believer in the supernatural, that, after Port Royal was sunk by the earthquake, for many weeks, fiddling and dancing, cursing and swearing, could be plainly heard *below*, by any one who would take the trouble to listen. It was asserted that if you went to that part of the "Palisado" (the neck of land upon which the town was built) which was devastated by the "quake," and laid your ear to the earth, you would hear very lively doings in the halls of the universal mother. I tried the experiment faithfully, but the sounds were not audible, or the revellers were at lunch, or taking a nap.

It will be deemed an odd taste, and a more than candid acknowledgment, that I spent the greater part of my time for some days among the slaves. I felt an anxious wish to learn their actual condition. I had heard much said, among the people of my own country, of the cruelties practised upon them, and knew that there was, at that time, a warm controversy raging about them in the

old world. I knew the "philanthropists" in England were giving the West India slave-owners *floorers* upon every round. Then I had heard horrid stories from Jack Reeve, whose veracity nobody doubted, of what he had seen in his "Ingee voiges." The very last time he was there he saw seven *niggers* carbonadoed, and afterward roasted in a "dry pan with gradual fire," just as that veracious old chronicler of the iniquities of Romanism, Fra Anthony Gavin, saw the heretics served in the inquisitions of Toledo and Saragossa. "And what," said Jack, "dy'e think was the cause of this hellish iniquity?"

All answered "they could not even guess."

"Why, nothing at all, no more than that they chanced to sneeze before breakfast."

Then he saw ten thousand other enormities of a kindred nature. Beheading was so common that the diversion would not draw so many together as the nicking a horse's tail would in New-England. Whipping was the planter's pastime, mutilating and maiming so much of a pleasure that it was seldom allowed to be a solitary one, and the flaying alive of a stout wench was absolutely an occasion for a feast and ball. The "killing by flea-biting, the puncturing and scarifying to induce fly-blowing, and the kicking to death by grasshoppers, belonged, by prescription, to the ladies; but the digging out eyes by custom, or the common law of Jimeka, to those of the male sex, who were verging on manhood." "Poor creatures!" "unhappy beings!" "miserable sons of Africa!" and three groans from the bystanders.

Now, before I was ten years of age, I knew there was such a thing as—fudge; and before I was four years older, had the sense to apply the term to Jack's and similar stories of negro suffering. I had no doubt that, occasionally, the slaves in the West Indies, and every where else where slavery obtains, either by law or from *circumstances*, were cruelly and brutally used, doomed to every kind of suffering, beaten, starved, even maimed or butchered. I had seen enough of what had actually taken place in the relation of master and *servant*, to form some idea of what might happen in that of master and *slave*. But I argued against the probability that the hard and cruel usage com-

plained of was general. Slaves are the *wealth* of their masters, said I: men are careful of their wealth; ergo, they are careful of their slaves. This was a natural syllogism; if it had not been, probably it would not have presented itself to the mind of a boy: and though it leaves out the motive to good treatment, it established the fact, and that is all I care about at this moment.

I went then to the West Indies with no exaggerated notions of the cruelty of masters to their slaves. I knew that masters could be cruel, for I had seen one hung for beating his apprentice-boy to death. But I said to myself, men feed their beasts of draught well, and when they are dragging a heavy load they frequently stop the team, to rest and breathe it. It was simple reasoning, but it kept me out of errors and fallacies, and so far performed what wisdom did for Jesus the son of Sirach, "gave me good judgment to the intent that those who are desirous to learn may profit." I then saw what I have since seen, that, with a few exceptions, the slaves, both in the West Indies and the southern colonies, now states of America, are better fed, and have less to do, and, taking the respective climates into view, are better clothed and housed, and in a happier condition, than the peasantry of European countries generally. True, they work—at certain seasons of the year—very hard; at other seasons, their labours are just enough to keep the scurvy away. They have time allowed them, both in the islands and on the continent, for cultivating their allotments of ground, or gardens, and for carrying their provisions to market. I could enlarge upon the privileges which the negro enjoys; the advantages he derives from his situation over and above those who are placed, in all save a nominal independence, in a state of equal abjectness, without the claim which, as a species of wealth, he makes upon his master for support in time of dearth, and protection from danger. Talk of a Creole's beating a negro! why, he is too lazy to do it. Were he to attempt it, there would be one big blow, and the hand would fall powerless from constitutional lassitude. Has the reader never heard of the Creole mistress bidding "Sall to tell Sue to tell Phillis to come and pick up the pin?" The labour of whipping a negro would be quite too much

for a Creole. I can fancy him breathless and fainting from the task of inflicting a dozen lashes.

It was not more from a wish to do that which one seldom gets thanks for—set the world to rights, than to study the genus *man* in a new species, that I was induced to pay repeated visits to the market-place, and other places where the negroes congregated in the greatest numbers. You might see, every day, an epitome of Africa, a grouping of the children of a continent in the vegetable-markets, or on the slave-marts of Kingston. Here was the Mandingo, black, but not glossy-black, like his neighbour the Koromantyn, or "Gold Coast;" his hair bushy and crisped, not woolly like that of the other, but soft and silky to the touch: and his lips not so thick, nor his nose so flat, nor his mouth, though wide enough, not so wide as the other's by thirty inches. There stood the timid, fearful Eboe, his skin of a sickly yellow hue, the conformation of his face so like that of a baboon that "Jacko" rose involuntarily to your lips as the proper designation for the creature, and, before you knew it, your hand was in your pocket in search of nuts to feed him with. Beyond him was the Congo, his complexion a deep black, small and slender in stature, forming the most perfect contrast to be imagined to the fearless and intrepid, large-limbed and stout-hearted Gold Coast. It was a moving panorama, and I enjoyed it.

I learned a great deal, in these rambles, of their opinions and practices, manners and customs. It was interesting to hear how they became slaves; for, if it originated in war, the narrative was, in effect, the history of that war; if it originated in paternal cruelty, it was usually a story of deep tragic interest. Perhaps it imbodied the circumstances of a successful intrigue, or a blighted passion—its hero an Oroonoko, its heroine a Yarico.

Then their superstitions. I have already given the reader to understand how great is my reverence for national superstitions. The opinions which a people may entertain of the Supreme Being are always entitled to the deepest respect and attention. Whether he be the Areskoui of the Hurons, or the Accompong of the Koromantyns; whether their paradise, like that of the Eboes and Papaws, be their own parched and burning regions, or

like that of the North American Indians, "a valley clothed with eternal verdure, and bright with never-failing gladness," the superstition, wild though it seem, is but primeval faith debased, the religion of the Bible perverted. In my opinion, these superstitions should be reckoned among the immediate proofs that man feels, instinctively, the existence of a Deity, and that, when he sees "God in the clouds, or hears him in the winds," he affords, by this very ignorance, a stronger evidence of the existence of a Great First Cause than could be furnished by the most elaborate arguments of the philosopher and man of science, even—I will risk the saying it—the theologian. Learned subtlety may do wonders towards supporting a weak cause, but how can there be a mistake in him who opens no book but the book of nature, takes no lesson in divinity but from an instinct—placed in his bosom—graven on his soul by Him who gave him being?

If I sometimes found food for sober reflection among the slaves, I derived infinite amusement at others. They have their allotted hours and days for sports and pastimes. That in which they most delight, and oftenest indulge, is dancing. I do not feel myself authorized to say that there was either elegance or science in their steps, but I can bear full testimony to their activity and perseverance. Their music is of a novel kind, for it is a fact that "they prefer the inharmonious sounds produced by beating on a board to the finest harmony produced by the favourite instruments of the white people." The loudest noise is, in their opinion, the sweetest music. Every Sunday afternoon, upon holyday afternoons, and sometimes in the evening, after their labours were ended for the day, you might see them dancing upon the spacious and verdant lawns which surround the city upon three sides. As the moon, in these climates, is very brilliant, the absence of the daylight is no hindrance to the pursuit of any amusement, or, indeed, any labour; and the negro then pursues his pleasure with the ardour which marks his disposition when he is about what he likes, and what has not been named as a task.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was one scene I frequently witnessed which gave me great pain, and which I set down as the most odious "feature" in negro slavery. And here let me remark that I am no advocate for slavery. I deprecate its introduction into the western world; I deprecate its continuance there; but I hold that, as the evil will be perpetuated by the impossibility of revoking or suppressing the measure, all that we can do will be to make the condition sit as light and easy upon its subjects as possible. We cannot manumit the slaves on the soil, we cannot remove them in a mass to Africa. Let us be content, then, with binding down the masters to good treatment by legal fetters, and with anathematizing the "Lord of Guinea,"* Bartholomew de las Casas, Sir John Hawkins, and the *Assiento* company.

The odious "feature" to which I allude is the frequent separation of families, by selling them, in portions or singly, to different masters. I do not so much allude to the parting of husbands and wives, because the frailest web ever spun in the loom of Arachne has ten times the strength of a negro matrimonial connexion. But it is a different thing when a child is taken from the breast to pass into the hands of another than the owner of its mother.

Four days after my arrival, I was present at the sale of a lot of newly-imported negroes, where a thing of the kind would have happened but for my interference. A child, three or four months old, was "knocked down" to another than the purchaser of its wretched mother, for the sum of six pounds ten shillings and sixpence, Jamaica currency. The mother was a young and pretty Koromantyn, not more than sixteen: it was her first and only child. The purchaser came and demanded his property; she resisted

* The King of Portugal took this title at the time of his building the slave-forts on the African coast, in 1481, the era of the introduction of the practice of slavery.

with all the strength and power supplied by maternal tenderness, aided by the particularly savage—to an enemy, fond in regard to their offspring—disposition of the Koromantyns. The buyer, however, was used to such scenes, and paid no regard to her tears and entreaties. Finding that he had not strength enough to accomplish the separation unaided, he called his overseer, and, between them, they effected it—not, however, till they had in the struggle cast the mother to the earth, bruised and bleeding.

This was a novel scene to me, and one which roused the keenest sensibilities of my nature. It came to my mind that I had once a kind and tender mother, and I asked myself how she would have felt and acted had I been wrenched from her in the way they had torn this negro boy from his mother's breast. I had about me money enough to buy him back at the price paid for him in the first instance, and I determined, ill-provided as I was with the sinews of charity, to try how I should sleep upon a deed of benevolence. I followed the purchaser to the outside of the crowd collected to the sale, and asked him if he would part with the child. He was quite unwilling to do so, and made great sport of my sympathy with the African mother, but at length I prevailed upon him to relinquish his purchase, repaid him his money, and gave the child to its mother.

I had little difficulty in making her understand that the child was restored to her, to be her own, and that she was to nurse, and keep it about her afterward. No words can express the gratitude which flashed from her eyes, and none but those who have seen a spaniel testifying affection for its master, when the twain have just made up a quarrel, and master professes himself satisfied with puppy's contrition, can have any idea of the odd gestures she made use of, and the any thing but picturesque attitudes she threw herself into to convince me that she was grateful. In this instance, about the only one I ever knew among the race, and some asserted the first ever heard of in Jamaica, she knew the father of her child, and then there came his thanks and gratitude. He had not been purchased by the same master, but what, in his estimation, and, doubtless, in the estimation of both, amounted to a far better thing, he

would be sent to a plantation so near that on which his wife was to be employed that he could form other connexions, without being under her jealous eye, yet see her and his child as often as he liked. An arrangement like this is considered by this sensual and licentious race the positive acmé of enjoyment. Of all human beings, the negro is the most thoughtless and improvident: I do not believe he could be made, in a time of famine—wide-spreading famine—to take measures for securing food a day a-head, unless he should be urged to it by the application of the whip. He would starve in the midst of plenty, unless a more careful friend than himself stood caterer, and planted fields with an eye to his support.*

Upon the seventh day after my arrival, Mr. Brydone, one of the gentlemen to whom I brought letters, returned to the city, and I waited upon him to deliver them. I found him a genuine creole, indolent and high-tempered, but generous and hospitable to a fault. Having stated to him the object of my visit to the island, I received his promise of assistance. Our search for my sister commenced early the next morning, and in two hours' time we had traced the dear fugitive to, perhaps, a better home than she could hope to find on earth—my search had terminated; she lay in the city cemetery. Will it be believed that the circumstance gave me heartfelt satisfac-

* "How is it," said a Colonel Bourke to a gentleman whom I knew, a planter in Carolina, "that your crop of sweet potatoes lasts so much longer than mine?"

"You take yours out of the ground, and your overseer deals them out, I think;" answered Colonel Grayson.

"I do;" was the reply.

"Now I, being a very cruel master, impose upon my slaves the labour of digging them, *as they want them*, and the consequence is that I save at least twenty per cent."

There is nothing false or exaggerated in this view of negro improvidence. A negro slave will be at the point of starving before he will, of himself, take the least measure to procure food. Whenever you hear of an instance of a free negro acquiring property,—when you see his mind exercised on the future and caring for to-morrow or next year,—you may rest assured that there has been a crossing of his blood with another and differently-constituted race,—to use the West-Indian phrase, you may "look behind his ears at once," with the certainty of finding a whiter cast of skin there than the unmixed African can possibly have.

tion—that I rejoiced in the home she had found? What further business can she have on earth, who, at the age of sixteen, has parted with her fair fame? None, believe me, none. Though those beautiful lines, beginning "When lovely woman stoops to folly," have been quoted till they have become the most hackneyed of all quotations, still they may be repeated in the ears of too confiding women, with as much profit as on the day they came fresh and warm from the fount of inspiration.

We were enabled to gather the following particulars relative to my dear lost sister. She arrived at the island in the cartel-boat which brought prisoners from Martinique. Immediately upon her arrival, she commenced her inquiries for her betrayer. He was not to be found, and the wretched girl sunk under the disappointment. She had taken lodgings in the house of a quadroon* woman, one of that unhappy class so common in the West Indies, who, having devoted the morning of life to the guilty pleasures of man, are recompensed in its wane by his neglect and desertion. But none have hearts so open to charity as these "people of colour." I have no doubt my dear sister experienced, in her last illness, as much and as constant kindness as she would have received under her father's roof.

From Dinah I learned many things which gave me unutterable consolation, even amidst the poignant grief I endured. Dinah was not religious in any sense of the word, but she entertained for those who were the respect and awe which even the vilest sinner feels himself compelled to pay to the Christian—from an overpowering consciousness that the Almighty is "with his spirit." Dinah told me, in her own broken English, that "my sisser pray, pray all de time. She say she was very vile gal, but she hope God forgib her. She say, mebbe she bring her ole parents, her good fadder and modder wid sorrow to de grave, but she hope God forgib her. And she die wid de Great Name on her lip."

She was not communicative on the concerns of her family, nor about the affair which had made her an outcast

* The offspring of a mulatto woman, by a white man, is denominated, in the English islands, *quadroon*.

from it. She bade her kind hostess call her "Sally," but would not reveal her other name. It was of no use to do so, she said—it might prejudice her family. While sufficient strength remained to her, she was employed every morning in vain to search for her betrayer. Her story, as much of it as she would disclose, soon became known, and one general sentiment of pity pervaded the bosoms of all. Though she remained eminently beautiful, though Kingston is a very debauched and licentious place, and though the circumstances which carried her thither seemed to imply a dereliction of virtue which made her a fair object for the shameless proposals of the libertine, still she was treated as if she had been a virtuous, instead of an erring woman.

I was shown her grave in the church-yard. Though she had been dead but a month, it was nearly overgrown with weeds, which, in the West Indies, spring up like Aladdin's palace. I caused a small stone, with this simple inscription upon it, to be placed at the head of the grave:—

"The body of Sally Haverhill lies here.
She was born at ———, in New-England, on the
5th of April, 1742.
And died, October 4th, 1759, of a broken heart."

I was ever averse to lengthened inscriptions upon tombs and gravestones. It always appeared to me the height of absurdity to put forth a legend of the good deeds and memorable actions of departed relatives upon a frail and perishable page of marble. It is not always the world will be convinced that the praise we have uttered was deserved—indeed, it seldom is to the full extent of the recorded eulogy—for affection is proverbially blind, and, besides, the tribute was paid at the moment when only the kindness of the deceased was present to our minds—when the remembrance of their errors and follies was drowned in sorrow and affliction for their loss. How often have I read on a tombstone a eulogy attributing to its object every virtue under heaven, when, if that unerring record of character, "what every body says," had been consulted, a far different class of qualities "from that of faith,

hope, charity, brotherly love, temperance, sobriety, chastity, resignation, meekness," &c. &c. would have been made the types of his life and practice. No, no; let the tombstone be what it was originally intended it should be, and nothing else, a memento mori to the sleeper's own immediate posterity and generation, a mere record that he was born and died on such a day. If he has been very eminent, history will speak of it; if his merit is but a remove below, it will live in oral remembrance for a hundred years; if he were mean or bad, why strive to perpetuate his insignificance or worthlessness?

On the evening of the day after I had performed the last office I could ever render to the dust of my beloved sister, I took one of my customary strolls through the outskirts of the city. It was now what people, living in a northern latitude, would call late in the season, but in these climes verdure is perennial—that is, it owes neither its birth nor death to summer nor winter, but to the recurrence of the wet and the dry seasons. Upon these the sward is solely dependent for its livery of brown or of green.

The autumnal season of rains usually commences in Jamaica about the beginning of October. In 1759, it did not set in so soon by ten days, but the quantity which had fallen at the time of my arrival—the first of November—was sufficient to call up the latent shoots of grass, and cover the earth with a luxuriant and brightly-tinted herbage. They had helped to ripen that portion of fruit which still hung on the boughs, and to infuse a livelier principle of germination into that which was just formed. Some of the orange-trees were in full bloom—some exhibiting fruit in all its different stages, together with that which, I suppose, a metaphysician would call the "abstract principle" of fruit—a bud—a blossom—a little petal, just beginning to round itself, in pregnancy with an orange. Nothing can be more charming—that is, there is only *one* object more charming, than these plantations of orange and lime-trees. While the eye is delighted with the verdant foliage, and the abundance of beautiful flowers scattered among it, the nostril is regaled by the thousand delicious scents with which the air is filled. Nor does the sense of hearing remain without its share of gratification, though it is not des-

tined to equal delight and variety. Nature has been profuse of ornament to the birds of the torrid zone, giving to it the princely flamingo, a bird as large as a swan, as tall as an officer of the guards, and still more sanguine. Again, they have the humming-bird, perhaps the most beautiful of the tribe in which it holds a disputed place,—for many think it an *insect*,—with robes of the hue of the emerald, the amethyst, and the ruby, and

> In shape no bigger than an agate stone
> On the forefinger of an alderman.

The point I would arrive at, but my enthusiastic love of one pursuit is continually carrying me off, is, that Nature, while she has given to the tropical birds great beauty of plumage, has denied them the "voice and ear" which she has given to the birds of Europe. I do not mean to say that the former are entirely without melody. The mocking-bird will sing you a very pretty stave, but he soon gets tired, and ends with a nervous note, meant as an excuse, just as a young lady plays a cadenza, by way of finale to a bore, or her grandmother. The song of the dove is plaintive and interesting; and the hum of the innumerable insects which buzz around you comes in aid of forest minstrelsy, to regale your ears in an evening stroll in these islands.

To resume my story. I had several times, in my rambles, passed a beautiful orangery, a little way from town, and had, each time, bestowed upon it abundance of admiration, though not more than it deserved, and was, each time, struck with a Yankee curiosity to pry a little into its recesses. It struck me suddenly that now was a good time to gratify my wish;—the gate was open,—there was a bright moonlight, and all was hushed and still, so I entered.

After walking for a short time in the more open parts of the garden, among chiromoya and pimento trees, I turned down a dark alley which led directly to a low door, or postern, in the spacious front veranda of the building. It may be remarked, in passing, that these verandas, being useful as a protection from the heat and to

shed off rain, are found attached to almost every house. There were several apertures cut in the frames which supported the vines and creepers in the sides of this alley, within which framed door-posts and lintels were set. Around these the various creeping plants of that voluptuous climate,—plants so vigorous, that if ever a communication is established between Terra and Saturn, it will either be by means of Jack's bean-tree or a Jamaica purple-flowering clematis,—had been permitted to twine themselves so as completely to hide the wood-work from all whose eyes were less curious than mine. These apertures, or passages, led to recesses, or alcoves, furnished with benches and low cane chairs, and lighted, more for show than use, though the thick foliage excluded the beams of the moon, each by a small lamp, suspended from the arched and jasmine-flowered roof. I sat down upon one of these benches, nearly hidden from view by the branches which, thickly covered with leaves and blossoms, protruded themselves through the trelliswork that formed the interior sides of the arch. The air was so full of sweets as almost to be oppressive.

I had hardly taken my seat, and found leisure sufficiently to admire this delightful conservatory, when a lady, beautifully, but chastely dressed, came out of the postern, and bounded with a light and dancing step into the alcove next, and but a few feet from me. The vines upon the sides of that in which I sat were not quite so closely woven, nor the foliage so matted as to prevent my obtaining a full view of the fair apparition. She appeared young—say seventeen, rather tall, and, like the females of the mild climates generally, exquisitely shaped, and remarkably graceful in her walk and attitudes. No females that have ever come under my observation have such hands, feet, and delicate proportions as the creolian ladies of the West Indies. Their forms are almost faultless. As this fair creature passed in a dancing step by me, and the light from one of the lamps suspended on the orange bough fell upon her face, I felt quite sure I could distinguish the peculiar cast of features and shade of complexion which mark the blended offspring of the races of Europe and Africa in its fourth or fifth remove from the blood of the latter. (In

the English West Indies they call the former *quadroon*, the latter *mustee*.) Her hair, long, black as a coal, and slightly curled at the ends and upon the forehead, fell in great profusion over a neck of surpassing whiteness, and a pair of the most delicate and finest-turned shoulders I ever beheld: yet it did not exhibit any of the stiffness and repugnance to be combed, which belong, in general, to the locks of those "compounds" who are not thus far removed from the unmixed African. Her face was neither Roman nor Grecian, but, in my opinion, much finer than if it had been either. Her lips looked like a cleft rose-bud, her chin was beautifully dimpled, but her cheek was colourless as snow.

Her dress was tasteful, inasmuch as it was *white*, a colour—if it be a colour—which I recommend to all young ladies as that which best sets off maiden loveliness; unfortunately, they seldom choose it, but appear in gaudy dress which is anything but true taste. The robe worn by this lady was a plain muslin; a sprig of evergreen was intertwined with the gold chain which, fastened round her neck, fell low in front upon her bosom. A cluster of rose-buds, just opening, depended from her waist-riband, and one fully blown was placed in her hair. A small hand, of dazzling whiteness, adorned with more rings than are generally worn by unmarried ladies, and a little foot, incased in a white satin sandal, were other admired features of this beautiful girl.

Secrecy appeared to have nothing to do with her walk, for, as she seated herself in the alcove, she sung, with a full and clear voice, and in tones exquisitely soft and thrilling, the song printed below. Now, I have before observed, that negroes are not remarkable for possessing good voices. I never knew a full-blooded African who could have sung a good song, even if he had known the words to which the music was adapted. The voice of the lady before me was what they call, in the Spanish islands, *vos blanco*, a "white voice."

Were I to name my earthly lot,
Say to my Maker *what* and *whither*,
I'd choose me out a lonely spot,
And carry gentle Emma thither.

And this should be thy soft retreat,
Thou pride of England's beautcous daughters;
A bower where love and peace should meet,
A blissful isle of woods and waters.

They sing in eastern song of lands,
Elysiums of happy lovers,
By which a watchful angel stands
To see that naught unholy hovers.

They said it of the solitudes,
Where love with happiest heart reposes;
Where, far from all peace-wrecking feuds,
He sleeps upon a couch of roses.

When she had finished this, she leaned her head on her hand for awhile, in the attitude of listening. No one came—if one was expected; and she resumed her minstrelsy with the following

SONG OF THE SPANISH LADY.

Why comes he not? 'tis now
The hour when lovers meet;
The moonbeam through the orange bough
Falls, struggling, at my feet.
Soft eve has chased the noon,
The sultriness of day;
The zephyr shakes the lemon bloom—
Then, why is he away?

He said that he would come
When dews began to fall;
It ever was his wont to come
When night had spread her pall.
He dared the stormy lake,
He trod the haunted grove,
He was not one would lightly break
His promise to his love.

Hush! sighing winds, be hushed!
I hear his dipping oar;
His frail bark through the ripple brushed,
Can lover venture more?
He dares a jealous lord,
He risks the lance's harms,
And he shall find the wished reward—
I'll clasp him in my arms.

As she warbled the last stanza of this soft invitation to her absent lover, a fine looking young man, in the naval

costume of Great Britain, with the bold step which belongs to the profession of arms, making that profession an almost certain passport to the favour of the fair, came swiftly up the alley, and entered the alcove. Having, with great gallantry, and much apparent satisfaction, first kissed the little white hand which she tendered him, he seated himself at her side, and put his arm around her waist. I made several attempts to see his face, but the thickness of the shrubbery, the uncertain light cast by the lamp, and the peculiar position in which they sat, prevented me. I was sure of one thing, however,—he was English. My curiosity was soon transferred from the features of the gentleman to the matter of the dialogue which took place between him and his fair mistress.

"You will think me a laggard in love, sweet Margaretta," said he, tenderly; "but you must not, dearest; I have been kept from you by a voice too potential to be resisted—that of my superior officer. I have scarce breathed twice since I received permission to fly to love and you."

"And did you really fly, Charles?"

"Yes, my love, flew."

"What a 'lame duck' to be out of breath with a flight of some two or three miles," said she, laughing immoderately. "Charles, you will never be Icarus—you could not soar high enough to fall."

"Oh, you are a mad girl," said the doating lover, half devouring her hand with kisses; "and, worst of all, you are a trifler, Margaretta; a trifler with the fondest and most devoted heart ever offered to a woman."

"No, indeed, I am not; but, Charles, to deal plainly with you, I think you are a very deceitful man, and in matters of love a real fibber, spite of your epaulets."

"Misdoubting girl! How can you say so, when even now I am here to prove my constancy, by repeating my offer of heart, hand, fortune, life, and liberty."

"A splendid proposal, and a most valuable inventory of chattels, as papa calls them;" answered the lady. "Let us estimate their worth in the market? A cracked and perjured heart—"

"I'll stop your mouth."

"Be quiet, I tell you. A hand—bless me, how hard the ropes have made it—rendered worthless from having been offered to a dozen before, and rejected by all; a fortune reduced, by tailors' bills, to the value of a Port-Royal ball-ticket, £2 : 10 : 0—a life mortgaged to the king—and liberty only parted with to be resumed at the expiration of one poor month. By my computation you have made me a cheap offer."

"Jesting still! This is cruel, Miss Shadwell."

"Miss Shadwell! Ah, now you have taken a terrible miff. Address me as 'madam,' and I shall be sure that our quarrel is as nearly irreconcilable as a quarrel can be where——"

"What?"

"Where, I am *sure* that one, I have reason to think both, of the silly children would not, for the wealth of Ind, make the breach eternal."

"Dear, sweet Margaretta! precious confession! my own love! but why will you not put an end to this tormenting suspense? Why, my beloved, will you not consent to become mine by the sweetest of all human ties? I have given you every proof of my honourable intentions. I have offered testimonials sufficient to place my character beyond the reach of suspicion."

"My father."

"And what of him, my love?"

"I have told you that he will never consent to our union."

"Will not consent to our union?"

"You may remember, Charles, that I said as much when you were here last."

"It is impossible—utterly impossible," resumed the lover, "impossible that he should be so blind to his own interests, if insensible to—I hope I speak your thoughts, my love—to your happiness, as to refuse me your hand. I am of an honourable and honoured family; not a beggar, and rising in an honourable profession. My conduct has been irreproachable, my courage undoubted, to both of which circumstances many men of the first standing in this city will testify."

"Still he will not consent. Wealth he cares nothing for—he has enough to make the fortunes of half a dozen.

But having, at an early period of his life, been injured by his countrymen, he has conceived so strong a dislike to them that I doubt whether he would accept life itself at their hands."

"Is his antipathy so deep-rooted?"

"It is; and he gave a proof of it in his refusal to admit you to his house. He denied you, you said, with great rudeness, and bade you begone, as he would a dog, though the men he most esteems had spoken to him in your behalf. Never will he consent to our union."

"I will be satisfied without it, dearest," said the lover, passionately. "Give me your own sweet consent, my charming little creole—confide yourself entirely to your own Charles; and with a shake of the Bellona's fore-top-sail, we will pay our debt of gratitude to your father."

"And you would persuade me to desert my only remaining parent?" said she, reproachfully; "I could not have expected this from a man boasting of his honour and uprightness. And yet," she continued, laying her snowy little hand upon his shoulder, and looking in his face with an expression so affectionate, so beautifully innocent, that I could not wonder it threw him into raptures, "I will do you the favour to believe that the solicitations which would lead an innocent girl astray, were suggested solely by your love to my unworthy self. You are offended I see."

"Not offended, but grieved, Margaretta. I love you truly and tenderly, Heaven be the witness of my sincerity. Are you not doing yourself as well as me a great, perhaps an irreparable injury, when you throw away a devoted heart from an idle attachment to form? I must go, my love, for my captain bade me be in his cabin at ten, and it draws near the hour. When shall I see you again?"

"The day after to-morrow, at nine, in this arbour."

When the lady saw him about to depart, she threw into her voice and manner a much greater degree of affection than she had shown before. The quick eye of the lover saw it, and, turning hastily back, he said, "I sometimes persuade myself, Margaretta, that I am not so indifferent to you as I seem to be."

The lady sighed gently, while she said, "If you think I

care nothing for you it were useless to seek another interview."

"I do not—will not think so, my beloved," said the Briton, tenderly. "I will think you have shown for me as much affection as so modest and retired a maiden should. But I must go; farewell! Margaretta. And do, sweet, by the time of our next meeting, reason yourself into a resolution to leave kith and kin with your own sailor-boy, who loves you as he does his life. Go with him to the gray halls, in which his jovial ancestors ate, drank, slept, and sometimes danced down the reel of life, with little creatures as lovely as yourself, and, depend upon it, you shall never regret the step, nor wish its consequences undone." Having kissed the hand tendered him with much apparent satisfaction—and the cheek which was not rendered with more, he departed.

He had been gone scarce a minute, when a tall gaunt figure who had evidently been listening, dressed in yellow nankeen breeches, a loose dressing gown of the same, and a waistcoat of green taffeta, forming altogether a very singular dress, entered the arbour, and placed himself at her side. He wore upon his head the straw hat peculiar to those islands, with a very broad brim, and peaked crown —in the Spanish West Indies they call them *sombreros*, and carried in his mouth a long pipe, or "hookah," from which he occasionally drew and emitted clouds of smoke. Depositing upon the bench his huge hat, the brim of which was so large as to make it answer the purposes of an umbrella, he displayed to my view a singularly thin and swarthy visage, with high cheek-bones, a large mouth scantily furnished with teeth, and an eye, as I thought, fraught with much cunning and duplicity. He seemed to be rather more than fifty years of age, but in the low latitudes, and beneath what horticulturalists would call the "forcing glasses of the equinox," to the eyes of one accustomed to the protracted vigour of a northern climate, fourteen oftentimes seems twenty, and forty-five possesses the enfeebled limbs, and failing step of threescore. The proverb applied to those who exhibit precocity of talent, "early ripe, early rotten," has here a literal application. Men spring up like mushrooms and perish almost as soon.

"Well!" exclaimed the seigneur, puffing out a cloud of smoke, and curling his lip, "well, and how prospers the Creole lady with her gallant Briton? Have you bound him to the stake yet?"

The lady, with a sigh, answered, "The stratagem you proposed has succeeded much better than I could wish."

"How is that?—Better than you could wish!—you speak riddles: I understand you not."

"I mean that I repent of the wrong we intend this gallant Englishman."

"Repent! ha!—Powers of the earth, and the air, and the sea, hear, and take up the word—Repent! I like to repeat the word—it is a new one in our vocabulary. Never was the sound heard before from the lips of dad or daughter."

"True, my father; because Orina Shadwell was never in love before."

"Love! love!" he repeated, and broke into another of those ominous, half-suppressed laughs, in which he seemed so prone to indulge. "Well, that beats the devil himself. Now here is what comes the nearest to diablerie of any thing I ever knew. A girl, whose amours are countless as the stars, and whose second passion is revenge, talks of that sacred feeling of virtuous bosoms called *love*. Why, Orina, child of my heart, because thou art patterned so exactly after me, both in mind and temper, that I can scarcely believe in the individuality of either of us; hast thou forgotten thy and my revenge? Hast thou forgotten that thou art to ruin thy sister; and I, through thee, to revenge myself on him whose hand drove me into exile; who has compelled me for near twenty years, to live an outcast beneath these burning suns, and for so long to submit to the still deferred hope of seeing my own dear England once more?"

"True, father; I thought to have accomplished all you wished, and to have found my usual malicious satisfaction in doing it. I would still drive my sister into madness, if I could; and I would still do your bidding like a dutiful child. But, father, I love, deeply, fervently love this handsome sailor."

"Do you give over your schemes of revenge?" he asked, his eyes flashing fire.

"Do you wish me longer to entertain them?"

"I do—more—you *shall* entertain them. By all the gods, whether of Rome or Greece, I will have revenge on the hated family of ———." He sounded the name with clenched teeth, and in so low a voice that I could not make it out. "Never till now has there occurred a prospect of revenge equal to my wish, deep as my hate, bitter as my gall. I marry my daughter—by a mulatto wench—herself little better than a prostitute, penniless, unless I choose, and with passions to make a paradise a hell, to the heir of the house and honours of my foe—to the only surviving male of the line. It is a revenge equal to my hatred, and that is without limit or duration."

"Must I break the heart of the man I love?"

"Not all at once—only crack it—feed upon it as the vultures fed upon the liver of Prometheus. They did not—could not devour it at once, but ate it piecemeal: I should be glad to pattern my revenge after that of the gods upon the daring mortal, for theirs, I think, doomed to eternal punishment. Hush! my daughter, do not speak—we know each other, and will act according to that knowledge. Hark ye, you must and shall continue the deception, and be *Margaretta Shadwell* to the very moment he receives you to his arms a bride. Then, or as soon after as you please, acquaint him with the truth; whisper in his ear that he has wedded the illegitimate daughter of Major Shadwell, by his African slave. Means shall not be wanting to make him acquainted with the other traits in your character, which—did I not hear the leaves move!—no, it was only the wind—which will be worse than death to his proud heart. And see that sufficient witnesses are not wanting to your marriage; for it shall be told in the ears of his family, before two months are gone, and your legal claims to the character of a wife, if disputed, vindicated. And for the pecuniary means to enable you to do all this wickedness, apply to your loving father. Good night."

With these words he replaced his hat upon his head, and left his daughter to meditate upon them. She reposed her round and dimpled chin upon her hand for a few minutes; and then rose and followed him through the

postern. As I caught a last view and contemplated the perfections of her form—a form, whose proportions no sculptor could surpass, and saw the inimitable grace of her step and motions, and recollected the dazzling beauty of her face, I could not forbear exclaiming with Miranda, "Can the ill spirit have so fair a temple?"

CHAPTER XIII.

It may appear quixotic to my readers, that I should conceive the idea of exposing this atrocious intrigue to him who was to be its victim. That I did so must not be altogether attributed to philanthropy. Curiosity, the besetting sin of those born in a narrow sphere of life, was, I believe, the motive that prompted me to the undertaking.

I employed the principal part of the next morning in obtaining information respecting the proprietor of the garden. Common report had assigned him the same birthplace with that he had himself intimated in his dialogue with his infamous daughter, to wit—England. He had been settled in Jamaica near twenty years. He brought some property with him, which had finally swollen into enormous wealth. The name by which he had always been known in the islands was Shadwell; but circumstances had induced a suspicion that this was not his real name. He had reported that he was driven from home by the persecutions of his uterine brother, on the score of the lady who had accompanied him to the island. If such were the case, the harsh and imperious treatment she experienced from him, in every way by which bad usage could be inflicted, would seem to be a poor return for her desertion of her country and kindred to follow his fortunes in a distant land. It was certain that he debarred her from visiting or receiving visits, and that often, from sheer cruelty, he compelled her to perform the menial duties of the household, while liveried slaves were lolling at their ease. And fame went so far as to say that it was

his common practice to invest a negro wench with authority to appoint the tasks for this miserable woman to perform, and with power to inflict personal chastisement if it were not done within the appointed time. Made the object of continual cruelty, and slighted for a yellow mistress brought into the house to tyrannise over her, her reason at length forsook her, and her heart burst with the load of sorrow and misery which the unkindness of her husband laid upon her. She died at one of his plantations in the interior of the island, and left one child, a daughter—at the time of her decease, aged about six years. I must not omit to mention, that there were suspicions afloat that her death had not been a "fair-stray death,"—it was believed to have been produced by violence.

Major Shadwell was now somewhat in years, that is, he was fifty; but his passions, together with the enervating effects of the climate, and a somewhat too free use of exhilarating cordials, had added at least fifteen years to his looks, if not to his constitution. There was the apparent debility of threescore in his walk and gestures. It was said that he was unhappy; though this fact, which in general can only be learned from private habits, was but guessed at; for he gave the world no opportunity to ascertain the truth of the report. He saw no company, either at home or abroad; he visited neither the house of God nor the dwellings of men. The omission to do the first excited no surprise—he was no worse than his neighbours; but in a place so much given to conviviality and feasting as Jamaica, where the maxim is a "short life and a merry one;" where time is literally "caught by the forelock," and where thought and reflection and the fear of consequences, both temporal and eternal, are oftentimes drowned in the brimming bowl, his refusal to mix in the circles of dissipation and colonial fashion was resented with much warmth and bitterness.

The mulatto mistress, whose intrusion into the house had driven the legitimate mistress from it, and eventually to the grave, died a few months after her, also leaving one daughter, the Orina of my story.

There was a singular coincidence attending the birth

of these two daughters. They were born on one day, and no two persons since the time of the two Antipholuses and two Dromios ever resembled each other so much in personal features as these two sisters. Their height, in each the same within the eighth of an inch, and the general contour of their faces, their hair, black in both as the wing of a raven, their eyes, alike dark and languishing, the round and dimpled chin, the rosy lip, and the delicate hand and foot of each, proclaimed a most startling resemblance between them. I learned, however, that I could know them apart by observing that Orina was rapid, sprightly, and wanton in her step and air, while Margaretta was pensive and downcast, chaste in her deportment, and slow and serious in her conversation. Beheld together by daylight, and a close scrutiny made, a further shade of difference would be seen in that never failing source of correct observation to determine the remove from the African race, the eye—the complexion of the daughter of the mulatto betraying a tinge of yellow, imperceptible save in broad daylight and to a practised eye.

The same person from whom I learned that the sisters possessed this wonderful personal resemblance, informed me that never were there two persons more unlike in their dispositions and conduct—as unlike as the habits or the complexion of the races from whom their mothers sprung. Margaretta, the daughter of the *wife*, was remarkably sweet tempered and amiable, modest and good, charitable to a fault, and beloved by all. How unlike her the half-sister! The disposition of the mulatto would be well expressed by the lines which Young has put in the mouth of Zanga to describe the temper and feelings of his countrymen of Barbary:

> "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

Passion, in every shape and under every form, raged in her bosom without control. Her countless intrigues were the common theme of the city, notwithstanding that the opinions of the inhabitants upon the subject of female

purity were by no means such as to make the vice which supposes its dereliction a peculiarly *banned* one. But the standard was not so low as to bring the people to witness, without regret, the loss, to heaven and earth, of a woman possessed of the beauty, sprightliness, and prospective fortune of Orina Shadwell. And then her temper, heavens! what so appalling as its outbreak! When waked—and slight were the inducements wanted—the smallest opposition to her least-indulged wish was enough to arouse its fury; the hurricanes and tempests of her own island were not more destructive. To sum up her character in the briefest space, she had the form and features of an angel, and the mind and heart of a fiend.

Having made myself acquainted with the foregoing circumstances, and become apprized of the traits by which I could know the sisters apart, I repaired to His Majesty's ship Bellona, to unfold to the young officer the risks he would encounter by seeking the further acquaintance of the Shadwell family. I knew I was attempting a piece of quixotism, and that, not unlikely, my agency in the arrest of the plot would have an unpleasant termination to myself. It is not easy to make a lover listen to reason when it is adverse to his passion. Then, in the event of his disclosure of my name and intervention, I should have to brave the displeasure of the vindictive creole, especially if I succeeded in defeating her revenge. These considerations did not, however, deter me from attempting the rescue of the endangered young sailor.

At twelve o'clock I was on board the Bellona. As I did not know the name of the officer I had seen in the garden, further than I heard the lady call him "Charles," or what was his station on board the ship, though I presumed it was first lieutenant, I felt at a loss how to word the inquiry which should enable me to procure an interview with him. The reader will recollect that he had not, in the scene at the gardens, disclosed his rank or given me any clew whereby to find him out, except that he had mentioned the command of his captain to be in the cabin of the ship at ten, which would seem to imply that the occasion was a council, and himself an officer of trust. He was evidently a gentleman, and then he was of "high

lineage." Was not this a good reason for thinking him high in office? I asked for the first lieutenant; his servant said he was writing. Having been sent to him with a message that a gentleman wished to see him on "important business," the servant returned with an invitation to me to go to his cabin.

I found a noble and most officerlike young man seated at a writing-desk, whom I had no difficulty in recognising, by the square shoulders and trim of the mustachios, to be my hero of the garden. I had now leisure and opportunity to scan his features. They were eminently handsome and pleasing. He was very polite and sociable; but neither politeness nor sociability assisted me to "break the ice" of my secret. I believe he anticipated a communication which I found difficulty in making—my hesitation and faltering gave him to understand as much.

At length I said, "the business, sir, which has procured me the pleasure of this interview relates to yourself."

He bowed, and I proceeded.

"Were it otherwise—were it my own concern, I should feel less hesitation to speak of it, when perhaps, I shall call down upon myself the reproach of being impertinent, and of intermeddling with what does not concern me. I must hope, however, that my motive will be received as my apology."

Again he bowed, and his countenance began to exhibit some appearance of curiosity.

"The night before the last you were in the Shadwell-gardens."

He sprung from his chair with the rapidity of a ball winged from the ponderous engine of death upon which he was leaning, and his face became first ashy pale, and then of the colour of scarlet. "Eavesdroppers, ha! spies, ha!" he exclaimed, with a voice of phrensy.

There was that born in me which refused to cower under a look of wrath, even if deserved. I was on my feet nearly as soon as he, and as ready to repel violence as he to offer it.

"Neither," said I, with a tone as loud and peremptory as his.

"Were you or were you not a witness to the interview? damnation! what am I saying?"

"To the interview at the Shadwell-gardens with one of the daughters of the proprietor? you would demand. I was. Sit down, and let your anger subside. Banish your suspicions of wrong done or intended to be done you, they injure both yourself and me. Chance alone—and a happy chance it was—made me a witness of your interview. I have a disclosure to make."

He had succeeded in dispelling much of the anger from his countenance, but it still retained the traces of great anxiety. Securing the door of the cabin, he signed to me to resume my chair, and took one himself near it. "Begin, sir, if you please," said he. "I will hear you; and, whatever be the subject, calmly."

"Do you know the character of Major Shadwell?"

"Perfectly—black, black as h—ll. But does a relation of his misdeeds form any part of the disclosure you meditate making?"

"Not at all. Do you know that of his daughter Orina?"

"To be sure I do. The very counterpart of Old Yellow Breeches—double distilled iniquity. I wonder how my sweet and spotless Margaretta should have remained so pure, the dear creature so perfect, dwelling under that Stygian roof."

"Do you know there is a striking personal resemblance between the sisters?" I asked.

"I do," he answered. "But, my dear sir, whereto tends this preface? You are not aware, perhaps, that you have placed me on a rack—it is your duty to relieve me as soon as possible: a clear explanation can do it."

Without circumlocution I related to him the dialogue I had overheard after he quitted the garden the preceding evening. I related to him their plans, and the personation by the atrocious Orina of her envied sister. I cannot attempt to portray the different emotions which he displayed upon this discovery of their baseness, notwithstanding his promise to remain calm. For a while I could not dismiss the belief that he would much rather have remained without the information I had imparted. Rage, disappointment, sorrow, and, lastly, or my suspicions did him great

injustice, discontent with me for having roused him to a sense of his danger. I resolved not to leave him while he was in this tempest of passion, but to remain with him and keep his courage screwed to the sticking point.

Reason at length resumed her dominion over his mind, and he became tolerably tranquil. I had not yet inquired his name;—as a prelude to doing so I gave him mine—"Haverhill," and requested to know his.

What could be the meaning of his extreme agitation at the mention of my name? After a pause of near a minute, thinking he had not heard my question, I repeated my wish to know the name of the gentleman with whom I was conversing. "Mapletoft," said he, hesitatingly; "but, my dear sir, I am particularly anxious to keep every thing connected with this occurrence a profound secret. My honour, perhaps my life, depends upon my doing so—will you oblige me with a promise not to divulge my name to any one without my leave?"

I made the promise, and forgot that there was anything extraordinary in his exacting the promise, or in the alarm he evinced when I gave him my name.

That I might better mature my plans, and furnish myself with an additional hold on his friendship, I related many circumstances of my past life, and made confidential disclosures with a hope that he might be induced to repose a like confidence in me. Nothing so warms the heart of youth as a free and unreserved interchange of sentiments and opinions. The heart speaking at the lips makes for its possessor two warm friends, where the cold, rigid measurer of words and phrases but awakens your admiration of his prudence and caution. Cold-blooded, unconfiding men seldom make warm friends. My honestly-purposed stratagem succeeded. My new acquaintance became very communicative, and related, among other things, the story of his attachment to Miss Shadwell. There was little romance in it—it was this.

About a week before my arrival at Kingston, he saw Margaretta Shadwell at the Protestant church, and became deeply smitten with her charms. His inquiries about her being satisfactory, he obtained an introduction to her father. At first he was received with some cor-

diality, but he now recollected that when he mentioned his name, (what name?) a ferocious scowl crossed his face, and his eye sparkled with malicious excitement. Having stated his birth, connexions, and prospects, and given references of his character, he solicited permission to pay his addresses to Miss Margaretta Shadwell. The major requested time to consider of the proposal.

The next day he received a letter from Major Shadwell, fraught with much bitterness, forbidding him his house, or to see his daughter at home or abroad. The same evening a note was brought him from Miss Shadwell, saying, that the wishes of the father were not those of the daughter. The note was worded with the most scrupulous attention to feminine reserve, and sufficiently apologetic of the bold act of making an appointment with a stranger. He was requested to be in a certain part of the orangery —a numbered alcove in the centre alley, the next night, at nine precisely.

At the appointed time he repaired thither, and found a lady—as he supposed her he had seen at church, but in reality, "Fair Portia's counterfeit." The father, it would seem, had made the vile Orina acquainted with Danvers's proposal for her sister. Partly at his instance, and partly to wreak her own malice on the unoffending, inoffensive Margaretta, she undertook to personate her, trusting for success to the wonderful resemblance before spoken of. A wish to aid her father in his schemes of revenge, not less than hatred of her sister, and her propensity to criminal amour, first induced her to engage in this intrigue. But, upon becoming acquainted with him who was to be the sacrifice, another passion took possession of her bosom. She conceived a deep affection, if so worthless a creature was capable of feeling affection, for the gallant officer, as her confession in the dialogue with her father, when nothing could have been gained by falsehood, sufficiently attests. The interview to which I was a witness was the third which had taken place between Danvers and Orina.

The result of my conversation with Mapletoft was the announcement by him of his determination to forego the further acquaintance of Orina. I, on my part, engaged to procure him an interview with Margaretta as soon as pos-

sible. It was a difficult thing to fulfil this engagement. I knew no individual under Major Shadwell's roof, and, in consequence of the intrigue projected and in execution, it was probable the hoary-headed intriguer would watch his doors, and forbid the entrance of every person not in the secret.

Determined, however, to do my utmost to arrest the plot before its object should be sacrificed, I repaired, in the dusk of the evening, to the Shadwell orangery. The gate leading from the outer to the inner garden was closed and fastened, but such fences as they have in those islands could oppose but a slight impediment to a New-Englander, who recollected the thorn-edged apple-orchards he had assisted to plunder when a boy. I had but to use a little more than the ordinary exertion of getting over a common fence, and I stood within the orangery, and again drank in its balmy and reviving odours. I continued walking in these alleys and among the shrubbery until near midnight, but saw nobody. At a very late hour I communicated to my new friend the ill success of my first attempt to procure him an interview with his charmer. To allay his disappointment I promised to return in the morning to the orangery, and to continue my visits to it day and night, and at all risks, till I had succeeded in my object.

As soon as it was light I went to the garden, with which I had now become pretty well acquainted. In the West India islands, where orange-trees spring up spontaneously, thrive without cultivation, and bear immensely, little attention is paid to fruit, and he who gathers it without leave first asked is deemed scarcely deserving a reprimand: in the way of gift—"fill your cart" is oftener heard than "fill your pocket." I found neither locks nor bolts to the outer gate, and I entered by the mere lifting of a latch. It was about sunrise; but in those islands in the spring of the year, and throughout the rainy season, a misty exhalation arises from the earth almost as dense as the fog of a May morning in New-England, or of a winter midday in London. It sometimes remains till the sun has nearly attained its meridian. These exhalations are most inimical to human life, and are, doubtless, the cause of those dreadful epidemics whence ensues the continual drain of population

in that climate, to replenish which our own healthful regions are, or were, for emigration thither is now stayed, made to contribute. On this morning the atmosphere was more than usually damp and heavy—the orange and lime-trees were laden with large drops of dew, and the heads of the grasses upon the sides of the alleys were bowed down with the crystals lent them by the "shame-faced Aurora." So many and ponderous were these drops that the least motion of one of the birds flitting about the shades, if it produced a contact with a bough, brought down a shower like that of a summer cloud. All was hushed as death in the garden and vicinity of the mansion—nothing gave evidence that its inmates had risen from their slumbers. It has been said that they are early risers in those islands, but I saw nothing of such a practice while I was there. The knowledge that it is attended in the sickly season with great danger, begets a habit which keeps them in bed till a very late hour at other times, and during the season when cloudless skies, healthful winds, and a serene air should banish repose and induce systematic exercise.

I had been wandering in the mazes of this garden at least an hour, when I heard the tread of a light foot coming up one of the narrow pathways, and soon a female glided into the open space where I stood. She did not appear to be terrified, but was certainly much startled, and apparently not a little perplexed, at finding a stranger in the garden at so early an hour. She was Orina's self, yet not Orina, equally as tall and quite as beautifully formed. I should have thought them capable, from personal resemblance, of enacting all the mistakes of the two wonderful twins of Ephesus.

To say that the eyes of this beautiful girl shone with the lustre of the diamond would be quite too romantic a phrase for me to use, but, indeed, I know of nothing else to which I can compare them. A pure complexion, pale indeed—for the rosy cheek belongs not to the low latitudes, it is a property indigenous and exclusive to the realms of cold, a charm that cannot be transplanted to the land of the sun, nor ingrafted upon the lily of its daughters,—a chin and neck which only a Grecian statu-

ary could have equalled, teeth only less beautiful than the lips which parted to display them, and hair—let them talk of "auburn ringlets" and all that sort of thing, give me locks black and shining as the feathers of a raven,—and such were those of the beautiful West Indian who stood before me. I remarked the hand, too, for who can be so little susceptible to beauty and deficient in taste, as not to pay especial homage to that limb which, better than any other, shows the "lady born," and which is an indispensable credential to her who would pass for a "lady bred?" The foot, too,—shall I say more? is it necessary to say more? than that it was small, and upon this occasion, without a —stocking. A little purple velvet slipper, tied upon the instep with a green riband, was all that shielded this delicate member from the kisses of the zephyrs. Excessive humility was never my fault, but it is certain that, upon this occasion, I felt a strong wish to be trodden upon.

Her dress was a robe of white dimity, with long loose sleeves, a blue crape handkerchief was tied loosely around her neck, over which floated her long hair nearly to her waist. All this was very simple, but it set off her beautiful form far better than the gayest silks of Padua and Lyons could have done.

It was not an easy matter to break the ice of ceremony with the beautiful apparition, and I stood silent for a minute at least. At length I said, inquiringly, and using an ellipsis,—

"Miss Shadwell?"

She nodded assent.

"Miss Orina Shadwell?"

"No; Margaretta." Her manner, which before had been easy and polite, became at once grave and stately—probably from a suspicion that I was one of the loose devotees of her profligate sister. I saw into her feelings and hastened to remove them.

"It is with yourself, madam, that I wish to speak. Having come hither purposely to see and converse with Miss Margaretta Shadwell, it was of consequence that I should know I was speaking to her and not to her sister, and that is the reason why I have been so particular in my questions."

She again assured me there was no mistake—she was Margaretta Shadwell.

Mine was not an easy commission to execute. A man may much easier make love for himself than his friend, and with far better grace propose a second interview, himself as principal, than when he acts as agent for another. Some little time was necessary to enable me to recall my straggling thoughts, and to reassure the lady, for her cheek glowed intensely, and so I began another subject. I remarked that "to see a lady abroad at so early an hour reminded me of my own dear country, and its maidens."

"You are not of this island, then, sir? perhaps of England or Scotland,—no, not Scotland, you do not speak with the Scotch accent?" The slight blush which, at the moment, crossed her cheek, together with the graceful manner in which the little hand was employed to throw back her hair, rendered her so beautiful that really I had not the power to answer her question, but kept gazing at her much longer than propriety warranted. My rude inquisition came near meeting a deserved punishment: she rose from the bench upon which she had thrown herself, and was going to retire, when I faltered out an apology, which was accepted, probably because she would hear my reasons for intruding myself upon her at that unseasonable hour. She had, I suppose, a little of the curiosity which belongs in so *slight* a degree to her sex as to make neither bolts nor bars impediments to the acquisition of that knowledge which it boots them to learn.

"I am neither of this island nor of Europe, madam; I am from the adjacent continent. I am an American."

"I thought, sir, you could not be of the islands. Your features are not those of an inhabitant of the low latitudes."

"If you had seen me six months ago, madam, you would have had a much better specimen of the hale, hearty, bluff countenance which belongs to the sons of New-England."

My fair auditor asked eagerly what had caused the change to which I alluded, and I told her, in as few words as possible, the particulars of my shipwreck. Her eyes filled with tears at the narrative of my sufferings, and at my account of the death of my three brothers; which

much increased the power of her charms. I believe my tale of sorrow and misery made a strong impression, for her manner immediately became more kind, and her voice assumed a tone of deep compassion. Had not my heart —as I thought—been guarded against the power of beauty by the recollection of my engagement to another, I should have found some difficulty in resisting the charms of Margaretta Shadwell. But I still loved Mary, and though I loved without hope, I was firm as a martyr in the belief that nothing could place my faith in danger. I regarded the fair creature before me as one whom I should be glad to see the wife of a brother or a friend, and with no other sensation. Yet I believe I looked rather too long and fixedly upon her, and with an attention which might easily, and by more experienced maidens, have been interpreted into one of kindling love. I have no doubt that she believed me smitten with her charms, a belief which much improved them, and vastly increased their power to accelerate the event; for when there was a noise in a neighbouring walk, and I rose to go, her eye bestowed no equivocal reproach on the intruder, and a deep shade of disappointment crossed her face.

Hitherto our conversation had been concerning my recent afflicting loss and other topics, foreign to the object of my visit. The noise approached, and I was compelled to take an abrupt leave. I requested that she would be in the same place that evening, at nine. I cannot dissemble that her look indicated nothing like anger at my boldness. Human nature, how frail and feeble thou art! Man's heart, how false and treacherous! I saw these emotions with joy, and felt my bosom thrill at the apparent pleasure which lighted up her eye. I forgot my employer, my proffered agency, my sworn faith, my honour, and every thing that should nerve a man in the hour of trial, and pressed her hand to my lips with as much fervency as a lady could wish.

The moment I had left her, I reproached myself—bitterly reproached myself with my conduct. I had abundant reason for self-condemnation. What business had I to kiss her hand. True it was given me, but not for that purpose—ladies never bestow them for that intent! Nor

had I said "I love you," nor had I said "meet *me* in the garden to-night," but had I not left her to infer both? Bitterly did I regret my conduct, and bitterly was I punished for it.

Notwithstanding my breach of trust and want of faith, I repaired immediately to Mapletoft, and acquainted him with the issue of my adventure. The communication, instead of making him superlatively happy, made him superlatively miserable. His captain had requested his attendance on special business at the same hour I had fixed for his interview with Miss Shadwell, and the request of the commander of a ship of war, however civil and complaisant the language in which it is conceived, is as peremptory on all his subordinates as the mandate of the Grand Turk to the slaves of the seraglio. There was no way by which he could evade his appointment with his captain, who, being advanced in years, and never having felt the stirrings of the gentle passion, had little sympathy with people afflicted with that disease. He would instantly have turned off his best officer had he known of his having been wanting in his duty to his king from love, however deserving of homage its object. Mapletoft entreated me to attend again and woo the maid as his proxy. Recollecting the adventure of the morning, and my half criminal neglect to explain myself to the lady, I begged to be excused from this invidious duty. I tried to awaken his jealousy by declaring that I was more than half in love with the lady myself. I painted, in gay language, the dangers to which we were mutually exposed, he of losing his adored, I of winning one I could not woo to myself without wronging him, nor wed without a breach of faith to another. All would not do—go I must. He insisted upon my being armed, so I took his *couteau chasse*.

CHAPTER XIV.

Behold me then in the Shadwell-gardens—the time nine at night. I could not complain of the lady's want of punctuality—she was walking at the moment of my arrival in the open space which had been the scene of our former interview. She held out her hand to me, and then, half from consciousness, and half in compliance with the dictates of natural modesty, withdrew it hastily. I led her to an adjoining alcove, which, as before, was lighted by a small lamp. As I took a seat by her, her manner appeared more contented and happy than I could have wished it, and more satisfaction lighted up her beautiful face than was consistent with the hopes of my friend.

Having first carefully examined the walks and groves, to be certain that no person was lurking around, I ventured to speak of the subject which had brought me to her presence.

"I have taken the liberty to request this interview," said I, "that I may whisper in your ears, madam, the fond wishes of one who loves you—one who, charmed by your person, and believing that the virtues of your mind and heart are equal to your external gifts, ventures to offer himself for your hand."

My next sentence would have named the individual whose feelings prompted him to this declaration; but a momentary pause on my part, not actually made with a —view to leave her in doubt as to the application of the speech, but the effect of my honest regret to remark the unconcealed pleasure with which she listened, obliged her to say something in reply to what she could but suppose was a declaration in "the first person, singular number, and nominative case"—to run down the metaphor, —with a view to introduce the "*possessive.*" I would have prevented her replying, for I could more than half imagine the character of her answer from the soft expression of an eye looking love from under its long silken lashes, and the momentary resting of her head upon my

shoulder, but, in sober truth, I had not the power. I am sure the Devil was in me just at that moment. But there came over me such an unaccountable wish to know what she— thought of me, and to hear what she would say, and how a "yes" would sound from such beautiful lips, that I found the temptation greater than I could resist, and remained silent.

"I do not know, sir, what I ought to say," she exclaimed, with deep emotion. "We are strangers to each other, this morning having been, I presume, the first time you ever saw her for whom you now profess regard. Perhaps I ought not to hear you—perhaps I ought to fly your presence, as the bird would fly from the fowler."

I answered, and, unhappily, with as much and as unintentional ambiguity as before, "that I was little known, but that that little, I must be pardoned for saying, placed me above suspicion of *dishonourable dealing* with any one!"

"My heart tells me as much; yet certain I am that I ought to know more about you ere I listen to your—fine sayings."

She gave me a sweet smile and a look which told how highly she valued these same sayings: the manner of the reproof was equal to an acknowledgment of the tenderest affection. She resumed her speech.

"And I would know more of you, if I had a friend on earth whose counsel or assistance I could command. My father—alas! I have no father; he who should be such values me less—loves me less—than the most worthless slave on his plantation. I must depend upon—your honour. Your professions of attachment are—very gratifying, sir;" and she cast her eyes to the earth in a vain attempt to hide her glowing cheeks.

How liable to err is the human heart! At this moment I loved Mary Danvers with true affection, and would not have exchanged her for an empress. Yet I suffered myself to hear, with pleasure, the acknowledgment of this guileless creature that I had won her heart. Let no youth of twenty-one hereafter court opportunities to fathom the depth of his affection for his mistress, or test his capability to resist female charms, or prove his heroism in matters of

love. To use the language of a monastic author, "flesh and blood, when they belong to youth and health, cannot bear the contact of beauty robed in the smiles of love." When I heard the confession of this beautiful creature, that I was not indifferent to her, I could not forbear—could not have forborne—had worlds been offered me, holding her to my breast, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek.

Dear as this salute was to me, in the sense attached to the word in the vocabulary of love, it came nearer in its effects to the meaning of the same word as used in common parlance to express price and value. I have no doubt that I should have recovered from my delirium, and made the next minute one of bitter apology and explanation, if I had not suddenly found the sharp point of a sword at my breast, and been called upon, by an angry voice, to "defend myself or die."

A man possessed of common courage, when thus situated, usually thinks of something else than apologies, or does not care to tender one till he has proved the temper of his blade. My *couteau chasse* was out of the scabbard in an instant. I had put by the pass made by Mapletoft, for it was no other than he, and was preparing to close with him, with the view to possess myself of his sword, when the lovely girl, who was unwittingly the cause of the strife, rushed between us, as little daunted by the sight of our naked swords as the Maid of Arc would have been, or the Roman Aria, when she gave her feeble husband the celebrated lesson of fortitude.

"Alas! I know not why these swords should be drawn—not upon my account surely," said she, turning her eyes imploringly upon me, and giving way to a deep passion of tears—"You, sir (addressing Danvers), I never saw till now, and but once before the gentleman whom you have found in my company. If you quarrel, from an old grudge, surely you should have chosen another and a more fitting time to settle it; if I am the unhappy cause, and I know not how I can be, tell me in what way I have become so, and leave to me the arbitration of the dispute."

"You shall hear the story, madam—it concerns you to hear it," answered the angry sailor. "I saw you, madam,

first at church—afterward walking, and dared to love you. I obtained an interview with your father, solicited his permission to pay my addresses to you, and was refused. Not discouraged, and with the perseverance which belongs to my profession and country, I determined to have an answer from your own lips before I used any endeavours to dislodge your image from my bosom. While watching in this garden, with the hope of seeing you, I met a lady—your half-sister, I have since learned—and being imposed upon by her striking resemblance to you, and by her artful personation of your character, I made love to her, supposing it yourself. Neither of us knew, at the time, that there was a witness to our interview (he cast on me a bitter look), but there was—this trusty gentleman, the same who overheard, as he says, a conversation between your father and sister, which revealed the deception to be practised upon me."

"And how can your mistake implicate him or me?" asked the lady.

"You shall hear, madam; he came to me as a friend, he told a specious story, he gained my confidence, and, at his own request, was commissioned to procure me an opportunity to declare my passion to the real, not the counterfeit, object of my regard. Well, madam, I break through all impediments, even place my honour at risk, to be here; I fly upon the wings of the wind, to throw myself at your feet, and, when I arrive, I find my supposed friend, damnation be his portion! pressing to his bosom the object of my fondest love—the villain!"

"Stay, sir—I insist, entreat—nay, I command you not to renew the broil," for I had sprung upon my feet with the rapidity of lightning, at the epithet "villain." "A few words of explanation from me may make you friends again, though it may render me miserable. It is possible," she continued, tears streaming from her eyes, "that I have altogether misunderstood your friend. I now recollect that there was ambiguity in his mode of speaking—he never spoke in the first person. Yet I thought he asked me for himself."

Her tears flowed so fast, and her grief became so excessive, as almost to deprive her of utterance. If Ma-

pletoft had been less abusive, and the lady less affected, I should have explained at once, and set all right. But I was not well pleased with the epithet "villain," nor with the "damnation" invoked on my head. Besides, he kept his hand upon his sword in a very menacing manner, and I had too much spirit to endure an insolent gesture. Passion led me astray, and my determination was made up in a moment. Giving him a contemptuous look, I knelt at the feet of the lady, and taking her hand in mine, said firmly, "It is for myself I ask you, lady!"

With a face black as night, but without a word of reply or comment, my opponent sheathed his sword, and turning down the alley was presently out of sight.

Though we had both shown abundance of passion, neither had made much noise.

I reseated my beautiful companion, and placed myself at her side. My feelings, at the moment, cannot be described,—they were like the waves in a narrow sound, where the wind and tide are striving for mastery, troubled —confused—tumultuous. I had wooed Margaretta Shadwell without a thought or intention, at first, of doing so, and now that I had done so, the recollection of my engagement to Mary Danvers returned with full force to my mind, and she stood before my eyes, beautiful and affectionate, as in the day of our fondest intercourse. I had placed myself in a situation which must end in falsehood to her, or to the not less lovely and innocent girl at my side. I asked myself how I was to be extricated from the dilemma into which my evil stars (upon whom, as usual, I threw all the blame) had hurried me? Since there must be falsehood to one or the other of these fair creatures, to which should I be false. Since my future years must be imbittered, by the consciousness of wrong done to a confiding woman, how should I conduct myself to render the burthen of regret endurable. Circumstanced as I was, it seemed to me that I owed the lesser allegiance to Mary. We had loved, but parted—the peremptory commands of her father had parted us, and perhaps before this time another not less imperative fiat had consigned her to the arms of the affianced suitor. No doubt would be entertained by her that I had perished,

for she had never been made aware of my rescue, and months would elapse before the mistake could be rectified. Was it not likely, nay, almost certain, that, wearied out by the solicitations or commands of her parents, and with the assurance that she should never see me more, she would yield herself, at length, to the arms of the husband selected by her father? The grief of youth—of a young girl for a lover, is proverbially short-lived, and seldom fails to be effaced by a fortnight's attention of another assiduous suitor.

If I reasoned thus about Mary, *absent*, I congratulated myself that Margaretta, *present*, loved me. I could perceive it in the gentle burden her slightly recumbent form imposed on the arm which encircled her. I could read it in her eyes—her step, air, gesture, every thing revealed it. Hastily as these reflections and observations occurred they operated to make me address her with as much ardour as any lady, even of a southern latitude, could desire. And my declaration procured me as kind a return as a lover could wish, who admired modesty in females, and liked not that ladies should be won with too much ease—nor yet with too much pain.

We agreed to meet next night at the same hour, but in a part of the garden less liable to interruption. I had not yet spoken of marriage, otherwise than in the reply to what she had said about having misconceived my former speech. I did not do so now, it would take a longer time than I could spare; for I meant to explain myself to her fully—to keep back not one of the circumstances which usually influence ladies in their choice of husbands. Brought up, as Miss Shadwell had been, in affluence, and, doubtless, taught to attach a value to wealth commensurate with the estimation in which it is held in those islands where it bestows upon the inhabitants their principal enjoyments, leaving him who hath it not the merest cipher in existence, it seemed probable that a revelation of my poverty would lead to an instant change in the lady's sentiments and views. It had always been my opinion that women, in the choice of a husband, were as much governed by the "accursed love of gold" as the other sex are led to the adoption of the military profession by

its gay dress, and the éclat it gives them among the fair. I had not then been taught, by experience, that the female heart is susceptible of a passion which shall resist all changes, and survive all perils, be proof aginst misfortune, be tenderest in adversity, heed not the world's calumnies, nor love more when it praises than when it blames.

Contrary to my expectations, the next morning passed without a challenge from Mapletoft. The omission, on his part, to take the usual notice of the affront—call it the injury, he had received, excited far more alarm than his call to the field would have done. I suspected foul play, but knew not in what shape, nor from whence, it was to come, nor how to prepare for it. That my opponent was excessively enraged against me could not be doubted by any one who knew how much reason he had to be so. From his apparent temperament, and more from his profession, a challenge appeared inevitable. Soldiers are seldom so near right as to consider an affront unworthy of notice. What pity that his naturally manly and honourable mind should, by the persuasions of an abandoned woman, have been brought to practise an infamous retaliation, instead of proposing that alternative which at least has courage to recommend it. Yet so it was; a Briton could forget the land of his birth to adopt the practices of a Venetian bravo; a sailor could leave his chivalrous profession to become accessory to a cold-blooded attempt at assassination. How true it is that, if a virtuous woman has the power to lead us a long way on the road to heaven, a wicked woman will drag us more surely, and much farther, in the opposite direction.

Without fear of the assassin's dagger, I repaired to my appointment at the Shadwell-garden. Margaretta arrived a few minutes after. She was melancholy; the traces of recent tears were on her cheeks, and she soon set out anew in a passionate fit of weeping. Upon inquiring "why she met her loverin tears?" I learned that her sorrow was caused by her father's unceasing and increasing harshness, together with the rancorous and vindictive cruelty of her sister. They had nearly, she said, rendered life insupportable.

I told her my story with little periphrasis and with great

truth. I told her that I was poor, miserably poor; and that though, to superficial observers, or to those who scanned my acquirements with a friendly feeling, I might seem to possess the education of a gentleman, it was not intrinsic and solid—I was the son of an humble fisherman, and had, until within one year, pursued the low occupation of my father, or had wrought in the fields as a day-labourer, for my support and the support of others. I disguised no event of my life, nothing that I ought to have told her, save one. It was a thought of the present moment, a changed resolution from the morning, to omit stating my engagement to Mary. There seemed to be no good reason why that engagement should be divulged. To declare to her that I had loved another, and if she chose to question me, or even to scrutinize my features, while I was stating the truth, to be obliged to make the verbal or silent confession that she was, even now, more in my thoughts than herself, would be to imbitter the hours I was soon to swear I would strive to render happy, perhaps to infuse jealousies into her bosom, and sow the seeds of eternal but unavailing regret in my own. I was silent, then, on this subject, and permitted nothing to escape my lips which intimated a previous and still-existing attachment. Having confessed the damning sin of poverty, and that stain which can only be hidden by a thick overlay of gold, obscure birth, I waited to hear if she would grant me absolution for those perilous and seldom forgiven offences.

Her reply was such as gave my conscience a severe pang for the unjust suspicions I had entertained. It was delightfully confiding and candid. She would marry me, she said, just as soon now, and with my disclaimer of wealth and birth warm from my lips, as if I were the son of a lord, and possessed of millions. Her ardent love of truth led her to explain, and I did not like her the less for it. She was not one of those, she said, who affected to despise wealth and to be in love with poverty. Money had its uses and value; a certain quantity of it was indispensably necessary to the purposes of life—to pay the king's taxes and the baker's bills (she smiled), to provide us with apparel, to succour the distressed, aid our friends, and baffle our foes. And the being well born was a kind

of bond for our good behaviour—liable, indeed, to prove not worth a penny; but still, as the lawyers said—no one who lived in the West Indies would long remain ignorant of the language of the law—but still a "collateral security" for good behaviour. But she meant to say that she would be mine, poor and lowly born as I professed myself to be, in preference to one having the genealogical roll of the St. Maurs and possessed of millions. She had seen, in her own family, that wealth did not, of itself, confer happiness. "I know nothing of your character," said she, in conclusion, "but must, as my sex are often compelled to do, take you, with the hope that you are a true man."

It was arranged that our marriage should take place on the evening of the third day thereafter. There was a Scotch lady living in one of the suburbs, who had been her friend and counsellor in all her troubles, and was now her confidant: the ceremony was to take place at her house. I mentioned my wish to go to America immediately upon our marriage, which seemed to give her great pleasure. There was nothing, she said, to bind her to the island of her birth, but rather, much she would fly from. I painted the sheltered vales and cultivated plains of my native land; its healthful climate; the, in some respects, singular, but, in all, simple, moral, and unostentatious manners of my countrymen, and the peace and quiet of the rural abodes which were found embosomed amid our breezy hills. My sketch received its commendation in her eloquent smile and tear.

I was not before aware of her possessing any property in her own right; unwittingly, I was about to marry an heiress. She had been, she informed me, the favourite of a French widow lady; who, at her decease, a few months previous, left her a small property, consisting of two hundred acres of land, and twenty negroes, in St. Mary's parish, and of some small house in Port Royal. As lands and negroes were then selling, we might hope to realize at least three thousand pounds for the whole. The possession of this sum, in the country to which we were about to transport ourselves, constitutes not comparative wealth, it is exuberant riches. Invest this sum with discretion, and you will not know what to do with your income.

Our conversation, and the maturing such of our plans for our future life as might be canvassed with delicacy, had taken up at least two hours, and I rose to go. "On Thursday evening, then, dearest," said I, after I had given and received the parting kiss, "we meet at Mrs. M'Haggis's; I shall then receive my sweet Margaretta to my arms as my bride; and before a month shall have passed, we will be ploughing the ocean to a land of contentment and happiness."

"Then must a Briton have forgotten his injuries; then will a creole have consented to forego her revenge. The former may happen; the latter never!"

As I turned to see from whence and whom these threatening sounds proceeded, I caught a glimpse of a person in the shrubbery, not four feet from me, enveloped in a black cloak: at the same moment I felt myself stabbed in the breast in several places. The last thing I recollected, before my senses forsook me, was the agony of Margaretta. I had a vision of a pair of beautiful arms thrown around my neck, warm tears falling, like rain-drops on my cheek, two hands endeavouring to clasp mine, but unable, from disparity of size, to do it, further than a hazel-leaf may hide a cocoanut; and finally, of her lips pressed to mine—and then it was, I thought, a good time to die.

But I did not die. When I came to my senses, I was lying upon a couch, in a small room, darkened by having curtains, of the coarse stuff called "osnaburg," fastened before the apertures cut for windows. In the West India islands, few of the country houses have glazed windows —shutters of sawed board, in cold and very wet weather, and curtains of some light material in dry, supplying their place. Closed rooms could not be endured thirty days in the year; and it is not the fashion, nor considered necessary, to have windows for mere show. There was a mulatto woman sitting at the foot of the bed; and at its head an elderly woman, whose plain apparel proclaimed her nurse and domestic. At a table under the window stood a surgeon, busy in preparing the dressings. No Margaretta was to be seen. I attempted to speak, but my weakness was excessive: and this, together with the command of the surgeon, conveyed to me through the attendant, that I

should remain in perfect silence, kept me from asking many questions which presented themselves to my mind. The surgeon examined my wounds, and gave his opinion that none of them were mortal. Having applied the dressings and secured the bandages, he departed, with the direction that I should be left to repose, and on no account should be permitted to exhaust myself with conversation. Soon after I fell into a sweet and tranquil slumber, which continued I know not how long, and refreshed me beyond measure. When I opened my eyes, the sun was shining into my apartment through a rent in the curtain. Soon I heard a light foot on the floor, and Margaretta, beaming love from her eyes, approached on tiptoe, and bent over me, to see if I slept. I counterfeited that state of "life in death," with the hope of getting a kiss, but I was disappointed; and finding that female delicacy was likely to triumph over opportunity, that the favour granted the lover awake was to be denied the lover asleep, I saw fit to open my eyes, and be called "a cheat," though in a tone and with a look which were almost equivalent to a kiss. I cannot conceive that any human being could look more beautiful and interesting than she did. It was quite like a wife of a month; need I say more? She was still attired in white; but this was a morning robe, loose and flowing, not like that she had once worn, a dress confining her limbs from their light and graceful play. She wore a morning cap, set out with pink ribands—love's own colour!—what so thrilling to a lover as the soft confession they imply? and when associated with blue, the token of constancy, what so appropriate to a marriage union? The waist-riband was of this latter colour, and she had playfully twined with it a sprig of green (desertion).

I am a great admirer of dress in females, and am thought, withal, to possess some little taste in the selection of it. I was never so simple as to subscribe to the maxim that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most." It is all humbug; I do not believe a word of it. There never yet was any lady so beautiful, but that tasteful dressing improved her charms. There never yet was a conquest made by beauty in rags, or retained by a woman who, from a belle, grew to be a slattern. That the passion

for dress is a natural passion is proved by the pride which the child takes in its little finery, its party-coloured frock and red slippers, in the unequivocal, unrepressed delight which the savage exhibits when he finds himself in an officer's red coat, and the admiration of his fellows. And seeing that it is a natural passion, that indulgence in it is seldom productive of positive vice, that care to keep out of low company, and many other valuable qualities, are almost always associated with it, I have come to believe that *sumptuary laws*, aimed at negligence and *bad taste* in dress, would be far more beneficial to the community than those which should be directed against excess and prodigality of expenditure in the use of clothing.

The opinion of the surgeon was reported to my affianced wife, and this, of course, drew forth the liveliest manifestations of pleasure. Weak as I was, I made a movement to obtain her hand, and was going to thank her for the tears she was shedding so profusely, when she was wicked enough to remember an injunction which I had forgotten, and placed her disengaged hand upon my lips, either in imposition of silence or to have it kissed; the little offender met the punishment it deserved.

Matters went on thus for two or three days, during which she was in constant attendance upon me, remaining in my apartment at least fourteen hours every day, and brought to my bedside by the slightest noise or call during the other ten. When I was sleeping she sat by watching my slumbers and fanning me into a continuance of repose; when I was awake she sung or played to me on the guitar. On the third day the surgeon removed the injunction laid on the use of my tongue, and permitted me to be loquacious to the top of my natural bent. I was still so weak, however, that my tongue was the only member I could use with any tolerable effect. Margaretta was fond of talking, as ladies, especially creole ladies, usually are, and then, when she opened her mouth, she displayed such pearls of teeth, and emancipated so many pearls of good sense, that I was happy, at any time, to shut mine, provided she would "talk to me! talk!" When the conversation took the form of a dialogue, the subject was the most interesting in the world for youthful ears—matrimony,

both in respect of the ceremony which unites two hands and of the implied sentiment which unites two hearts. We asked each other what would be the feelings which would severally possess our bosoms five years hence. Whether sour looks and ill-humour were to sit with us at the breakfast-table, and neglect and estrangement be admitted guests to the supper. I have seldom known a pair of youthful lovers who supposed it possible that time could abate their passion. Like a tar just paid off and put on shore, they fancy there can be no end to the treasure.

I am aware that I am outraging every rule of clap-trap in betraying a sentiment very much like love for Margaretta Shadwell, and finding something similar to happiness in her society after dissappointment in a first passion. "It was not so in the days of the Belmours and Doricourts," exclaims one. "Then, when a man admitted the passion of love to his bosom, if its object refused him, he seldom survived the shock; if he did, it was to descend to the grave in a state of single blessedness, constant to the last hour, loving on through all changes, and loving till he died —breathing her name at the moment of dissolution, at the age of ninety-six, and having it inscribed upon his tomb, 'the lover of one woman.'"

Let the man of common sense, and it is for that class I write, reflect upon the circumstances under which I had parted from Mary, and his censure will not be heavy. I had been told by her father that I could not marry his daughter, and such was my pride, that I never would have married her without his consent. She had left the land of her and my birth to meet her affianced husband, in an island five thousand miles distant—barring accidents of wind and water, which were as likely to strike at her life as his; they were in all human probability married ere this. There was not one chance in a thousand of my ever seeing her again in this world. Here was a virtuous and accomplished girl who loved me fervently, and bade fair to make my home as happy as herself was beautiful. Was it strange that I tried to forget the absent? Was it strange that I tried to return the love of the present? And was it strange that one whose greatest strength was resolution,

who had conquered idleness and overcome obstacles by energy and perseverance, should, *in some degree*, gain the mastery over a hopeless passion?

Mary was still present to my eyes, but not so often as before I became acquainted with her who, if she had not already supplanted my first choice, was in a fair way of doing so. Had both been present, and I disengaged from my vows to each, with permission to choose anew, and feeling sure that in that choice I should outrage no principle of honour, nor inflict unhappiness on the one I passed by, I should have taken Mary penniless, in preference to Margaretta with millions. Having, I hope, made my peace with the especial patrons of the Belmours and Doricourts, I return to Margaretta and second love.

"But do you know where you are?" asked she.

I was compelled to answer that I had not the faintest idea.

"Among the Liguanean mountains, ten miles from town. When I found there were assassins abroad, my anxiety for your safety suggested your immediate removal to some secret and lonely place, beyond the reach of my bad sister's malice and revenge."

"Apropos to the subject: Margaretta, have you any suspicion who gave me the wounds?"

"It was a person of a low stature, enveloped in a cloak." (This I remembered.)

"And how did you accomplish my removal?"

"On a litter, borne by two of Mrs. M'Haggis's slaves. We expected interruption, and no doubt should have met with it—indeed, all the time we were employed in fixing you on the litter we saw shapes flitting about the shrubbery; but there came to us a negro, whose stature, limbs, and apparent prowess so far exceeded those of any person I ever saw before, that his presence filled even those he came to aid with consternation; what must it have done those he was prepared to oppose? The shapes became more restless after his appearance, and vanished altogether when he commenced a search for them."

"You have awakened strong curiosity to know who this potent friend is."

"One who, I am quite sure, is at this moment watching over our safety in the thicket near us."

"What induces you to think so?"

"Last night the same mighty being, whom one is ready to fancy the genius of night and terror, entered this very apartment, approached your couch with a stealthy foot, listened to your breathing, and having satisfied himself that it was regular and peaceful, retired as he came. With a curiosity which could hardly fail to be excited in any one by the appearance of this singular sentinel, I kept watch last night, and saw his mysterious, but I am sure friendly, scrutiny renewed."

"Does he seem aged?"

"Forty years—perhaps two or three more. The tattooing upon his breast and neck, while it proclaims him African born, proclaims also that he was a warrior and a chief in his native land."

"I will lie awake myself to-night, and take the measure, as a tailor would say, of this strange being."

"It will exhaust you too much. But I have forgotten that you are too weak to hold long conversations. The surgeon was peremptory that you should not be allowed more than ten minutes at a time. Now, as we shall be sure to talk if we are together, I will run out, and you shall go to sleep. Come, come, let go my hand; that's a good boy."

"Margaretta!"

"Mr. Haverhill!"

"Miss Shadwell!"

"Lynn!"

"That will do; you shall go, Margaretta, upon one condition."

"And what is that, thou refractory patient?"

"Permission to place one kiss on that velvet cheek."

"Oh, my heart! there is no doing any thing with sick children—they will ask for such odd things. If you give them to them they only make them sicker, and if you refuse them they will cry. If you were in health—"

"What then, Margaretta?"

"Why, then, positively, you should not have the kiss." She said this with the gravity of a judge.

"As I am very ill—"

"You must have it, I suppose" (pouting); "but remember that from this time henceforth I'll have no more such doings."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure!"

"Certain?"

"Quite certain!"

"Margaretta!"

"Sir!"

"That kiss was so sweet that—seeing I am ill, very ill, and though pronounced convalescent, may very likely suffer a relapse and never recover from it, that—you must, dearest, grant me one more."

"Well, now, I declare, I had rather be governess to the nine little children that followed John Rogers to the stake at Smithfield than to one impudent gentleman, especially if he is a wounded soldier. Children may cry for sweetmeats."

"Precisely my case, my bee—crying, am I, for *sweet meat*."

"But you can box their ears, and make them lie still." (A smile.)

"I think I could bear the same infliction from that hand—I am sure I could, for, do its best, it could not fall heavy enough to make itself felt."

"I see there is but one way to prevent your talking yourself to death. I shall be a martyr to charity; there—there—take it," and she flew out of the room, shaking her fist at me in affected disdain and anger.

CHAPTER XV.

THE certainty that you have some one who moves in mystery watching over you,—a being gifted with fearful powers and passions, and whose intentions, hitherto apparently friendly, may yet be changed to evil, and who

may be taking the same generous care of you that the South Sea cannibals take of their prisoners whom they fatten up for their table,—is not calculated to induce you to throw off all reliance upon your own guard and shut your eyes with "my better angel" on your lips. A wish to see, and—if consistent with my safety and that of Margaretta,—to know who this mysterious individual might be, kept me awake and attentive to every noise till it was considerably past midnight. It was probably two o'clock when I surrendered myself to the influence of "the balm of hurt minds," sleep, "innocent sleep."

I was startled from my slumber by a noise in the apartment, and upon opening my eyes could plainly distinguish, dark as it was rendered by the thick curtains at the window-spaces, three persons, moving with a step intended to be noiseless, but deprived of that quality by the creaking of the boards of which the floor was composed, which, yielding to the pressure of the foot and rebounding when it was removed, created the noise which had waked me.

How, the reader asks, did the intruders gain access unheard? My answer is that in the West Indies, bolts, locks, and bars are not in use as they are in other lands. Theft—of other things than food, or some little article of fancy—is uncommon; and, surrounded as each habitation is by gangs of household servants, a large portion of whom esteem their masters' interests their own, and, whatever they may do among themselves, will suffer no external thievery, it is not necessary, nor is it often practised, to put any kind of fastening on the door save a latch or withe, the former to be lifted, and the latter removed at the pleasure of the curious and the prying.

By the oblique ray of light which the moon, in her altered position, threw in at the window, I saw one of the intruders enter the apartment occupied by Margaretta. A second came to the side of my bed, and having satisfied himself that I was asleep, or quiescent, followed his companion, as did the third. The one who came to my bedside was armed with a long Spanish knife, which glittered exceedingly, as such knives, when formed of good steel, much prized for their temper, and intended for fatal service, usually do. He carried, besides, a heavy bludgeon.

That their aim was blood could hardly be doubted;—that neither was the individual who had been at one time my protector, and since either a guard or spy, was equally certain. A comparison of their height, which was the common height, and their stout and athletic but by no means "outsized" or overgrown limbs, with those of him who, according to accredited report, stood unequalled in respect of both bulk and stature, was enough to fix that matter beyond dispute.

To know ourselves and others in extreme peril, yet be incapable of moving hand or foot in our own liberation or to their rescue is a situation so near akin to the nightmare, that he who has felt the one, if he will suppose its horrors increased tenfold, may have a tolerable idea of the other. I lay in momentary expectation of hearing the death-scream from my betrothed, and of finding a dagger in my own breast the minute after, and yet the legitimate subject of a winding-sheet would have been as capable of exertion to prevent either catastrophe as I. For some minutes there was no noise, and I began to hope they had left the house, when suddenly screams of terror and affright proceeded from Margaretta's apartment, and the next moment she rushed into the room, pursued by the ruffians.

"Save me, save me, from death or worse!" she cried; but alas, her prayer was directed to one who rather needed protection than was capable of conferring it. I used entreaties; I offered money; I besought, threatened, begged mercy,—not for myself, but her,—it was all in vain. Armed only with that weapon which the ancients supposed would turn aside the raging lion—virgin purity, the contest must have been brief, when Heaven interposed, and sent succour from the quarter from which our previous aid came and future hopes were derived. The assassins had, with more sagacity than usually belongs to Africans, fastened, upon the outside of the door, a withe sufficiently strong to have barred the entrance of a man of ordinary powers. But, in the heat of the struggle, and while her cries and my entreaties were filling the air, the door, hinges, withes, and all, was torn from its place by a single effort, and one rushed in to our rescue. The

removal from the front of the house of so large a space as a door, especially a West-Indian door, occupies, admitted a strong and sudden light upon the scene, and yet not sufficiently strong to enable our saviour to discern who were friends and who were foes. But he knew with whom he had to deal,—the quick wit of one race, and the slow comprehension of the other.

"You that are white," said he, "fall, like slaves;—you that are black, stand up like men."

The order was taken literally. The next moment he was sweeping his ponderous club, in a work of death, upon those who obeyed the latter admonition. It was not a minute before two of the ruffians were beaten to the earth; the third burst the curtain which filled the window space, leaped out, and escaped.

Recovering her senses, which had better stood the shock of impending horrors than the shock of joy at finding ourselves rescued, Margaretta rose, and proceeded to the little shed or kitchen, in quest of the two domestics, who had remained silent through the whole affair. Their silence was easily accounted for; they had been bound and gagged before the ruffians entered the cabin. They were liberated, and the negro wench was ordered to bring a light. But here our mysterious protector interposed.

"My face must not be seen," said he, with a grandeur and dignity of tone and thought which could not be surpassed, and was new in the race to which he belonged. "Neither to-night, nor to-morrow must one who wears the livery of the oppressors of my race look upon my brow when it is in mourning. I came in darkness; I will depart in darkness. The star of my destiny is now low in the heavens, and veiled by thick clouds; when these have departed, and the orb culminates, you will see my face or hear my name."

"Whom are we to thank for the lives you have this night saved?"

"One born to supreme rule, and now a loathed and loathsome slave—a leader of armies, reduced to wield a mattock—a wild horse champing a golden bit, transformed into a patient dromedary, that kneels to receive a master

on its back, and reckons nothing of a spur in its side. I have been a warrior and a king,—I am now a labourer and a slave. I, who am now obliged to sue for a crust to allay my hunger, and a rag to cover my nakedness, was once the dispenser of smiles that sent men to a happy pallet, and of gifts that made them envied and honoured throughout a realm. But the day is nigh when I will be again a king, and avenged, or the earth shall hide my degraded bones. I know that I am speaking to men of the race who have brought desolation on me and my house, and yet I have faith that the words which have burst out of my full heart, as the glorious Niger overflows its banks in the season of autumnal rains, will be suffered to sink into the earth, and be heard of no more. I ask—demand silence, and I know it will be granted.

"Hear me:—night wanes, I have yet great labours before me, and must not waste time in prolix speech. Your retreat is discovered, and thence it is that your lives were this night placed in jeopardy. Know there is one who has sworn your death as deeply as I have sworn to protect you, and whose riches and ready wit it were hard to baffle. Hitherto your friend has been more than a match for your foe; remain here till this same hour to-morrow, and deprived, by imperious necessity, which calls me elsewhere, of the aid which has hitherto been successfully exerted to save,—you are in the grasp of one whom neither tears nor prayers ever moved to mercy, who loves cruelty for its own sake, and deems the death-groan of one she hates the sweetest of all earthly sounds."

"How are we to escape, when I am unable to move hand or foot?"

Turning to Margaretta, he said, "Lady, you have a cabin among the mountains of St. Mary; this wounded man must be carried thither; there both thou and I can watch over his safety—here I may not do so, and thy arm could but pillow his head in a dream of love. It is, thou hast seen, ineffectual in danger."

"You know me then?" said she.

"I do; I know you both. Shall I call my men?"

After a moment's consultation, we came to the conclusion that the advice of our mysterious friend ought to be

followed. We acquainted him with our resolution, and he summoned his followers. The car, or rude palanquin, was again put in requisition and borne by four stout blacks, Margaretta mounted her pony, and set off in quest of a second and better hiding-place. Our path lay for some distance among thick woods, and through wet and misty valleys. Not a word was spoken by any one of the party save its leader, who, in an unknown tongue, gave from time to time, as we supposed, directions to the bearers of the litter how to proceed.

Suddenly we came in the depth of the wilderness upon a group of negro cabins, amounting, perhaps, to a dozen. It was scarcely daybreak, yet, early as it was, their occupants were up, and employed in the usual duties of the morning department. It is the custom (growing out of hard labour, and ever the same where men are obliged to toil for their bread) of the negroes to retire to rest at an early hour in the evening—the taskmaster sees that they are called in the morning, otherwise they would sleep till doomsday. Here the vigilant eye of no thrifty menial was upon the sleepers, and yet they were on the alert before the birds that peopled the adjacent groves were at their morning hymns. We could not account for it, unless the drones had been transformed into ants at the bidding of our all-powerful guide.

Our—call it cavalcade—for two of us, at least, were mounted,—our cavalcade stopped at the door of one of the cabins. One blast on a conchshell, in seeming defiance of the secrecy our nocturnal adventure demanded, and two blows upon a rude kind of tabor which they call a *dundo*, and which hung suspended from the interior roof, as night bells are hung at a physician's street door, brought out the master of the cabin. Again the conversation was begun, and conducted in an unknown tongue; to my ear it seemed a dialect of that which had been used in our journey. In each and all our conductor spoke with equal grace and fluency. He was still shrouded in a dark cloak, which, as the daylight grew stronger, he gathered still more closely around him. The gestures and attitudes of the negroes were expressive of the deepest awe and veneration—however kingly his former state and station

might have been, it was impossible that even the "leader of armies, the "Barb of the Desert," could have had more obsequious or idolatrous subjects than the tenants of these cabins.

"Here you will remain," said he, approaching the litter, "till the return of night. The space between sunset and sunrise will be sufficient to carry you to your journey's end—if you still remain of the mind to make that your resting-place, which hath to recommend it seclusion and my promise of the protection your situation requires. These men will faithfully transport you to a place of safety. If you are in danger, and need my assistance, cause a conchshell to be blown thrice upon the summit of a steep crag, which has a dark and frightful glen beneath it—my people call it the "Glen of Obboney," one mile east of your dwelling. When the echo of the last call has died away, bid the 'Barb of the Desert' appear, and his presence will not be wanting. If gratitude have a place in your heart, say nothing of what you have seen and heard. Farewell for a time, and may Accompong of the heavens bless and protect you."

He spoke a few words to the negroes, doubtless in explanation of their duties, and was gone. We were removed into the interior of the cabin, and accommodated as well as the limited conveniences of the place would permit. My fatigues during the night had been great, but healing came on the wings of sleep, and I opened my eyes near midday, with stronger sensations of returning power and vigour than I had experienced since my wound. Apprehended consequences do not always ensue—the dews and mists, never healthful, and here particularly deleterious, had brought with them neither colds nor agues, stiff joints, nor inflammations. I could have walked without help, though I forbore to do so. Hunger now paid us a visit, but the doors were thronged with domestic fowls, and a repast prepared by our negro girl, under the eye of her beautiful mistress, left us nothing to wish for in respect of food.

When it was dark, our journey was resumed, and pursued to a termination a little after midnight. There was a sweet blush, a bewitching consciousness upon the face of my bride elect, as we entered the house soon to become

mine and *ours*. Has the reader ever remarked the air of pleased perplexity and repressed bustle which a young wife, all unused to the cares of housekeeping, and fraught with a full sense of the importance attached to her new relation, displays upon her return home from her first visit after she has commenced housekeeping? It does one good to see her. Look at her! what a dreadful fluster she is in! Like a landsman suddenly invested with the command of a ship under full sail, and a squall coming up, she exclaims, "something must be done," but it completely puzzles her to say what, and she wishes—"mamma was there." She bids the chairs be dusted and set "to rights," though not in the wrong; she sweeps her perfumed handkerchief, perhaps *the* identical scarf, along the polished rose-wood as beautiful as herself, and as resplendent as her own happiness; she makes sure that neither of the *present* favourites, the lap-dog nor the kitten, has disturbed the rounded symmetry of those prime prudes, the couches and ottomans; and finishes her half-pleased, half-dissatisfied tour by inspecting the mirror where the fit of the bridal cap, with its six yards of pink riband is quite as much attended to as the plate which reflects her charms, or the gilding which surrounds it.

I love to visit young married people—I love above all things to dine with them during the first month of their housekeeping! Many is the time I have gone miles out of my way to be present at the midday meal in the house of a pair who were in the first month of matrimony, living seventy-two hours in every twenty-four, and having all the notes of life placed on the ledger lines *in alt*. I was once very mischievous—I am not so now, age is a sad soberer of frolic fancies, a real Lord Angelo in judgment upon human frailties—I was once very mischievous, and liked extremely to have a joke. Then it was my delight to dine at a house where my hostess was a bride of some few weeks, to do a vast deal of bowing and scraping to her as mistress of the mansion, with a more than needed repetition of the words "Mrs." and "your husband," to ask her for a part of the dish which required nice carving, and to sue for other favours at table which, to grant with grace, must have been taught by experience—to perpetrate these outrages upon the lady's bashfulness, and newness to matri-

monial estate, delighted beyond measure. I would not, of course have done these things at another than a family party, nor when strangers were present.

I have made these remarks as introductory to a description of the manner in which my bride elect performed the office of hostess. If a wife feels timidity at being placed in a situation which draws all eyes upon her, and, more loudly than any other, proclaims the connexion which invests her with the right to preside at the head of the table, what must a bashful young girl feel, who receives her affianced husband under her roof in the utter absence of friends and relatives, to direct, countenance, or assist her, and with only one domestic of our own colour? But Margaretta's charming timidity—for the two or three earlier days of our residence at the "Mountain house"—wore off gradually, and there came in the room of it that air of high-bred ease, and quiet self-possession, which distinguishes the lady, who naturally graceful, and confident of her powers to please, adds to it experience in the modes and forms of polished life, and puts the bow and thankye, and the "wing or the breast?" in precisely the right place, and at that happy moment which is best described by the elegant phrase "nick of time."

The mountain air of Jamaica—indeed of all mountainous countries—acts powerfully on the human frame. I wonder not that "hillsmen" have ever been heroes, that liberty has been cradled and nursed in the fastnesses of mountains, furnishing models for emulation, and themes for bards and poets. Whether the unconquerable, untameable spirit which animates the mountaineer, proceeds from the air of the region he occupies, or from the circumstances of his general poverty, which, by impelling him to labour and exercise, give him strength and activity, health and vigour, the courage to encounter danger, and the stamen to endure privation, I know not. But sure I am, that man's nature partakes of that which is the governing principle of his own immediate world. His mind can scarcely soar while he inhabits the Pontine Marshes; it will not sink or sicken amid the Grampian Hills, or the mountains of Switzerland.

I have frequently asked myself what would be the nature and conduct of those who inhabit the Earth, if they

were removed to the other planets. Would the short days of Jupiter make men more industrious and prudent? Would the winter night of Georgium Sidus, in duration more than forty of our years, induce him to husband his resources through his forty years of perpetual summer, and hence make him habitually more careful and provident? Would the rapid changes of seasons in Mercury, its spring—autumn—summer—winter, each but three weeks long, increase his variableness, and augment his caprices. What would be his disposition if he dwelt in Venus—for years in succession, without a cloud to obscure the lustre of her resplendent, but moonless skies, and with mountains thirty miles high? or, in Jupiter, with its ever-perennial verdure; or, in Saturn, with its seven moons, and its wonderful ring, its specific gravity lighter than that of wood, while the specific gravity of the Earth is double that of granite?—Useless speculations, yet how sublime and beautiful!

Whereto tends this dissertation, demands the reader. Really I cannot tell; except that I set out to show the revivifying influence of mountains upon a weak or wounded frame, and find myself speculating upon the wondrous mechanism of the heavens.

I began to feel better immediately; and, upon the fourth day, alone and unaided, transported myself from my bed to the piazza. A chair was brought me, another was placed beside it for Margaretta, and we sat down to look at the landscape.

Descriptions of natural scenery are not much in fashion now—it is very vulgar to *look*, save in a broad stare, preparatory to a cut. I am sorry that the current of popular favour has ebbed from those who sketch to us the "physiognomy" of a country. How can pen and ink be better used than in occasional delineations of the "human face" of the world—the millions of varied forms it presents? What is the chief interest of a collection of pictures derived from? variety, and the aid the brush has afforded to the study of man. When we see depicted with equal skill, the features of all the different varieties of the human species, with the costumes it is theirs to sport in storm and sunshine, we deem the exhibition more than interesting, we

deem it useful. It is so with descriptions of natural scenery, which, when they are not fancy sketches, are as interesting and profitable as delineations of the human character and features.

Hitherto my account of the island has been confined to the southern side. Between this and the northern side, as the reader has been told, there lies a chain of lofty mountains, and these separate two regions, almost as dissimilar as Carmarthenshire and Romney Marsh. The south side boasts grandeur and sublimity; abrupt precipices and inaccessible cliffs, chaos enthroned in desolation—stupendous ridges, with the clouds momentarily shivering themselves to atoms against their summits. Far different is that portion which lies north of the mountains. It was upon this side that Columbus first approached the island, and here obtained that view which, if his biographer has made a true report of his opinion, led him to pronounce it the finest he had obtained in his voyages.

Our little cabin was situated on a commanding eminence, which enabled us to overlook much of the surrounding country. For a picture of still life, we had "wide vales and symmetrically rounded hills," slopes covered with the beautiful pimento shrub, and sward the most verdant that ever dwelt on the enraptured eyesight of human beings. In the distance lay the harbour of Porte Maria, famous for having given an asylum to the same great discoverer when his ship was in distress; and where some half dozen barks were now riding at anchor perhaps in the very spot ploughed by the first keel that divided the waters of that bay. Nearer were the dwelling-house and sugar works of Zachary Bayley, one of the most opulent and best informed planters of the island. Other groups of negro cabins, with the more lordly dwellings of their proprietors, caught your eye as you suffered it to take the sweep of the morning horizon. No spot could be more replete with beauties than this. There was a succession of that for which St. Mary's parish is more remarkable than any other in the island—a due intermixture of hill and dale, mountain and valley, the elevated spaces clothed with noble woods to their very summits, the depressed adorned with a thousand cultivated beauties and works of art.

Previous to this, Margaretta had received the homage of her slaves; and as it was soon whispered that "missus hab got a young massa," I came in for a share of their duckings and grimaces. It seldom fails that those slaves who are well treated prove faithful and affectionate, always excepting the Koromantyns, who are worse than the frozen serpent of the fabulist, that bit his benefactor in the heel as a recompense for thawing him. Our principal house-servant was a Papaw, or inhabitant of that part of Africa which is usually known by the name of Whidah. The Papaws are usually preferred for domestic servants, being the most docile of the imported negroes. Equally removed in his disposition from the barbarous and warlike Koromantyn, and the timid and desponding Ebo, the Papaw is a being whom kindness will attach and mild treatment bind to you as it will your dog, or any other of your domestic animals.

I have always been addicted to favourites. Of all human weaknesses, that which makes a pet of an irrational creature has most claims to be forgiven. When we reflect upon the nature of them, and their aptitude to regard man with eyes of affection, it is almost impossible not to make a warm return. With me, to see brutes in favour is, to a certain degree, a recommendation of him or her who permits them to be so. When I see a child fondling a favourite lamb, kitten, puppy, chicken; a lady caressing a cross husband, or feeding her canary-bird, or goldfinch, or spaniel; a hunter stroking his hound; a warrior patting the neck of his favourite charger; I know not how it is, but I bestow a more fervent kiss on the child, feel a strong inclination to do the same by the lady, wish the hunter success with all my heart, and scan the features of my brother in arms, with an uncommonly strong inclination to see in him a future Hannibal, Cæsar, or Pyrrhus. He ever finds it an easy task to get on my blind side who evinces an interest in the brute creation, and endeavours to lighten their labours—or, if no labours be assigned them, their lot and "prospects." This liking to brutes has brought me into many an awkward scrape in my time. My sympathy with the sufferings of Jacko, Captain Borden's monkey, led to no less than three pitched battles between the boys of the

hamlet, all got up by my resentment at the insults heaped upon the suffering quadruped. And truly, what business had they to pull his ears, or spit in his face? Bo's'n, the old house-dog, and no unimportant personage in my early memoirs, was another fruitful source of black eyes and bloody noses. My quixotism once carried me so far as to get soundly flogged in defending an old mule from a merited castigation for sulkiness.

To return from brutes to negroes, the Papaw had been baptized, and now bore the Christian name of Thomas; and hence, and from his being more moral than his companions, bore among his fellows the designation "St. Thomas in the Vale," which was also that of an adjoining parish. But he chose to be called by his African name, Futte Jallah Sing, and we humoured him. Futte Jallah Sing was an excellent and good hearted negro, and soon became my favourite, and the prime minister of the establishment. He possessed, even in a remarkable degree, that disposition to talk often and much which belongs to Africans wherever found. Loquaciousness is as sure an attribute of the negro, as theft is of the Esquimaux, or vindictiveness of the Italian. I say nothing of professional declamation, for the negroes have *regularly educated* orators! and these are quite as prosy and eternal as the generality of their brethren in civilized countries. It is of common conversation—the small talk, the "yard of riband and skein of silk" parlance of which I am speaking. Commend me to a flock of rooks, magpies, an offended parrot, a "bar" of monkeys, met to try an action of trespass in the woods of Demerara, for discretion in the use of the tongue. You shall listen to a gang of half a dozen negroes, when their eyes and pores are open—in cold weather, and after a very hard day's work, they will be as silent as a poultry-house just before day-break, and, upon my word, there shall not be, put it all together, five minutes silence in as many hours. Perpetual motion is a fool to it; because, in the case supposed, there would be half a dozen or more perpetual motions all impelled by a single cause, all moving like the sails of a windmill, upon a single axle.

Two months and better had now elapsed, and my strength had increased so much that I was able to take long

and frequent walks. But my happiness did not increase in the same proportion as my strength, nor my heart acquire the elasticity of my sinews. I have been, for some pages back, studying how I should reveal to the reader, without shocking him, the decay of my attachment to my fair hostess, and my growing disinclination to make good my promise to her. More virtue, goodness, piety, sweetness of temper, compassion, and benignity were never centered in one bosom than in that of Margaretta Shadwell; but I had never loved her. What I had for a few hours mistaken for something like that feeling was passion, and the feeling which, at a later date, possessed my bosom was gratitude, warm gratitude, but not love. And if the countenance might be studied as an index of the heart, Margaretta herself was undergoing the same silent and gradual change, from the same strong and pressing conviction. The truth is, we were not "made for each other." When we were together we were sociable and friendly, but not affectionate; kind, but not loving; and soon even the little endearments and attentions of ante-nuptial intercourse were wanting from our tête-à-têtes. And what seems most surprising was, that the estrangement seemed to occasion grief in neither, but rather to increase our satisfaction with each other. In one week more we were to be married, and yet neither spoke of it; we neither made arrangements to meet the event nor to avoid it.

But though I had ceased to love her, and she to love me, I was not insensible to her perfections. It was delightful to contemplate this charming girl, at once so good and beautiful—to see her plying her little feet in her morning labours, and to hear her lightening her domestic cares, which were no cares, with a song begun, perhaps, in a lively strain; but if a suspicion struck her that I was listening, dropped to the *sotto voce*.

We spent our time variously, but the greatest part of it in sketching from the front piazza the beautiful scenes which lay spread out beneath us. I was but a pupil, a tyro taking his first lessons—how singular that I should have been indebted for my useful knowledge to a young and beautiful girl, and that instruction in the elegant arts should have been derived through the same enchanting medium.

Margaretta played—heavenly, I believe, is the word to express a young lady's excellence in the accomplishment of music, as "divinely" informs you that she draws a little, and "bewitchingly" that she can dance. Now, what proves there was nothing like genuine love subsisting between us is, that, in teaching me to play on the piano, the application of her hand to mine in "fingering," neither produced in me that glow of happiness, nor in her that blush of consciousness which would have attended it had we loved each other.

Every morning there was a procession of the young negroes from the cabins, to inquire how "young massa and missus did?" It soon became noised through the adjacent plantations that there was to be a marriage at and occupation of the Mountain house; and Fame having soon bruited my name as a good master, and reported more beneficent actions than I shall ever have done if I live to be as old as Methuselah, I was pestered from morning to night with "ticket bearers," that is, negroes requesting me to buy them. Had I been a moneyed man, and in want of slaves, I could, in a fortnight, have stocked Agualta Vale with the "prime hands" of the island. This arose from a custom, not so common in the West Indies as it is in the southern states of America, and which is this. It being necessary, upon a sale of negroes, to conciliate them in a choice of masters, as far as can be done consistent with the interests of their owners—if they be not consulted, they will run away; they are furnished with tickets called "permits," which purport that "Quambo," or "Sambo," "being about to be sold, his price so many pounds, by Caleb Congo, Esq. or Mr. Frank Fantee, has permission to choose his purchaser." The slave thus invested with power to treat for his own sale—of course not to receive the purchase-money, goes out and inquires the character of the persons who may be likely to become buyers; or guided by existing prepossessions to him to whom he wishes to belong, and so continues his applications till he has effected a change of ownership to his liking. It was owing to this custom, and my good character! that I was perplexed with negro visiters from morning till night.

Matters went on thus, and neither had the courage to tell the other the state of his or her mind. This wa

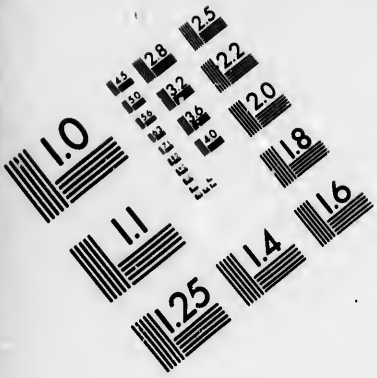
Monday; on Thursday at four o'clock in the afternoon Margaretta was to become my wife. During the whole of the morning, Futtee Jallah Sing had looked more than usually intelligent and communicative. I had several times remarked to myself that he appeared to be big with some secret of vital importance, some expected event likely to be fraught, I feared, with disastrous consequences. I knew, however, that little minds are pleased with little things, that the calibre of the Papaw's understanding, to run a metaphor down, admitted only balls "sixteen to a pound." I supposed he had heard of a dance to which he would go, but dared not ask permission, or of a *merriwang* of more than ordinary power, which was beyond his means to purchase. I had made up my mind to put myself to a little inconvenience to give him the frolic or the instrument—when he came to me, and, after a lengthened exordium, made a communication of much importance. Now a negro exordium is always the same enumeration of past services, hardships, and accidents, a statement of the number of children they have presented to their master, a recapitulation of instances of favours done him, the deduction being their own exceeding merit, and the inadequate compensation made them. They deny, both in precept and practice, the doctrine of disinterested benevolence, and will have nothing to do with "unrequited obligation," requiring an equivalent for every petty service with a zeal second to none of all earth's children who ply for hire.

The Papaw's first words were—"If massa mind him tell him berry much. Him make him know more great den leetle."

"And what is it, Jallah? To judge by the size of your eyes, and their disposition to turn inside out, I am sure you have something to tell me which will ward off an earthquake, or 'put a stopper' on a hurricane. Ah, there go your eyes in another somerset. Well, let's have it, Jallah."

"Oh, massa buckra, mebbe you tink I hab eyes. Mebbe you tink what I tell be no cane-trash.*

* The refuse, or macerated rind of the cane, used by the negroes as a figure for worthless conversation.



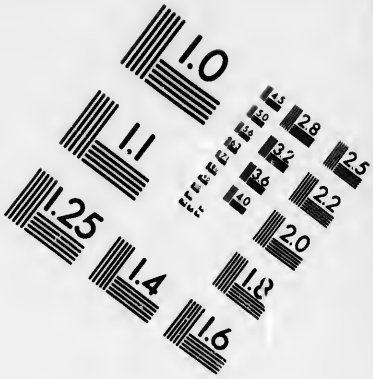
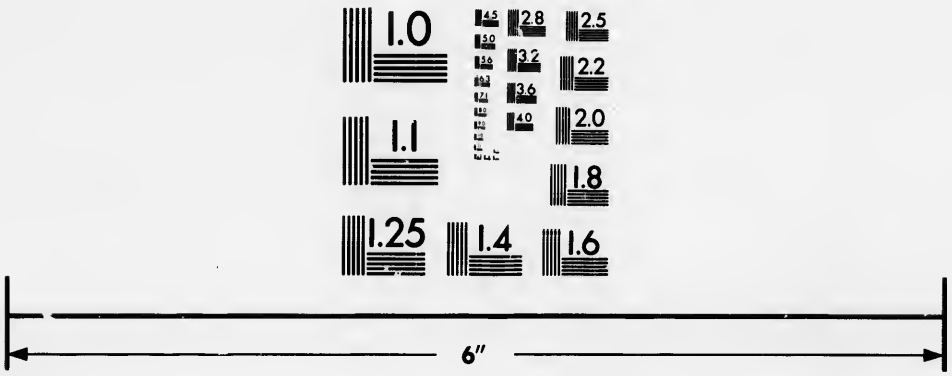
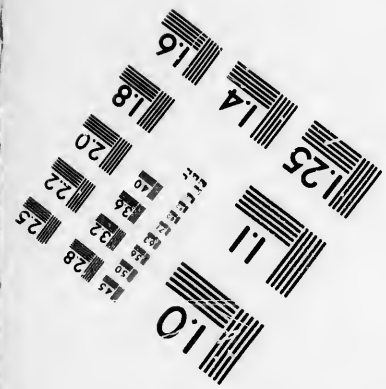
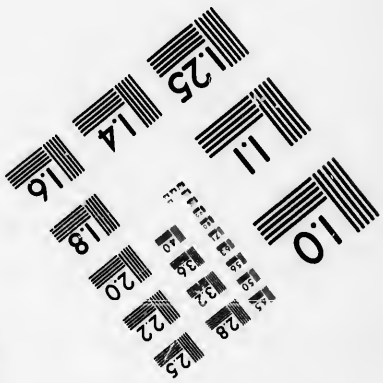


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503


2.5
2.2
2.0
1.8

1.0

"Well, well, whatever it be, let's have it. I hate long stories you know."

"Den I tell my berry good massa. Oh, massa, did him eber see de White river where him go rattlin and roarin like mad bull, or twenty tousand tunders, ober de great rock?"

"All that, and other wonders innumerable and horrible."

"Den massa know how de white man's blood run 'fore two suns hide him 'hind de tree tops. Oh, my berry good massa, Jallah two eyes alamos drop blood—drop water berry fas—when he tink where kine massa, and kine massa's leetle bird, buful missus, be 'fore de time come that two suns go asleep."

The poor fellow's heart seemed ready to burst with anguish at the thought of the danger threatening those he loved so well.

"But Jallah," said I, "what is to be done to me and the other white people?"

"Oh, massa, me nebber tell—dey kill poor Jallah ib him tell—him tak de fettish."

"And what is the fettish?"

"Oh, my berry good massa, dey gib Jallah—any body dat dey make hold de tongue fas—blood, Jallah blood, any body blood, mixed wid airt" (earth) "dat dey dig out dade man's grave—pour liddle wader—berry liddle wader wid it,—den dey take a stick and stir him up and gib Jallah—any body—drink. Den dey say Accompong, strike Jallah wid tunder ib he tell what he see: dey say Assarki, make airt shake Jallah ib him tell what him see: dey say Ipboa, set ole sea top a storm ib him tell what him see: and when dey hab done all dese tings dey las of all call 'pon old Obboney—ooite man say debble,—to bring hims febres and sores, show hims black face, make poor Jallah terble 'fraid;—scare any body ib him tell."

"I understand you, Jallah. There is mischief afloat, and those who have launched it have made you take an oath after your country's fashion that you would not divulge it."

"Ees, my berry good massa."

"Jallah, do you say that you cannot divulge any part of this secret to me?"

"Jallah take de fettish—him swear his tongue no tell, but he nebber swear dat his finger no *point*. Jallah *show* massa, ib massa go wid him into frightful dark place dey call—" and he spoke in a suspended breath like one compelled to utter a fearful imprecation—"de glen ob Obboney—ooite mans say glen ob de debble."

"I think I have heard of the place before, Jallah. If I follow you, will you not lead me into dangers from which your weak understanding cannot extricate me?"

"If Jallah no bring massa back, Jallah die for hims massa. Fettish nebber say any ting 'ginst Jallah die for good massa and leetle missus. Obeah man, when he make Jallah talk ober de big ote, nebber say Futtee Jallah Sing no pint wid his finger; no let massa—any body,—look wid his own eye, ony say Jallah nebber make tell wid his own tongue."

"And how far have we to go before we reach this glen, Jallah?"

"Leetle way ober de hills, den great way in de balley. Go long leetle path trough big woods, high bombax, high cotton-tree, big serpunt"—('water withe,' or wild vine). Then coming near me as if for protection from those whom the half-treachery might bring from the infernal shades, he intimated by signs what we were to see, continuing to assert with the nicest casuistry, by way of apology to Obi, or the spirit of the spell, that there was a vast difference between the two modes of divulging a secret,—that he had broken no oath by that he had taken to acquaint me of my danger. The faithful creature, ready to spill his blood for me, or, with far greater devotion, to peril himself in a feud with invisible beings, shook like one in the ague, with the superstitious fears common to his race at the thought of what he was doing. He kept his eyes in a constant tour of duty, reconnoitring every dark spot in the surrounding glades, which were now hiding themselves in the dusk of sunset, doubtless expecting every moment to see some fearful form, with the "immortality of hell glaring forth from his brow," rise to punish him for what his conscience—that nice measure of

obligations and penalties—told him was a virtual breaking of his oath.

The belief of a negro in the power and practice of Obeah obtains in the West Indies, especially in Jamaica, even in a greater degree than in Africa. Obi, the noun, and Obeah, the adjective, signify, the former a wizard, the latter his calling. The practice of wearing charms or amulets seems to be a favourite one with savage nations. Throughout the western continent, from Labrador to Cape Horn, the practice obtains of wearing certain preparations with a view to protect the wearer from bodily harm; but they are never, I believe, used in those countries as operatives upon the lives of others. The Obeah charm or spell consists of materials as various and discordant as those which formed the ingredients of the poisoned caldron in Macbeth, though their enumeration shall lack the rhythm of Shakspeare's divine description. In the North American wilds, I had seen the superstitious Indians armed with magic preparations of owls' heads, rattlesnakes' skins and rattles, beaks of eagles, claws of panthers and wild-cats; here the charm was composed of blood, feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, grave dirt, egg-shells, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

We set out on our dangerous expedition a little after dark. Margaretta had no suspicion of the cause which took me abroad at that hour, and delicacy prevented her putting me any questions. Our path lay, for the greater part of the distance, through a wilderness of crag, dell, ravine, and precipice—a wilder spot could not, I imagine, have been found in any country. After working our way with patience and perseverance for more than an hour, we came to a steep crag, bearing upon its summit a huge projecting rock, beneath which lay a dark and frightful glen, answering, in its character, to the Glen of Obboney. I

had no doubt that I stood in the precise spot where, upon the dying away of the third blast of a horn, a call made upon the Barb of the Desert would cause that mysterious being to appear. It was now that, recollecting his veiled hints, and Jallah's half-made charge, half-arrested disclosure, I began to have a suspicion of the terrible truth. We were about to have a general rising of the slaves, and the Barb of the Desert was the chief and leader. The Papaw would soon give me ocular demonstration of the fact, but whether my box at the minor rehearsal of this petite drama of rebellion was to have the advantage of a good 'screen,' was what I was very anxious to ascertain. I dared not ask the slave, however, lest he should give vent to a freshet of that characteristic eloquence which is quite too noisy for a business of life and death.

The negro rebellion, which forms an important episode in my early life, and a principal epoch in the history of the island where it took place, has been accounted for in various ways by various writers, but by none so as to satisfy us fully that they were correct in their premises or logical in their deductions. The slaves were *not* treated worse at that time than they had been previously, or were afterward. They were suffering no unusual severity, they were labouring under no particular privation. It began at a season of the year when the relaxation in their labours was so great as to make it, to this moment, a matter of doubt, whether, when idleness was left out of the enumerated causes of revolt, the palpable and true cause was not omitted. It originated upon plantations where the slaves had received the best of treatment; while upon others, where they had experienced hard and cruel usage, and had a list of real grievances demanding to be redressed, and were able to exhibit scars of a "million of beating" as a proof how much they suffered; there they remained perfectly quiet throughout the struggle. My own solution of the enigma of their rising in one place without a cause, and of their beast-like endurance in another, is, the presence, at the first, of an ambitious master-spirit, and the materials upon which he could work, and of his and their absence from those spots which remained tranquil and undisturbed. It is known to have originated among the Koromantyns, or natives of the

Gold Coast, and to have been general wherever that fierce and savage tribe were found in sufficient numbers for the organization which the Barb of the Desert carried into practice among his people. The other tribes, in whom the love of liberty and the desire of vengeance, if likely to be fraught with any labour, are the lowest in the scale of impulses—the least persuasive to action of any human motives, remained passive.

Descending the steep precipice, Jallah leading, and I following, we came about half-way down to a broad flat stone, placed curiously against the side of the precipice, so as to appear to be the masonry of nature rather than of her sometime copyist, but oftener, both in pen and pencil, caricaturist, man. Removing this stone, a small opening, rather larger than the flue of a chimney of the fashion of the sixteenth century, was revealed to us. The negro pointed to the aperture, and said "Massa go in, Jallah come arpter."

"Jallah," said I, in a low voice, "is there no treachery in this? Are you not enticing me into a place where harm is intended me?"

"What for Jallah nebber min' fettish—what for he tell all about what dey mean to do to massa, but to sabe him berry good massa, him buful missus? No, no, massa, Jallah 'peak true. He say ib him no carry massa back safe an' soun', he show true—he die for him. Jallah do so."

"I will trust you, boy. And yet, Jallah, do you see this pistol? It holds two bullets."

"Ees, massa, Jallah see leetle bang. Me see massa put two bullits in de leetle bang. Oh, massa, pint de leetle feller todder way, do—mebbe he go off and soot poor Jallah."

"If you have deceived me, and are about to lead me, purposely, into a net, the first thing I will do, when I find myself caught, is to shoot you through the heart."

"Ees, massa, when Jallah play tricky, den him massa soot poor Jallah troo de heart, wid one bullit—two bullit."

"Go in, I will follow you."

The dimensions of the cavern into which my Ebo slave conducted me might have been a hundred by fifty feet, and its height thirty. By some contrivance, the Ebo of

course imputed it to Obi, lamps had been suspended from the roof of the cavern, so that every object moving in it would be visible to the eye, while the quantity of light afforded would be insufficient for more than a faint outline, a kind of shadow seen in the last quarter of the moon. The air of the cavern, situated in a cold region, was rendered yet more chilly by the dampness occasioned by a continual trickling of water down its sides. The dim and uncertain light cast by the lamps, together with the nature of my visit, rendered the scene and my feelings gloomy and solemn.

On one, the most imperfectly lighted, side of the cavern, at rather less than half its elevation, there was a recess, which, if the spirits of darkness had ever congregated here, might have been the rostrum of the chief lecturer, or, had a softer class of beings tenanted the spot, it would, supposing it suitably furnished with combs, mirrors, paints, and patches, have been a particularly nice dressing-room for them. To attain it, you must clamber over loose stones and among wet sand. Jallah assured me that this was to be our place of concealment, and necessity compelled us to essay the ascent. With considerable difficulty, and at the expense of some bad bruises, he leading the way, and I following, we gained the platform, and posted ourselves behind a slight bank, which evidently had been raised for the purpose of concealing spies and eavesdroppers.

We had not been ensconced in our retreat more than five minutes when half a dozen negroes entered. One of them carried a flaming brand, and the others faggots, or rather, dry brush-wood. Having piled up the combustible materials in the centre of the cavern, and applied the torch, they walked three times around the flame, muttering what I supposed to be imprecations of some deity, or denunciations of enemies. One of them untied the strings of a bag which he carried under his arm, and drew out a tremendous snake, of a very poisonous species. It had undoubtedly been deprived of its fangs, for the negroes, notwithstanding its extreme exasperation, handled it without its inflicting any injury upon them. A rope—the representation of a hanging cord—was next produced, and they hung the reptile upon a miniature gallows, leaving it

to writhe in a state of partial strangulation. This signified what they were preparing to do with their masters.

A moment after, three more entered, and each of these brought an alligator. The arrivals were now momentary, and soon the cavern was half filled with these—in a double sense—sons of darkness; probably, in half an hour after our arrival, there were two hundred assembled. The company, as far as I could judge, were, to a man, Koromantyns. They were as tall, bony, and vigorous as the North-American Indians; except in the hair and features of the face, they were much such men. The greater part of them were armed, principally after a rude fashion, with bludgeons, knives, and rice-scythes, but there were some who had guns, pistols, and swords, and bore them in a way which intimated a previous schooling in their use.

In the mean time the assembly got on very slowly with their business. They appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one whose presence was necessary to their deliberations. He came at rather a late hour, and with him some whom I supposed to be the principal sub-chiefs of the revolt. It need not be told that in this person I saw the man who, by his generous care of myself, had bound me to an oath of silence, and whom I was now led to regard with shivering. The "Barb of the Desert" was before me. He was dressed—how procured was never known—in the full uniform of a British general officer. Such a being I never saw before, and may never chance to see again. He was at least six feet four inches high, and his frame, in other respects, equally removed from the common proportions of men. His air was that of a prince, not a prince in chains, he was Porus before Alexander; an imperial mind, unbroken, unbowed by defeat, and sustained in its reverses by a consciousness of exceeding intellectual strength, and of physical courage adequate to any possible danger. His air was that of one who may say, "I have met and baffled every thing which it depended on self to subdue; that I have failed in being all I sought to be is the fault of others."

Hitherto, and from the commencement of the evening, silence had pervaded the assembly,—a circumstance

which, independently of others, led me to impute to it a character of dangerous consequence. At length one of the leaders, I knew him to be such by the strut which as surely marks a trusted negro as it does a peacock or male turkey, rose and commenced a speech to his brethren. It may be remarked that the proceedings of the evening were principally conducted in a foreign tongue, a dialect, as I afterward learned, of the Gold Coast. I could form some guess of its import, however, from Jallah's excessive trembling, and the rolling up of the whites of his eyes, which served to show that he was painfully excited by it. This speaker was very brief; he said a few words in a low tone, and without the violent and extravagant gestures which usually distinguish African oratory. When he had finished he sat down, and I was left to find out its import from what should follow.

Presently, a negro, who appeared to be the principal priest of the rites, and was tottering with years and infirmity, rose, and going to the further end of the cavern, removed a large stone; the action revealed to my eye a spot darker than the surrounding space, and which proved to be the mouth of a smaller cavern. From this concealed spot he drew out a kettle, containing, perhaps, ten gallons, and placing it in the centre of the circle formed by these desperate men, he commenced the horrid rites which the address had called for. Baring his arm to the elbow, one approached, and, applying a lancet, made with scientific skill an incision, which caused the blood to flow abundantly. Another and another came forward and paid their tribute into the bowl.* As it was impossible to regulate any incision so as to produce a given quantity, or cause to flow the precise modicum wanted; and, moreover, as the stout-hearted were anxious to show their intrepidity by inflicting deep gashes, it followed that the kettle would have been twice filled had all the blood which was drawn been suffered to flow into it. The taking away of the arm gave an opportunity to the unstayed blood to trickle or flow according to the depth

* If any of my readers suppose that this account of the negro rebellion is distorted, let them consult the records of the period.

and situation of the gash; soon the whole space within the circle was coloured, or rather discoloured, by the sanguine flood. The floor of the cavern resembled that of a slaughter-house, and, upon receiving the flickering beams of the lamps, gave out a shade—but I do not love to dwell upon any thing so very horrible.

When each and every one had contributed a portion of his life to the contents of the kettle, the negro who officiated as the high-priest of the rites went to the sub-cave, or treasury, and brought thence a basket, the bare contents of which created a shudder in the assembly. For the first time in the evening the conversation was conducted in the gibberish of those who had unlearned their own tongue without learning any other.

"Bodder Quaw, shure he git de airt out dead man's grave?" asked one, till now silent.

"Berry shure, Sang;" answered the party addressed by the Gold-Coast name of Quaw; "Me dig down where dey bury ole massa Billy Brimmer; fine bones braky, braky, get up whole airt full a bone—tigh-bone, solder-blade, teet, toe-bone; look-a-here, Sang, see wid him own ears." And he uncovered the basket, and displayed a quantity of earth mixed with the cracked and disjointed bones of the dead.

"Pour dem into de blood, Sang," said Quaw; "make berry good *fettish*—quick—time go much more dan liddle, deal ado 'fore mornin; 'member dat, Sang."

With that, Quaw poured the earth and bones into the blood. Sang then drew from his pocket a small drinking cup, and filled it with the loathsome and horrid mixture.

"Now for de fettish, and every body hear what Sang say. May Accompong, de greater ob all, may ole Obboney, de mos baddest, hear what Sang say. May fettish make him belly burse—make him bone rot, ib him tell what him see, ib him tell what him hear, ib him make show what for him learn dis night."*

Had the oath been as cautiously administered to Jallah, what would have been the issue of this revolt! Believing,

* This is the usual form of administering the fettish, or oath of silence or purgation. They frequently give it to their wives when they suspect them of infidelity.

as he did, that the least infraction of the letter of the oath would lead to a literal performance of the vengeance imprecated, he would have remained silent, and I and thousands of others undoubtedly have fallen sacrifices.

When Quaw had finished, Sang went through the ceremony, and others followed, till the oath had been administered to all, and the caldron nearly emptied of its contents. The oath of secrecy imposed, and the occasion for silence removed, there was an obvious impatience to give loose to the bloody and treasonable sentiments by which they were animated, but the aged negro interposed.

"Brodders," said he, "we take de fettish—all de same now as no say at all. But, brodders, we mus hab Grate Man in de sky for help nigger. Buckra ooite man's hab berry big tall God, wid great house, where dey meets, pray loud, sing berry loud—Nigger, wedder Axim, Jabi, Fetu, or Fantyn,* nebber pray—nebber sing—nebber opper sacrifice not much."

"True, Quaw," said another, "but Accompong no need—nebber asks much pray, him berry pleased, too good pleased widout much pray. Assarki, him berry much good too. When nigger man get buckra massa 'trong rum, he pour out much 'pon de airt for Assarki too. And more, dey gib him de biggerest yam."†

* There is no material difference in the superstitions of the different tribes inhabiting the space between Cape Apollonia and the river Volta; nor, indeed, does the Whidah country, or *slave-coast proper*, present any remarkable diversity.

† In the mythology of a large part of Africa the following are the names, functions, and attributes of the principal deities. "Accompong is the God of the heavens, and the Creator of all things; a deity of infinite goodness; to whom they never offer sacrifices, thinking it sufficient to adore him with praises and thanksgivings." They seldom, however, do even that. It will be perceived that their belief of his being "immutable in his decrees for their happiness," is the same as that entertained by the North-American Indians.

"Assarki is the god of the earth, to him they offer the first fruits of the ground, and pour out libations of the liquors they drink to his honour."

"Ipboa is the god of the sea. If the arrival of ships which trade upon their coast be delayed, they sacrifice a hog to deprecate the wrath of Ipboa."

"Obboney is a malicious deity, who pervades heaven, earth, and sea; he is the author of all evil, and when his displeasure is signified

"We tank Accompong. Dat is enouf for Accompong," said another. "We gib Assarki rum, so he go asleep berry content. And we don't want any ting ob Ipboa, so he be damned. But Obboney, one berry bad sperit, ebery body know dat, brodders, we ought to hab Obboney, ole debble, our side. He help us berry much, he be our side. Quaw, him say what we mus do to bring ole Obboney, ooite mans say debble, from todder side, ooite man's side, where him be now."

"Obboney lub blood—lub smell blood. We must opper up some ting to ole Obboney."

"Bantam cock, leetle pig, what?" one demanded.

"Nyder, hoomans-ooite mans bes—ib no get ooite man's, den Ebo, Papaw, las ob all Gole Cose."

"Where we get ooite man's blood?" demanded Sang.

"Sindah Sing Nattee say him know."

"Den let Sindah Sing Nattee tell."

With that a Gold Coast came forward and told the assembly, in the same broken dialect, which the leader had ordered to be used to the intent that all might understand, that he and some other negroes had taken prisoner, and brought hither in anticipation of the purpose for which he was now wanted, a Swede, who had been employed as a kind of overseer in Ballard Beckford's sugar-works. He was now lying at the door bound hand and foot. It was settled in a moment that he should be sacrificed, and at the bidding of the chief director of the rite, he was dragged in, not tenderly, but as the carcass of a dead beast would be removed from a field where it was likely to become offensive. Never, while I live, shall I forget the look this miserable creature gave, the unutterable horror and agony depicted in his countenance while, helpless as a child, he lay contemplating the but too obvious sacrifice.

by the infliction of pestilential disorders, or otherwise, nothing will divert his anger but human sacrifices, which are selected from prisoners taken in war, or, if there be none present, then from their slaves." Their worship is then principally directed to allay the anger or secure the favour of this last-named and mutable being, whose influence is so all-pervading and disposition so imperious, from whom comes *obi*, and every other wicked machination, hurricanes, and earthquakes, and, lastly (and with a greater show of reason), the disposition in their masters to cruel and barbarous usage of themselves.

While one stood sharpening a large Spanish knife, occasionally passing the brawn of the thumb along its edge, to see if it was sufficiently sharp to do the murder easy, two others, in defiance of his, alas! useless struggles, divested him of his coat and waistcoat, unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, and laid bare his neck upon the edge of the kettle. The butcher then drew his knife rapidly across the weasand, the blood spouted with tremendous energy, and his woes were ended. The whole was conducted with as much coolness, and as little apparent feeling, as if they had been slaughtering a bullock. When the blood had been principally drawn from the body, it was removed, and a gallon of rum poured into the kettle.* After stirring it to the point of amalgamation, the liquid was handed round to the company, and partaken of by them with much apparent relish, and with a winking and smacking of their lips, as if they liked it. I was not more than thirty or forty feet from them at the time, and can say with truth, that they exhibited fewer signs of compunction for what they had done than a thoughtless schoolboy would who had trod upon a beetle, dismembered a fly of its wings, drowned a grasshopper, or frightened a toad by trailing a rod after it in the grass, in imitation of the motions of a snake. The prince of darkness, were he what *poets* have made him, ay, were he twice as malignant and barbarous, would have gone about a work of equal wickedness with far greater reluctance.

The rites finished, the debates of the assembly commenced. Quaw was the first speaker, to him succeeded Sang, and the oration of Quamina was the third. I have said something, in another place, of the manner of negro orators, and what constitutes the usual burthen of their rigmarole, parrot-mouthed harangues. These differed in no such degree from the others as to demand that I should report them here. The burthen of all was "wrongs," "wrongs," "wrongs," for which they demanded "blood!"

* "At Ballard's Valley they surrounded the overseer's house, about four in the morning, in which, finding all the white servants in bed, they butchered every one of them in the most savage manner, and *literally drank their blood mixed with rum.*"—*Edwards's West Indies*, 4to. *London*, 1794, vol. ii. 66.

"blood!" "blood!" Those who had scars showed them; those who had brought none with them, promised to get some made against the next meeting! Quaw, who really had a touch of rude eloquence, went so far as to enumerate his grievances. To show the horrid treatment which the slaves in Jamaica and elsewhere received from their masters, and the necessity there was for a revolt—on the principle that human endurance could go further, I will just mention that the wrongs which appeared to be most deeply imprinted on their recollections, were the being restricted to one—lady, and that lady a wife, and the being allowed but three salted mackerel each per day for more than a week together. Now it happens that a negro thinks far less of a severe flogging than of the slightest abridgement of his sensual enjoyments. Give him an extra holyday, a red cravat, a new *dundo* or *goombay*,* and a fig cares he for whips and thumbscrews, kicks and handcuffs. Allow him unrestrained concubinage, if that comparatively honourable term, which supposes a certain degree of affection and modicum of constancy, may be used of negro sexual intercourse, allow him plenty of sleep, sleep on the sunny side of a brick wall, the thermometer at 130, meat frying, water boiling, and apples roasting, and perish the remembrance of Africa and freedom—what he was, or, rather, never was, and what he wishes to be, but never can be.

Let no one suppose, from any thing in this paragraph or these pages, that I am inimical to liberty. On the contrary, I am enthusiastic in my admiration of free institutions properly directed and applied. It is sufficient for me to say that I devoted twelve years of my life to defend the endangered liberties of my native land. It is my firm belief that where a people are preliminarily instructed in the duties of obedience to the laws, and the necessity of submitting to wholesome restraints; have known, by actual and lengthened possession, the value of rights and immunities, and by their actual deprivation, the curse of bondage; where education is generally diffused, and a healthy system of religion and morals predominant, that there

* The dundo is a tabor, the goombay a rustic drum formed of the trunk of a hollow tree, and covered at one end with a sheepskin.

liberty produces the happiest possible condition of terrestrial being, and should be defended at the risk of losing every other earthly possession. But I take up as a thesis, which I am ready to defend, when and where the caviller pleases, that a majority of the beings who walk this earth in the shape of men are, in their present state, unworthy of the boon of freedom, will never appreciate it properly, would, if it were given them, but use it to cut each other's throats, and, while God continues merciful to the condition of his creatures, will probably never have it. I am aware that my position strikes at one of the most amiable of human weaknesses—that which induces men, happy in and worthy of freedom, to hail the efforts to change their condition of a demi-civilized, demi-savage people, hitherto held in bondage. Look at the negroes, consider them attentively, and, as I do, *without prejudice*. They cannot read nor write, but in the solitary instances which prove the rule, nor do they wish to do either; stripes cannot make them. Bestow upon them a holyday, and they will pass it in the most frivolous pursuits, instead of attempts to acquire knowledge. Did you ever see a negro book? Did you ever see a painting done by a negro? or hear a negro sing a song rising in merit above

"Possum up a gum-tree,
Shake a possum down?"

Did you ever see an ingenious piece of mechanism invented by a negro?—ever hear of his successful imitation of a given model? In no part of Africa which is inhabited by negroes is there to be found learning of any kind, the arts either useful or elegant, science in any one of its various departments, talents or genius applied or misapplied. He answers, as far as mind is concerned, Plato's definition of man, an "animal with two legs and without feathers," as well as the "plucked cock" which I forget who presented to the "Athenian bee," to realize the definition.

Having said enough in the three preceding pages to make me as many bitter enemies as there are letters in them, but still nothing but what is true as the Gospels, I

return to the theme I had renounced for the pleasure of putting men to rights in an important matter.

The three wordy orators seated, the prime leader of the revolt, the Barb of the Desert, rose and commenced his harangue. He used the English language, translating, from time to time, what would have been unintelligible to the newly imported Koromantyns. Both the matter and manner of his speech proclaimed the immeasurable distance there was between him and his followers. *He* might have made laws for an empire, or excelled in science or the arts, or spread civilization over a continent.

He began by painting to his hearers the beauty and happiness of that clime from whence the cupidity of the whites had torn them. He spoke of its beautiful groves of palms and plantains, and, with sighs that were echoed by the audience, of its delicious suns, hot enough to roast their geavas or fry their lizards. He spoke of the mud-walled villages on the Gold-Coast bank of the river Volta, of the jetty wives from whose fond embraces they had been torn, of the beloved children, hurried, like themselves, into a miserable captivity, and, if not yet killed by cruel usage, at this moment groaning under privations and tortures equal to those which were experienced by themselves.

"White men," said he, "boast of their happiness, but were we not happy also? We had been placed by the Creator of all things, the great Accompong—in a climate suited to our natures, and whose fervid suns ripened into early and plenteous perfection the fruits and the animals adapted to the wants of the man of woolly locks and a black skin. He gave us constitutions to meet the air which robs the white man of life, and hearts which could bear to be told, and yet indulge in no repining, of the rich palaces and golden hoards which in other lands reward the ambitious toils of the people. We had as much affection for our children as our oppressors have for theirs; and love, which burns in our breast like the sun in our native sky, compensated for the absence of the passion of gain and the lust of glory.* Seated beneath the spreading palm

* Poetry is a divine art, and fiction a splendid theme, but I never could, for the life of me, think it either useful or properly applied in philosophy or history! Now those who have ascribed to the negro

we ate our yam, and rice, and lizard,* with as keen an appetite, and as satisfied and contented a mind, as the men from whom Quaw, Sang, Scindia, Soubadou, Foulah Jattee Quantee, and their brothers to-day take kicks, and to-morrow cudgels.

"What happened then, brothers? Listen, and I will tell you what befel the Barb of the Desert, and believe me, you will find it hath happened, more or less, to all whom oppression has called together this night. Tacky slept at the door of his tent on one of the latter days of the moon when the rice-fields begin to grow yellow. My brothers know that I was a chief of the tribe of Fantyn, and they know that the Fantyns are the most warlike of all the fifty tribes spread over the Gold Coast. They know that my people rule, more or less, the tribes of Axim, Jabi, Fetu, and Sabou, that when we send to Adom for a drove of cattle, a drove surely comes, that when we ask the people of Comani for plantain butter, every tree is forthwith set atap; that Agouna is our hunting dog, and Anta our jackal.

"I had just returned from a war I had waged against the tribe of Shantee. I had come back victorious. Many slaves had I taken, and they had brought me much red cloth. It was the most successful expedition ever undertaken by my people.

"My ten wives and twenty concubines sat around me rubbing my limbs with palm oil, and my children were playing on the outside of my tent, when the goombay sounded at the distance of a spear's throw, and in a moment, my tent was surrounded by the troops of the Great King, who, instigated by the treble motive of jealousy of my fame and prowess, a desire to possess himself of my plunder, and the persuasions of white men, who saw, in my iron frame, one fitted to grind the cane beneath the suns of the

love, considered as a *sentiment*, and meaning "unvarying attachment to, and contentment with one object," "a single connexion with an individual of the other sex," have not only honoured him more than he deserves, but have given him a virtue he would certainly forswear, if a law to restrain his desires were to be coined out of the imputation.

* The lizard is a favourite article of food with the negroes. They are not, however, at all fastidious in their tastes, and literally eat everything that falls in their way.

west, had sent thither his own guard to make me a slave among slaves. I resisted, but what availed one good spear against a hundred. They tore me away, gashed and bleeding, but not till fourteen had bit the dust, and with me such of my women and children as were of a sufficient age and value to be thought worthy the slave-dealer's notice. We reached the river, and soon were dispersed among the slave-ships, here one, and there one, my Mandingo wife Fatima in one ship, with the child of my Papaw wife Afiba, who in her turn, nursed the child of my Fantyn slave Yemesa, sold to a different dealer, and bound to a different part of the earth.

"Then came our voyage across the great ocean, chained, manacled, penned up in a hold so low that none to whom Accompong had given the stature of a man could place himself in the posture which frightens the lion.* Daily men, women, and children, many, very many, died, but our masters only laughed, and sang and danced the louder and merrier. Little cared they who died, for the rich white man in the West had said, 'pay me so much beforehand, and if your slaves die I will make good your losses.'† Arrived, we were again sold—the 'Barb of the Desert' became the property of a hard master, and much he endured. But—I—live to be—revenged. I have organized a rebellion of all my countrymen, and soon will we set our feet on the proud necks of our masters—soon will we bestride the fallen foes of Africa. Delivered from their dominion, we will revive the customs of our country, recall to our hearth the household gods of our race, relight the flames of human sacrifice in the isles of the west, and establish on this we inhabit a glorious Koromantyn empire. Follow me, and victory shall be ours, and the picture be realized."

He sat down, and such was the effect produced by his speech, that silence, deep as that of a charnel-house, for

* The negroes believe that man in the erect posture, which proclaims his superiority to other creatures, is a terror to the lion, who acknowledges his inferiority by flight.

† The practice of insuring slaves is, indeed, a horrid one. I have heard statements which, if they are correct, would affix the legal stain of murder upon many a slave-dealer who has previously insured.

the space of five minutes, pervaded the assembly. No other person attempted to speak, aware, perhaps, that after such splendid declamation, his own patchwork oratory would not be endured.

It was arranged among these desperate men that the insurrection should commence on the third day thereafter. They were to meet again the next night, at the same hour, in the same place. Tachontis, Tacky, or the Barb of the Desert—the first was his real name, the second the abbreviation used by his white masters, and the third his own, his former, and the courted designation of himself,—was to go next day, and bring up a party from a neighbouring plantation to give the ball of revolt its first impetus; the sagacious leader being aware how much success in a revolution is dependent on a first movement. The details arranged, the assembly began to separate, and soon Futtee Jallah Sing and myself remained the sole occupants of the cavern. We got down and out as well as we were able, but the floor, it will be remembered, was slippery with blood—human blood, the light cast by the lamps was dim and uncertain, and our missteps and blunders were not a few.

I bade Jallah return to the mountain house and inform its mistress that I should be absent at least two hours longer. He was to say nothing of what he had seen, and to be careful not to intimate that danger was in my path.

Dismissing him, my next step was to obtain an interview with the leader of the revolt, and endeavour, if possible, to make him change his bloody resolutions.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ascending the steep crag, the position of which indicated it to be that the Barb had referred to when he parted from us at the concealed hamlet, I prepared to see if he would redeem his promise and appear at my call. Three blasts on the shell, and when the echo died away his "fancy"

name repeated in a loud voice, brought him from his hiding-place. He was muffled up in the same cloak I had seen him wear formerly, the hat and plumes which had lately nodded over a field-marshal were exchanged for the coarse, blue woollen Guernsey cap, which is ordinarily worn by the slaves, but once seen there was no outward decoration or badge needed to enable you to know him again.

"What would you with me?" was his first question.

"This is not exactly the spot in which matters so important as those that have brought me hither may be debated with safety or in confidence."

"I will answer with my life that your communications are heard by no one but ourselves. Speak openly and fearlessly—we are alone."

"You are on the eve of doing a fearful deed. You are about to rise in rebellion against your masters."

"How know you this?"

"I know it—let that suffice."

"Treachery is abroad then?"

"Why should it not be when murder and cold-blooded assassination are? Crimes, like the locusts of your own land, move in a host—revolt never goes unattended by treason and falsehood. Barb of the Desert, listen to me. Why has this particular time been selected by the slaves for revolt, and what are the especial grievances which have so suddenly stirred up your people to meditate the murder of their masters?"

"You have asked me a question, and I am bound to reply. This particular time has been selected by the slaves for revolt, not because especial grievances have suddenly stirred them up, but because they have one whom they have hitherto lacked, who has bent his energies, and those no common ones, to achieve the liberation of his race. Hitherto the Koromantyn has suffered in silence, for he had no one to direct his efforts to a common aim. Now he has such an one, even myself—like himself a despised and maltreated slave, but born a prince and made a soldier—one more accustomed to the bow and lance than the axe and mattock, and who has sworn never more to wield the latter servile tools in the service of a white man."

"You name no especial wrongs, no stirring provocation,

yet surely such should not be wanting when a penalty so bloody is to be exacted."

"Especial wrongs! stirring provocation! What call you the being torn from sub-regal rule, and manacled and cribbed in the wretched hold of a slave-bark, the ignominy of a public sale, and the tasks I have been driven to perform? Are these nothing? It is true they have given me food, and they feed their oxen and horses. They have not beaten me, for they remembered that it is never considered safe or prudent to thrust a stick into the jaws of a hungry lion, or tread on the tail of a sleeping hyena. Can there be no injuries, think you, but those which are external and wound the flesh? I deem as little of such as I do the prick of a thorn; but wound my spirit, and my enmity is eternal."

"I see it all. You have treasured up the remembrance of wrongs, and are about to avenge them at one swoop, by spreading desolation far and wide. Give it over, I beseech you. You can no more succeed in your attempts to throw off your chains than the palm-tree may change itself into a pimento shrub."

"Then shall my body like his, in your Christian fable, be crushed under the ruins of the house I shall pull after me. But how know you I shall not succeed?"

"Want of courage in your followers bars, to a certainty, your eventual success. When they find themselves confronted in the field of battle with their masters, they will slink from you like a dog who sees a whip and meets a portentous eye. Their valour is but lip deep—it is not the true spirit of courage, but a frothy effervescence."

"Presumptuous boy! to speak thus lightly of my race. Know that at least there is one upon whom these imputations shall never rest."

"Yourself; I do not doubt your valour or blood-thirstiness. I never reckoned imbecility among your weaknesses! I believe you a warrior, and I have seen you a ruffian, but still an undaunted one."

"And this to a man who has saved your life, and to a ruffian?"

"To take it, perhaps, at a future day, in a less merciful manner than he would have done who was my fellest foe.

My only security is your promise; your followers may not choose to respect it, and I shall perish out of a false sense of honour in keeping an unsolicited secret, and more, see thousands perish with me whom a word of mine would have saved."

"You were better aware of the strength of your voice than I, when you proposed a more retired place. Follow me."

Suspecting no wrong, I followed him down a winding path, till we came, at the bottom of the glen, to a kind of cave, formed partly by a projecting crag, and partly by wild vines, trailed over poles leaned against it. The sand in its sides had been scooped out—altogether it formed a dwelling of considerable magnitude.

"Here," said he, "we may debate in the loudest voice, without fear of the surprisal which your vehemence might have provoked in the other place. And now let me tell you that your arguments have no weight with me to make me change my course. I deem myself formed by the hand of destiny to liberate my enslaved countrymen, and establish for myself a name and a kingdom."

"Ambitious and deluded man!"

"The first, perhaps, but not the last. I am not deluded—I know the mental weakness and imbecility of my countrymen of Africa; I know that they are asses who love stripes; but I know that, in the hands of cunning, they may be made, while success attends them, to move like a rock rolling down a mountain. It shall be my care to set that rock rolling, and to see that nothing opposes a successful resistance to it. Saving yourself, and those who may belong to you, not another white man shall live; I will sweep them from the earth, as a high wind drives along a crowd of locusts. And now, in your turn, listen. I have need of a bold and resolute white man, one gifted with the quickness and ability of his race to trace as well as to decipher the scrolls, to us characters of mystery, but to them plain as foot-marks in the wet sands of Gambia, by which they make known their thoughts one to another. Now, the only marks the Barb could ever make were with the point of a spear on the flesh of a foe. Be then my assistant, my prime minister, and after me the wearer of my crown. I

shall have need of thy aid when, having firmly established my empire, the messengers of other nations shall crowd around me to solicit my friendship, and form treaties with the 'king of the islands.'"

"Mad visionary!"

"Not so. It may be that I, in the attempt I am about to make, shall perish, though no such presentiment be mine, but *my* fall would not render less certain the fulfilment of my prediction that all these islands will eventually become the property of the negro. Can it be that the strong shall always submit to the weak? that the fifty shall always bare their backs to a lash held by the one? that the man shall continue for ever to say to the child 'ride thou me with a spur and use it freely?' No, and it were better worthy of thy sagacity to foresee and provide for a thing so sure to happen, than to remain a skeptic to a truth so obvious. Accept my offer, and be my partner in the glorious enterprise."

"Never. May God cast me out from present and future mercy, if I hear your horrid suggestions without an absolute loathing of him that utters them."

"Know, then, that from the first moment of your landing, I marked you out as mine—mine you are and mine you shall be. I learned the story of your life, I studied your character, I heard you were penniless, I believed you ambitious, and supposed that the brilliant offers I should make you would win you to my purpose. You had not been landed six hours when my emissaries informed me that '*The man was found.*' From that hour, in all your wanderings, whether in town or country, whether by night or day, my eye has been upon you."

"You have been, then, a spy upon my actions?"

"If to keep myself informed of your actions make that which you denominate a spy, then is the epithet mine. But time wears, and I have much to do before the sun rises. Once again I ask you,—will you be my partner in the career of glory?"

"And I answer—Never. And would to God that my arguments could prevail upon you to give over that which makes a scaffold as surely yours as there is a sky above us. Farewell!"

"Stay; you go not yet. I have already taken too much pains to obtain you to part with you lightly: and you have too many secrets of mine in your keeping to permit you longer to go at large, professing abhorrence for that which I view as just and righteous, and more than half intimating your intention to betray me."

"I do not intimate—I avow it! I declare my intention, unless you will give over your schemes of revolt, to prepare the civil authorities for the contemplated rising, and to give them the service of my sword."

With the rapidity of lightning he threw his gigantic arms around me, and held me fast with the ease that I could a child of four. At the same moment he gave a loud whistle; a door at the further end of the vaulted space was opened, and half a dozen negroes entered from a concealed apartment beyond it. Knowing that my endeavours to release myself would be ineffectual, I made a virtue of necessity, and submitted to be bound.

"You will not betray me now," said he. "Young man, it is very unwillingly that I put you under durance, but my own safety and the safety of my cause and countrymen demand that mild restraint should, for a time, be yours—that is, unless you embrace my offer, and become one and among the greatest of us. Again I renew that offer."

"And again I reject it."

"Be content, then, to wear chains, without the right to ask for your life, or any other boon, when we shall think proper to cast them off. Farewell! Before you behold the beams of the second sun he will have lighted us to a glorious emancipation."

"Perhaps so. Yet I feel a presentiment that I shall yet confront you in a field where we may cross swords, and try our superiority."

"I could easily spoil your presentiment, and forestall your revenge, but I will not interfere with the 'intimation of Providence;' and for your revenge, let it come; it will find me cool and ready."

"Barb of the Desert! that which I could not do for myself I will do for another: I beg the life of Margaretta Shadwell."

"It is not mine to bestow; I have no power over her

life. She has been marked out as the victim of another. It is not necessary that I should say who that other is, for you know her well:—the partner of my glorious daring—if it be what I esteem it; of my crimes—if I am criminal; of my empire—if I succeed; of my tomb—if I fall; the original instigator of this rebellion, Orina Shadwell."

"Orina Shadwell? The creature of hell!"

"Speak not too loud, she may hear you. I have twice, thrice—for my own purposes, saved you from her fury. Once in the orangery, once among the Liguanean Mountains, and once since you have been in this neighbourhood—you are surprised—has my arm arrested the death-blow aimed at you by this wild girl."

"She is near, then?"

"She is; a tap on a goombay would bring her instantly into our presence."

"Can you tell me what became of the English officer, Mapletoft, whom I attempted to save from the dark intrigue she had projected, and to whose malignity, doubtless, I owed the attempt at assassination in the Shadwell-gardens?"

"No such thing. He had taken that method which is in use among your race to settle quarrels, and never took any other; but Orina, at my instigation, and by some cunning lie, turned away the "friend," and intercepted the letter, which called you out to decide it in single combat. I would not permit you to risk your life, for I then hoped it might be made available to my purposes."

"But you permitted it to be attempted in the Shadwell-gardens."

"I knew nothing of that attempt till it had been made, nor of the subsequent one among the Liguanean Mountains, till I heard the screams of your intended wife. But there was this difference,—that the former I had not foreseen, the latter I had, and guarded against. I had not supposed that Orina would dare raise her hand against any one whom she knew I would protect; but even I, who knew her best, had not fathomed the resistance of her wild will to whatever would thwart her vengeance. We have, at length, come to a division of spoils; you are mine

and the sister is hers. She has given me that pledge which she dare not break,—that she will no more attempt your life; and I have said that she may do with her sister what shall please her best, unchecked by any efforts of mine to save her."

"I owe my life to the care and tenderness of Margaretta Shadwell. But for me, she would, perhaps, have been a happy wife, and far removed from the horrors which your ambition threatens."

"I have no time to hear the silly speeches of a boy. And yet, if you will consent to link your fortunes with mine, it will be something to think of. Take this sword (he produced a noble blade), draw it when you see me draw mine, and for the same purpose, and I will *ask* that your bride be spared, nay, more, it *shall* be done. Otherwise, and if you refuse, I stir not in the matter, and vengeance shall have its course upon her devoted head."

I repeated my refusal in the words I had formerly used; upon which he spoke to the two negroes who stood next us, and bade them guard me into another room. His orders were, that I should be strictly watched, plentifully fed, and be allowed to converse with no one unless he was present. And then he left the apartment.

It had not escaped my observation, and I have always been surprised that it did his, that one of the two negroes appointed to watch over me had, during the whole dialogue, regarded me with great kindness and interest. I had no recollection whatever of his features, and was entirely at a loss at what period to date the commencement of an acquaintance, remembered on one part, and forgotten, together with its causes, on the other. This, however, is often the case where there is a great disparity in the condition of the parties. To receive a bow from one much above him, forms quite an epoch in the life of one in an humble condition, but not *vice versa*. "I have, probably, nodded to Ebony," said I, mentally, "or I have pulled the ear of one of his tadpoles." It had been a favourite amusement in my walks to play with the little negroes; and now, perhaps, I was to have my ears filled with a tale of my condescension; which, if it should be as long, as tiresome, and as little to the purpose as negro set

speeches of thanks usually are, would be enough to make me forswear all kinds of benevolence ever after.

They conveyed me to the apartment which was to be my prison; and having properly secured all the outlets, which were very numerous, for the entire hill was scooped out, and parcelled into different rooms, and put additional restraints upon my limbs, they left me to temporary repose. I had considerable need of rest, for I was not yet fully recovered from my wounds, and, besides, had been upon my feet at least seventeen hours; under the double cause, sleep, that comforter which man often woos in vain, came almost as soon as my head was laid upon its pillow of leaves.

I once offered to make a bet that I would try the two several states ten times in the space of one hour, so rapid could I make my transitions from one to the other. It is a fact that I have enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep, and known, at the same time, every thing that was passing around me just as well as if I had been awake. There was the "continuance of enduring thought," perception remained unblunted, and remembrance was perfectly awake—indeed it was more keenly vivacious than ever. It was this habit, possessed by very few, and one for which its possessor should not be envied, for, like listening, it sometimes obliges a man to "hear no good of himself," that made me privy to a dialogue conducted by two females, who entered soon after my guards had left me.

"He sleeps," said one of them.

"He does," said the other; "strange he can do so, when he knows the horrors which are being acted around him. Is it the calmness that arises from a good conscience? is it the soldier's hard-acquired habit of accommodating himself to every occurrence, without seeming to be borne down by them? or is it the weakness arising from a recovery but partial, which has called deep slumber to his eyes, and for a while sealed up the fountain of his cares?"

"Or—does he—'sham Abraham,' and merely pretend to sleep."

"I have already seen and heard enough of him to make me sure that he is incapable of any subterfuge or evasion."

"You seem of late to be, I mean for the last twenty-

four hours, much interested in this young American, Orina."

"When did you ever know me to be otherwise than interested—for a time, in a handsome youth and a soldier? Besides, I have hitherto dealt him nothing but blows; it were Christianlike to bestow a few smiles upon him:—the Samaritan cured wounds inflicted by others, I those inflicted by myself."

"Your meaning is that you are about to make him the object of some seven days' guilty idolatry,—when satiety comes of eternal hatred and reprobation. I know you. But remember, you are no longer mistress of your own will. He to whom you are wedded in this revolt, fierce and suspicious by nature, is rendered still more so by the blood he has tasted;—as the serpent of the Gambia, when he has made a human victim, remembering the sweet repast, repairs daily to the same spot for moons after, in hopes of renewing the banquet. If the Barb suspects you of infidelity, he will—more out of inborn cruelty than any value he affixes to the exclusive possession of your person and regard,—sever your head from your body with as little reluctance or compunction as he would crush a fellow-being in the way of his ambition."

"I know him vile; but—but why should I attempt to disguise the fact? I beat him there—I am viler than he. And as to restraint, I never knew it—I will not learn it now. The Barb cannot spare me till his purpose is completed; mine, that, having the same object in view, demands his aid, will be accomplished at the same time; then see which will be most prompt in administering a death-potion to the other. It will be a hard battle, but I shall win it."

"Take my advice, and suspend, at least for the present, all attempts to make this young man's acquaintance."

"I will: I will just awake him but to hear him speak, and follow you."

"Awake!" said she, stooping at the side of my rude pallet, and touching my shoulder lightly, but keeping her eye on her retiring partner; "awake, I have something to say to you."

"What would you with me?" I demanded, continuing

the dialogue which my drowsiness rendered impersonal.

"Forgiveness."

"Take it, and leave me; I wish to sleep."

"Rather wake, and let your pardon be the act of full consciousness of what you are doing—otherwise it were valueless."

"Well, and what is it you want?" I asked.

"That you should cease to remember me as your enemy, and grant me your friendship."

"My forgiveness you have. Whether I can grant you that which, to be heartfelt and permanent, must have its foundation in kind offices, and be afterward preserved by their repetition, I leave it to yourself to answer."

"I have, indeed, done you wrongs. I repent of them. Let us be friends," (she dropped her voice) "in time, perhaps more; great events are being born; let me whisper in your ear that your own fortunes are connected with them. This is not an auspicious time to speak out—the frown gathering on your brow tells me that 'you are wax to receive, and marble to retain'—not love, but the remembrance of injuries. You treasure up old grudges as an antiquary does scarce coins. I go, take that" (kissing my hand), "and remember our acquaintance ends not here."

I was happy, upon any conditions, to be rid of this vile creature, and, though I could hardly deem that the kiss had failed to blister, I was content to bear even the cautery of her lips rather than have had her continue longer in the prison.

Her retirement was the signal for the entrance of another actor in the drama—the negro, whose behaviour implied recognition. After carefully examining every nook and recess, to see that no person was in hearing, he proceeded to disburthen himself of his secret, and give vent to his gratitude. He was the father of the infant I had purchased in the Kingston slave-market and restored to its distracted mother. It was now, he assured me, a fat, plump, hearty "bug of a ting," and, with its mother, was at a plantation not more than three miles distant. Abraham—for he had dropped his African name and been baptized,—had engaged in this conspiracy only for the

preservation of his benefactor and his master's family, whom he loved with great affection, and he would quit it the moment he had matured his plans for their protection and the suppression of the revolt. He was a very shrewd and sagacious fellow, and was master of all the details of the contemplated rising. He knew the exact number of the rebels, knew where the first bomb would explode, and which was the *point d'appui*, the *fulcrum*, or prop, of the insurrection. He reasoned with the tact of a politician, and withal, told a story which had a more direct application to the subject than many I have heard repeated with a show of wisdom, and rewarded with the applause of a dinner-party or a crowd. Having already given more colloquial matter in the broken dialect of the negro than I fear will be acceptable to my readers, I will relate Abraham's story in my own language; at the same time declaring my opinion that conversations should always be reported word for word, and letter for letter.

It was not a very profound anecdote. It was this: that "he had seen, on the coast of Africa, down around Anna Bona and the Bite of Benin, whales struck by the harpooner, and a death-wound inflicted at the outset. Nevertheless, those same monsters of the deep would, afterward, and with the death-barb in their *hearts*, have what the whalers called a 'flurry,' which would sometimes last an hour, during which it was almost impossible to keep out of the way of their blind and misdirected fury. They would lash their tails about, throw vast quantities of water into the air, bellow like a hundred mad bulls, sometimes literally eat up their enemies' boat, oars, whaling-gear and all, and then—die. It would be something after this manner that the revolted slaves would conduct themselves upon the few first days after the tocsin of revolt should be sounded. The rebellion would be ended in a week after it began. A journal of the occurrences, written beforehand, would be found to require but little alteration afterward. Monday and Tuesday, indiscriminate massacre and pillage; Wednesday and Thursday, general drunkenness and riot; Friday, quarrelling and bloodshed among themselves; Saturday, an engagement with and defeat by the white people; Sunday, capture, or voluntary surren-

der; Monday, hanging or burning of the ringleaders, with a decent flogging of their followers, and there would be an end of the business."

I told him I thought he had not made a sufficient allowance for the great abilities and wonderful influence of the military chief, and the principal Obeah man. This he denied. He admitted their talents and power, that they were both worshipped and feared, but said they were incapable of animating their followers with the spirit necessary to ensure a long-continued series of success.

"Why not nip this rebellion in the bud," I demanded, "by going and disclosing it at once?"

"The dying whale must have its flurry, and none may venture with safety to oppose it while the death-fit lasts. The organization is so complete, and the explosion takes place so soon, that nothing can be done to arrest it. Nor could I find means to warn the devoted of their danger. There is an eye upon me that never sleeps, a foot going its round of observation that never tires: even to do that which I will dare every hazard to do requires more wit and wisdom than I possess, combined with the occurrence of a more fortunate moment than may ever happen."

"Leave me to my fate," said I, "and exert yourself to save my betrothed."

"I cannot, I should not be allowed to leave the cavern. She is, however, safe for twenty-four hours more, and before that time has passed away, an attempt, for which you will hold yourself in readiness, must be made to loose your chains."

He left me, and I composed myself to sleep again.

When I waked, which was not till a very late hour in the morning, I found myself stiff with cold, and almost unable to rise. The covering afforded me had been quite insufficient to meet the chills of the season and particular region. A breakfast of warm gruel imparted some degree of activity to my limbs, and the assurance of my friend Abraham that our prospects were looking better, by reawakening hope, imparted a glow almost as substantial as that produced by the hot "porridge" and bannocks of the grateful Ebo. The day passed away without any occurrence of much importance, but the night brought a renewal

of the scenes which had been acted on the previous night, and gave birth to events which helped the drama to a speedy and fitting conclusion.

My negro keeper, with a sense of propriety and good breeding not common to the race, had timed my meals to the usual hour of serving them among the white people. At nine o'clock came breakfast, at one dinner, and, at six supper. While he was serving the latter he found an opportunity to inform me that the Barb, suspicious of my finding among the negroes a friend to aid me in escaping, had barred up all the various doors and entrances to my apartment, save one, and at that door had stationed his own brother. Abraham said, the rebels had become so furious, that he was apprehensive their hands would not be kept from me much longer, and the more, as the Barb, from some unguarded expression of his partner in guilt, signifying a growing interest in my fortunes, having conceived a jealousy of me, would not, he believed, be inclined to protect me any longer, but rather incite his myrmidons to put me out of the way at once. I had but one chance for escape, and that was to disguise myself, and attempt to pass through the crowd which were met for the purpose of holding a revel of the same revolting description as the last. This was my only chance, and I chose to attempt it in preference to remaining where I was, with the anxiety I felt on account of another, and the growing apprehension that my own destiny was, every moment, assuming a bleaker aspect.

The negro produced a mask, which fitted me well, and a suit of clothes which did not, but this was of little consequence. How I was to evade suspicion on some other points puzzled me as much as the finding a pistareen, where a Yankee had never been, did the Spanish traveller.* I

*Among the coins most current in New-England are two, one bearing a head, and on the reverse two pillars, worth twenty-five cents; and the pistareen, bearing a head, but no pillars on the reverse, worth twenty cents. It has been charged as exclusively a "Yankee trick," that the traders of New-England are in the habit of buying up the latter coin, taking them to a part of the country where, from their unfrequency, the difference is not readily perceived, and of passing them as, and for the value of, the former coin. To see a pistareen in a country is supposed to declare its having been visited by a Yankee.

would freely, just then, have given a pound of gold for a pound of lips, and readily exchanged my two violet eyes for a pair of genuine saffron and daisy orbs. Had there been a negro present I am not sure that I should not have tried the process in use among the crackers* for exchanging eyes. And had one at that moment made my nose as flat as a pancake, my gratitude would have been without bounds. There was, however, a hope that I might pass muster, even without the nasal and labial glories of the African.

The sentinel was a dull, savage-looking being, more than half asleep, and we got by him without any difficulty. At the further end of the aisle was a low door: we opened it, and passed into a cavern, filled with innumerable splendours, and hung with a gorgeous magnificence of design and execution. Here were glittering stalactites, pillars of crystal encrusted with wavy gold, emitting a thousand varied hues, emerald, sapphire, ruby, &c. &c. all in seeming mockery of the attempts of man to gild the domes of his less fanciful creation. These natural wonders have been so often described that I cannot well say any thing of this before us without falling insensibly into plagiarism. It was a very small cavern, but this rendered the lamps more effective, and gave out a reflected magnificence which would have been wanting had it been of larger dimensions.

It was filled with rebels. They were about something like a coronation of the Barb and his vile partner. It followed that, unacquainted with the usual and appropriate ceremonies, the assembly, excepting the two principal personages, ragged, stupid, and piebald, they would but

* The word "cracker" is applied, in the southern States of America, to the wagoners from the upper or interior country. They are a very barbarous set, and much addicted to the inhuman practice of *gouging*, or taking out the eyes of their opponents in fighting. It is performed by twisting the fore-finger in a lock of hair near the temple, and turning the eye out of the socket with the thumb-nail. Probably, the story referred to in the text is this:—A cracker, who had lost an eye, repaired to a surgeon to have one put in. He first took a gray eye out of his packet—that remaining in his head was blue,—the surgeon remarked they were not fellows; he then drew out a black; at last, getting vexed that he was not able to "sort them," he took out a whole handful, of all colours and sizes, and gave them to the surgeon. "There, d——n you," said he, "pick and choose for yourself."

caricature the spectacle which is often so truly august and imposing. And yet here was a hall more resplendent than any that ever witnessed the inauguration to empire of an Eastern monarch.

"King Tacky" and his queen were seated on two raised seats, intended to represent thrones. Though the ragged beings around gave you rather a mean opinion of their majesties' subjects, there was nothing less than regality in the appearance and port of the two principal personages. I have already said that the Barb looked a king, and Orina, magnificently dressed, and beautiful as a mere mortal could well be, seemed another imperial Cleopatra, about to commit herself to the waves of the Cydnus. I never saw any being so beautiful and, at the same time, so majestic and dignified as this mustee girl. Endowed with the same opportunities as the Egyptian queen, and giving to her will the same unregulated sway, she would have lost another fond and foolish triumvir—a world.

It had been settled between me and Abraham to steal out the first moment we could do so unobserved. I had already given my companion a broad hint how uneasy my situation was becoming, when a movement of the crowd so completely barred up the doorway that, if we attempted to leave the cavern we should have to make our way out by main force, a proceeding that would certainly rouse suspicion and lead to my detection. And now one entered whose room, at this precise juncture of time, would have been far better than his company, the affectionate but blundering and bullheaded Jallah, whose exposure of me would certainly follow recognition. There was, however, but little chance that he would know me when the disguise was so perfect as to deceive even the shrewd leader of the revolt.

The occasion which had moved the crowd to a blocking up of the doorway was to give an opportunity for another display of eloquence. The reader will not expect that I should report a second set of negro orations. They were principally a statement of claims for prior vengeance. One had been starved, another had been beaten, a third thrust himself forward to beg that a flogging given him by his mistress for stealing one of her laced nightcaps, to

bestow upon his lady-love, might be remembered and requited; a fourth demanded judgment, with some show of reason, for he had, in truth, been shockingly mangled; and a fifth assigned no cause whatever, but stood gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes like a fiend. For a time there was a complete hell of tumult; it was ten minutes before quiet could be restored, and then only when the Barb raised his voice and commanded silence, declaring that he himself would "adjudge the prize." After conferring a moment with his "queen," he said, in consideration that Bonafou, the Obeah man, had been among the foremost in getting up the revolt, and withal was Obi, and stood well with the Spirit of Evil, it should be his to name the victim for the night. Judge of my horror when I heard him name Margaretta. He described her with such accuracy that there could be no dispute who was meant. He spoke of her skin, white as the lily, of her stature like the palm-tree, her step rivalling in fleetness the ostrich's, and extended the commendatory parallel to her other charms and excellencies. Does not the reader suspect the atrocious purpose of this harangue? It was to inflame their brutal passions, and render more horrid the consummation of their revenge and hatred of the white people.

The Barb informed his followers that he should set off next morning for Spanish Town and Sixteen-Mile-Walk to see that effectual measures were taken for the revolt of the slaves at those places, on the same day and at the same hour that their own rising would take place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The scene of my adventures changes from the cavern to the woods in the vicinity of the mountain house. I have escaped from the former undetected, and accompanied by the grateful Abraham and the affectionate Jallah, who, by mere chance, left the cavern at the same moment, and to whom I made myself known, am on the way to

snatch Margaretta from the impending fate. I left the rebels busy in cooking a white man, whose blood, having previously mixed gunpowder with it, they used to dip their plantains in.

As we were toiling up the hill in front of the dwelling, we saw, from time to time, what boded mischief. There were sparkles flying about in the direction of the cottage and the outhouses, indicating an attempt to fire them. Suddenly a spire of flame shot up from the principal building, and this was succeeded by a loud shout. We gained the top of the hill as speedily as possible, and saw, by the glare of light, a company of negroes employed in burning it. I sent Abraham, not to see what they were about—that was apparent, but to learn, if possible, what had become of Margaretta. He returned with the information that she had been removed but a few minutes before, but whither his informant would not say. Something was hinted about a glen and a lover among the Blue Mountains. Jallah knew the negro who made the boast; he had once been a brother runaway from the same master. They had taken temporary refuge in a wild and rugged glen, which he suspected was the spot to which Margaretta had now been borne. My resolution was taken instantly to follow them.

It was about ten o'clock when we commenced our journey, and we travelled without intermission till near the dawn of day. But though we were industrious, our progress was comparatively small. Our way was indeed "tangled and sore," ten thousand vines and creepers interrupted our path, briars tore our flesh and clothes, we fell into gullies, and otherwise met with losses, crosses, and disappointments. To add to our difficulties, about five o'clock the faithful Jallah fell ill, and we were compelled to rest. The sky began to grow black and dismal, and there was every indication of the approach of a thunderstorm. To be unable to find shelter in a tropical shower, even at the comparatively dry period of spring, is a misfortune which the experienced in that sort of thing avoid as much as possible. My companions knew what was about to take place, but, paralyzed by the succession of incidents through which they had passed in the last twenty-

four hours, and exhausted by fatigue, were even less able than myself to suggest an expedient.

While we were debating what to do, and perplexed in the extreme, it began to thunder heavily, and the rain to fall in torrents. But our safety, and other important events to be detailed hereafter, grew out of our present distress. A flash of lightning revealed to us a cabin situated on the declivity of the hill upon which we stood. It was but a short distance from us, and so nearly hidden by brushwood and gigantic herbage that our eyes had dwelt upon that very spot for minutes, and while the flashes had been equally vivid, without detecting the most prominent object. Neither of my companions knew where we were. It would have been strange if they had, for those chains or lines of glens called "cockpits," which run the whole length of the island, have as little variety as the prairies in western America. When you have seen five miles of them, you may compile a description of the whole hundred and fifty, and be quite sure that you have omitted nothing which was necessary to give a full and correct idea of the whole. "They are," saith one (I use very nearly his words), "natural basins bounded by stupendous rocks, on the south side almost inaccessible, and on the north absolutely perpendicular, communicating with each other by fissures, irregular, narrow, steep, and rugged, through which flow innumerable rills to luxuriate and fatten the soil."

It was now so near morning that I thought it best not to disturb the tenants of the dwelling. It was necessary that we should rest and refresh ourselves; but we could obtain the former in the verandah, and do without the latter until the sleepers should have risen to the labours or the pleasures of the day.

I remarked, in the first volume, on the awe impressed upon us by thunder heard in darkness, amid mountains, especially if you are not accustomed to it. Never does the soul receive more sublime impressions of the vastness of Deity than during such a scene; and that where my fortunes were now cast was calculated to realize those impressions in a remarkable degree. Flashes intensely vivid, lighting up the foliage of the hoary and gigantic trees, and

revealing each moment immense barriers of stone towering perpendicularly into mid-heaven! the report of the past electric shock reaching you in many a loud and long reverberation, mingled with the momentary concussion, while squalls of wind swept down the long dim avenues! Most of my readers have heard thunder, doubtless: but what is the thunder of Europe, or even of the American states, to that one hears at the Line, where a storm shall commence at the sunrise of a summer's day, and continue till sunset, without five minutes' intermission of the peal. I have heard thunder in divers places in Europe, but it is there merely the cracking in your hands of an egg-shell compared to that which takes place at the equator.

About sunrise it ceased, and the skies cleared up. Had we consulted propriety, we should have been content with having found a shelter from the tempest, and departed as we came, without disturbing the people of the house. The negroes were sure we should find plantation comforts within two miles, and they were sure that such were not to be had in this lone and desolate place, of which they had already conceived a very ill opinion. I know not why it was that I was so anxious to stop till the people of the house had risen—my doing so was inexplicable. My companions, seeing me peremptory, gave in, though very unwillingly, thus presenting that rare problem—negroes seeking action, and a proverbially impatient white man shunning it.

It was not till the sun had been an hour above the welkin that we began to note those commotions which attend the breaking up of a sleeping household. First of all window-shutters, here acting in the threefold capacity of shutter, sash, and pane, were thrown aside, and the doors opened. Next a couple of dogs were turned out; they were soon followed by a negro yawning and stretching himself, in search of the materials for a fire to cook the morning repast. Seeing a white stranger in the walk he went and reported the circumstance to his master, who presently came to us. He was a short, thin man, with a complexion of the hue of mahogany, a nose enormously Roman and classical, bushy gray eyebrows, and a countenance as void of expression as the statue of King

Charles at Charing-cross. I told him my story briefly, and attempted to apologise for the use of his verandah, but finding that politeness and breeding would be thrown away here, I turned the discourse to the anticipated revolt of the slaves, which I assured him was so well and so generally organized, that, if it was not checked in the outset, there would not be a white person breathing upon the island that day month. To all this his only reply was "gad so!" and such odd expressions. At last, when I was upon the point of requesting him to allow me to see whether he had the ventricles or hollow bags in the neck which receive the air through the "rima glottidis," and to examine the position of the "foramen magnum occipitis," whereby I might settle in my own mind whether he was a man or a monkey, he asked, but with an obvious wish that I should say "no," if I could make a breakfast of fried yam and *couti*. I hurried out a "yes" with great promptitude, for I was very hungry.

"Come into the shed, then," said he.

Breakfast was soon prepared and brought in. It consisted of yams roasted, fried, boiled, and raw—I am not sure but there were other preparations of yams. In the middle of the table there was a dish of fried agouti—an animal, in size, between a rabbit and a rat, and in flavour like nothing I ever tasted. A cup of coffee, which being made from berries not sufficiently dry, had an unpleasant taste of oil, and so strong that I felt its effects upon my nerves till next day, and raw rum, above proof, for those who liked it, were the liquids. There was a roasted opossum, which, very much to my relief, my host appropriated to himself.

During breakfast he continued as obstinately silent as ever. I endeavoured to draw him into conversation, but my endeavours were not crowned with success. When I paid him my thanks for the entertainment he had afforded me, with an obvious improvement from his morning manners, he invited me to "rest and be fed for the day," though using fewer words than I ever knew used upon the like occasion to convey a meaning, and yet be, in themselves, a sentence. It appeared not to be a natural, but an acquired taciturnity—growing out of a long habit of avoiding

conversation, which might lead to dangerous disclosures. I have frequently remarked that four out of five of the "still bodies" have not become silent members of society in consequence of their receiving no pleasure from the use of the organs of speech, but from habitual caution, and the policy of non-committal.

I had determined, on account of Jallah, to remain here till after dinner. The day was Sunday, a day which is not well observed in the West Indies. I do not speak of the islands where the Catholic religion prevails, but of Jamaica, Barbadoes, Dominica, &c. where obedience to the commandment is expected. In the Catholic islands, as in the parent countries of those islands, men go pretty generally to mass, though they pass from it to the ball or billiard-room; but the Protestants enact the latter violation without the, in some measure, redeeming observance.

After breakfast my host took his gun, and sallied out to the fields, and the two negro domestics of the establishment employed themselves in nursing and comforting Jallah in an outhouse. Left alone, and thrown, from want of books, upon the usual resource of the traveller whose horse falls lame, loses a shoe, or is being given a feed, or while dinner is preparing, or—once a cause of delay to myself—while the overseers of the highways were employed in making them passable, I strolled out to the vicinity.

The troublesome, and oftentimes impertinent, curiosity of my countrymen has been so fully commented upon, both by writers among themselves, and by foreigners, that it seems hardly necessary to acknowledge that it is, indeed, a national passion and failing. All mankind have it more or less, but nowhere else is it so greedy and insatiable as in America. Nothing escapes the scrutiny of a Yankee; he will enter the den of a wolf, or pry into a hornet's nest as faithfully, and with as much pleasure, as he will probe an ambassador on the secrets of his mission, a traveller on the objects of his journey, or his neighbour on his private affairs and duties.* An excellent drama might be woven

* My readers are no doubt familiar with the story of Dr. Franklin. He was travelling in New-England, and upon his arrival at a tavern, took a ready way of disposing of the interrogatories which were sure

out of this failing, were it not for the disposition to caricature, which generally prevents a correct delineation of national manners on the stage.

I do not look upon this failing of my countrymen in so bad a light as some have done, nor often indulge in berating it. I consider that men would do as poorly without curiosity, as they would without the much-banned vice of ambition, which, while it once made devils of angels, has oftener helped on the nearest approach that a human being can make to the contrary—may I use the phrase—apotheosis. The world would not be worth living in were it not for the ambition of its inhabitants. As women are the correctors of our manners, so ambition is the prompter of our spirits to noble and heroic deeds. The curiosity of my countrymen is nothing but an ardent love of knowledge, the fault of Prometheus a little strained. It is for this reason that I do not think it necessary to apologise for entering a low door, cut in the solid rocks of a precipitous crag, at the distance of some forty rods from the cabin. I declare, solemnly, I had no other object in doing so than to—see what there was inside! I supposed it might be a former hiding-place of the maroons, or a cave constructed for a retreat, or for the deposite of valuable property, in case there should be a revolt of the slaves. But impertinent curiosity is always ready with its whys and wherefores. Opening the door, I found myself in an apartment, perhaps thirty feet long, and half as many broad, lofty, arched, and tolerably lighted by fissures in the roof, and by several artificial contrivances. It was evidently a grotto, fashioned by the hand of nature, but improved by art.

Its inmates were two, a white woman and a young mulatto girl. The former appeared about forty years of age, and, though apparently enjoying good health, was pale as a winding-sheet. She was diligently employed, at my

to be put. "Landlord," said he, "have you a wife?" "Yes sir." "Call her in. Have you children?" "Yes sir." "How many?" "Seven." "Call them in." They were all brought in, and made to give attention to what the visiter would say. "Listen attentively," he began. "My name is Benjamin Franklin, I have a wife and several children, I live in Philadelphia, and am travelling upon public business, but what it is I shall not tell you. You may go."

entrance, sewing upon one of those gowns of the coarse German fabric, called Osnaburg, which are the general wear of the female slaves, indeed of both sexes. She did not raise her eyes till at least a minute after my entrance, which I supposed to express disapprobation of my intrusion. Having satisfied myself that it contained no maroons; that the floor was covered with mats; that there were the principal utensils used in housekeeping, upon the limited scale of allowing nothing more than is absolutely necessary, I turned to leave the apartment, grotto, or by whatever other name it might be called. It was at this moment that the lady, raising her eyes to the light, for the purpose of turning down the seam in her work, caught a view of me, and started to her feet.

"God has then heard my prayers," she exclaimed, "and has permitted me to look once more upon the face of one of my own race and colour."

She advanced with a tottering and enfeebled step, though her features did not appear to be those of an aged person, but rather of one not past the middle age. "Are you an Englishman?"

I informed her that I claimed to be descended from that people, and though born in the New World, was sufficiently proud of my descent to feel pleasure in asserting it in all companies.

"Your speech, how delighting and delightful! It is the first time for many years that I have heard the tones of my own beautiful and noble tongue, otherwise than in the broken dialect of a mulatto girl and the muttered threats of a ruffian. The accent sounds in my ears like the tones of a fondly remembered friend. And your flesh! how fresh, and new, and worldlike it is!" and she examined my skin as curiously as a child would that of a peach. "And may you not be sent to deliver me from this horrid bondage?"

"If deliverance be deserved, fear not, madam, that you have found one who will, at least, attempt to set you free. Yet, allow me to ask from what am I to liberate you?"

"From this dungeon—in which I have now been confined for twelve long and tedious years."

"A prisoner in this land of liberty and law?"

"A prisoner in this land of liberty and law! Wonder

not at the circumstance; for know there are, among the mountains of Jamaica, fastnesses as well fitted for the perpetration of murder, and all the horrors that stalk in its train, as can be found in Spain or Italy. And let but the spirit be abroad in this island which filled the baronial castles of the feudal ages with guilt and crime, and as many opportunities shall be afforded the knight for righting oppressed dames, and chastising their tyrants, as ever occurred at any period of the world. For twelve years I have been immured in this dungeon, during which I have never beheld a face whiter than that wench's, save a growling and beastly keeper's; never heard other voices than those of the twain; never once beheld the blessed sun, except when, now and then, a straggling ray creeps through the fissures or yon shrub-encased apologies for windows; never felt the blessed winds breathe on my brow, nor heard the warbling of birds or of rills, nor seen the stars or clouds, nor smelt the flowers, nor enjoyed any other of those pleasures which render life so charming. I could see the lightnings playing and hear the thunders rattling among the peaks of the mountains, but alas! remembrance told me that they came to cover the earth with verdure and beauty, and went to reveal blue skies, and a serenity of which I could never partake."

"And this in a land which boasts its chartered freedom?"

"Yes; and which, when I left it, was free. But how are those who administer the laws,—those to whom is confided the protection of the weak from the oppressions of the strong,—to know that justice has been outraged in the depths of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica? My petitions could not reach them from this cavern, nor my tears and entreaties awaken commiseration, or bring succour, while they remained unseen and unheard."

"Permit me to ask you why you are here?"

"I may say, 'Alas! father, I have sinned;' I may say that I have sinned against God and myself—as far as regards the former, to be expiated at his tribunal only; and oh, how deeply has expiation been made for the latter. I am here, young man, by the wickedness of others, and by my own weak reliance on the faith of a villain. A deep

and terrible penance have I paid for my transgressions. Twelve years' endurance of gnawing remorse is no slight visiting of the youthful error of trusting a deceitful man, without the superadded miseries it has been mine to suffer."

"I am sure," said I, "that you have not deserved the treatment you have experienced."

"You shall hear my story and judge for yourself. Have no concern about the wench, she is deaf and dumb, or she would never have been left with me; and she has given us another bond for her silence—she has fallen asleep, and will not wake till she has been shook and pinched at least five minutes.

"Know then, that I am an Englishwoman, born in the county of Surrey, but educated and residing in England till my eighteenth year. Our family consisted of myself and two brothers; a fourth, the eldest child, died the day I was born. My father died when I was young, leaving us in very embarrassed circumstances, and for many years dependent on the rental of a small estate, possessed by our mother in her maiden right, secured to her in strict settlement, and thus placed beyond the reach of the creditors of my father, who, at his decease, swept away every farthing of his property not so secured. My mother had a brother, who, while yet a boy, left England in the service of the East-India Company. After a long absence, he returned with a high military reputation, and with what, as far as substantial enjoyment—the sirloin-of-beef and bottle-of-claret happiness goes, is a great deal better, a large fortune."

Each succeeding word and sentence of this narrative assisted to fasten on my mind the impression that I had heard the story before.

"I believe, madam," said I, interrupting her, "that no part of the sketch you have given is new to me. Certain I am that I have heard a story which, as far as you have related yours, is so much like it, that the coincidences would form a miracle if the story regarded two families, or distinct sets of persons. And yet I must be mistaken, for the names of those who were concerned in that which I heard were——Danvers."

"And that is the name of my family. Who are you? speak! answer quick, for God's sake; a nephew, perhaps; but no—my brothers were both childless?"

"Not a nephew, madam," said I, but one who knows your brother well. Permit me to ask if I have not the pleasure of speaking to his long-lost sister?"

"You are indeed speaking to his sister: my name is, or was, Danvers."

"I know Temple Danvers well. It is not a year since I saw him."

Her inquiries, broken and disturbed by tears, and regrets poured out over her forfeited name and deceased friends, were now directed to obtain information of the living. She had not heard a syllable from any one of her family for three years before her imprisonment, of course nothing since; making altogether a period of near sixteen years that she had been in utter ignorance of every thing relating to it. It was no time now to indulge her painful interest in the family history. She was to be liberated; and not a moment was to be lost in doing it; since, if my design were suspected before it was put in execution, its defeat was nearly certain to ensue. I told her as much of the affairs of her family as I could in a five minutes' narrative, incessantly interrupted; and heard from her, briefly, that she had been immured in this dungeon by the order of her husband, who was no other than the vile Shadwell! My curiosity had then the double merit in my eyes, of liberating the sister of Judge Danvers and the mother of Margaretta.

I returned to the cabin by a circuitous path, so that I might not be suspected of knowing the secret .d I was prepared to bid it cease to be one. The jailer had not returned from his morning excursion, and I had leisure to acquaint my negroes of my discovery, and to determine what I should do next. Having bound the two domestics, we set out to meet their master. We met him hurrying home, his brow clouded with suspicion and anxiety, which were not lessened by my immediate announcement,—at the same moment, by a sudden effort, wrenching his fusee from him,—of the discovery I had made. The wretch was quite too callous and brutal either to feel or express com-

punction. He appeared to possess just that grade of intellect which fits a man for a jailer or a bumbailiff, and to have acquired that insensibility to pain and misery, that perfect command over our own nerves, while our patient writhes under the amputating knife, which are the highest qualifications of a surgeon and a critic. Properly educated, he would have been invaluable in the cockpit of a man-of-war, while the legs and arms were being taken off, and capital at a reviewer's desk, while they were flaying and pickling a poor devil author.

He asked me what I should do with him?

I replied—just the double of that which he had done to the unfortunate being who had been for twelve years his prisoner. The same dungeon for twenty-four years; the duplicate of the same stripes; half as much food; two such companions, if they could be found; the same bare necessaries; plenty as often as she had it, and starvation when she had not; as little of God's sun; and if possible, twice as much of man's—or the Devil's—persecutions as he had dealt out to his victim, should be his to bear and to suffer, if the Supreme Disposer of life and death saw fit to suffer him to contaminate the earth twenty-four years longer. All this, so helped me Heaven, I intended should be his expiation in this world.

The fellow shuddered at the prospect before him; and knowing that I was sure to learn from the lady—if I had not already—how savage his treatment had been, he fell on his knees and begged for mercy, assuring me that he could make it worth my while to permit him to see the blessed sun for many years longer. He had been, he said, the tool, it was true the wicked tool, but still the tool of another. He was at first drawn into crime by that man's persuasions, and afterward fell so completely into his power that he had to purchase his silence by unreservedly executing his commands. He had not been always so wicked.

I interrupted his exculpation, upon which I placed but little reliance, to demand in what way he could make it worth my while to forgive his past conduct, and shield him from inquiry.

"If it shall be found," said he, "that I have in my pos-

session secrets which, divulged, will restore to the family of my prisoner an estate wrongfully withheld from them, will that act, setting aside its motives, be sufficient to procure me your pardon and endeavours to obtain for me the pardon of others?"

"It will."

"You swear it solemnly."

"I swear it solemnly. If you will divulge the secret which shall do what you intimate it has the power of doing, whatever your crimes may be, you shall never be informed against by me."

"Who knows," said he, half mentally, "that my own freedom, and return to a world I quitted reluctantly may not grow out of this day's adventure? But, no; it may not be. I leave this wilderness but to hide my face in another, and, if earth has it, one still more secluded and impervious. Like the owl, I cannot open my eyes upon the day. All that I shall gain then will be, and that is much, to know that my steps are not watched day and night—that the jailer himself has snapped his chains and lost his master. No; I shall never see the beautiful and glorious island which gave me birth; no, never, while the—terrible word" (he spoke low and hurriedly) "MURDERER is written upon my brow. Well may you start; for I am that horrid creature—that accursed of God and man—one who, for gold, took the life of a fellow-being, and he my own kind and indulgent master."

"Surely," said I, "your name must be Ritchings."

"No, not Ritchings; I was the accomplice of Ritchings. My name—when I was more honest than I am now,—was Grant; since I came to the island I have passed by the name of Bushwick."

"Another instance how villany may hide itself under a show of goodness. You were thought by the Danvers' family half a saint."

"I managed, as others have done, to seem that which I was not. You yourself, who saw me this morning rude and boorish, apparently without the faculty of speech, and certainly without the grace of behaviour, may now see that I have words enough and to spare; and should, if it were necessary, witness an equally rapid corrective

applied to the other fault. I have been a creature of cunning and hypocrisy, obtaining credit for piety I never possessed, and passing off a smiling face for simplicity and honesty. Was it Mrs. Ritchings who spoke of me?"

I told him from whom I first heard his name.

"As you are acquainted with only a part of the story, perhaps you would like to hear the remainder—that which you will never hear, unless you hear it from me."

I signified my assent; and he began.

"I was many years in the service of General Luttrell, and was with him in all his Eastern campaigns. Ritchings, who was ten years older than I, had been that length of time in his service when I entered it. I was young, and I believe I may say as nearly virtuous as servants can well be. That class of unfortunates are sure to copy all their masters' vices,—if they have none, all those of their masters' friends. But Ritchings had fitted himself for the halter long before I knew him, and he soon qualified me for the same post, soon taught me to be, in another way, as great a scoundrel as himself.

"You are, doubtless, acquainted with the history of the family previous to the last and fatal visit made by General Luttrell to his sister, and knew that Ritchings and myself attended him on that visit. He was not in good health when we set out; but it was only the operation of a slow and gradual decline, a little accelerated by some trifling disappointment, I forget what:—probably he would have lasted a couple of years longer but for the use of unfair means to hasten his end.

"It was but two or three days after our arrival that John Temple, the general's nephew, began to sound us on the subject of taking him off. He began by asking questions about the poisons of the Hindoos, and their modes of preparing and using them.—'Were they slow or rapid in their effects? Were they sure to operate? Were the operators well paid?—though that he need not ask, for he was sure they must be,' &c. &c. At first, he put these questions to us with a serious and composed countenance; but gradually it became filled with dark meaning, and shrugs, hints, and innuendoes were dealt out plentifully. He found penetrable materials to work upon. Before two

days had elapsed, a regular treaty for the removal of the uncle had been entered into, and the time when and the price of blood stipulated. We were to receive five hundred pounds each; but Ritchings, with greater cunning than I had ever given him credit for, made an additional and private bargain, and procured an augmentation of as many thousands;—in the event of successfully completing the murder, and securing the wealth of the general to our employer.

"It is known that the Hindoos, especially those of the higher castes, are remarkably skilful in the preparing, and expert in the administering of poisons. They prepare them both in the shape of pills and liquids, and cause them to kill either immediately, or by a wasting away of the powers either of the mind or the body, as may be desired. In some instances they produce insanity with, and in others without lucid intervals; and sometimes destroy the intellect, while they excite the animal powers to greater vigour. They can be—and by those who make a trade of preparing the drugs, are—so compounded as to destroy in a day or a year, to inflict exceeding torment, or to bring on death by lethargy and stupefaction.

"I had made myself, while in India, an adept in the art of poisoning, and when I returned to England, brought with me the various preparations which I had seen used there. I gave my excellent master one of these hellish compounds. It was calculated to produce death according to the strength of the constitution,—his, excessively debilitated, yielded to it in less than three weeks. It was of the kind best adapted to our purpose,—that which brought on a mild form of insanity with perfectly lucid intervals. It was during one of his fits of delirium that, under our persuasions, he executed the will under which John Temple now holds the estate of Bargholdt.

"Throughout the judicial investigation that followed his death, I managed to keep my reputation unimpeached, and to pass, with the Danvers family, for a simple but honest fellow; one whose utmost turpitude consisted in his partiality to a 'rolling eye'—and whose propensity it was to speak truth, unless women were held out to him as an inducement to do otherwise. The truth was, that when I

claimed my 'thirty pieces of silver' from Temple, he refused, declaring that he would denounce me to the offended justice of my country—the villain, to talk of justice!—if I dared to name the thing again. I told him of his own share of the transaction; he replied by daring me to prove one word of what I advanced. He was right, I could not. It was owing to this quarrel that I told the Danvers family the story which led to their instituting a judicial proceeding. Before the trial came on, however, Temple and I made up our quarrel, and he paid me the stipulated sum, which bought my absence from that part of the country. I contrived to elude the minute search of the Danvers, by retreating to a lonely and retired part of Wales, where I remained in strict privacy and seclusion till I was wanted to aid in achieving another piece of villany."

The period taken up by this story had been sufficient to carry us from the place where I first found the graceless villain to the door of the dungeon. We entered, and found the prisoner pacing the floor in great agitation, fearing that something had happened to me which might compel her to continue longer in durance. Her joy at the change in her prospects was so excessive and turbulent that I feared its effect upon her reason. We removed her, and constituted Bushwick tenant for the night, with my promise that his confinement should be but for that period.

The beams of an unclouded meridian sun falling upon eyes which have not felt them for twelve years will, at any time, go near to cause total blindness. I had taken the precaution to bring fan-palms, and such other screens and contrivances as the region afforded, but they were all inadequate to the purpose; and the light created such intolerable agony in her head, that I feared distraction would be the consequence. We managed however to get her into the cabin, and the next morning found her perfectly restored. The day proved rainy, which was fortunate, as the inducements to travel were thereby wanting, and a space, fortunately of alternate clouds and sunshine, was given to accustom her to this "fair new world." Withal, it afforded her an opportunity to conclude her history, which she did as follows.

CHAPTER XIX.

"You are aware that the families of Danvers and Temple had never visited from the time that my uncle took up his residence with us.

"After General Luttrell's death, my cousin John came to reside at Bargholdt upon the estate left him by the former. Possessing a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a favourite in the neighbourhood. His character for fair and honourable dealing, kindness to his tenants and dependants, and other virtues, soon travelled to the ears of my mother, and she became anxious to have him visit our house. The opportunity for making up the breach between the families should not be neglected, she thought. 'The good Book said, let the sun go not down upon you in your anger—should one whose star of human existence was just dropping into the valley of the shadow of death entertain a grudge, and that against the family of an only sister? Might it not be possible that General Luttrell, to our own knowledge for a year before his death, weak of mind and infirm of purpose, should have made his strange will without an undue attempt on the part of her sister's family to influence him?'

"An intimation, by whom conveyed we never knew (Bushwick interrupted her to say that he gave it), brought John Temple to our house. Though he said nothing of restoring the property to the rightful heirs, or of reparation in any way, yet he conducted himself with so much propriety that my mother, predetermined to forgive him, did more—took him into especial favour. My brothers relaxed in their hostility to him, and I, fond girl, alas! went further than either—I suffered him to plant a treacherous passion in my bosom. His beautiful and manly person, his easy and graceful carriage, his learning, wit, and eloquence, and, above all, his apparently ardent admiration and exclusive preference of myself, kindled in my heart a passion which

consumed my hours with melancholy and anguish. I loved him, and was tortured with an incessant fear that my brothers would say or do something to make him quit our house, and forget me. When he was present I kept my eyes fixed upon them and him—upon them, to repress, by pleading looks and the agony I could not conceal, their impatience of his company—upon him, to dispel, by smiles of tenderness, the frowns those caused, and the glance of defiance that would cloud his countenance when he saw suspicion and dislike in theirs. Seeing that my health was giving way under the unequal strife, they trained their feelings to better command, withdrew their opposition, and met him with a show of friendship. The villain saw and improved his advantage. But why detail his infamous arts!—it is sufficient to say that I loved, trusted, and was—ruined. When, in process of time, the consequences of my fatal indiscretion were likely to become apparent, his object, which was to destroy the reputation of our family, being secured, he refused to marry me as he had promised, and for a long time to take measures for my temporary concealment.

"At length, in reply to my agonized entreaties and appeals to honour, pity, mercy, he consented to assist me in withdrawing myself from my family and the world. I believe he was afraid of having my self-murder to answer for. He met me, by appointment, at a very early hour in the morning, and conducted me to his own house. Two days after, with Ritchings for our companion, we embarked for the Continent; and so well were my seducer's measures taken, that I have reason to believe my family had no suspicion of our having left England, at all events, they never traced us out of it.

"Upon our arrival on the French coast, we set out immediately for Avranches, and from thence travelled, by forced stages, if French *diligences* can be forced, for the frontiers of Spain. You have, undoubtedly, surmised that his object in hurrying me to that land of papal tyranny was to stifle my complaints and reproaches for ever in a Spanish convent. It is hard to say why he changed his mind, but we had not been half an hour across the borders of Gascony, when he countermanded his order for seats in

the Catalan coach, and hired a conveyance to take us to Bordeaux.

"We came, near night, to a very lonely and retired cabin, situated among steep and craggy hills. The driver was recognised by our host as an old acquaintance, and that circumstance, together with the impertinent familiarity with which he treated my betrayer, gave room for gloomy forebodings, which were not a little increased by the habit of melancholy into which a person in my situation, separated from her friends, and bearing about her a burden of shame and disgrace, would naturally fall.

"Temple lost no time after his arrival in disclosing his designs to me. 'I have thought much and deeply,' said the infamous man, 'of your fallen estate and hapless condition. The family feud will not permit my marrying you, and, besides, when ambitious men like myself take a wife, they look for wealth and advancement of honour, neither of which the family of Danvers, thanks to my wisdom and spirit! can longer furnish. When I first listened to your entreaties, to find you an asylum from shame, a hiding-place from the faces of your family, I bethought me that seclusion in a convent among the mountains of Spain would best and surest do it, and it was for that purpose we were travelling thitherward. But I have changed my mind and my views,—attune your lips and heart to joy—I have found you—what your situation will ere long very much demand—a husband. Ritchings,—to whom I am under great obligations, the last not the least, nor the lightest rewarded, nor in truth the most cheerfully rendered, but he will like you better perhaps by-and-by,—consents to take you off my hands. A priest is in waiting—I see you married—you then go to Bordeaux, and from thence to the West Indies for life. Why do you weep and wring your hands? Could you have expected as much? Remember, what your family have done—the insults they have heaped upon me, and the slanders they have propagated, remember that you are in my power,—remember that you yourself have become worthless and an outcast, and then give God thanks it is no worse. I go to call in the bridegroom and the priest.'

"He left me so completely stupified and horror-struck

that I never uttered a word, nor breathed a sigh, nor dropped a tear from that moment till the conclusion of the ceremony which made me the wife of the infamous Ritchings. I lived and breathed, and saw objects moving around me, and heard voices uttering words in an unknown tongue, but whether to perform the ceremony of marriage or of burial I neither knew nor cared. I made the motions, and uttered the responses, and took the sacrament according to the ritual of the Romish church—as they bade me—had they given me a lancet and ordered me to sever the jugular vein, I should have obeyed them with the same tranquil unconsciousness of what I was doing. I recollect the only sign I exhibited that my reason had not totally forsaken me was the bursting into tears, and the indulging denunciations when Temple presented himself at the door, addressed me as Mrs. Ritchings, and bade me good-by. "Curses, like chickens," it is said, "always come home to roost." I know not if this be true; perhaps the calamities I have endured were a visiting upon me of my first transgression--I can scarce think it was a sin to curse one so vile as John Temple.

"I continued in this state during the whole of our journey to Bordeaux. During our stay at that place, and the greater part of the time we were upon our passage to the West Indies, my husband--I call him by that name for the sake of a convenient designation—alarmed for his wages, which of course would cease at my death, used so much kindness that he won me to take more sustenance, care more about life, and, finally, to be at times even a little cheerful. We landed first at Martinique, and there I gave birth to a son which, happily, survived but a few hours. Disliking the place and the people, we left it as soon as I was well enough to be removed, and came to this island. Previous to our arrival, he informed me that the retaining his own name might be inconvenient to him, and that, therefore, he would in future be known as SHADWELL.

With the capital furnished by his atrocious dealings with Temple he entered into commercial business, and, being not at all fastidious in his choice of means and expedients to increase his wealth, soon became one of the

richest merchants in the island. At first he had been—not kind, but not absolutely harsh, would give me crabbed answers, perhaps go without speaking to me for three or four days together, but never resorted to blows, compelled me to drudgery, or caused menials to disgrace, or *beat*, or starve me, as he did afterward. But, as his riches increased, his treatment grew less kind—the yearly stipend he received for my maintenance became of no account, and he, from a tolerably civil *master*, sunk into a brutal and unfeeling tyrant. His increased severity was partly owing to his naturally harsh temper, but more to the influence gained over him by a woman of colour, whom he kept in the house to domineer over me.

"It would almost make your eyes drop blood were I to tell you what I suffered for four years out of the six which I spent under his immediate roof. I was not allowed to see any body but negroes; I was compelled to perform the tasks allotted me by my mistress, and to bear blows if I did not do them to her liking, was fed upon the coarsest food, and wore the coarsest apparel. It had been my earnest prayer that I might not become a mother, but Heaven, for its own wise purposes, saw fit not to grant it. The second year of my residence upon the island I gave birth to a female child; oh, how I loved the sweet babe! But, instead of adding to my joys, it only increased my miseries. My husband's mulatto mistress became a mother on the same day—her child was also a girl, and, jealous of the legal right possessed by her rival to the estate and affections of her keeper, she thenceforth by her conduct added a new pang, by awakening my fears for the safety of my little darling. Three years after our arrival at Jamaica, Grant, going by the name of Bushwick, joined us. He had always been a little inclined to intemperance, and, in a country where spirits are plenty and cheap, and the habit more common and less banned, it is not strange that he soon became a confirmed drunkard.

"The two little girls grew up with so striking a resemblance of personal features, that they became the talk of every body."

I could not interrupt her to tell her that I had seen them both, for, in that case, I must have made her acquainted

with the dreadful uncertainty which hung over the fate of that one in whom alone she could be interested. But I shall omit that part of her story which relates to what the reader has already heard, and skip to the incident which deprived her of her personal liberty.

———"I endured all this ill-usage with the hope that the beauty and sweetness of my little daughter would melt the obdurate heart of her father, that the continual dropping of her artless fondness upon his stony nature would at least wear away his unkindness. But instead of its effecting a favourable change, he daily grew worse and worse. Blows upon me, and blows upon my child! curses! starvation! what did we not endure! My nature at last rose in rebellion, and I determined to seek a separation or reparation. But my appeal to the bishop of the island to procure me redress, which I entrusted, for safe carriage, to a negro girl in whom I placed confidence, was carried directly to my tyrant.

"He had recently purchased a plantation among the mountains, and came and invited me to ride down with him, and see it. It was a strange request, the temper in which he made it unusual, and would have excited suspicion even in bosoms not prone to indulge it. But I thought only of the interests of my child, and of the fearful consequences of her growing up the object of aversion to her natural protector, and went with even a pleased and gratified heart, hoping that he might yet be won to become a better father than he had been a husband.

"We rested that night at a tavern within ten miles of the plantation. Morning came, he was still cheerful and kind, even fond, and I, happier than I had been for years, strove to augment his good feelings by every little office of attention and tenderness I could devise. I little knew what was passing in his mind.

"He informed me that, for the sake of showing me some natural curiosities, he had sent back our calash, and that we should perform the remainder of our journey upon mules. There was nothing to excite my suspicion in this, nor in our striking off from the main road immediately after, into a wild and desolate region. Natural wonders are more frequently found in desert regions—inaccessible

to cultivation—beyond the geologist's hammer, the botanist's knife, and the fly-catcher's net.

"We came, after much toiling, to the spot which contained the 'natural curiosity' which had brought us so far out of the regular road. We found it in a wild and rugged glen, scarcely accessible to human foot, in the shape of a cavern, which, doubtless, had been used, by the Charaibees, maroons, and runaway negroes, for purposes of concealment or rapine—perhaps for the very purpose for which it was now to be used. Not to speak in parables, it was this valley and the cavern in which you found me.

"'Sarah,' said my gallant husband, who had taken such pains to introduce a curiosity to my acquaintance, 'what think you of life in this cavern? You could be as private here, my love, as if you were in a Spanish convent, agreeably to the original intention of our friend John Temple, when we took that Gascon tour, which ended in a West-India voyage.'

"The object of the preamble and of our visiting this desert glen flashed to my mind in a moment. A glance at his countenance confirmed my fears.

"'Sarah,' said he, producing the letter I had written to the bishop, 'is this your letter?'

"I replied it was.

"'Why did you write it?"

"With the hope of its causing a change in your treatment of me and your child. Worn down by your tyranny, I determined to endure it no longer, and, believing that there were laws to protect and right the weak, I determined to apply to them for redress against your cruel usage, your wanton infliction of what I have never deserved."

"'You have played for a deep stake, and have lost it. Sarah, my love, do you see this cavern, fretted, pillared, and niched—an exceeding curiosity. You shall have liberty to contemplate it all the days of your natural life. Ay, by Him that made me, alive you shall never leave it. Food you shall have—bread and water—in time, perhaps, a little more; clothing the same as my negro slaves; company none, unless you bring the bats and musquitoes to a parley; solace none, unless you find it in what your preachers call 'conversation with God.' When the bishop

finds you out he will redress you, no doubt. Good-by.'

"He was as good, or rather, as bad as his word. The seventh of next month will be twelve years since I became a prisoner in this cavern. Bread and water were all that were allowed me at first, but in time, I had meats and vegetables. I wear the coarse cloth you see me wearing now, which you know is that in which the female slaves are usually clad. From that day to this I have never seen a human face, save this deaf and dumb girl's and my jailer's, and—yours. The solace he threatened I have found in communion with the Holy Spirit; allowed leisure for contemplation and that book which contains the precepts of divine wisdom and inspiration, I have found repentance, and the faith which leads us to contemn earthly troubles. If it be the will of God that I shall mix again in the affairs of the world, from which I have been twelve years banished, I shall do it with a subdued spirit and a full belief that it is well for me that I have been afflicted."

Such was the story of this interesting lady. It was now her turn to listen. I began to tell her some few things I had heard of her family. One word brought on another, till, very soon, there was nothing left to tell. And now, when she knew that her daughter had been living within twenty-four hours,—had grown up beautiful, and worthy a parent's or a lover's fondest kiss,—a mortal's weakness took possession of a mother's heart, albeit a Christian mother, and her fears for the safety of her child became excessive. She who had been so resigned and patient under her own troubles was overwhelmed with apprehensions for one who had the same God to protect and watch over her.

Knowing how many slips knaves give their keepers, I was careful, before we set out, to take Bushwick's statement, in writing, of the facts relating to the will, which I attested myself, and caused to be attested by Mrs. Shadwell. I then told the villain I stood pledged for his safety, but that he must be content to take up his residence in the cavern, with Abraham for his keeper, until the revolt should have ended.

We set out on our journey as soon as the rain ceased, which was not till late in the afternoon; so late, in truth,

that it was an unadvised act in me to commence it then, seeing that it was to be performed on foot by one whose peregrinations for twelve years had been confined to an apartment thirty feet by twenty, and in whom disuse of the practice had almost led to a prostration of the powers of locomotion. But it must be remembered that we were within thirty-six hours of a general revolt of more than two hundred thousand slaves, that an alarm was to be sounded to a scattered and unprepared white population, and means drawn from no superabundant source to meet and baffle it.

We had not gone far before Mrs. Shadwell's weakness became so great that we were compelled to carry her in our arms. The sunlight falling upon her weak eyes had further helped to unfit her from using her feet—she was blind as a mole and feeble as a child. Impeded in our path, which was really the worst I ever saw,—full of briers, mole-ploughings, ant-hills, stumps of decayed trees, heads of palms decapitated by the lightning, &c. &c.: how we managed to thread it, as we did the night before, was a mystery.

About ten o'clock we came to a deserted cabin, and a sudden tempest of wind, thunder, and rain coming up just then, made free to enter it. Finding a small kettle, we boiled some limpid mountain-water, made some punch, and ate a cracker. The Scotch may boast as much as they will about "mountain-dew," and the knight of East-cheap of the two-fold operation there is in "sherris-sack," but give me arrack-punch: it is a beverage worthy of being handed by Hebe herself to the father of the gods.

At twelve o'clock we renewed our journey, and about daybreak came to the entrance to Ballard's Valley, a plantation belonging to a gentleman of the name of Cruikshank—so said Jallah, whose eyes, hitherto upon the look-out for goblins and devils, were now withdrawn to the contemplation of the things of this world, and a mortal nature. Soon the dwelling-house and cluster of negro-huts were visible. There were lights moving about the apartments, a circumstance so unusual at that hour that I suspected either that they had heard of, and were preparing for the intended revolt, or that it had already taken place, and the

rebels were in possession of and employed in plundering the house.

Leaving Mrs. Shadwell in charge of the negroes, I proceeded to reconnoitre. The stirrers, I could see, were white people, so I used the freedom to knock as soundly as Grumio did at Hortensio's gate.* Listening, I heard, first, sundry notes, proclaiming martial preparation and vigilance, a cocking of guns, a noise of ramrods falling into the sliding loops, a rattling of swords, and, secondly, the demand, in a rough voice, "Who is there?"

"A friend," I answered.

"What friend?"

"One unknown to you, but not the less a friend. My name is Haverhill,—Captain Haverhill, of the British army. I want lodging and temporary shelter for a distressed lady, and breakfast for myself, for which I will pay you in news, astounding news: there is about to be a general rising of the slaves."

"We have heard of it within the last half hour. What say you, my friends, shall we admit him?" asked the speaker.

"By all means," answered several voices.

"Cock your guns, and hold yourselves in readiness to fire," said the leader. "If he has straight hair, parted in the forehead, and hanging down on each side of his head like tallow candles, let him have it, pepper his skin, d——n him."

While I was thanking heaven that my hair was curly, they undid the latch, and I entered. I found half a dozen gentlemen assembled in the apartment, busily employed in furbishing up muskets, cleansing locks, scouring and sharpening swords, and giving other signs of belligerent intentions.

"It is not a preacher after all," said one. "Kettletas may save his double b's for our Koromantyn friends in the bush."

They had just been waked by a negro from Mr. Bayley's plantation, three miles distant, who came to inform his master, then on a visit to Mr. Cruikshank, of the revolt of

* Here is a trifling mistake. Grumio would *not* knock soundly, and thence the displeasure of his master, and his "sol fa and singing it."

the slaves upon that estate. I could speak to the fact of a wide and systematic conspiracy.

A negro was despatched to bring Mrs. Shadwell to the house. While he was absent, other negroes from the Trinity estate arrived with the information that a numerous band of their fellows, dripping with gore, and swearing vengeance against their masters, was just behind them. There was no time to lose; and it was determined at once that the women and children should be sent to my valley. Mrs. Shadwell was to act the part of hostess, and Jallah was to be purveyor of the household.

"I think," said Mr. Bayley, "you told us, Mr. Haverhill, you are a soldier."

I answered in the affirmative.

"Under what leader, and in what grade?"

"Under the late General Wolfe, in the capacity of aide-de-camp."

"Under the immortal Wolfe, the bravest of the brave, the pride and boast of his country, the soldier, gentleman, and patriot! my dear sir, you bring as good a recommendation as if your worth were attested under the sign manual. Will you take command of the undisciplined militia we are going to oppose to these black rascals?"

"I will, sir, with the greatest pleasure," said I, "and serve you according to the best of my power."

"All we ask, all we ask. And now, general—hats off, gentlemen, to the commander-in-chief,—and now, general—by-the-by, it is a Prussian council of war—present, the monarch, Keith, 'brother Henry,' Hulsen, Seidlitz, Dohna, Wedel, &c. let me advise you, general, to proceed with our friend Cruikshank, and the other gentlemen volunteers present, to Koplin's. There is a defensible house upon that estate, and, withal, it will be a central point of rendezvous to our people. If nothing befal me I will be with you before noon. I am going to make an experiment upon my rascals at Trinity. They cannot be so ungrateful for all I have done for them, they cannot be so forgetful of the benefits I have heaped upon them, as to raise their hands against me, their faithful friend and indulgent master."

Having previously seen the female cavalcade depart for their hiding-place, we set out upon our march to Koplin's,

which was two miles distant. Before noon we had collected near two hundred men, white, black, and of the innumerable shades which are found between them. At that time, Mr. Bayley, who had been unsuccessful in his attempts to reduce his Trinity negroes to obedience, joined us, and saying he had ascertained that the principal force of the rebels would be found at Haywood-Hall, a plantation three miles and a half distant, recommended an immediate attack.

Upon our march to encounter the rebels, our eyes were visited with sights almost too horrid to mention. Whithersoever they had gone, fire and slaughter had marked their progress. In the short space of twelve hours they had murdered more than forty persons, not even sparing the infant at the breast nor the decrepit aged, and accompanying each murder with peculiar circumstances of barbarity and lingering torture. Judge, then, how great the pleasure with which we confronted them, just as they were following up the butchery of a family by the roasting of an ox, whole, and by the flames of a costly mansion. I could scarce restrain my impatient troops while I made the necessary arrangements for the attack. Those completed, we fell upon them with as much reluctance as hungry men sit down to a well-furnished dinner. But we had it all our own way; the wretches behaved like what they were, and are,—the veriest cowards on earth, and scarcely gave me an opportunity to try the temper of my troops, or to display my own exceeding courage and generalship. If medals are only bestowed for deserving, I know not why I received mine, for I am sure I could exhibit no proof that it was earned.

At the first fire we killed eight, among whom was my old acquaintance Quaw, and wounded others, the remainder were off to the woods like hunted deer. Another rencounter took place that afternoon; and a third early next morning, with the same success. Everywhere, whatever might be our force or their strength, they fled without a struggle. They seemed to regard their temporary liberty as a short furlough granted for the purpose of murdering, devastating, but above all, eating, drinking, and wenching without stint or control, but under a stipulation to resume

their chains at its expiration. To appoint leaders, to make regulations, to enact laws, to enforce order, to imbody the particles of wisdom and patriotism which usually float in the atmosphere of a revolution into any thing like a system of liberty and law, to imbosom their recovered rights and privileges, as men are supposed to do who have burst their chains in the spirit of a generous ardour and emulation, was what they no more thought of doing than a herd of beeves or porkers let loose from a pen or stall.

My readers will naturally inquire what had become of the leader, the potent Barb. He was absent—well for us that he was—on the purposes of the insurrection, and only returned in time to lead the broken remnant of the rebels into a wild fastness which had been a retreat of the maroons in the war of 1738. The revolt, as the foregoing pages will have shown, was prematurely undertaken, wanting, when it was begun, three days of the fixed period; and thus they were deprived of his skill and valour, which might possibly have conducted it to a different result, at any rate have made ours a dear-bought victory.

The third day after, a maroon brought us intelligence of the rendezvous of the rebels, and offered to be our pilot to it. His description of the leader depicted the Barb so accurately, that I was sure he had seen him, and this was a warrant for believing him faithful, and trusting him. The maroons make invaluable guides through the intricate labyrinths with which necessity has made them acquainted; it was a fortunate circumstance for us, and that which mainly contributed to our success, that we were able to engage his services. Though themselves tainted with negro blood, being descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of negroes who ran away from their Spanish masters when the island became ours by conquest in 1655, they were never friendlyt o the Africans, and in all their depredations, which ended with the peace concluded with the famous Cudjoe, in 1738, were observed to prey upon them with greater avidity than upon the white people. Afterward they displayed so much contempt and hatred for the negroes, that, when one ran away, it was pleasure to a maroon to be employed to catch him.

Through the agency of this individual, we were able to

obtain the assistance of several more of these wild but courageous outlaws. They were tall and well-made men, their complexion black as jet, with regular features, small, quick, piercing eyes, and so nimble, that monkeys were not more remarkable for climbing trees, bounding from rock to rock, and the other feats of agility acquired in forest life. Their keenness of eye was wonderful, and their sense of hearing remarkably acute. Their habits of patient endurance of hunger and fatigue, their unequalled skill in the use of the musket or rifle, their knowledge of the edible roots and herbs to be found in the wilds, altogether rendered them more valuable to friends and dangerous to foes, in a partisan warfare, than any body of men I ever saw.

Twelve white volunteers and six maroons was my entire force at setting out—it should have been four times the number to have promised success. But the idea had taken possession of the people that we were going "marooning," a word synonymous with every thing that is dangerous, daring, and finally impossible, and they held back from enlistment in it—it was with some difficulty that I got even a dozen to join me.

I had proceeded perhaps a couple of miles, when a Mr. Devonport came riding after me, with the information that a young British naval officer had just arrived, and expressed a wish to join me. Knowing the value of a British sailor when a dangerous enterprise is afoot, that the figurehead of his ship is just as sensible to fear as he, and a Cuba blood-hound as likely to give over his quest, I felt as a general feels who has ordered up a powerful reserve to secure the perilled fortunes of the day. I ordered a halt, and awaited the promised reinforcement.

He soon rode up, jumped from his horse, and came forward to give and receive a welcome after the fashion of the sons of the sea. If your hand is soft and puny, reader, hath worn doe-skin, and been wet with milk of roses, I advise you never to shake hands with Jack, else you may be led to cry out as the damsel did, who, at a nocturnal appointment, meeting, by mistake, a bear instead of her lover, without knowing the difference; (perhaps the difference was imperceptible—there are some very bearlike lovers), cried out, "Oh, be quiet, now, and don't *hug* me

so hard, my dear,"—when a mutual recognition produced a mutual drawback, and encounter of fierce looks. The officer was no other than Mapletoft, the sender of that awkward thing, an unaccepted challenge, and to whom some kind of atonement was certainly due. He was the first to remember that a private quarrel should give way to the public good; and, drawing me to a distance from the company, said—

"We have, indeed, some old scores to settle, but our present undertaking demands that they stand over till the public business shall have been despatched. If you please, we will forget we have ever quarrelled till we have disposed of the rebels."

"Agreed, with all my soul," said I. "And further, my courage has been so well proved, that I shall escape the imputation of cowardice when I say I hope, Lieutenant Mapletoft, a day of settlement may never arrive."

"Via the cloud," said he, laughing, "my name is not Mapletoft, but—Danvers."

"Danvers! the devil!"

"No, not Danvers the Devil, nor Charles the Bold, though it be Charles Danvers."

"Charles Danvers, son of Robert Danvers, of Danvers-park, Surrey, and Jane his wife,"—I exclaimed, in the words of the will, which had run in my head ever since, "and nephew of Temple Danvers, of ——, in New-England."

"The identical person. How knew you all this?"

"I will tell you as we go along. Well, this is a blessed chance. Danvers, I'll lay down one thing as law."

"And what is that?"

"I will never fight you."

"Agreed," said he: and from that moment we were—Pylades and Orestes. Full opportunity was afforded, upon our march, for mutual explanation. We heard each other's story in that Christian spirit which "hopeth, believeth, and trusteth" all things. So much for a predisposition to amity. "I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel," saith the sententious Touchstone; "but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*,

as, *if you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers."

When our maroon guide, upon halting at the edge of a covert of mingled herbage and brambles, acquainted us that our labours commenced there, I am not sure there was an unblanched cheek in the company. The best idea which a European can form of a Jamaica bramble-tract is, to fancy a closely-planted and luxuriant asparagus-bed, without ditches, every branch, sub-branch, and capsule protruding a thorn. The only means of penetrating this covert of briers was to creep, upon all fours, in the paths made by the wild hogs. The brambles were so thick and dark that it would have been nothing to surprise us if the first intimation of our being in the vicinity of our opponents had been derived from literally bumping heads with them in the path.

The maroons crept first, next myself, Danvers followed, then the remainder of our force indiscriminately. Proceeding in this way for more than an hour, and for the distance of between one and two miles, we came suddenly, our clothes torn, and our flesh bruised, lacerated, and bleeding, to the edge of a deep glen. The principal path, twenty rods from the outlet, diverged into many sub-paths, in consequence of the impatience of the swine to go into, or to break cover—by these the rear of our troops was enabled to make a movement, and take up a position in line with the front, by a manœuvre which, I dare say, martialists will recognise as a new one in tactics. Fancy twenty-one men, upon their hands and knees, looking out of a covert of brambles by as many separate and distinct eyelet-holes, resembling a party of fashionables at a minor theatre endeavouring to see without being seen.

The glen was in nowise different from those with which I have already made the reader acquainted. We were upon the edge of the cliff which looked into it; and before us lay the only means of access to or egress from it, a narrow path, which a hundred resolute men might have defended against as many thousands. There were two negro sentinels posted at the cutlet, but they were fast asleep, and we crept silently by them, suffering them to continue their

nap, but using the precaution to take away their weapons. In less than twenty minutes our whole party was in the glen, without having had a shot fired at us, or received other intimations that it was occupied by a hostile force than that furnished by the slumbering guard. It was a matter of dispute among us whether the attack should be made instantly, or be delayed till night. Danvers liked immediate action better than--to-morrow; the maroons growled like blood-hounds, when they wish to be slipped from the leash; I was not loath myself, and the order was given for an immediate attack. A negro, coming out to procure water, gave the alarm; and soon the ranging of their forces in regular order of battle gave us notice that this was to be no child's play. They were now directed by the wisdom of one, who, in disposition a fiend, was, in courage, strength and resolution, a hero; wise, shrewd and sagacious, save in the folly of supposing he could accomplish, by the aid of his miserable countrymen, such an undertaking as that he had projected. He was not the first chief of a rebellion who had made a false estimate of his resources, and of the value of the material he was to work with. Spartacus the gladiator, Rienzi, Massanielo, Marino Faliero, and a hundred other leaders of revolt,—unsuccessful, and therefore rebels; not like Tell and Washington successful, and therefore patriots—entered upon their schemes with an equally mistaken view of the temper of their followers.

Our opponents were, in number, more than three to our one; but disciplined swords hewing upon a less practised array, momentarily lessen the disproportion. The Barb performed wonders, but in vain. He killed, with his own hand, three of the maroons and one white man—no one coped for a moment with him in fight, and though he avoided both Danvers and myself, we knew it was not from want of courage. When he saw that the victory was ours, he took a resolution worthy of his temper and fortune. Just turning to fight a few defensive traverses with me, to gain time to say his last, ere he bounded after Danvers, "We have been friends," said he, "and have eaten, drank, and slept together; I must not spill your blood. I said that in your ear while you lay wounded in the hut among

the Liguanean Mountains, which forbids my attempting your life. But for that whispered word, which none heard but He and I, you would never have lived to hunt me down amid these wilds.

"I have failed in emancipating my race—nor do I regret it, for they have shown themselves unworthy of the freedom I sought to give them. I have failed, and now nothing remains for me but to die. Farewell." Three bounds and he stood before the Briton, who was just breathing himself from a hard contest, in which he had killed Quamina. The Barb was armed with the short sword of a Cuba chasseur, a singularly-shaped weapon, less than the length of a dragoon's sword, very thick and clumsy, flat as an iron bar, and, for about eighteen inches from the point, ground and kept as sharp as a razor. The Briton wore the sword common to the naval service. Superior as the latter undoubtedly was in skill and science, I had every reason to fear that his dexterity in the use of his sword would not make up for the strength and vigour which animated his gigantic opponent.

They addressed themselves to the fight with as much coolness as men sit down to a game of draughts. Danvers had not divested himself of any part of his clothing; the Barb wore nothing, save trousers, and a turban of checkered Indian baftah. But, notwithstanding the quick fence of the Briton, the strength of his antagonist bade fair to prevail. Danvers inflicted many wounds—none apparently mortal; he received none in return, but he was growing weaker, while the strength of his opponent remained undiminished. The blood was spouting from innumerable gashes in the body of the Barb, when, by a tremendous blow, he struck the sword of his antagonist twenty feet from his grasp, and he stood defenceless as a child. I was in time to prevent the catastrophe—another second, and the razor-edged weapon of the vindictive African would have been in his heart. Interposing myself between the armed and the unarmed combatants, I prepared to do battle in defence of the last, though the issue, even gashed and wounded as my opponent was, seemed more than doubtful. For a moment, the wrath that lighted up his eye and wrinkled his brow, promised me sharp work.

"It must not be," said he; "the oath I have taken to my country's gods forbids my doing battle with you. But he that stands behind you weaponless, once foiled, shall find me prompt to a second encounter, if he can find a sword whose temper he can trust and dare use."

"Lend me your sword, Haverhill, and let me once more cope with that bloody boaster," said Danvers, boiling with rage; "and if he prove victor again, I charge you not to interpose, but let him take my life. It will justly belong to him."

They recommenced the combat, but they no longer stood on an equal footing. Danvers had not received a scratch,—the life-blood of his antagonist was oozing from twenty wounds. While every blow of the former told, those of the latter were aimless, and only cut and stabbed the air. But I must not protract the description because the combat was protracted. I saw this brave but savage man, half fiend and half hero, fall—saw the sword of his antagonist passed twice through his body, and heard his latest breath depart in a malediction on the Europeans.

While this combat had been going on, our troops had penetrated into the cavern to which the remnant of the negroes had retreated, and now returned to make report of the horrible sight which met their eyes at their entrance. Reasonably suspicious that the punishment of death awaited their capture, the rebels had, to a single man, committed suicide by cutting their throats. The floor of the cave was flooded with gore. Of sixty persons who were in the glen when we entered it, only one escaped.

This was Margaretta Shadwell—very much frightened, very hungry, quite unpresentable, but otherwise unharmed—thanks to the care of the puissant Barb, who, from mere whim, took it into his head to protect her.

Anxious that Danvers should relieve me honourably of my obligation to Miss Shadwell, I arranged it so that the care of her on the march should devolve entirely upon him. I rode behind, to permit the embryo passion to display itself in the thousand agreeable fooleries which belong to its early intercourse.

At Koplin's we were met by Mrs. Shadwell and her party. The meeting between the mother and daughter,

twelve years separated, now in safety, and provided with competent protectors, was joyful in the extreme. It was determined that Mrs. Shadwell, aided by Danvers and myself, should prosecute a law-proceeding to obtain a divorce from her brutal husband. But, if there was to be a partial retrocession of the wave of matrimony, it was rendered plain, before the evening was through, that there would be "another flood towards another couple coming to the ark." Margaretta and I that evening separated as lovers, and kissed as friends, while Danvers—but I *saw* nothing—though I have ears.

And now, honourably relieved from an engagement in which my heart had never been concerned, with the knowledge that Danvers's new engagement would leave Mary perfectly at liberty, my affections returned to my first and, I believe I may say, my only love, with tenfold their former strength. Heaven only knows how thankful I was that, without a blot on my honour, or causing a tear to dim her eye, or, as far as I could see, a sigh to pain her heart, I had surrendered the beautiful creole into the arms of another and a more favoured man, and could now, without dishonour, welcome back my early love.

Hitherto I had been rather patient than otherwise, but now I was all anxiety. I did not sleep an hour that night, and I was up the next morning before sunrise, to take measures for our immediate departure. Impatience was the order of the day: Danvers was to receive the hand of Margaretta as soon as we arrived at Kingston, and he was as anxious as myself to reach that haven. Many were the complaints made by the females of our party at the haste with which we travelled—all save Margaretta, and she was as patient as a lamb.

Before we returned to Kingston we gave Grant his liberty. He went soon after to Bermuda, and finally to the Colonies, where he became a steady and moral man, and died, at a very advanced age, master of a little farm at Jericho, in the state of New-York.

CHAPTER XX.

I MUST hurry through the remaining portion of my history, in order to bring this volume to a close within reasonable limits.

We arrived at Kingston next day in the afternoon. Immediately upon our arrival, we learned an incident which was a fair and apt conclusion to the bloody drama I had witnessed.

The horrid Orina, disappointed in her ambitious views of becoming a queen in this world, had sent herself to the dominions of Pluto, to see if a crown would be awarded her there. First poisoning her father with one of the very compounds he had brought from the East, and used for the destruction of others, she next deliberately put an end to her own existence by blowing out her brains with a pistol. By the death of Major Shadwell, his vast wealth devolved upon his widow and daughter, the latter of whom became Mrs. Danvers on the fourth day after our arrival in town.

"My dear Captain Haverhill," said the amiable and long-suffering widow, "I have been thinking deeply, since you left us last night, of the extent of our and the public obligations to you. Under God I owe my life and recovered liberty to you, and this island owes you a still greater debt, inasmuch as they have incurred a general and several obligation to the same extent. My own especial obligation, by and with the advice and consent of my son and daughter, I will discharge in part, by making you joint heir, after my death, and joint nominee—reserving a small provision for myself—to the profits, while I am living, of the possessions left me by my late husband, upon whose soul God have mercy. Nay—no words—except they be thanks, which I permit, because they are the medium of communicating the beautiful and divine sentiment of gratitude.

"Having no friends here, for he who is gone never permitted me to make any, and yearning for a northern

climate and residence, I am taking measures to dispose of my property in the islands, and to go with you to America. My daughter and her husband will accompany us. Whether we go from thence to England will depend on the opinion Margaretta may form of the people of the country. Danvers declares himself neutral. Having certain recollections which would make a residence in the land of my birth unpleasant, and experiencing no definite sensation of pleasure at remembering the friends of my youth, nor anxiety that I have been forgotten by them, it is my wish to spend the remainder of my days in the New World. Should you marry my niece, there will be an additional cause why I should become an occidental."

It took only three weeks to settle the concerns of the late Major Shadwell. His estates were disposed of without any difficulty, for credit is always very plentiful in the West Indies. "A part down, and the remainder by instalments," secured by mortgages, is the usual mode adopted there of disposing of real property—it was that by which the Shadwell plantations passed into other hands. I will just remark, that every penny of it was eventually collected and paid over to us. Every December, as sure as the month came round, a ship from Kingston, Jamaica, hauled into the pier at ——, and unladed, to the care of Threepence & Astor, our agents, a cargo of sugar, melasses, rum, pimento, coffee, &c.; and now and then, a monkey or paroquet came passenger, with a letter of introduction to little Master This or little Miss That.

There seems no necessity for my detailing the incidents of a passage attended with no disaster or unusual occurrence. The reader, if he pleases, may suppose us, on the twenty-second day after we left Port Royal Harbour, sitting in a private parlour, at a hotel in the metropolis of New-England. We have dined, the cloth is being removed, and Madeira, the favourite wine in that country, is circulating like water round a rock that stands in a brisk tide-way, when, hark! one—two—three—guns! cannon! "What is that, waiter?"

"A ship, and firing guns I reckon. A pretty pokerish piece of business 'tis, and a most tedious consarn that they should let 'em off, just as Elder Cathcart is expounding the

Scripters to the lost lambs of Israel. The captain mout have done with the saace, I guess?"

"You guess right, Aminidab, take it away. But is there a ship looked for?"

"So I reckon, and has been for a pretty considerable long time. A tarnation big ship too, and owned by Elder Pollard, he that built the block of housen where Elder Hillyard has his darned great bookstore, and owns that unimproved tract of brush on the road to Hingham."

"Where is she from?"

"Sodom and Gomorrah," answered Aminidab, his solemn phiz growing as long as a white-faced horse's.

"The deuse she is, and what is her cargo? brimstone?"

"Worse than brimstone—vanities—muslins and broadcloths, to captivate the unwary, and lead weak minds to perdition. I suppose she may bring the matter of a thousand pounds in silks and satins." Seeing that we remained silent, he continued. "She is from Old England, that horrible country, where, if I don't disremember, the clargy wear powdered wigs and silk gowns with muslin sleeves, go a gunning, pray out of a book, play checkers, and if all is true, make nothing of having a plum-pudding for dinner on fast days. God have mercy on their souls!"

"So the ship is from England, pious Aminidab, is she! Run down to the wharves, my good fellow, and see if there is a cambric handkerchief waving over the poop."

"I am not pious Aminidab, though Elder Cathcart did say, lately, that, seeing the worse a man is in his private life, the greater is his chance for being elected, that he had exceeding hopes of Aminidab Kettel."

"So I should think; but first let me ask you if your master——"

"I have only one master, and he is—above. Perhaps you was going to name the man I have been help to since I left General Whiskeyson's location on the grants."

"I am sure I did. Is the man you—help of the same religious faith as yourself?"

"Why, pretty much the same, though according to Elder Cathcart's rule, his hopes are not quite so strong as mine."

"'Tis dangerous to be in such a man's debt. Send him in with our bill, pious Aminidab. Danvers, we'll be off

before the bill swells to the value of the 'first instalment.'"

After satisfying our landlord's demands, we walked down to the pier to take a look at the rich merchant-ship. She had cast anchor, and her boat, with the passengers, was just putting off from her for the shore.

"She has lady passengers," said my companion.

"Let us walk down to the end of the pier," said I, "and assist them to land."

Why should I use circumlocution to make known that fact which the reader, if he has common sense, must see I am labouring with. My own sweet Mary was in the boat, more beautiful than ever, though a little thinner and paler. And beside her sat her father, even prouder than before—his manner ultra-official, and his dignity absolutely in a family-way. He had been nodded to by three earls, dined with a marquis, and played billiards with a duke, which I am sure is enough to turn any man's head. And yet, as he glanced his eye at the martial insignia which decorated my—handsome person, I could see that it was lit up with more benignancy than had ever filled it before; he became insufferably gracious. I suppose I ought to have told my readers all about the surprise and alarm manifested by the dear girl when her lover, supposed dead, made his appearance; but, in truth, I am driving to the end of my narrative in such fine style, that I cannot possibly "stop to take up." She trembled—leaned, I think, on me for support, but lived through the shock, I am sure.

I know not why it was that the judge persisted in walking up to our lodgings, when the coach employed to carry Mary had full space for two insides. And I am equally at a loss to say why he walked me through so many of the principal streets in going there. Danvers alleged that his motive was to show off Wolfe's aide-de-camp, a soldier six feet high, as an acquaintance. It certainly was not disreputable to be seen walking with me.

I had prepared him to meet his sister, but not his niece—that I left to one freer to discuss certain matters which the mention of her must introduce. When the parties had in some measure recovered from the delirium of joy which followed their meeting, Mrs. Shadwell drew her

brother aside, and revealed all. She made a much better plea for me than I could have made for myself, and took care to dwell upon the subject of the annual cargo of sugar, melasses, monkeys, and paroquets,—one quarter of which would go to support my present dignity, and another to swell a rich inheritance to descend to me and mine after her death. And then I was in possession of the means to enable him to defeat that bad man, John Temple. Such a roll of depositions, and confessions, and examinations, and interrogatories, and certificates, lined, interlined, blotted, erased, and so fully authenticated, nobody ever saw since the world began! That she prevailed came in proof soon after. When the servant announced dinner, though the grandee kept the fisherman's son at a distance, he permitted Wolfe's friend, the *consignee* of the sugar and melasses, to lead his beautiful daughter to the dinner-table, and was as conveniently blind to what passed between the twain in the way of courtship, as parents can be when they have no dislike to see a matrimonial connexion grow out of it.

This was Wednesday, and I wrote to my dear father that I should be at home, God willing, on Saturday. On Saturday morning, our party, consisting of the judge, his sister and daughter, Lieutenant Danvers and myself, set off for ——. It was too late when we arrived to think of visiting the paternal cabin that night, and it was arranged that the next morning Mary—twenty-four hours since my affianced bride—and I should pay it a visit.

Morning came, and after breakfast and the shawling,—which, if one knows how to do it to advantage, may be made one of the most interesting civilities paid a pretty woman,—we set out for the hamlet. Every step we took in the old path was deeply fraught with remarkable occurrences in the history of our loves; the rustic bridge, the stile, the ant-hill, the bog; each of these spots—and in addition many others—were landmarks, or rather love-marks to be pointed out, and furnished incidents to be discussed, so that, what with conversation and a varying of our course and path to look at trees, hills, ponds, the ocean from this eminence and the vales from that, sheep, cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry,—most who have returned to a

fondly beloved home after a long absence will recollect that they have done all this,—we were at least an hour in going from the mansion to the hamlet.

As we approached the cabin we saw my father sitting bareheaded upon the green turf before the door, smoking his pipe: as the wind blew his long gray locks about his head, he looked truly patriarchal. As he rose to meet us, it did not escape my observation that he was dressed in a new suit of gray cloth, of a better texture than I had ever seen worn by a man in the hamlet, that his beard was short, and his shoes new and shining, that even his cane had undergone a metamorphosis from an unlicked white-oak sapling to a varnished staff, handsome enough to prop up the limbs of a man of condition. But it was evident that though there had been a change in his apparel there had been none in his heart. He was still overflowing with simplicity, goodness, and rational piety,—a man living in a world of sin almost without sin, and presenting the best picture of the "just man made perfect" that I have ever seen in my pilgrimage.

"My dear son," said he, tears coursing each other down his furrowed cheeks, "blessed be God, we have met again. And who is this? That beautiful creature Mary Danvers, as sure as I live. Look, see, my son, why I'll be hanged if she is not kissing your poor father!"

"I should not be surprised if she was to kiss poor father's son or father's poor son before the month is out," said I.

"Ah, you are a wild—good boy, and always was. And yet she is blushing, I declare; but I am old, and can't read its meaning. Go in, my children, and may God bless you. But you have brought no news of your poor sister," and he fairly burst out laughing. "Sorrow has crazed his brain," said I, mentally, "his troubles have been too much for him. Alas! my father."

We followed him into the house, and there too the same change was visible. The room had been newly painted, the windows hung with new curtains, the old chest of drawers replaced by a new bureau, but the alterations had been magnificent. "Don't you think matters have been vastly bettered with me?" demanded my father, with a

look of the greatest importance. "You *mout* think so with truth, for I guess it is very *noticeable*."

He passed into the kitchen, and continued there for a couple of minutes, during which there was much tittering and laughing. Presently he returned, leading by the hand a lady elegantly dressed and closely veiled. She remained standing a moment, and then throwing back her veil and bursting into tears, rushed into my arms. It was my dear, my long lost sister. Immediately an elegant young man, wearing the uniform of a post-captain in the British navy, came in and watched, with much apparent interest, the passionate embrace of the favourite brother with the favourite sister.

"My husband, Captain Munday," said my sister, disengaging herself from my arms; "my brother, Captain Haverhill."

We embraced with as much cordiality as could be expected, considering what my suspicions were. And now my sister Dexter and her thrifty husband pressed forward to put in their claims to my notice; which, with a consciousness of inferiority the advocates for the natural inequality of men proclaim innate, they had deferred till the laced gentry had done with their salutations. Timothy had thrown aside the quaker garb he wore when I last saw him, and with it his quaker principles,—the moon was now in the orthodox quarter. He had been, for the last month, one of the most flaming churchmen that ever professed belief in the thirty-nine articles. The cause of his extraordinary fervour was not discovered for a long time. It came to *light*, however; the agent for light-houses was a zealous Episcopalian, and, through him, my subtle brother-in-law hoped to obtain, and actually did obtain, the contract for supplying the lamp-oil and wick-yarn wanted for their use. Be composed, my brother Dexter; I won't let them laugh at thee. The man who, like thee, raises himself from ten degrees below nothing to the possession of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds,—for so much did he eventually obtain,—must be no ordinary man.

Never was there a happier group than that now assembled in my father's house. It is true that no less than five

of those, who fourteen months before met there in joy and gladness, slept in death; but it is the nature of man, by the special appointment of a kind and merciful God, that he should find refuge from past sorrows in present joys, and solace himself for bereavements in the blessings that remain. The grief that cannot be comforted does not deserve to be comforted; the affliction that time and the application of the stimulants and correctives of favourable events and new connexions cannot remove, is a disease as much as the scrofula, a morbid feeling as much as indigestion.

My sister's first care, after her return, had been to send her father an arm-chair, and in this suitable appendage to honourable old age he now reclined, with an attempt at dignity which certainly was a little misplaced. Pained by the gravity and distance which marked my deportment towards my brother-in-law, who, as yet, stood in ill savour for his supposed wrong to our family, the affectionate wife took an early opportunity to draw me aside, and put matters to rights as far as a narrative, in which he stood—not blameless, but not so very culpable as I had believed him—could do it. His aim was indeed to ruin her; he prevailed upon her to leave home on the strength of a promise to marry her at Boston, and when there, made her the usual infamous proposals in lieu of marriage. She had strength of principle enough to fly and conceal herself from him, and he art enough to find out her place of concealment, and sufficient honour left, and attachment strong enough, to make a full reparation. He placed her at school, and with the promise that she should not make herself known to her family till he led her there a bride, he left her to resume his place in his ship. He had been but twenty days returned from his cruise when I arrived; the third day after his arrival he made good his promise. The fourth saw Michael placed at a school in the metropolis, preparatory to his entering the navy. It was never known who the female was over whom I had placed the misleading epitaph at Kingston.

Just one week after, Mary and I were married. Danvers, Munday, and myself, with our partners, continued to reside at the judge's for three months. At the end of

that time it became necessary to fix our future destination elsewhere, as some of the pleasing plagues and troublesome comforts of matrimony, it was foretold, would present themselves in less than a thousand years. It may be remembered that it became—by the ante-nuptial contract of her husband, afterward subscribed to by all the family—the province of Mrs. Danvers, late Margaretta Shadwell, to fix the future place of residence of the family. She was called into the drawing-room, where we were all assembled, and the question was gravely put, whether "she liked America well enough to remain and end her days in it?"

"I will reply," said she, "in a parody of the words of Touchstone, in 'As you Like It.' 'Truly, in respect of itself, America is a good country, but in respect of the people it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile country. In respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious. And it goes against my stomach that mirth, merriment, and smiling faces are not more plenty in it. In respect that the women are modest and the men moral, I like it very much; but in respect that the women are over-precise and the men over-formal, it is bad. I like its religious spirit, but I dislike its bigotry and intolerance; and I like its warm summers, but dislike its cold winters;—in one word, it is the country my husband and mother prefer,—the country our friends prefer,—and it is, therefore, that which I name as mine.'"

One week after, we set out for the state of New-York, with the view of establishing ourselves in some part of the interior of it. We found a tract of land which suited us exactly. Every body knows the great valley in Goshen, just beyond Babylon, bounded on the south by the Little Big Muddy, on the west by Camillus, on the north by Doboy-creek, and on the east by Sempronius; and upon which the towns of Syracuse, Utica, and Carthage,—Tarry-town, Singsing and Gerundigut, have since sprung up and flourished. We bought that identical valley, and the speculation, like all undertaken in the wild lands of that fertile and since populous region, trebled our wealth. Each of us, the

judge, for whom Mrs. Shadwell became housekeeper, Danvers, Munday, and myself, built a fine dwelling-house, in the first style of American architecture, exactly square, with four rooms on the basement floor, and with four chambers, all of a size, a noble chimney in the middle, and a fine porch behind it. We placed them like the four castles on a chess-board, and, to preserve the figure and symmetry of parts, we built a nice little church, with a cellar under it for the use of the county court, on the king's pawn's second square.

And here we lived as happy as a litter of brown kittens in a basket of wool—a most sublime and happy figure. Except the annual visit to town, to settle with Threepence & Astor about the sugars, and bring home the monkeys and paroquets, neither Danvers or I was absent a week in the year, and Munday was as much a fixture of Goshen-valley as the church.

In the war of the Colonies for independence, I was a thundering rebel, and bestowed many a curse upon my good old master, King George, and hard knocks upon his troops. Before its close I rose to be a general officer. Munday was a tory in principle, but remained quiet. The judge died just before the Revolution broke out. Danvers joined the "rebels," commanded a ship throughout the war, and thrice fought her with determined bravery.

My father lived with me all the remaining days of his natural life, and died in my arms at the age of ninety-seven years. Michael entered the British navy in June, 1762, and never returned to America. Aided by another valiant tar of trans-atlantic origin, he particularly distinguished himself by invading the Magdalen islands (in the Gulf of St. Lawrence), and subjugating them to the rule of Britain. He married an English lady of rank, beauty, and fortune, was created a baronet, and invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath, and died, in 1820, at his seat, Dormouse-Hall, near Wimbledon, leaving a manuscript history of his adventures, which—"we hear is likely to make some noise in the world."

John Temple gave up the estate of Bargholdt without a struggle, and fled to an obscure hamlet in Normandy, where he died miserably. Jack Reeve did rather—not

much better, he died drunk; and the old fiddler and charioteer, Cesar, is living yet; there is some doubt whether he will ever die, he is almost two hundred now. His own opinion is that he is immortal.

"Did any thing ever happen in your family?" demanded Miss Katy Caterwaul.

"Oh, a thousand accidents, madam. My wife's favourite tabby upset a quart of lamp-oil upon that sacred relic, her wedding gown, and there was a row; and afterward, in a bloody war waged by the same tortoise-shelled virago against the mice in the china-closet, there was a beautiful service of Sèvres eleven pieces the worse for the broil, and you know what happens in the home-department when despatches are received of damage done to crockery."

"But, general, I mean were your wives—exemplary."

"Remarkably so, madam; I don't believe my wife missed prayers five times in twenty years;—and, for going to church, she often went when it rained so hard that the geese and ducks refused to venture out unless they were furnished with umbrellas."

"Pshaw! why the man is a simpleton; I mean, sir, were your respective ladies ever—put to bed?"

"Put to bed! Bless your young face, Miss Katy, yes, every night, as sure as it came round."

"Grant me patience," exclaimed the antiquated damsel, "or I shall go mad! Had your wives any children?"

"Children! ay, now you have spoken. Yes, madam, we had children, and they came so fast that we did not know what to make of it. To-day my wife—to-morrow yours—the third day his—and the next year, perhaps, the terms were converted. But, at the twelfth—what do you call it?—I obtained a decided advantage, mine was a great bouncing boy, able to say his letters, and theirs were nothing but girls."

"'Tis time to quit now, I think;" said Danvers to Munday.

Gentles! what will the critics say of my book? I will tell you.

"It lacks wit and satire," says the Hididdlediddle (Flitch, of Bacon Lane, prints two hundred and twenty-two). "There is not," says he, "that all-grasping profundity of intellectual giftedness which compulsatively filches a good opinion from us before the discursive, or ratiocinate faculty called reason accords its assent. The plainness of the style will operate as a determent to people who possess an intellectual gusto for the perceptions of elegant minds; the incidents are too likely to have happened to please those who know that the highest efforts of divine genius belong to the purely inventive powers. *But he will do better in his next work, we dare say*, and then we shall be pleased to say in his favour that which, in our honest and conscientious belief of the imperative importance of operative rectitude in the management of a literary supervisorship, we cannot say of this book."—Booh! "Time was when the brains were out," &c.

"It lacks learning," says the Edentatus—(circulates all through the Minories, St. Giles's, Barbican, Monmouth-street, Shoreditch, Houndsditch, and, from a natural propensity to dirt, through all the ditches in the kingdom:—Mrs. Humphries, at Stoke Pogis, takes two copies.)—"It lacks learning. Here we find no apt allusions to the ancient demigods, heroes, and writers; the author does not appear to know that there were such names as Mephostophiles, and Titian, and Priscian, in the ancient mythology; and Scaliger, and Pontoppidan, and Fabian, among the venerable classics of Greece and Rome. His geographical knowledge appears to be singularly and strangely defective in palpability. What must be thought of a writer speaking (Vol. II. page 106) of the 'horse latitudes' being from 28 to 25 degrees south, when the simplest child about town knows that horses have been found as far north as 69, and as far south as 71, and that horses of the gender known as sea-'orses, have been broke to the bit as far south as 102, 28—that is, if Psalmanazar may be credited? The author evidently is no scholard.

"It is not a remarkably fine performance," says the Colossean Animalcule, (motto 'what a noise *we* make?'—*Fly on the Wheel*,) price three farthings, and d——d dear too. "The incidents are *outre*, and the language *jejune*:

and the hero—why, who cares about Wolfe, he has been dead seventy years? Give us passing incidents and living heroes—generals at the levee yesterday, and ladies shopping at Howell and James's no later than Saturday week."

Thank ye, gentlemen critics! one and all, and good-by reader, till July. I will then burst upon you with one of the most astonishing works that ever came from the pen of man. Profound, clear and argumentative,—sparkling, satirical, and tasteful,—filled with wise saws and modern instances in abundance and in divers languages, instructing the young, delighting the old, and reforming the age. —"Blow the trumpet, Jerry!"

THE END.