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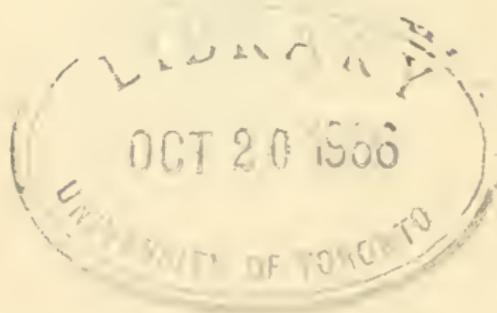


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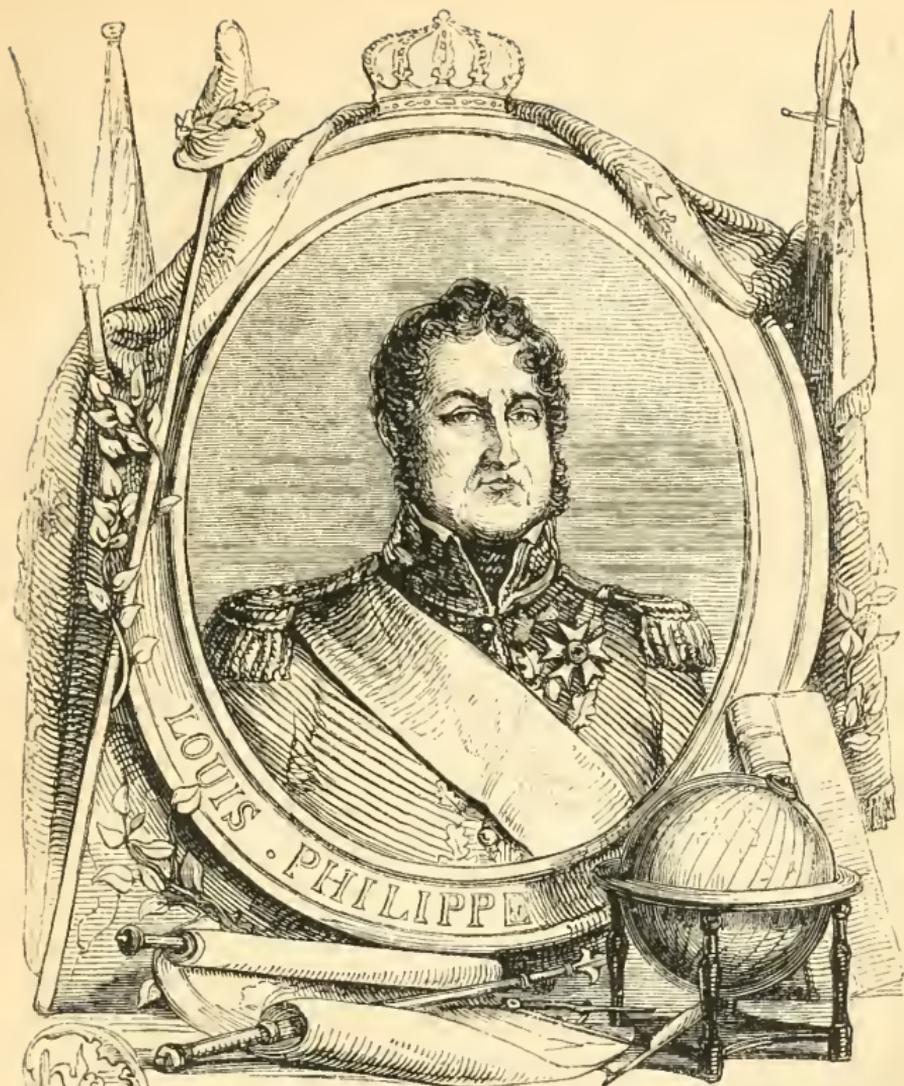
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PRINCE LEE BOO.



LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the late king of the French, and one of the most remarkable men in Europe, was born in Paris, October 6, 1773. He was the eldest son of Louis-Philippe-Joseph, Duke of Orleans—better known under his revolutionary title of Philippe Egalité—and of Marie, only daughter and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Penthièvre. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, of which Louis-Philippe was the head, originated in Philippe, a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duc d'Orleans by his elder brother Louis XIV., and of whom Louis-Philippe was the grandson's great-grandson. Philippe, the first Duke of Orleans, was twice married; his second wife being Elizabeth Charlotte of Bohemia, granddaughter of James I. of England. From this lady the Orleans family are

descended, and through her trace a direct relationship to the line of Stuart, and the present royal family of England. While a child, Louis-Philippe was entitled Duke of Valois; but on his father succeeding to the title of Duke of Orleans in 1785, he became Duke of Chartres, which title for a number of years he retained.

Whatever were the personal and political faults of Citizen Egalité, he was a kind father, and beloved by his children, five in number, one of whom, however, a daughter, died young. Desirous of imparting to his family a sound education, in which he himself had had the misfortune to be deficient, he committed them to the superintendence of Madame de Sillery—better known by her later adopted title of Countess de Genlis. Notwithstanding the subsequent errors of this lady, she was eminently qualified, by her talents and dispositions, to be an instructress of youth. The principles on which she based her plans of education were considerably in advance of the age, and such as are only now beginning to be generally understood. She considered that it was of the first importance to surround children almost from their cradle with happy and cheering influences, to the exclusion of everything likely to contaminate their minds or feelings. It was necessary, above all things, to implant in them a universal spirit of love—a love of God and his works, the consciousness that all was from the hand of an Almighty Creator and Preserver, who willed the happiness of his creatures. To excite this feeling in her young charge, she took every opportunity of arousing the sentiment of wonder with respect to natural phenomena, and then of explaining the seeming marvels on principles which an awakening intelligence could be led to comprehend. The other means adopted to form the character of her young pupils—the Duke of Valois, Duke of Montpensier, the Count Beaujolais, and their sister the Princess Adelaide—were equally to be admired. While receiving instructions in different branches of polite learning, and in the Christian doctrines and graces, from properly qualified tutors, they learned, without labour or pain, to speak English, German, and Italian, by being attended by domestics who respectively conversed in these languages. Nor was their physical education neglected. The boys were trained to endure all kinds of bodily fatigue, and taught a variety of useful and amusing industrial exercises. At St Leu, a pleasant country residence near Paris, where the family resided under the charge of Madame de Genlis, the young princes cultivated a small garden under the direction of a German gardener, while they were instructed in botany and the practice of medicine by a medical gentleman, who was the companion of their rambles. They had also *ateliers*, or workshops, in which they were taught turning, basket-making, weaving, and carpentry. The young Duke of Valois took pleasure in these pursuits—as what boy would not, under proper direction, and if allowed scope for his ingenuity? He excelled in

cabinet-making; and, assisted only by his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, made a handsome cupboard, and a table with drawers, for a poor woman in the village of St Leu.

At this period of his youth, as well as in more advanced years, the subject of our memoir gave many tokens of a benevolent and noble disposition, sacrificing on many occasions his pocket-money to relieve distress, and exerting himself to succour the oppressed. Speaking of his progress and character under her tuition, the Countess de Genlis observes: "The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the past year; he was born with good inclinations, and is now become intelligent and virtuous. Possessing none of the frivolities of the age, he disdains the puerilities which occupy the thoughts of so many young men of rank—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, follies of all kinds, and the desire for novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested; despises glare; and is consequently truly noble. Finally, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

A favourite method of instruction pursued by Madame de Genlis consisted in taking her young pupils on a variety of holiday excursions. Interesting rural scenes, spots consecrated by historical transactions, cabinets of curiosities, manufacturing establishments, &c. were thus visited, and made the subject of useful observation. In the summer of 1787, the Duchess of Orleans and her children, accompanied by their superintendent, visited Spa, the health of the duchess requiring aid from the mineral waters of that celebrated place of resort. A pleasing anecdote is related of the Orleans family on the occasion of this visit. The health of the duchess having been much improved by the waters of the Sauvenière—a spring a few miles from the town in the midst of pleasing scenery—the Duke of Chartres and his brothers and sister, prompted by their instructress, resolved on giving a gay and commemorative *fête*. Round the spring they formed a beautiful walk, removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and caused it to be ornamented with seats, with small bridges placed over the torrents, and covered the surrounding woods with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk conducting to the spring whose waters had been so efficacious, was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock and trees. Beyond it was a landscape of great extent and beauty. In the wood was raised by the duke and his brothers and sister an altar to "GRATITUDE," of white marble, on which was the following inscription:—"The waters of the Sauvenière having restored the health of the Duchess of Orleans, her children have embellished the neighbourhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks and cleared the woods with more assi-

duity than the workmen who laboured under their orders." On the *jête* day in question, the young Duke of Chartres expressed with grace and effect his filial sentiments of devotedness and love, but suddenly left the side of his mother, and appeared with his brothers and sister, a few seconds afterwards, at the foot of the altar, himself holding a chisel in his hand, and appearing to be writing in it the word "*Gratitude.*" The effect was magical; all present were at once charmed and touched; and many a cheek was bedewed with pleasurable tears.*

The same authority from whom we have the above anecdote, relates some interesting particulars of a journey which the family made about this period to Eu, in Normandy, whence they proceeded westward by Havre to the bay of Avranches. Here they visited the rocky fortress of St Michael, which, standing within the margin of the sea, is a conspicuous object for a distance of many miles around. Long celebrated for its shrine of St Michael, the convent in this island-fort had for ages been visited by thousands of devotees, and probably this species of celebrity, as well as the natural features of the place, and its historical associations, induced the young princes of Orleans to view it with some degree of interest. Till this period, its dungeons had been employed as a state-prison; and these were viewed with melancholy feelings by the young visitors. While conducted over these gloomy recesses by the monks, to whose charge the prison had been committed, the Duke of Chartres made some inquiries relative to an *iron cage*, which had been used for the close confinement of prisoners. The monks, in reply, told him that the cage was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three and four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoners had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for twenty-four hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied, that it was his intention, at some time or other, to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited Mount St Michael a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money

* Reminiscences of Men and Things—a series of interesting papers in Fraser's Magazine: 1843.

by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with ten louis, and with much wit and good humour observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all more pleasure than to have seen it."

One of the means by which Madame de Genlis endeavoured to teach her pupils to examine and regulate their own minds and conduct, was the keeping of a journal, in which they were enjoined to enter every occurrence, great and small, in which they were personally concerned. The journal kept by the Duke of Chartres, in consequence of this recommendation, has latterly been given to the public, and makes us acquainted with some interesting particulars of his early life, as well as with the sentiments which he then entertained. The latter are such as might have been expected from a lad reared within the all-prevailing influence of revolutionary doctrines. Of the political movements of 1789, Madame de Genlis and her husband were warm adherents; and they failed not, with the concurrence of the Duke of Orleans, to impress their sentiments on the susceptible mind of their charge. Introduced, and entered a member of the Jacobin Club, the young Duke of Chartres appears from his journal to have been in almost daily attendance on the sittings of this tumultuary body, as well as the National Assembly. What was much more creditable to his judgment, he seems to have been equally assiduous in acquiring a knowledge of surgery by his visits to the Hôtel-Dieu, or great public hospital of Paris. A few entries in his journal on these and other points, illustrative of his youthful character and pursuits, may here be introduced.

"*Nov. 2 (1790).*—I was yesterday admitted a member of the Jacobins, and much applauded. I returned thanks for the kind reception which they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen.

Nov. 26.—I went this morning to the Hôtel-Dieu. The next time I shall dress the patients myself. * *

Dec. 2.—I went yesterday morning to the Hôtel-Dieu. I dressed two patients, and gave one six, and the other three livres. * *

Dec. 25.—I went yesterday morning to confession. I dined at the Palais Royal, and then went to the Philanthropic Society, whence I could not get away till eight o'clock. * * I went to the midnight mass at St Eustache, returned at two in the morning, and got to bed at half-past two. I performed my devotions at this mass [Christmas].

Jan. 7 (1791).—I went this morning to the Hôtel-Dieu in a hackney-coach, as my carriage was not come, and it rained hard. I dressed the patients, and bled three women. * *

Jan. 8.—In the morning to the Assembly; at six in the evening to the Jacobins. M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution, by Mr Joseph Towers, in answer to Mr Burke. He praised it highly, and proposed that I should be appointed to translate it. This proposition was adopted with great applause, and I foolishly consented, but expressing my fear that I should not fulfil their expectations. I returned home at a quarter past seven. At night, my father told me that he did not approve of it, and I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday. [We are afterwards informed that he executed the translation, but that it was arranged for the press by his sub-governor or tutor, M. Pieyre, whose name was prefixed to it.]

Jan. 28.—[Describes how he caught cold, and became unwell.] Went to Bellechasse [the residence of Madame de Genlis], where, notwithstanding my headache, and though I had much fever, I wished to remain; but my friend [Madame de G.] sent me away, reminding me that I was to be at the Hôtel-Dieu in the morning.” * *

The Duke of Chartres appears from his journal to have been attached in an extraordinary degree to Madame de Genlis, whose admonitions he always regarded as those of a mother. Referring to his kind instructress, under the date May 22, he proceeds:—“O, my mother, how I bless you for having preserved me from all those vices and misfortunes (too often incident to youth), by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support.”

Some years previous to this period, the duke had been appointed to the honorary office of colonel in the 14th regiment of dragoons. Such offices being now abolished, it became necessary for him to assume in his own person the command of his regiment, and for this purpose he proceeded to Vendôme in June 1791, accompanied by M. Pieyre. At this time considerable commotion took place in many parts of France, in consequence of the refusal of a numerous body of clergy to take an oath prescribed by the constitution. The nonjuring clergymen were everywhere ejected from their livings, and in some places treated with indignity. While the Duke of Chartres was in Vendôme, a popular ferment took place, in which two of these unfortunate men would have been murdered by the mob, but for his humane interference. The occurrence is described as follows in his journal:—

“*June 27.*—[Mentions his attendance with his regiment on a religious procession led by a clergyman who had taken the appointed oath.] At noon I had brought back the regiment, but with orders not to unboot or unsaddle. I asked Messrs Dubois, d’Albis, Jacquemin, and Phillippe, to dinner. They brought us word that the people had collected in a mob, and were about to hang two priests. I ran immediately to the place, followed by Pieyre, Dubois, and d’Albis. I came to the door of a tavern,

where I found ten or twelve national guards, the mayor, the town-clerk, and a considerable number of people, crying, 'They have broken the law; they must be hanged—to the lamp-post!' I asked the mayor what all this meant, and what it was all about. He replied, 'It is a nonjuring priest and his father, who have escaped into this house; the people allege that they have insulted M. Buisson, a priest, who has taken the civic oath, and who was carrying the holy sacrament, and I can no longer restrain them. I have sent for a voiture to convey them away. Have the goodness to send for two dragoons to escort them.' I did so immediately. The mayor stood motionless before the door, not opening his mouth. I therefore addressed some of the most violent of the mob, and endeavoured to explain 'how wrong it would be to hang men without trial; that, moreover, they would be doing the work of the executioner, which they considered infamous; that there were judges whose duty it was to deal with these men.' The mob answered that the judges were aristocrats, and that they did not punish the guilty. I replied, 'That's your own fault, as they are elected by yourselves; but you must not take the law into your own hands.' There was now much confusion; at last one voice cried—'We will spare them for the sake of M. de Chartres.' 'Yes, yes, yes,' cried the people; 'he is a good patriot; he edified us all this morning. Bring them out; we shall do them no harm.' I went up to the room where the unhappy men were, and asked them if they would trust themselves to me; they said yes. I preceded them down stairs, and exhorted the people not to forget what they had promised. They cried out again, 'Be easy; they shall receive no harm.' I called to the driver to bring up the carriage; upon which the crowd cried out, 'No voiture—on foot, on foot, that we may have the satisfaction of hooting them, and expelling them ignominiously from the town.' 'Well,' I said, 'on foot; be it so; 'tis the same thing to me, for you are too honest to forfeit your word.' We set out amidst hisses and a torrent of abuse; I gave my arm to one of the men, and the mayor was on the other side. The priest walked between Messrs Dubois and d'Albis. Not thinking at the moment, I unluckily took the direction towards Paris. The mayor asked one of the men where he would wish to go; he answered, 'To Blois.' It was directly the contrary way from that which we were taking. The mayor wished to return, and to pass across the whole town. I opposed this, and we changed our direction, but without going back through the streets. We passed a little wooden bridge of a few planks without rails; there the mob cried to throw them into the river, and endeavoured, by putting sticks across, to make them fall into the water. I again reminded them of their promise, and they became quiet. When we were about a mile out of the town, some of the country people came running down the hill, and threw themselves upon us, calling out, 'Hang or drown the two rascals!'

One of them seized one of the poor wretches by the coat, and the crowd rushing in, forced away the mayor and M. d'Albis. I remained alone with M. Dubois, and we endeavoured to make the peasant loose his hold. I held one of the men by one hand, and by the other endeavoured to free the coat. At last one of the national guard arrived to our assistance, and by force cleared the man. The crowd was still increasing. It is but justice to the people of Vendôme to say that they kept their word, and tried to induce the peasants to do no violence to the men. Seeing, however, that if I continued my march, some misfortune must inevitably occur, I cried we must take them to prison, and then all the people cried, 'To prison! to prison!' Some voices cried, 'They must ask pardon of God, and thank M. de Chartres for their lives.' That was soon done, and we set out for the prison. As we went along, one man came forward with a gun, and said to us, 'Stand out of the way while I fire on them.' Believing that he was really about to fire, I rushed forward in front of my two men, saying, 'You shall kill me first.' As the man was well dressed, M. Pieyre said to him, 'But how can you act so?' 'I was only joking,' says the man; 'my gun is not charged.' We again continued our way, and the two men were lodged in the prison."

The unfortunate priests were afterwards, to the satisfaction of the populace, left to be dealt with in terms of law. On the 1st of July we find the following entry:—"Several of those who the day before had been the most savage, came with tears to ask my pardon, and to thank me for having saved them from the commission of a crime." The feelings of the duke must have been enviable at this moment, but not less so on the following occasion.

"*August 3.*—Happy day! I have saved a man's life, or rather have contributed to save it. This evening, after having read a little of Pope, Metastasio, and Emile, I went to bathe. Edward and I were dressing ourselves, when I heard cries of '*Help, help, I am drowning!*' I ran immediately to the cry, as did Edward, who was farther. I came first, and could only see the tops of the person's fingers. I laid hold of that hand, which seized mine with indescribable strength, and by the way in which he held me, would have drowned me, if Edward had not come up and seized one of his legs, which deprived him of the power of jumping on me. We then got him ashore. He could scarcely speak, but he nevertheless expressed great gratitude to me as well as to Edward. I think with pleasure on the effect this will produce at Bellechasse. I am born under a happy star! Opportunities offer themselves in every way: I have only to avail myself of them! The man we saved is one M. Siret, an inhabitant of Vendôme, sub-engineer in the office of roads and bridges. I go to bed happy!

August 11.—Another happy day. I had been invited yester-

day to attend at the Town-House with some non-commissioned officers and privates. I went to-day, and was received with an address; there was then read a letter from M. Siret, who proposed that the municipal body should decree that a civic crown should be given to any citizen who should save the life of a fellow-creature, and that, in course, one should be presented to me. The municipal body adopted the proposition, and I received a crown amidst the applause of a numerous assembly of spectators. I was very much ashamed. I nevertheless expressed my gratitude as well as I could."

Besides the numerous entries in the journal referring to his military avocations and his epistolary correspondence, he occasionally speaks of the studies in which he was engaged. One extract will suffice to show his diligence in this respect.

"Yesterday morning at exercise. On returning, I undressed, and read some of Hénault, Julius Cæsar, Sternheim, and Mably. Dined, and after dinner read some of Ipsipyle, Metastasio, Heloise, and Pope. At five, to the riding-house; and afterwards read Emile."

In noticing the journal from which we have culled these few extracts, a writer in an English periodical, not usually favourable to Louis-Philippe (the Quarterly Review), sums up his criticism in the following candid manner. "There are in it many puerile passages, and a few which, even under all extenuating circumstances, may be called blameable. * * But we think it must be agreed that, on the whole, it is creditable to his [the duke's] good sense, and even to his good nature. Let it be recollected that it was written at the age of seventeen—that his mind, ever since it was capable of receiving a political idea, had been imbued with revolutionary doctrines by the precepts of his instructors, the authority and example of a father, and a general popular enthusiasm, which had not yet assumed the mad and bloody aspect which it soon after bore; and we think we may truly assert, that few young men of that period—if their conduct were reported with equal fidelity and minuteness—would appear in so favourable a light as Louis-Philippe does in this his journal."

About the middle of August 1791, the Duke of Chartres quitted the garrison of Vendôme with his regiment, and went to Valenciennes, in the north of France, where he continued his military avocations. In April 1792, war was declared against Austria, which was observed to be maturing plans for a hostile invasion of France, and now the Duke of Chartres made his first campaign. At the head of troops confided to him by Kellermann, he fought at Valmy (September 20, 1792); and afterwards (November 6), under Dumouriez, distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes.

Here may be said to terminate the first and happy period of the life of Louis-Philippe, and we now have to follow him in the misfortunes which attended his family.

MISFORTUNES AND WANDERINGS.

While the Duke of Chartres was engaged in repelling the foreign armies which menaced the tottering fabric of the French monarchy, the revolution was hastening to its crisis. Monarchy being extinguished, and the king and his family placed in confinement, a decree of banishment was hastily passed against all other members of the Bourbon-Capet race. This act of proscription, which was aimed at the Orleans family by its enemies, was as summarily repealed as it had been passed; but the circumstance was of too alarming a nature to be disregarded, and the Duke of Chartres earnestly besought his father to take advantage of the decree of banishment, and with his family seek a retreat in a foreign country. "You will assuredly," said he, addressing the Duke of Orleans, "find yourself in an appalling situation. Louis XVI. is about to be accused before an assembly of which you are a member. You must sit before the king as his judge. Reject the ungracious duty, withdraw with your family to America, and seek a calm retreat far from the enemies of France, and there await the return of happier days." To these persuasives the Duke of Orleans lent a deaf ear; he either considered it to be inconsistent with his honour and his duty to desert his post at the approach of danger; or, what is as probable, he expected that by a turn of affairs he might be elevated to the first place in the nation, whatever should be its form of government. Nevertheless, moved by the intreaties of his son, Orleans desired him to consult an influential member of the Assembly on the subject, and let him know the result. The deputy, however, declined to express his opinion. "I am incompetent," said he, "to give your father any advice. Our positions are dissimilar. I myself seek redress for personal injuries; your father, the Duke of Orleans, ought to obey the dictates of his conscience as a prince—of his duties as a citizen." This undecided answer neither influenced the judgment of the Duke of Orleans, nor corroborated the arguments of his son. Impressed to the fullest extent with the duties of a citizen, he felt that he could not honourably recede; and that a man, whatever his rank might be, who intentionally abandoned his country, was deserving of the penalties reserved for traitors. Perceiving that his father made his determination a point of honour—a case of political conscientiousness—he desisted from further solicitation, embraced him for the last time, and returned to the army.

Disastrous events now rapidly followed each other. On the 21st of January 1793, the unfortunate Louis XVI. was carried to the scaffold, and a few months thereafter, the Duke of Orleans was seized on the plea of conspiring against the nation. On the 6th of November, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death on a series of charges, of all which he was notoriously guiltless. Viewing the proceed-

ings of his judges with contempt, he begged, as an only favour, that the sentence might be executed without delay. The indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was about failing, from the court to the guillotine. An eye-witness on this tragic occasion mentions, that, prompted by barbarous curiosity, he took his station in the Rue St Honoré, opposite the palace of the duke, in order to observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendour and enjoyment might have on him. The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its unjust reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer. The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavouring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims of revolutionary cruelty in the same vehicle. They were all bent double, pale, and stupified with horror. Orleans alone—a striking contrast—with hair powdered, and otherwise dressed with care in the fashion of the period, stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural colour, with all the firmness of innocence. The cart, for some reason, stopped for a few minutes before the gate of the Palais Royal, and the duke ran his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, as if examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. The courage of this intrepid man faltered not at the place of execution. When the executioner took off his coat, he calmly observed to the assistants who were going to draw off his boots, "It is only loss of time; you will remove them more easily from the lifeless limbs." In a few minutes he was no more. Thus died, in the prime of life—his forty-sixth year—Philippe Egalité, adding, by his death, one to the long list of those who perished from the effects of a political whirlwind which they had contributed to raise. While commiserating the unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans, it is proper to mention that he was far from having been a man of unblemished morals. He was a bad husband, and it is certain that selfish considerations had led him to take a part against Louis XVI. and his family, on whose ruin he expected to rise to the throne.

Seven months previous to the death of his father, the Duke of Chartres, along with his friend General Dumouriez, became assured that the cause of moderation was lost, and looked with apprehension on the reign of terror which had already begun to manifest itself. There was little time for deliberation as to their course. Being summoned to appear before the Committee of Public Safety, and knowing that citations of this nature were for the most part equivalent to condemnation, both instantly fled towards the French frontier. The fugitives were hotly pursued, but were fortunate in making their escape into the Belgian Netherlands, at that time belonging to Austria. What were the reflections of the Duke of Chartres on this conclusion to his career as a friend of liberty, we should vainly endeavour to imagine.

The duke was courteously received by the Austrian authorities, who invited him to enter their service; but he declined to take up arms against France, and preferred to retire for a time into private life. He now pursued his way as a traveller by Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Coblentz, towards Switzerland, depending on but a small sum of money, and everywhere in danger of being captured. His sister Adelaide—or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as she was now called—fled also to the same country in company with Madame de Genlis, and the two parties joining at Schaffhausen, proceeded to Zurich.

The two younger sons of the Duke of Orleans, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were less fortunate than their brother and sister. At first, confined along with their father in the tower of St Jean at Marseilles, they were in a short time deprived of the consolation of being near a parent, and finally had to mourn his unhappy fate. The two young captives were now exposed to greater insults and severities, and in the tumultuary excesses of the mob, who contrived to force the prison and massacre a large number of its inmates, they were in imminent danger of losing their lives. After the fall of Robespierre, besides being suffered to take an airing daily in a courtyard, they were permitted to correspond with their mother, the widowed Duchess of Orleans, who, suffering from bad health, was permitted by government to reside a prisoner on parole in the house of a physician in Paris. Yet these indulgences served little to assuage the irksomeness of their situation, and on the 18th of November 1795 they attempted to make their escape. Montpensier, in descending from the window of his cell, fell to the ground; and on coming to his senses after the shock, he found that his leg was broken. Beaujolais was more fortunate, and could with ease have escaped on board a vessel leaving the port, but he preferred to remain with his brother, and returned to imprisonment. In consequence of this unfortunate attempt, the two princes were exposed to fresh severities from their inhuman jailer. By the repeated supplications of their mother, and the growing moderation of the governing party, they were finally, after a miserable confinement of three years, liberated, on condition of proceeding to the United States of America, there to join their elder brother, Louis-Philippe, an account of whose wanderings we shall now resume.

Arriving in the town of Zurich, it was the intention of the Duke of Chartres to take up his abode there with his sister and Madame de Genlis; but to this arrangement there were difficulties which had not been foreseen. The French royalist emigrants in Zurich were by no means friendly to the house of Orleans, and the magistrates of the canton, by giving refuge to the prince, dreaded embroiling themselves with France. The illustrious exiles needed no explicit order to seek a new retreat. They quietly departed from Zurich, and crossing the mountains

to the town of Zug, procured accommodation in a small house near the borders of the adjoining lake. Their rest in this secluded spot was of no long duration. Their rank and character being discovered, they were once more under the necessity of preparing to seek a place wherein they might be suffered to dwell unobserved and in peace. At this crisis, by the intercession of a kind friend in Switzerland, M. de Montesquiou, admission into the convent of Sainte-Claire, near Bremgarten, was procured for Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her instructress. Relieved of anxiety on account of his beloved sister, the Duke of Chartres commenced a series of wanderings in different countries of Europe, everywhere gaining a knowledge of men and things, and acquiring firmness from the adverse circumstances with which it was his lot to contend. Deprived of rank and fortune, an outlaw and an exile, he now was indebted alone to his own native energies and the excellent education which he had acquired.

The first place visited by the duke was Basle, where he sold all his horses but one, for the sum of sixty louis-d'ors, and with the remaining horse, along with Baudoin, a humble and faithful retainer, who insisted on remaining in his service, set out in prosecution of his journey. The cavalcade was affecting. Baudoin was ill, and could not walk. He was therefore mounted by his kind-hearted master on the back of the horse which had been reserved for his own use, and leading the animal in his hand, the Duke of Chartres issued from the gates of Basle. One can easily fancy the interest which must have been raised in the minds of the Swiss peasantry on witnessing such a manifestation of humane feeling.

An excursion of several months through some of the most picturesque and historically interesting parts of Switzerland, while it gratified the love of travel, and enlarged the mind of the prince, also diminished his resources; and a time came when it was necessary to part with his remaining horse. From this period, with a knapsack on the back of his companion, the ever-attached Baudoin, and with staves in their hands, the pair of wanderers pursued their journey on foot, often toilworn, and at last nearly penniless. On one occasion, after a toilsome journey, when they reached the hospitium of St Gothard, situated on an inclement Alpine height,* they were churlishly refused accommo-

* "How often," says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the Duke of Chartres was exposed after his escape from France—"How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself—to despise all sorts of effeminacy—to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat—to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain—to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes—and finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all he had inherited from birth and fortune—nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me!"

dation for the night, and were fain to seek shelter and repose beneath the shed of an adjoining inn. Courageously contending with privations in these mountain regions, the duke was at length reduced to the greatest straits, and it became necessary for him to think of labouring for his support. Yet, as labour is honourable in a prince as well as a peasant, there was not to this intrepid young man anything distressing in the consideration that he must toil for his daily bread. While he reflected on the best means of employing his talents for his support, a letter reached him from his friend M. Montesquiou, stating that he had obtained for him the situation of a teacher in the academy of Reichenau—a village at the junction of the two upper Rhines, in the south-eastern part of Switzerland. Glad of such a prospect of employment, the Duke of Chartres set out on his journey to Reichenau, where he shortly after arrived in the humble equipage of a pedestrian, a stick in his hand, and a bundle on his back, along with a letter of introduction to M. Jost, the head master of the establishment. Being examined by the officers of the institution, he was found fully qualified for his proposed duties, and though only twenty years of age, was unanimously admitted. Here, under the feigned name of Chabaud-Latour, and without being recognised by any one save M. Jost, he taught geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for the space of eight months. In this somewhat trying and new situation, he not only gave the highest satisfaction to his employers and pupils, but earned the esteem and friendship of the inhabitants of Reichenau.

It was while here filling the post of a schoolmaster that the Duke of Chartres learned the tragical fate of his father. Some political movements taking place in the Grisons, Mademoiselle d'Orleans thought it proper to quit the convent at Bremgarten, and to join her aunt, the Princess of Conti, in Hungary. M. Montesquiou believed that he might now give an asylum to the prince, of whom his enemies had for some time lost all trace. The duke consequently resigned his office of teacher at Reichenau, receiving the most honourable testimonials of his behaviour and abilities, and retired to Bremgarten. Here he remained, under the name of Corby, until the end of 1794, when he thought proper to quit Switzerland, his retreat there being no longer a secret.

We now find the Duke of Orleans, as he was entitled to be called since his father's decease, once more a wanderer, seeking for a place of repose free from the persecution of the French authorities and their emissaries. He resolved to go to America, and Hamburg appeared to him the best place for embarkation. He arrived in that city in 1795. Here his expectation of funds failed him, and he could not collect sufficient pecuniary means to reach the United States; but being tired of a state of inactivity, and provided with a letter of credit for a small sum on a

Copenhagen banker, he resolved to visit the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in obtaining passports for him from the King of Denmark, not as the Duke of Orleans, but as a Swiss traveller, by means of which he was able to proceed in safety. He travelled through Norway and Sweden, seeing everything worthy of curiosity in the way, journeyed on foot with the Laplanders along the mountains, and reached the North Cape in August 1795.* After staying a few days in this region, at eighteen degrees from the pole, he returned through Lapland to Torneo, at the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. From Torneo he went to Abo, and traversed Finland; but dreading the vengeful character of Catherine, he did not enter Russia.†

It must be acknowledged that Louis-Philippe was now turning the misfortunes of his family to the most profitable account. By bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe. The bold and rugged scenery of these arctic regions, and the simple and unpretending kindness of the inhabitants, must have produced a vivid impression upon a young man of his rank and previous pursuits, sent forth under such circumstances to commence his novitiate in the world.

After completing the examination of these ancient kingdoms, and after having been recognised at Stockholm, he proceeded to Denmark, and, under an assumed name, withdrew himself from observation. During his expedition, no improvement had taken

* In the month of June 1844, the following paragraph, relative to the visit of Louis-Philippe to Hammerfest, appeared in the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish newspaper:—"On the 2d, vice-consul Burk celebrated the 32d anniversary of his birthday. On the same day he received a letter from the king of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—"Given by King Louis-Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest in August 1795." The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6th, is in these terms:—"It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Müller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections, I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark: and at this moment, when a lapse of forty-nine years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all in your person what grateful feelings I still entertain."

† For much of the account of Louis-Philippe's wanderings in Europe, and afterwards in America, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to "France, its King, Court, and Government, by an American; (New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1840;)" and professedly a republication of a paper in the *North American Review*. The work is described as being from a distinguished source; we believe a late ambassador of the United States to the court of Louis-Philippe.

place in his pecuniary resources or political prospects; but no reverses could shake the determination he had formed not to bear arms against France, and he declined the invitation of Louis XVIII. to join the army under the Prince of Condé.

The wandering prince had taken his measures with such prudence, that the French government had lost all traces of him, and the agents of the Directory were instructed to leave no means unemployed to discover his place of refuge. Attention was particularly directed to Prussia and Poland, in one or other of which countries he was thought to be. But these efforts were baffled, and were finally succeeded by an attempt of a different character, making such an appeal to the feelings of the son and brother, as left him no hesitation in accepting the offer of a more distant expatriation, which was made to him. A communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans; and she was given to understand, that if she would address herself to her eldest son, and prevail upon him to repair to the United States, her own position should be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property; and that her two youngest sons should be released, and permitted to join their brother in America. To this proposition the duchess assented, and wrote a letter to her son, recommending a compliance with the terms proposed, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the suffering of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity!"

The government charged itself with the despatch of this letter to the exile, and a new effort was made for his discovery. When other means had failed, their chargé-d'affaires at Hamburg applied to a Mr Westford, a merchant of that city, who, from some circumstances, was supposed to be in correspondence with the prince. This suspicion was well founded; but Mr Westford received with incredulity the declaration of the chargé-d'affaires, that his object, in opening a communication with the duke, was to convey to him a letter from his mother on the part of the government; and disclaimed all knowledge of his actual residence. He, however, immediately communicated to the duke a statement of what had taken place, and the latter determined to risk the exposure, in the hope of receiving a letter directly from his mother. He was actually in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, though in the Danish states, where he had changed his residence from time to time, as a due regard to secrecy required. An interview between the duke and the French chargé was arranged by Mr Westford at his own house in the evening; and there, after the receipt of his mother's letters, Louis signified at once his acceptance of the terms proposed, and his determination to embark for the United States without delay. He immediately wrote a letter to his mother, commencing with the declaration—"When my dear mother shall receive

this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for departure. The duke, passing for a Dane, applied to the captain, and engaged his passage for the usual amount, at that time thirty-five guineas. He had with him his faithful servant Baudoin, who had rejoined him in his travels, and whom he was solicitous to take with him across the Atlantic. But the captain, for some reason, seemed unwilling to receive this humble attendant, and told his importunate passenger that the services of this man would not only be useless to him upon the voyage, but that when he reached America, he would, like most servants, desert his master. He was, however, finally persuaded to yield, and the servant was received for seventeen and a half guineas.

The duke was anxious to escape observation in Hamburg, and asked permission of the captain to repair on board his ship, and remain a few days before her departure. The captain, with some reluctance, consented to this unusual proposition; though it afterwards appeared that this step, and the mystery which evidently surrounded his young passenger, had produced an unfavourable impression upon his mind.

Late in the night preceding the departure of the ship from the Elbe, when the duke was in his berth, an elderly French gentleman, destined to be his only fellow cabin passenger, came on board. He understood English badly, and spoke it worse; and perceiving the accommodations far inferior to those he had anticipated, he set himself to find fault with much vehemence, but with a garrulity wonderfully checked by the difficulty he encountered in giving vent to his excited feelings in English. He called for an interpreter; and, not finding one, he gradually wore away, if not his discontent, the expression of it, and retired to rest. In the morning, seeing the duke, his first inquiry was if he spoke French; and perceiving he did, he expressed his gratification, and said, "You speak very well for a Dane, and you will be able to get along without my instruction. You are a young man, and I am an old one, and you must serve as my interpreter." To this the duke assented; and the old gentleman, who was a planter from St Domingo on his way to his native island, commenced the enumeration of his grievances. He had no teeth, and the cook no soft bread, and he said it was impossible to sail in a vessel not provided with the means of baking fresh bread; that such an arrangement existed on board all the French ships; and that he could not eat the American biscuit. The captain coolly told him, "There is my beef, and there is my bread; and if you are not satisfied with my fare, you can leave the ship." The impatient planter, unwilling to relinquish the chance of revisiting his native country, thought

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it better to risk his teeth rather than disembark, and continued on board. There were many steerage passengers, Germans and Alsatians, emigrating to the United States. The ship left the Elbe on the 24th of September 1796, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Philadelphia. Shortly before entering the Capes of the Delaware, the duke, unwilling that the captain should learn his true character from public report after reaching his destination, disclosed to him who he was. The captain expressed his gratification at the communication, and frankly stated, that the circumstances under which he had come on board had produced an impression upon his mind unfavourable to his young passenger; that in striving to conjecture what could be his true position, he had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had committed himself in some gambling speculations, and that he was seeking secrecy and refuge in the new world. The chances of luck had indeed been against his new acquaintance, and he had lost a great prize in the lottery of life; but he had preserved those better prizes—an approving conscience, and an unblemished reputation. The other passenger, the St Domingo planter, remained in ignorance of the name of his cabin companion, till he learned it in Philadelphia, when he called to make known his surprise, and to tender his compliments.

RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

The Duke of Orleans, having arrived in the United States in the November following, was joined by his brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, after they had encountered a stormy passage of ninety-three days from Marseilles. The reunited princes now took up their residence together in Philadelphia, and there they passed the winter, mingling in the society of the place, and forming many agreeable acquaintances. Philadelphia was at that time the seat of the federal government, and General Washington was at the head of the administration. The three young strangers were presented to him, and were invited to visit Mount Vernon after the expiration of his term of service. The duke was present at the last address delivered by General Washington to Congress, and also at the inauguration of Mr Adams, when his venerable predecessor joyfully took his leave of public life.

During the season, the Duke of Orleans and his brothers visited Mount Vernon, passing through Baltimore, where he renewed an acquaintance previously formed in Philadelphia with General Smith; and crossing the *site* of the present city of Washington, where he was hospitably received by the late Mr Law, and where he met the present General Mason of Georgetown. This most respectable man is well remembered by the king, who loves to speak of the hospitality of his house, and

of his personal kindness—evinced, among other circumstances, by his accompanying his three young guests in a visit to the falls of the Potomac. From Georgetown the party passed through Alexandria, and thence went to Mount Vernon, where they were most kindly received, and where they resided some days.

While at Mount Vernon, General Washington prepared for the exiled princes an itinerary of a journey to the western country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort. The travelling-map of the three princes is still preserved, and furnishes convincing proof that it has passed through severe service. The various routes followed by the travellers are strongly depicted in red ink; and by their extent and direction, they show the great enterprise displayed by three young strangers to acquire a just knowledge of the country, at a time when the difficulties of travelling over a great part of the route were enough to discourage many a hardy American. Louis-Philippe, in not long since showing this map to an American gentleman, mentioned that he possessed an accurate account, showing the expenditure of every dollar he disbursed in the United States. It is an example of business habits worthy of all praise and imitation. This attention to the important concern of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington; and both of these celebrated men were, no doubt, penetrated with the conviction that punctuality is essential to success.

At the period in which the journey of the princes was performed, the back settlements of the United States were in a comparatively rude condition, and could not be traversed without undergoing many hardships. The inns, in particular, were few and far distant from each other, and their keepers, in many cases, churlishly independent and overbearing. Taking the road by Leesburg and Harper's Ferry to Winchester, the duke and his brothers dismounted at a house kept by a Mr Bush, where they experienced an unpleasing instance of incivility. Mr Bush was from Manheim on the Rhine, and the Duke of Chartres having recently visited that city, and speaking German fluently, a bond of communication was established between them, and the landlord and the traveller were soon engaged in an interesting conversation. This took place while the necessary arrangements were making to provide a substantial meal for the hungry guests, and probably, also, for others who were waiting for the same indispensable attention. One of the younger brothers was indisposed, and the elder suggested to his landlord a wish that his party might be permitted to eat by

themselves. But oh the vanity of human expectations! Such a proposition had never been heard in the whole valley of Shenandoah, and least of all in the mansion of Mr Bush. The rules of his house had been attacked, and his professional pride wounded; the recollections of Manheim, and the pleasure of hearing his native language, and the modest conversation of the young strangers, were all thrown to the wind, and the offended dignitary exclaimed, "If you are too good to eat at the same table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house—begone!" And notwithstanding the deprecatory tone which the duke immediately took, his disavowal of any intention to offend, and his offer to eat where it would be agreeable to this governor of hungry appetites that these should be assuaged, the young men were compelled to leave the house, and to seek refuge elsewhere.

Our adventurers turned their backs on Mr Bush and Winchester, and proceeded on their journey. When traversing a district called the *Barrens*, in Kentucky, the duke and his brothers stopped at a cabin, where was to be found "entertainment for man and horse," and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travellers—not apparently from any idle curiosity, but because he seemed to feel a true solicitude for them. It was in vain, however, the duke protested they were travelling to look at the country, and without any view to purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey, was beyond the circle of the settler's observation or experience. In the night, all the travellers were disposed upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet towards a prodigious fire, the landlord and his wife occupying a puncheon bedstead, pinned to the logs forming the side of the mansion. The duke, in a moment of wakefulness, was amused to overhear the good man expressing to his wife his regret that three such promising young men should be running uselessly over the country, and wondering they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably.

At Chilicothe the duke found a public-house kept by a Mr McDonald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered a rare one in that place, or, indeed, throughout the well-regulated state of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house, in which the former would have suffered, if the duke had not interfered to separate the combatants.

Arriving at Pittsburg, a town rising into importance at the head of the Ohio, the travellers rested several days, and formed an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants. From Pittsburg they travelled to Erie, and thence down the shore of the lake to Buffalo. On this journey they lighted on a band of Seneca

Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality; for there were then few habitations but Indian wigwams upon the borders of the American lakes, and still fewer vessels, except birch canoes, which sailed over their waves. Among this band was an old woman, taken prisoner many a long year before, and now habituated to her fate, and contented with it. She was a native of Germany, and yet retained some recollection of her native language and country; and the faint, though still abiding feeling which connected her present with her past condition, led her to take an interest in the three young strangers who talked to her in that language and of that country, and she exerted herself to render their short residence among her friends as comfortable as possible. The chief assured the travellers that he would be personally responsible for every article they might intrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people unless this precaution was used. Accordingly, everything was deposited with the chief, saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes, and money; all which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced. But the party had not proceeded far upon their route, when they missed a favourite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left it at liberty. He was a singularly beautiful animal, and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers at the castle of St Jean, they were much attached to him. The duke immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog; and the chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in answer to his representations, "If you had intrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning; but we will find him." And he immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board, and on his removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters.

Scarcely resting at Buffalo, they crossed to Fort Erie on the British side, and then repaired to the Falls of Niagara. This grand natural object, as may be supposed, engaged the careful examination of the princes, and one of them, the Duke of Montpensier, who excelled in drawing, made a sketch of the cataract for his sister. The party then proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature. In one of the worst parts of this worst of roads, they met Mr Alexander Baring, the present Lord Ashburton, whom the duke had known in Philadelphia.

Continuing their route to Geneva, they procured a boat, and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from hence they made their way to Tioga Point, upon the Susquehannah—each of the travellers carrying his baggage, for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. From Tioga the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.

While residing in this city, the Duke of Montpensier wrote a letter to his sister, Mademoiselle d'Orleans (dated August 14, 1797), from which the following extract has been published, giving an account of the journey which the writer and his brothers had lately performed:—

“I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, that we finished fifteen days ago. It took us four months. We travelled during that time a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly by the stage or public conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness, and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for they love the French. After them we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. It is a hundred and thirty-seven (French) feet high; and the volume of water is immense, since it is the whole river St Lawrence which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a picture in water colours from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work. To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves; and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef, and corn bread.”

During the residence of the Duke of Orleans and his brothers in Philadelphia, the city was visited by yellow fever—a fatal epidemic, but from which the unfortunate princes found it impossible to fly, on account of a lack of funds. From this unpleasant and perilous dilemma they were happily relieved in the course of September, by a remittance from their mother. With a purse thus opportunely reinforced, they now undertook another excursion, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States, finally arriving in New York. Here the brothers learned that a new law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country; and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her; but, owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out, therefore, for Pitts-

burg on the 10th of December 1797; and upon the road, fatigued with travelling on horseback, they purchased a wagon, and, harnessing their horses to it, and placing their luggage within, they continued their route more comfortably. They arrived at Carlisle on Saturday, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring country appeared to have entered the town for some purpose of business or pleasure, and drove up to a public-house, near which was a trough for the reception of the oats which travellers might be disposed to give their horses, without putting them into the stable. A quantity of oats was procured by the party, and poured into the trough; and the bits were taken from the horses' mouths, to enable them to eat freely. The duke took his position in the wagon, looking round him; when the horses being suddenly frightened, ran away with the wagon, which, passing over a stump, was upset and broken. The duke was thrown out, and somewhat injured. In early life, as we have seen, he had learned to perform the operation of bleeding. Immediately perceiving that his situation required depletion, and making his way, as he best could, to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to perform the operation in his house, and to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with everything he required; and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of blood. The circumstances, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the wagon, and of the injury to the traveller, and still more from the extraordinary occurrence of self-bleeding; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. It is probable the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor going to the west to establish himself, and to vend medical skill and drugs. Apparently well satisfied with the surgical ability which the stranger had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him that his prospect of success would be much more favourable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When our party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen, but the Alleghany open. They purchased a keel-boat, then lying in the ice, and with much labour and difficulty transported it to the point where the two rivers meet and form the Ohio. There the party embarked on that river, which they descended along with three persons to aid them in the navigation. Before arriving at Wheeling, the river became entirely obstructed by the ice, and they were compelled to land and remain some days. They found Major F., an officer of the United States army, charged with despatches for the posts below, detained at the same place. On examining the river from the neighbouring hills, they ascertained that the region of ice extended only about three miles, and kept themselves prepared to take advantage of

the first opening which should appear. This soon came, and they passed through, and continued their voyage; but Major F., who had not been equally alert, missed the opportunity, and remained blockaded. He did not reach the lower part of the river till three weeks after our travellers.

At Marietta the party stopped and landed, and a circumstance connected with this event shows the extraordinary memory which Louis-Philippe possesses. A few years ago he asked an American gentleman if he was ever in Marietta. As it happened, this gentleman had spent some years in the early part of his life there, and was able to answer in the affirmative. "And do you know," said the king, "a French baker there named Thierry?" The gentleman knew him perfectly well, and so answered the inquiry. "Well," said the king, "I once ran away with him"—and then proceeded to explain, that, in descending the Ohio, he had stopped at Marietta, and gone into the town in search of bread. He was referred to this same Mr Thierry; and the baker not having a stock on hand, set himself to work to heat his oven in order to supply the applicant. While this process was going on, the prince walked over the town, and visited the interesting ancient remains which are to be found in the western part of it, near the banks of the Muskingam, and whose history and purposes have given rise to such various and unsatisfactory speculations. The prince took a sketch of some of these works, which are indeed among the most extensive of their class that are to be found in the vast basin of the Mississippi. On his return he found the ice in the Muskingam on the point of breaking up, and Mr Thierry so late in his operations, that he had barely time to leap into the boat with his bread, before they were compelled to leave the shore, that they might precede the mass of ice which was entering the Ohio. The baker thus carried off bore his misfortune like a philosopher; and though he mourned over the supposed grief of his faithful wife, he still urged the rowers to exert themselves, in order to place his young countrymen beyond the chance of injury. They were finally successful; and after some time, Mr Thierry was taken ashore by a canoe which they hailed, well satisfied with his expedition. The travellers continued their voyage, and met with but one accident. By the inattention of the helmsman, the boat struck a tree, and stove in her bows. All the crew, princes and hired men, went to work; and after twenty-four hours, the damages were repaired, and they reached New Orleans in safety on the 17th of February 1798.

From this city they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana in the island of Cuba; and upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate under French colours. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be known and conducted to France. However, when it was discovered, on one side, that

the visitor was an English ship, and, on the other, that the three young passengers were the princes of the house of Orleans, confidence was restored, and the captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction, and then conducted them to Havana.

The residence of the wandering princes in Cuba was of no long duration. By the Spanish authorities they were treated with marked disrespect, and ordered to return to New Orleans. This, however, they declined to do, and proceeded to the Bahama islands, expecting thence to find their way to England. At this period the Duke of Kent was in the Bahamas, and kindly received the illustrious strangers, though he did not feel himself authorised to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They were not discouraged, but sailed in a small vessel to New York, whence an English packet carried them to Falmouth.

ARRIVAL IN EUROPE—MARRIAGE.

The Duke of Orleans and his brothers arrived at Falmouth early in February 1800, and readily obtaining the permission of government to land in the country, they proceeded to London, and shortly afterwards took up their residence on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham. Here the exiles had at length an opportunity of enjoying some repose in the midst of the best English society; nor was the well-known hospitality of England lacking on this, as on all other occasions. The young princes were treated with the greatest kindness by all classes, from royalty downwards, and, by their unaffected manners, gained universal esteem. Neither the polite attentions of the English people, nor the splendours of London fashionable life, however, could obliterate the recollections of his mother from the heart of the Duke of Orleans; and the English government having allowed him and his brothers a free passage in a frigate to Minorca, they proceeded thither with the expectation of finding a means of passing over to Spain, in which country their parent was an exile and captive. This troublesome expedition, from the convulsed state of Spain at the period, proved fruitless, and they returned to England, again retiring to Twickenham.

At their pleasant retreat here, the Duke of Orleans engaged with zeal in the study of political economy and the institutions of Great Britain; at times making excursions with his brothers to the seats of the nobility and interesting parts of the country, and from taste and habit, becoming almost an Englishman. The only pressing subject of concern was the infirm health of the Duke of Montpensier. With a somewhat weakly constitution, deranged by long and cruel confinement in prison, he had, since his first arrival in England, experienced a gradual sinking in bodily strength. Notwithstanding every effort of medicine to

save him, this amiable and accomplished prince died, May 18, 1807. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is marked by an elegant Latin epitaph, the joint composition of the Duke of Orleans and General Dumouriez. To aggravate the loss, the health of Count Beaujolais, affected by the same treatment as that of his brother, began also to decline. Ordered by his physicians to visit a warmer climate, the duke accompanied him to Malta, and there he died in 1808. His body was consigned to the dust in the church of St John at Valetta.

Bereaved, and almost broken-hearted with his losses, the Duke of Orleans passed from Malta to Messina in Sicily, and by a kind invitation from King Ferdinand (of Naples), visited the royal family at Palermo. The accomplishments and misfortunes of the duke did not fail to make a due impression on the Neapolitan family, while he was equally delighted with the manner in which he was received by them. During his residence at Palermo, he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the king, and with the consent of Ferdinand and the Duchess of Orleans, who fortunately was released from her thralldom in Spain, and permitted to come to Sicily, their marriage took place in November 1809. Restored to a long-lost mother, and at the same time endowed with an estimable wife, need we doubt that the happiness of the Duke of Orleans was complete. Certainly it deserved to be so.

In about six months after this event, the Duke of Orleans was invited by the regency of Spain to take a military command in that country, in order to assist in expelling the French imperial invaders. Desirous of pursuing an active and useful life, he obeyed the invitation; but, to the disgrace of the Cortes, they refused to fulfil their deceitful promises, and after spending three months in attempting to gain redress, the duke returned to Palermo, where, on his landing, he had the pleasure to learn that the Duchess of Orleans had given birth to a son (September 2, 1810).

POLITICAL CAREER—BECOMES KING.

We have, in the preceding pages, briefly traced our hero from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. We have seen him in adversity, with scarcely bread to eat, or a house wherein to lay his head. We have seen him emerge from this period of misfortune, till he arrived in a country where his claims were recognised, and he not only found a home, but a companion, amiable, accomplished, and in every other way calculated to insure his happiness. We have now the pleasing duty of following this remarkable man from his comparative obscurity in a foreign land, to the country and home of his fathers, and of seeing him, by the force of uncontrollable circumstances, reach a station the highest which any earthly power can confer.

The domestic tranquillity which the Duke of Orleans was

enjoying in Palermo was, in 1814, suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by the arrival of intelligence that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the Bourbons were to be restored to France. Being now enabled to return to the country of his birth, and the inheritance of which civil discord had deprived him, the duke sailed from Sicily in a vessel placed at his disposal by Lord William Bentinck. On the 18th of May he arrived in Paris, where in a short time he was in the enjoyment of the honours due to his rank and talents. His first visit to the Palais Royal, which he had not seen since he parted with his father, and now his own by inheritance, is mentioned as having been marked by strong emotion; nor were his feelings less excited on beholding other scenes from which he had been banished since childhood.

The return of Napoleon in 1815 broke up his arrangements for settling in his newly-recovered home. He sent his family to England, and was ordered by the king, Louis XVIII., to take command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March 1815, when he gave up the command to the Duke of Treviso, and went to join his family in England, where he again fixed his residence at Twickenham. On the return of Louis XVIII. after the Hundred Days, an ordinance was issued, authorising, according to the charter as it then stood, all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers; and the duke returned to France in September 1815, for the purpose of being present at the session. Here he distinguished himself by a display of liberal sentiments, which were so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned again to England, where he remained till 1817. He now returned to France, but was not again summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers, and remained therefore in private life, in which he displayed all the virtues of a good father, a good husband, and a good citizen.

The education of his family now deeply engaged his attention. His eldest son was instructed, like his ancestor Henry IV., in the public institutions of the country, and distinguished himself by the success of his studies. His family has ever been a model of union, good morals, and domestic virtues. Personally simple in his tastes, order and economy were combined with a magnificence becoming his rank and wealth; for the restoration of his patrimony had placed him in a state of opulence. The protector of the fine arts, and the patron of letters, his superb palace in Paris, and his delightful seat at Neuilly, were ornamented with the productions of the former, and frequented by the distinguished men of the age.

While the Duke of Orleans was thus pursuing a career apart from the court, a new and unexpected scene was opened in the drama of his singularly changeful life. We here allude to the Revolution of 1830, the intelligence of which struck every nation

in Europe with surprise. Yet such an event was not altogether unlooked for. The elder family of the Bourbons, who had been restored by force of foreign arms to the throne of their ancestors, are allowed by their best friends to have conducted themselves in a manner little calculated to insure the attachment of the French people. The final blow levelled at the constitution by Charles X., and the Prince de Polignac, with the rest of his ministers, was unquestionably one of the maddest acts of which history presents any account. The facts of the case were as follows :—

The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved in May (1830), and a new election ordered to take place in the latter part of June and in July. All the returns of the new elections indicated a strong majority against the ministry, who were not by any means popular. It is the sound and well-known practice in constitutional governments, that in such cases as this the king changes his ministers, in order to bring the executive into harmony with the legislature. Charles X. ventured on reversing this practice. Instigated by advisers and followers, who afterwards deserted him, he resolved to retain his ministers, and hazard a new election on principles of voting different from what the existing law prescribed, and by which he hoped to gain a majority in the Chamber. The newspapers generally having denounced these and other projects as a violation of the charter or compact of the king with his people, they became an object of attack, and it was resolved to place the press under such laws as would effectually prevent all free discussion. Three ordinances were forthwith issued by royal authority. One dissolved the Chambers; another arbitrarily prescribed a new law of election; and the third suspended the liberty of the periodical press. These acts of aggression served as a signal for revolt and revolution. In the night of the 27th July, the streets and boulevards were barricaded, and the pavements were torn up to serve as missiles. On the morning of the 28th all Paris was in arms; the national guard appeared in their old uniform, and the tri-coloured flag, which had been that of the Republic and Empire, was displayed. By a singular infatuation, the government had taken no precaution to support its measures by a competent armed force. There were at most 12,000 soldiers in Paris, the garrison of which had just been diminished: the minister of war, instead of bringing an army to bear on the capital, was occupied with unimportant administrative details.

On the 28th, the fighting was considerable, the infuriated populace firing from behind barricades, from house-tops, and from windows: many of the troops were disarmed; some were unwilling to fire on their countrymen, and some went openly over to the citizens. On the 29th, General Lafayette was appointed commander-in-chief of the national guard by the liberal deputies, and was received with enthusiasm. The fighting was

still greater this day ; and on the 30th, the Parisians gained the victory. From 7000 to 8000 persons were killed and wounded. It now became necessary to determine what form of government should be substituted for that which had been vanquished. The cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons was pronounced hopeless. The king was in effect disrowned, and the throne was vacant. In this emergency, the provisional government which had risen out of the struggle, and in which Lafitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians had taken the lead, turned towards the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris to become lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterwards, in a more regular manner, to become king. The Duke of Orleans, during the insurrection, had been residing in seclusion at Neuilly, a country-seat near Paris.

M. Thiers and M. Scheffer were appointed to conduct the negotiation with the duke, and visited Neuilly for the purpose. The duke was, however, absent, and the interview took place with the duchess and the Princess Adelaide, to whom they represented the dangers with which the nation was menaced, and that anarchy could only be averted by the prompt decision of the duke to place himself at the head of a new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers expressed his conviction "that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers, and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty, was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable violences." The substance of the communication being made known to the duke, on a day's consideration, he acceded to the request, and at noon of the 31st came to Paris to accept the office which had been assigned him. On the 2d of August the abdication of Charles X., and of his son, was placed in the hands of the lieutenant-general ; the abdication, however, being in favour of the Duke of Bourdeaux. On the 7th the Chamber of Deputies declared the throne vacant ; and on the 8th the Chamber went in a body to the Duke of Orleans, and offered him the crown, on terms of a revised charter. His formal acceptance of the offer took place on the 9th. At his inauguration he adopted the style and title of *Louis-Philippe I., King of the French*. The act of abdication of Charles X. was unheeded by the Chambers ; and with a moderation surprising in the French character, Charles and his family, including his young grandchild, Henry, Duke of Bourdeaux, were tranquilly conducted out of the kingdom.

ABDICATION—REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Louis-Philippe became king of the French on the 9th of August 1830, and the happiest consequences to the nation were expected from the event. There was an unbounded confidence in the king's talents for government ; and it was believed that the extraordinary privations he had endured in early life, and

THE LIFE OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE,

his knowledge of the world, would lead him on all occasions to sympathise with the people. For some years these hopes were not disappointed. Under his steady constitutional government France found repose, and everywhere might be observed evidences of improvement and prosperity. A fault laid to the king's charge was parsimony: by family inheritance he was one of the wealthiest men in Europe; and it was alleged that his habits of economy, and schemes as a capitalist, were unworthy of his rank. This accusation, however, is to be received with caution; for it is certain he expended vast sums, from his private fortune, in embellishing Versailles and other places of public show, as well as in the encouragement of the arts. In his domestic relations he was most exemplary; in personal intercourse affable; and, aided by his amiable consort, his court was a pattern for royalty.

Possessing many excellent qualities, and tried in the school of adversity, it is to be regretted that Louis-Philippe did not adopt means for insuring the affectionate regard of the people over whom he was called to reign. The fundamental error in his career seems to have been a love of family aggrandisement, to the neglect of public interests. Apparently distrustful of his position, he endeavoured to fortify it by allying his children with the reigning families of Europe. He married his eldest son Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans (born 1810), to the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; his daughter Louisa (born 1812) to Leopold, King of the Belgians; his son Louis, Duke of Nemours (born 1814), to the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his daughter Clementina (born 1817) to Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; his son Francis, Prince of Joinville (born 1818), to the Princess Frances-Caroline of Brazil; his son the Duke of Aumale (born 1822) to the Princess Caroline of Salerno; and his son Antony, Duke of Montpensier (born 1824), to Louisa, sister and heir presumptive of the reigning queen of Spain. This latter marriage greatly damaged the reputation of Louis-Philippe; for it obviously aimed at the preponderating influence of his dynasty over the Spanish monarchy. With feelings bound up in his family, the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, who was killed in leaping from his carriage, July 13, 1842, was a severe blow. The duke possessed an amiable disposition and joyous temperament, which endeared him to the French, and his death therefore led to distressing anticipations. He left two children, Louis-Philippe-Albert, Count of Paris (born 1838), and Robert-Philippe, Duke of Chartres (born 1840). The Count of Paris was now heir-apparent of the French throne. Louis-Philippe's sister, the Princess Adelaide, who had resided with his family since his accession, died in December 1847, and her loss was acutely felt by her much-attached brother, as well as by the poor of Paris, to whom she had been a kind benefactor.

As a king, Louis-Philippe was alleged to interfere unduly in

state affairs, in place of leaving the executive entirely in the hands of his ministry, who were alone responsible under the law. Perhaps this offence—supposing it to be well founded—would have called forth no very severe remark, had the king suited his policy to the awakening principles of constitutional freedom. Unfortunately, from whatever cause, and with M. Guizot as prime minister, his government took no means to redress abuses. An odious law preventing public meetings for religious or political discussion, was suffered to remain unrepealed; and the election of members of the Chamber of Deputies was carefully kept in the hands of a limited constituency, most of whom were officers of government. As Louis-Philippe had taken an oath to reign according to the charter, and had got the throne on at least an implied promise of favouring constitutional freedom, his conduct in withstanding reform is inexcusable: if circumstances showed the inexpediency of abiding by his promise, it was clearly his duty to resign. Misled in all probability by those about him, and relying too confidently on the efficacy of a large military force, this unfortunate prince may be said to have fallen into errors similar to those of Charles X., and to have expiated them by a similar reverse of fortune.

The remarkable events of February 1848 are too well known to require minute recapitulation here. A proposed banquet of a large body of reformers in Paris, with a preliminary procession through the streets, on Tuesday the 22d of February, was denounced by the ministry as illegal, and the banquet was accordingly abandoned. Great excitement, however, prevailed, and some disturbances, with cries for "reform," ensued. In the course of Wednesday the 23d the insurrection became more menacing, though it as yet aimed only at a change of ministry. To appease discontent, Guizot was this day dismissed, and Count Molé appointed to form a new administration. On Wednesday evening the crowd was fired on by the soldiers, and various persons being killed, a cry arose for vengeance, and during the night the people were busily engaged in erecting barricades. Molé having been unable to form a ministry, the duty of doing so was assigned to Thiers and Barrot on the morning of Thursday the 24th. The time, however, was passed for concession; the national guard had already fraternised with the people, and from this circumstance, or a wish to save the effusion of blood, the army was withdrawn. The palace of the Tuileries now lies at the mercy of an infuriated mob—in the terror of the moment the king abdicates in favour of his grandson, the Count of Paris, and takes to flight with his family—the Count of Paris, a child in his tenth year (his mother being proposed as regent), is rejected as king by a remnant of the Chamber of the Deputies mingled with an armed rabble—a Republic is proclaimed, and a provisional government appointed. Such were the circumstances of this extraordinary affair. The monarchy was swept away without a

struggle, and with scarcely a voice lifted in its favour; from which it is to be inferred that a deep-rooted hatred, or at least contempt, of government measures had long prevailed, and only waited an opportunity for explosion. Guizot, as chief minister of Louis-Philippe, was proscribed by the new authorities, and, lacking the courage to face his accusers, fled from the country.

Precipitated by a sudden and unforeseen event from the summit of human greatness, and fearful of falling into the hands of the excited populace, Louis-Philippe found it necessary to assume various disguises, and to attempt an escape from France. In this he was fortunately successful: adding new adventures to his already chequered career, on the 3d of March he reached England, on whose hospitable shores the scattered members of his family had already taken refuge: his faithful and sorely-tried wife was the companion of his flight. On his arrival in England, Louis-Philippe took up his residence at Clermont, in Surrey, and here he spent the conclusion of his days in peaceful retirement. At this place he expired, on Monday, the 26th of August, 1850. Early on the preceding day, the physicians warned him of his approaching end. He received the tidings with perfect composure; and having dictated the concluding page of those memoirs of his life which had at various times occupied much of his attention, he summoned his family and his chaplain, and performed the last rites of his religion with tranquil resignation. Towards sunset fever came upon him, and continued with violence during the night; but his intellect was not disturbed, and at eight o'clock on Monday morning there was an end of his suffering. His affectionate consort stood by his side; and their children and grand-children were also present at the last melancholy scene. He died in the 78th year of his age, leaving behind him a character not untarnished with serious faults, but at the same time distinguished for many virtues. With all his failings as a constitutional monarch, it may be doubted whether France has not had serious cause for regretting the circumstances of his expulsion.



WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

SURROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inaccessible valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat against oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these persons, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was

chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and, by a most unjustifiable stretch of ambition, wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the Waldstatte, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them at the same time to renounce their connexion with the German empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

Proud of his great rank, uniting, as he did, in his own person the dignities of the house of Austria and the imperial throne, Albert was indignant at the refusal by which his propositions were followed, and forthwith resolved to hold no measured terms with what he deemed a set of rude peasants. His first impulse was to decide the question by the sword; but the result of any sudden attack was doubtful, and he finally resolved to proceed cautiously in his movements. Disguising his intentions, therefore, he confined himself, in the first instance, to introducing as governor Hermann Gessler of Brunegg, along with small parties of Austrian soldiers, after which his design of subjugating the district became too manifest to its unhappy inhabitants.

Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. The seat of his assumed authority was at Altorf, a small town near the head of the lake of Lucerne, on which the Waldstatte bordered, and surrounded by some of the most romantic scenery in Switzerland. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man; as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did a part of Switzerland, under the vice-regal domination of Gessler, produce its WILLIAM TELL. Not much is really known of this patriot, but the little that has been wafted by history and tradition to our times is interesting, and possesses all the charm of poetry and romance.

William Tell, according to the best accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions, and earnestly requesting him, with his latest breath, to work diligently for his subsistence, and to die, should it be needed, in his country's service. These admonitions, addressed to a highly sensitive mind, were not disregarded. Having consigned

his father's body to the tomb, he gave himself up to the labours of the field, and by his assiduous industry, is said ever to have reaped a plentiful harvest.

Rising at dawn of day, he stood behind his rude plough, and left it only when darkness summoned both man and beast to repose. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his small boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was prodigious, being, it is said, double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all out-door sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. Meanwhile, in his humble home, he remained without a mate; and desirous of finding a partner who might grace his little domain, he fixed his attention on Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. His advances being well received by both father and daughter, Tell in due time called Emma his wife, and henceforth his mountain home was the scene of happiness and contentment. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, carried him to the fields and pastures to instruct him in the works of nature, and spared no pains at home to cultivate and enlighten his mind. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing a friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Underwald. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was this associate. Although similar in many salient points of character, there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, was capable of very great actions, without being prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter,

Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the joys of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost license to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried, "What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?" History records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. "How long," exclaimed she, "shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?" The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but settled, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and explained to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from

the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonized friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest intreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Rhigi. This mountain rises in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragging old Melchthal before Gessler, he ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Rhigi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for Rhigi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Rhigi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. "Go," said my father, "and tell Arnold of this new villany of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwald for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli."*

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and

* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Scelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.

the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of honour, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. “Werner Stauffacher,” cried Tell, “the time is come for action;” and without a moment’s delay, he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero’s hand, “Friend, let us begin: I am ready.” After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when the whole were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher’s house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured. Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. “Arnold awaits us,” cried William, “and the fate of our country depends on this interview.” With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common

in these mountain lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shown to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added—"We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people."

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a signal fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

"Wherefore," demanded the incensed bailiff, "hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?"

"Verily," answered Tell with mock humility, "how this happened I know not; 'tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart."

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner's name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so much respected throughout the whole canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. "While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good fortune to bear away the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refuseth this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good fortune; and finding the governor inexorable, our hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were

handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow!

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him:—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but," added he, "tell me, what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle? One was surely enough." Tell replied, with some slight evidence of embarrassment, "that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve;" an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. "Nay, nay," said he; "tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son." At these words the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words: "I am about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences."

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little

port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe conduct of his armed dependants, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal fire to rouse the cantons; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which, giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, who were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives: the wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, pale and horror-stricken, prayed for life; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers

of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. "And see, my lord," said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—"all, even the pilot, are paralysed with terror, and he is totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well-skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?" Gessler's fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master's hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemming in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offered not a single platform where human foot could stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to Gessler, who, with angry voice, demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, turned the helm hard a-port, which brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his faithful bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang lightly on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for

the heights which border the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and choosing a small hollow in the road, hid himself under cover of the brush, intending to remain in ambush until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. It appears that the governor had the utmost difficulty to save himself and his attendants after this sudden disappearance of their pilot, but at length succeeded in effecting a safe landing at Brunnen. Here they provided themselves with horses, and proceeding in the direction above alluded to, advanced towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as "the hollow way," and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death. He instantly, therefore, showed himself, and seizing an opportune moment, pierced Gessler to the heart with one of his arrows.

This bold deed accomplished, the excited hero effecting his escape, made the best of his way to Art, and thence soon gained the village of Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. The news, however, which Tell brought, removed the necessity for further immediate action, and prompt measures were taken to arrest the progress of their allies. A joy, which deeply proved the wrongs of the people, spread over the whole land, and though they delayed to strike the blow for universal freedom from the Austrian yoke, the final decision of the conspirators was only the greater.

On the morning of New-Year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was adroitly taken possession of, and its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons: after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, during the earlier hours of the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, marched towards the lake Lowerz, and destroyed the fortress of Schwanau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously dis-

playing an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hill-sides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete route, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

All that remains to be told of the Swiss hero's life is the immemorial tradition, that Wilhelm Tell, the same who shot Gessler in 1307, assisted at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337, and perished in 1350 by an inundation which destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. According to Klingenberg's chronicle, however, written towards the close of the fourteenth century, when many of his contemporaries were still living, *Wilhelmus Tellus* of Uri, as he calls him, the liberator of his country, became, after the battle of Morgarten, administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, where he died in 1354.

Switzerland owes more to the archer of Bürglen than, at a rough glance, she might be supposed to do. It was his bold and decisive act which first roused within its people that spirit of independence, before slumbering, and since so great in its results:

Tell showed them, by his example, what courage and prudence could effect, and gave an impulse to his countrymen of which they have not failed to take advantage.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons: the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom: about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. We shall not pursue the history of the events which immediately followed, for they disclose a sickening scene of war and bloodshed; but at once state the conclusion, that at the battle of Sempach, fought on the 9th of July 1386, the Swiss were again victorious over the Austrians. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the convention of Sempach. A further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with her other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural pursuits, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.

We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris: war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon

further strengthened by the addition of Argovia. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours: the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton: the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually stiled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people, than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole

delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverduin in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some

shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenberg, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenberg withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovia, Thurgovia, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose, sounding a bugle at ten at night for a departure, and on the following morning reaching the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The

weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying, "Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory!" The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Lemman. The route was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long

remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels. Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold* :—

“There is a spot should not be passed in vain—
 Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
 Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain ;
 Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
 A bony heap, through ages to remain,
 Themselves their monument.” * * *

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Lemman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535 the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese ; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, partly within whose waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated ; among others, François de Bonnavard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles, and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a

portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—*Helvetia* being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. In 1830 a considerable reform of abuses was generally effected, and since that period Switzerland has been, politically, not only the most free, but also one of the most prosperous and happy countries in Europe.

It now comprehends twenty-three cantons, as follows:—Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle-town, Basle-country, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin, Vaud, Valais, Neufchatel, and Geneva; the whole containing about two millions and a half of people. The cantons, though in some cases not larger than an English county, are each independent states as far as internal government is concerned; and are united only in a confederacy for mutual protection and general interests.

Deputies sent by each meet and form a diet or parliament, the seat of which is alternately at Berne, Lucerne, and Zurich.

In Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Zug, Glarus, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin, Vaud, Valais, and Geneva, the constitutions are democratic; in the remaining cantons they are of a mixed aristocratic and democratic character. Neufchatel possesses a peculiar constitution. Although enjoying the name of a canton, and admitted by representation into the diet, it is in point of fact a principality, under the control of Prussia, in virtue of a hereditary family claim of the Prussian monarch. This claim, by which an annual tribute is imposed, is the last wreck of arbitrary authority within the Swiss territories.

Some cantons are Roman Catholic, and others Protestant. Except in Geneva, there is little practical toleration of any belief not generally professed; and this intolerance is perhaps one of the least pleasing traits in the Swiss character. German is the language of the greater number of the cantons; French is spoken only in Geneva, Vaud, and Neufchatel; and Italian in part of the Grisons and Tessin. Elementary education is widely established, and the country possesses some learned societies; but, on the whole, Switzerland has made a poor figure in literature, and the public mind is more occupied with the real than the imaginary or the refined.

SOCIAL CONDITION—MANUFACTURES.

The principal towns in Switzerland are Berne, Basle, Zurich, Lucerne, Lausanne, and Geneva. Berne is generally esteemed the capital: it certainly is one of the most elegant and wealthy of the cities. In the different towns and villages throughout the country, manufactures are carried on to a considerable extent for home consumption and export. The manufacturing industry of Switzerland in some measure takes its tone from the distinctions of race in the population. The Germans engage in the manufacture of iron and machinery, linens, ribbons, silk, cotton, pottery, and some kind of toys; while the French, from their superior artistic tastes, employ themselves in making watches, jewellery, musical boxes, and other elegant objects. Iron of a superior quality is found in one of the cantons; and coal is also dug, but it is of a poor quality, and wood forms the chief fuel. Salt is now made within the canton of Basle, and in the Valais. From the prevalence of rapid running streams, there is an abundance of water-power in almost all quarters.

Geneva and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence

of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages:—

“As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock, which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

Richard succeeded in repairing the watch; and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil. Our mountaineers were frequently compelled, before the introduction of the above-named industry, to seek for work during the summer months among the people of the surrounding country. They rejoined their families in the winter, being enabled, from their economical savings, the moderateness of their wants, and the produce of a small portion of land, to supply themselves with the necessaries of life. And it must be remarked, also, that the entire liberty which they enjoyed, united to the absence of any description of taxation, greatly tended to relieve the hardships of their lot.

For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed;

several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is not more than eighty or ninety years since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period, also, that dates the change which has taken place in the country of Neufchatel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence.

Thus, in defiance of the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome, in spite of the obstacles which were opposed to the introduction of the produce of our industry into other countries, and notwithstanding the prohibitions which enfeebled its development, it has at length attained a prodigious extension. It may be further remarked, that, from the upper valleys of Neufchatel, where it originated, it has spread from east to west into the valleys of the Jura, and into the cantons of Berne and Vaud; and further, that all these populations form at present a single and united manufactory, whose centre and principal focus is in the mountains of Neufchatel."

It is very pleasing to know that the watchmaking trade of Neufchatel continues to prosper in spite of all the restrictions of surrounding states. In 1834, the number of watches manufactured annually in the canton was about 120,000, of which 35,000 were of gold, and the rest of silver. When to this we add the watches manufactured in the adjoining canton of Geneva, an idea may be obtained of the magnitude of this flourishing branch of trade. It is extremely probable that not fewer than 300,000 watches are exported annually from Geneva and Neufchatel. The greater proportion are necessarily smuggled out of the country, in consequence of the heavy duties or positive prohibitions of France, Austria, and other nations, through which they must go to find an outlet to America, England, Turkey, and countries still more remote. Latterly, by the lowering of import duties, many Swiss watches are imported in a regular way into England.

The manufacture of wooden toys, such as small carved figures and boxes, is also carried on in the mountainous parts of Switzer-

land, many of the rural labourers employing themselves on these articles at leisure hours, and particularly during the winter season, when out-door labour is stopped. Among the hills near Unterseen and Interlaken, we have observed a number of these interesting domestic manufactories, by which, at little cost, many comforts are procured.

Appenzell takes the lead in cotton manufactures, and Zurich in the spinning and weaving of silk. It is most extraordinary how the manufacture of these bulky articles should prosper, considering the distance of the country from the sea. Surrounded by hostile, or at least rival and jealous neighbours, and with a long land-carriage, on which heavy tolls are imposed, to and from sea-ports, the Swiss still contrive to carry on a successful foreign trade, and even outdo the French and Germans in point of skill and cheapness. The whole social condition of the Swiss is curious. The bulk of the country is divided into small possessions, each cultivated or superintended by its proprietor. There are few persons with large estates; and "landed gentlemen," as they are termed in England, are almost unknown. The rural population, therefore, whether agriculturists in the valleys or plains, or sheep or neat-herds among the hills, are, for the greater part, only a superior kind of peasants, few of whom possess the wealth or comforts of modern Scotch farmers. In some districts the people unite the character of agriculturists and artisans. On certain days or seasons, or at certain hours, they work on their little farms, and the rest of their time is employed in weaving, toy-making, or in some other handicraft. Instead of confining themselves to towns, the Swiss operatives prefer working in villages, or in cottages scattered on the faces of the hills; for there they are near the gardens or fields which they delight in cultivating, and there they can unexpensively keep a cow, goat, or pig. A great number have goats, for the sake of their milk, and because their keep is next to nothing in the way of outlay.

The diligence with which the families of Swiss workmen pursue their labours in and out of doors at these rural retreats, is spoken of by all travellers as a kind of wonder; and in the neighbourhood of Zurich it appears in its most captivating form. Wandering up the slopes of the hills, we perceive numerous clusters of cottages, inhabited principally by weavers, from which the sound of the shuttle is heard to proceed. Here, as elsewhere, the cottages are chiefly of wood, but substantial, and are generally ornamented with vines clinging to the picturesque eaves of the roof. All around are patches of garden, or small enclosed fields, sufficient, probably, to pasture one or two goats, with some ground under crops of potatoes. Industry is everywhere observable. If the husband is at the loom, his wife is out of doors at the potato-ridges; a girl is winding bobbins, and a boy is attending the goat. Baby leads the only sinecure life, and is

seen sprawling at his ease on a cushion laid on the ground at a short distance from the mother. The people, in this way, are constantly at work. They may be seen labouring in the fields before sunrise and after sunset. With all their labour, in and out of doors, families do not realise above eight or nine shillings each weekly. Provisions are cheaper than in England, and the taxes are few and light; but, with these advantages in their favour, the Swiss do not realise so high a remuneration as English operatives. Yet, with their few shillings weekly, they are generally better off than workmen in this country, because they are exceedingly economical. The Swiss operative employs his spare hours in making his own or his children's clothes, and his wife and children are all productive in some humble way; so that, being frugal and easily contented, the family is never ill off. All contrive to save something. With their savings they build or buy a cottage, and purchase a piece of ground; and to attain this amount of riches—to have this substantial stake in the country—is their highest ambition. That a large proportion of English and Scotch workmen could in the same manner, and with their comparatively high wages, attain the same degree of wealth and respectability, there can be no reasonable doubt. The sixty millions of pounds spent annually in Great Britain on intoxicating liquors, could buy many a comfortable cottage, surrounded by a productive field or garden, the seat of health and happiness.

The most remarkable point in the social economy of Switzerland, is the universal principle of freedom in trade, in which respect it has no parallel on the face of the earth. While in Great Britain the principles of a free exchange of commodities are still nothing more than a theory, in Switzerland they are a practical good. A free export and import are permitted. The government has no custom-house establishment, either in reference to the general frontiers, or the frontiers of the respective states: the only impediment to the transport of goods of any description, in any direction, is the exaction of tolls, at the rate of about one penny per hundredweight, for the benefit of the cantonal revenues; from which, however, the roads are kept in repair. At all the great outlets from Switzerland, strong bodies of *douaniers*, or armed custom-house officers, are stationed by the authorities of other nations, for the purpose of rigorously examining and taxing all articles that come out of the Swiss territory; but within the Swiss side of these outlets, there are no officials to pay the least attention to anything that comes into the country; and, in point of fact, the French, Germans, and other neighbours, export to Switzerland whatever goods they please, including all kinds of foreign produce, without being charged any duty whatever. This very remarkable state of things is partly ascribable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others

contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. Another cause, perhaps, is the vast expense which would be necessarily incurred by attempting to watch a widely-extended boundary beset by active contrabandists. It is at the same time fair to state, that in all the deliberations of the Swiss authorities for a number of years, there appears to have been a great unanimity of feeling on the propriety of abstaining from restrictions on commerce. A committee appointed by the diet in 1833, to consider the subject of foreign relations, made the following report, one of the most extraordinary ever uttered by the members of a legislative body:—

“First—The Swiss confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and manufacture. Second—Under no circumstances and no conditions shall it form a part of the French custom-house system, of the Prussian commercial league, or the custom-house line of any foreign nation. Third—It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade. Fourth—It shall, as far as possible, discuss and establish conventions with the neighbouring states for the disposal of agricultural and vineyard produce and cattle, for obtaining the free ingress of corn, and for maintaining the daily, reciprocal, economical, neighbourly, and border traffic and market transactions. Fifth—Wherever a free trade is not obtainable, it shall endeavour to remove all prohibitions, to lower duties, and to secure the power of transit on the most favourable terms. Sixth—When exceptional favours can be obtained, they shall be used for the advancement of those measures which lead to the accomplishment of the ends proposed; so, however, that exchanges be not thereby limited, nor personal liberty interfered with. Seventh—In the interior of Switzerland, it shall make every exertion to assist industry, and to remove impediments to intercourse; taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers.”

All restrictions on the importation of articles from other countries being thus removed, it might be supposed by some that the country would be deluged with foreign manufactures, greatly to the injury of native capitalists and workmen. But this does not appear to be the case. In several branches of manufacture the Swiss excel; and the opportunity of buying certain kinds of foreign produce, at a particularly cheap rate, enables the people to encourage the growth of other manufactures in their own country. The peasant who buys an English-made knife at half what he could buy a Swiss one for, has a half of his money remaining wherewith to purchase a native-made ribbon; hence, Swiss manufactures of one kind or other are sure to be encouraged.

FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

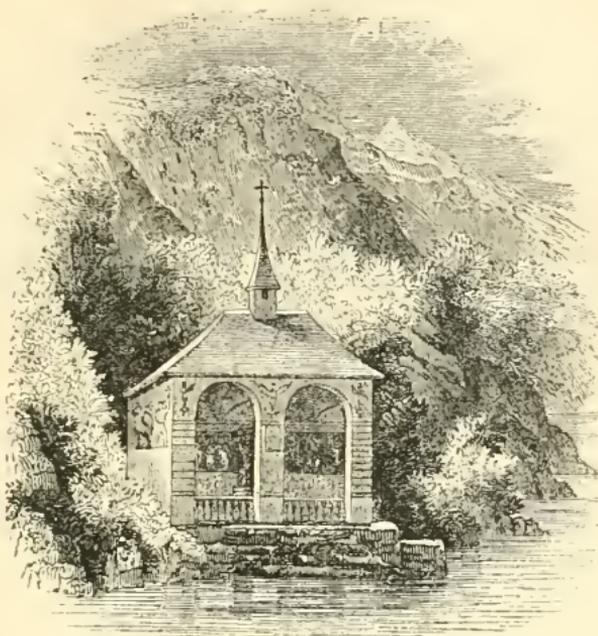
Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England; these generally reach it by ascending the Rhine in steam-vessels as far as Strasburg, and thence by railway to Basle. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from twenty to thirty miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now daily traversed by a small steamboat.

The thing which imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connexion with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked. In the true spirit of a poet, Rogers has referred to the sentiment which thus clothes the rugged headlands and steeps of Lucerne with hallowed recollections:—

“ That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
 Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
 Built by the giant race before the flood ;
 Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
 Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
 From god-like men. * *
 That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
 Training a band of small republics there,
 Which still exist, the envy of the world !
 Who would not land in each, and tread the ground—
 Land where TELL leaped ashore—and climb to drink
 Of the three hallowed fountains ? He that does,
 Comes back the better. * *
 Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory,
 Graven with records of the past,
 Excites to hero-worship.”

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons, from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schweitz, as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the

water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only



Tell's Chapel.

means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Küsnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate; and only once a-year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles farther on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finisterarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. We present in next page a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direc-



tion from Lake Lemman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. *Cretins* occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently *goitres* than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Lemman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Lemman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial

pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Lemman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steamboats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a depôt for military stores. The buildings are entire, but uninhabited. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shows on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice, overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the "Prisoner of Chillon" of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of

this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic license has therefore been taken in the forcible lines—

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod—
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
 By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God!”

The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron, may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.





GREAT poet has said—

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

How much truth there is in this saying, is strikingly shown in the history of Grace Darling; for, being in what is called a humble station in life, she, acting well her part in it, and having on one occasion manifested some of the highest qualities which belong to human nature, became, for these reasons, an object of respect and admiration to persons of every rank and condition, and acquired a celebrity which may be said to have spread over the greater part of the civilised world. Nobles of the highest rank, and even royalty itself, felt the demands which the singular worth of this young woman made upon them, and vied with individuals of her own class in doing her the honour she deserved.

Grace Darling was one of a numerous family born to William Darling, lighthouse-keeper. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, originally a cooper at Dunse, in Berwickshire, removed to Belford, in Northumberland, and finally settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne islands on the coast of the last-mentioned county. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. The qualities required in the keeper of a lighthouse are of no common kind: he must be a generally intelligent, as well as steady and judicious man. Moreover, in so solitary a situation as the Longstone lighthouse, where weeks may pass without any communication with the mainland, he would need to be of that character which has resources within itself, so as to be in a great measure independent of the rest of society for what may make life pass agreeably. In such a situation, the mind of an ordinary man is apt to suffer from the want of excitement and novelty; while a superior mind only takes advantage of it for improving itself. Of this superior character seems to be William Darling, the father of our heroine. He is described as uncommonly steady and intelligent, and of extremely quiet and modest manners. It speaks great things for him, that his children have all been educated in a comparatively respectable manner—his daughter Grace, for example, writing in a hand equal to that of most ladies.

Grace was born, November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. Of the events of her early years, whether she was educated on the mainland, or lived constantly in the solitary abode of her parents, first at the Brownsman, and afterwards on the Longstone island, we are not particularly informed. During her girlish years, and till the time of her death, her residence in the Longstone lighthouse was constant, or only broken by occasional visits to the coast. She and her mother managed the little household at Longstone. She is described as having been at that time, as indeed during her whole life, remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In person she was about the middle size—of fair complexion and a comely countenance—with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realisation of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," says he, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that

daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself.”

There is something, unquestionably, in the scene of Grace's early years which was calculated to nurse an unobtrusively enthusiastic spirit. The Farne islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in some instances surrounded by precipices, they are the residence of little besides sea-fowl. On the principal one (Farne), in an early age, there was a small monastery, celebrated as the retreat of St Cuthbert, who died there in the year 686. “Farne,” says Mr Raine, in his history of Durham, “certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or the repose of the hermit could only be interrupted by the scream of the water-fowl, or the roaring of the winds and waves; not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the island; but this would still more effectually win the recluse from the world, by teaching him a practical lesson of the vanity of man and his operations, when compared with the mighty works of the Being who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

Through the channels between the smaller Farne islands the sea rushes with great force; and many a shipwreck, of which there is no record, must have happened here in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century ago, a Dutch forty-gun frigate, with all the crew, was lost among the islands. In the year 1782, a large merchant-brig, on her return voyage from America, was dashed to pieces amongst them, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. During the dreadful gale which continued from January 31st to February 8th, 1823, three brigs and a sloop were wrecked in their vicinity, but all the crews were saved except one boy. Another brig was dashed to pieces on Sunderland Point, when all on board perished; and a large brig and a sloop were wrecked on the Harker. Mr Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says, “It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests, since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning

the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds, like great round ropes and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

Living on that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean—with the horrors of the tempest familiarised to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea, with the distant sail on the horizon—Grace Darling was shut out, as it were, from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr John Humble, formerly master of the Neptune, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday the 5th of September 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained—Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards; in all, sixty-three persons.

The Forfarshire was only two years old; but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage reappeared, and continued for about six hours; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engine-man, Allan Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable, so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the Forfarshire, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers; and Mrs Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that "all was not right," that if her husband, who is a glassman, had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage,

and passed through the "Fairway," between the Farne islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense, that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the Forfarshire's timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.

At this juncture a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was Mr Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trousers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore part remained on the rock.

The captain and his wife seem to have been amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass in the fore part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here also a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

The sufferers, nine in number (five of the crew and four passengers), remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak—exposed to the buffeting of the waves amidst darkness, and feared that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr and Mrs Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period in the day, a reward of £5, offered by Mr Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the perils of that terrible passage then, would have done the highest honour to the well-tryed nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm! Through the din mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them! Mr Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being always at hand.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have

been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide again ebbed.

It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock: and when there, a danger—greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it—arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

The sufferers were conveyed at once to the lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time; and owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. A boat's crew that came off to their relief from North Sunderland were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.*

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathising thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most

* The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the Forfarshire, by Darling and his daughter, were—John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tulloch, carpenter, Dundee; and John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew: D. Donovan, fireman and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; and Mrs Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The party in the boat, also nine in number, were picked up next morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields. The entire number saved was therefore eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder, including the captain and his wife, Mr Bell, factor to the Earl of Kinnoul, the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld, and some ladies of a respectable rank in society, perished.

instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks: the president presented her with a handsome silver teapot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. A public subscription was raised with the view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about £700. Her name was echoed with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for; and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat, for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is, indeed, gratifying to state, that, amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her, never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone lighthouse with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet, a more honourable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland; and thus affording, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.*

* William Howitt gives the following account of his interview with Grace Darling:—"When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top lighthouse, and had seen its machinery—had taken a good look-out at the distant shore—and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of striped printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided—just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are.

She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said, 'How do you do, sir?' Her figure is by no means striking; quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion, that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind."

It is a melancholy reflection, that one so deserving should have been struck down almost ere yet the plaudits excited by her noble deed had died away; that the grasp of death should have been fastened on her almost before enjoyment could have taught her to appreciate the estimate formed of her conduct. "Whom the gods love, die young," 'twas said of old, and unquestionably the fatality which often attends deserving youth (and of which her fate presents so striking an instance) originated the idea. Consumption was the disease to which she fell a victim. Having shown symptoms of delicate health, she was, towards the latter end of 1841, removed from the Longstone lighthouse, on the recommendation of her medical attendant, to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler for change of air. Her wish was complied with; but she found no relief; and at the request of her father she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her own physician to give her the benefit of his medical advice. All, however, was of no avail. Her father anxiously desiring that she should return amongst her family, she was accordingly removed once more to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her decease. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland, without a single attendant, and attired in the most homely manner, repaired to Grace Darling's lodgings, for the purpose of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. For some time previous to her death, she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching; but this gave her no uneasiness. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout.

Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on the 20th of October, 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur. The funeral took place at Bamborough on the following Monday, and was very numerously attended. The pall was borne by William Barnfather, Esq., from Alnwick Castle, Robert Smeddle, Esq., of Bamborough Castle, the Rev. Mr Mitford Taylor, of North Sunderland, and Mr Fender, surgeon, Bamborough. Ten of the immediate relatives of the deceased, including her father, and brother William, as mourners, followed by Mr Evans, officer of customs, Bamborough, and a young man from Durham,

who is said to have cherished an ardent affection for the deceased, formed the funeral procession, which was accompanied by an immense concourse of persons of all ages and grades in society, many of whom seemed deeply affected.

It may be here mentioned, as illustrative of Grace Darling's character, that she received numerous offers of marriage, many of which might have been considered advantageous, but all of which she declined, usually alleging her desire never to change her condition whilst her parents were alive. It is said that, on the occasion of her being introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, his Grace told her that he hoped she would be careful in such matters, as there would be sure to be designs upon her money; and she told him she would not marry without his approbation.*

We may here properly take occasion to advert to a disposition which strangers have observed to prevail amongst the inhabitants of the fishing villages adjacent to the scene of the wreck, to depreciate the greatness of Miss Darling's deed, by speaking lightly of the danger to which it subjected her. We do not ascribe this altogether to a spirit of envy or detraction, but rather conceive it to be in a great measure the natural effect of those people's habitual situation, relatively to the scene of the wreck, and the circumstances with which it was attended. They are persons who have husbands, and fathers, and brothers, almost daily exposed, in following their pursuits as fishermen, to the dangers which Darling and his daughter voluntarily encountered from an impulse of humanity. However paradoxical may seem the assertion, it in reality was not amongst people thus familiarised—all of them in idea, and most of them in reality—with scenes of tempest and danger, that the warmest appreciation of such conduct was to be expected. Striking as was the case, there was nothing in it which was sufficiently contrasted with the incidents of their daily life to stir their feelings on behalf of the heroine. It was to

“The gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,”

and the ladies, nursed in the lap of luxury, whose cheeks “the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit too roughly,” and who had never known aught of a scene of tempest and shipwreck beyond what the boards of a theatre or the pages of a romance might have taught them—it was to them that the idea of a girl, under a humane impulse, voluntarily taking a boat's oar to drift

* The proceeds of the public subscription (about £700) were funded for Miss Darling's use under the trusteeship of the Duke of Northumberland and Mr Archdeacon Thorp. This sum is understood to have been inherited by her father. Some other sums which had been directly sent to her as tributes to her worth, were divided by the amiable young woman amongst her brothers and sisters.

through wind and tide amongst those jagged rocks, came home with electrifying effect; and it would have been strange had it been otherwise.*

VOLNEY BECKNER.

HEROISM in a humble station in life was not more remarkably exemplified in the case of Grace Darling than in the instance of Volney Beckner, an Irish sailor boy.

Volney was born at Londonderry in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a seafaring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow also was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly wakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, such was the life of

* This account of the latter years of Grace Darling, as well as the narrative of the rescue, is extracted, with permission, from a memoir of the young heroine which appeared in the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*, February 4, 1843.

Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trustworthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity, saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill, and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life

for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard—"Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor boy—Volney Beckner.

JAMES MAXWELL.

THE preceding instances of heroism in humble life, have a fine parallel in that of the late James Maxwell, whose sacrifice of self to duty and humanity has rarely been surpassed. James was of a family of brave men, natives of Stirlingshire. Having a number of years ago wished to emigrate to Canada, the family removed westward, intending to sail from the Clyde; which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person intrusted with the money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and absconded; so that they were compelled, for want of funds, to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They were all first-rate men, and employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels, either at home or abroad. James was appointed to act as pilot on board a fine steam-vessel called the Clydesdale, of which the master was a worthy young man, named Turner.

About the year 1827, the vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage across the Channel, with between seventy and eighty passengers, Maxwell became sensible at intervals of the smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavouring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he too had perceived it; but neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger also observed this alarming vapour, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven o'clock at night this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Maxwell was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the odour of burning timber. At last he sprang upon deck, exclaiming, "Maxwell, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" James calmly inquired, "Then shall I put about?" Turner's order was to proceed. Maxwell struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered, "Oh, God Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and, oh God, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!"

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, we cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter-gallery, where the self-devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless; for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals, the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!

The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Maxwell, whose feet were already roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward; but this could not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he run her into the open space, and alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore—all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all of them have given, when driving over the wide sea in their flaming prison, to the man who would have promised them safety! But when this heroic man had accomplished the desperate undertaking, did the gratitude of this multitude continue beyond the minute of deliverance! We believe it *did not*! One man exclaimed, "There is my trunk—I am ruined without it: five pounds to whoever will save it!" Maxwell could not hesitate in relieving any species of distress. He snatched the burning handle of the trunk, and swung it on shore, but left the skin of his hand and fingers sticking upon it—a memorial which might have roused the gratitude of the most torpid savage! But he who offered the reward forgot to pay it to one who could not and would not ask of any one on earth.

As might have been expected, Maxwell's constitution, though very powerful, never recovered the effects of that dreadful burning. Indeed it required all the skill and enthusiasm of an eminent physician under whose care he placed himself, to save his life. Though the flames had not actually closed round him as he stood on his awful watch, yet such was the heat under him and around him, that not only, as we have said, were his feet severely burnt, but his hair, a large hair-cap, and huge dreadnought watch-coat, which he wore, were all in such a state from the intense heat, that they crumbled into powder on the least touch. His handsome athletic form was reduced to the extremest emaciation; his young face became ten years older during that appalling night; and his hair changed to gray.

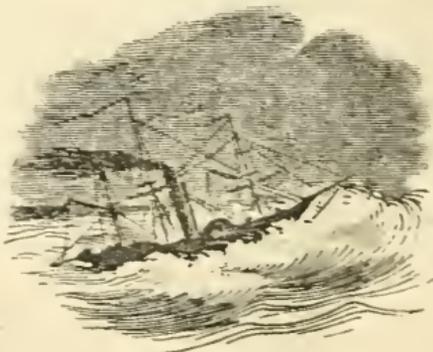
A subscription for the unfortunate pilot was set on foot among the gentlemen of Glasgow some time after the burning. On this occasion the sum of a hundred pounds was raised, of which sixty pounds were divided between the master and pilot, and the remainder given to the sailors. Notwithstanding his disabilities, James was fortunately able, after an interval, to pursue his occupation as a pilot; but owing to a weakness in his feet, caused by the injuries they had received, he fell, and endured a severe fracture of the ribs. The value, however, in which he was held by his employers, on account of his steady and upright

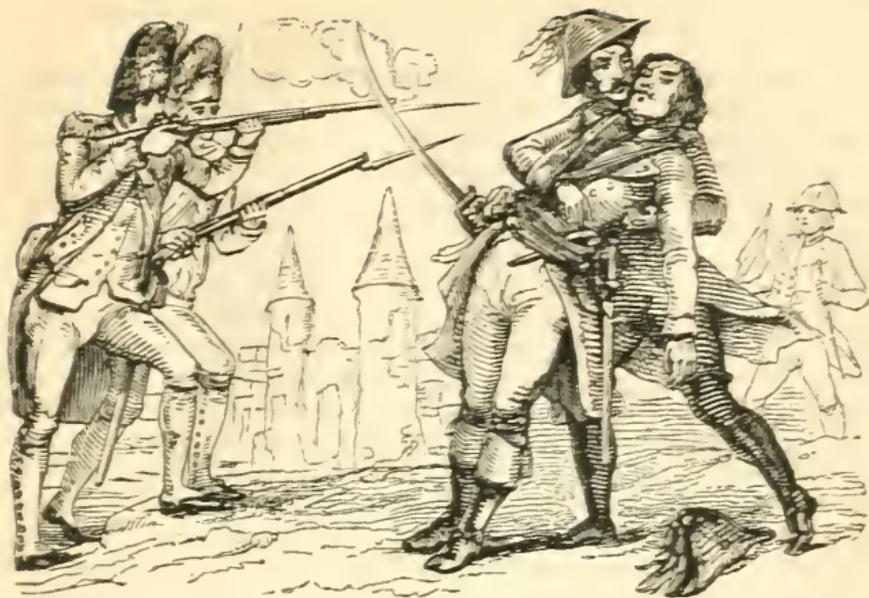
HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

character, caused them, on this occasion, to continue his ordinary pay during the period of his recovery. After this event, James entered the service of another company (Messrs Thomson and M'Connel), conducting a steam-shipping communication between Glasgow and Liverpool; by whom, notwithstanding the enfeebled state of his body and broken health, he was (as how could such a man be otherwise?) esteemed as a valuable servant.

In the year 1835 the case of this hero in humble life was noticed in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, and roused a very general sympathy in his favour. The subscriptions in his behalf were, at this time, of material service in enabling him to support his family; but misfortunes, arising out of his enfeebled condition, afterwards pressed upon him, and another subscription was made for his relief in 1840. James did not live to reap the full benefit of this fresh act of public benevolence and respect; and shortly after his decease, his wife also died. We are glad to know that enough was realised to aid in rearing and educating the younger children of an excellent individual, who deserved so well of his country.

The preceding instances of personal intrepidity may perhaps serve to convey correct ideas on the nature of heroism. A hero, as we have seen, is one who boldly faces danger in a good cause; as, for instance, to save a fellow-creature from hurt or death—to protect the property of others from violence—and to defend our native country from the attacks of enemies; in each case with some risk to our own person and life. Bravery is a different thing. A robber may be brave; one nation attacking another for the mere purpose of injuring it may be very brave; but bravery in these cases is not heroism. Military commanders have often been called heroes, without deserving the name. They may have been successful in their wars; but if they have not fought for good ends, they are not truly heroes, and are not entitled to such fame as that bestowed on the heroic GRACE DARLING, VOLNEY BECKNER, and JAMES MAXWELL.

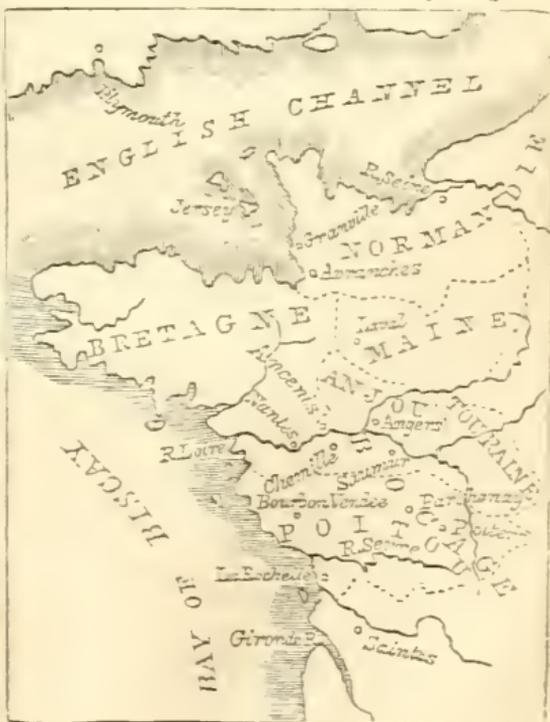




LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN AND THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE.

THE war in La Vendée is as interesting a struggle as any which occurs in history. Similar in many respects to that of the Scottish Highlanders under Montrose at the time of our own revolution, it is precisely the kind of struggle that will interest all who have any strong patriotic feeling, any pity for the crushed and injured, any admiration for courage and daring, any regard for the noble men whom God has made unfortunate.

In the year 1789-90, the revolutionary spirit had gone abroad over all France, except La Vendée, a district in the western part of



the kingdom, adjoining the Atlantic ocean on one side, and the Loire on another. The interior of this district, which we have sketched in the accompanying map, was called the *Bocage*, or thicket, and the strip on the sea-coast was styled the *Marais*, or marsh. The Bocage, plenteously covered with hedgerows and brushwood, formed a pretty rural scene, enriched with farm-houses, villages, churches, and old-fashioned chateaux, or residences of landed gentry.

At the period to which we allude, the population of La Vendée consisted in a great measure of small farmers, a prosperous and contented race, living under a body of kind landlords. According to all accounts, the relation between the landlord and his tenants was all that philanthropists could now desire. Nowhere had the aristocratic principle shone with so beneficent a lustre. The proprietors, most of whom belonged to the ranks of the nobility, were constantly meeting, chatting, and laughing with their tenants, and, if need be, lending them their advice and assistance. The landlord's family went to all the weddings, and on the occasion of every festival, all the young people on the estate came to dance in the courtyard of the chateau. Returning from the gaieties of Paris, the gentry were careful to resume the primitive Vendéan habits. Fond of field-sports, they invited all classes to join them; at the time and place appointed they all met with their guns—farmers, peasants, and proprietors together—each having his assigned place in the hunt. In this manner, by frequent out-door amusements and occupations, the Vendéans were physically a strong and hardy race.

With substantially nothing to complain of, attached to their landlords, their religion, and the old forms of government, the people of La Vendée viewed the revolutionary outbreak with distrust, and shrunk from taking any part in the movement. They therefore remained tranquil until 1791, when the Constituent Assembly decreed that the clergy, like other public functionaries, should take the civic oath. The penalty for refusing was the loss of livings. Many thousands refused, and hence arose a distinction between the *Constitutional* and *Nonconforming* clergy. In the place of those who were ejected from their livings, others with a more convenient conscience were appointed. The clergy of La Vendée generally refused to take the oath; and, countenanced by the people, openly retained their parishes in spite of the government; an act of contumacy which could not long escape punishment. On the 29th of November 1791, a decree was accordingly passed peremptorily ordering all the priests who had not yet taken the civic oath to do so within a week, under pain of forfeiting the pensions they still held, of expulsion from the district if necessary, and, in certain cases, of imprisonment. The local authorities were stringently required to see this decree put in force, and they were empowered to put down every insurrection with a strong hand. Intellectually to assist the opera-

tion of this decree, the refractory districts were to be flooded with cheap reprints of popular philosophical works, and with enlightened new publications—a project which proved of efficacy in many places, but was of small avail in La Vendée.

During the whole of 1792, La Vendée continued in a state of violent ebullition; the local authorities carrying out the decree with considerable rigour, and the peasants everywhere offering resistance. When they were turned out, the nonconforming clergy hid themselves in the woods; thither the people flocked to hear them, the men carrying muskets in their hands; and if they were surprised by the military, a skirmish took place. It was not till the spring of 1793, after the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI., that anything like a rising took place, and then only in consequence of the new and stringent measures to raise men for the army of the republic. The Convention, as the governing body was now called, on the 24th of February decreed a levy of 30,000 men throughout France. Every parish was to supply an allotted number of conscripts. Sunday the 10th of March had been fixed as the day of drawing in many parishes of Anjou and Poitou; and, in expectation of resistance, artillery and gendarmes were in attendance. In the town of St Florent, on the Loire, especial precautions had been adopted; cannons stood ready loaded to fire at a moment's notice. Some disturbance having broken out, a cannon was fired, and this was the signal for insurrection. René Forêt, a young man, heading a body of peasants, rushed forward, and seizing the gun, quickly dispersed the authorities, civil and military. The party afterwards proceeded to the municipality, took whatever arms they could find, collected all the papers, and made a bonfire of them amid huzzas and shouts of laughter. Having remained together for an hour or two in high spirits, they dispersed, each individual taking his own direction homeward through the Bocage, and reciting to every one he met the exploits of the day.

In the course of the evening, intelligence of this event was communicated to Jacques Cathelineau, a hawker of woollen goods in the small town of Pin. Jacques was a shrewd, pains-taking, and neighbourly man; a good converser, and a species of oracle in the district. He was a middle-sized man, with a broad forehead, and in the prime of life, being thirty-five years of age. As soon as Jacques heard of the insurrection, he resolved on leaving wife and family, and putting himself at its head; it was, he said, the cause of God and religion, and it was plainly his duty to sit no longer idle. Acting on this impulse, he instantly set out, going from house to house scattering his burning words, and in a few hours he had twenty-seven followers, all vigorous and earnest. The civil war in La Vendée had begun.

With his small and trusty band Jacques proceeded onward to the village of Poitevinière, recruiting all the way, and rousing the country by setting the church bells a- ringing. With about a

hundred men, armed mostly with pitchforks and clubs, he made a bold beginning by attacking the chateau of Tallais, garrisoned by a hundred and fifty republican soldiers, or Blues, as they were contemptuously termed, commanded by a physician of the name of Bousseau, and possessed of one cannon. The attack was over in a moment. The cannon was fired; but the shot passed over their heads, and Cathelineau and his men dashed on to the hand-grapple. The Blues fled—Bousseau was taken prisoner. The peasants also got firearms, horses, and ammunition, and they had now procured a cannon. Delighted with the prize, they almost hugged it for joy, and with a mixture of pious faith and shrewdness, they christened it *The Missionary*. Losing no time at Tallais, they marched to Chemillé, where there was a garrison of two hundred Blues, with three cannons. The insurgents took Chemillé with even greater ease than they had taken Tallais, and were rewarded with more cannons and firearms. At the same time recruits were fast pouring in from all directions.

Meanwhile there were similar commotions in other parts of the Bocage. Forêt, the hot-spirited young man who had begun the affray at St Florent, had gone home, like the rest, that evening: he lived at Chanzeaux. Next morning a party of gendarmes, led by a guide, came to arrest him. Forêt, who expected the visit, saw them coming, fired, killed the guide, and then darting off through the hedges, ran to the church and set the bell a-ringing. The peasants flocked out and gathered round him. Another rising took place at a short distance, on the estate of Maulevrier. The proprietor was absent, and nobody representing him was on the property except the *garde chasse*, or gamekeeper. This man's name was Nicolas Stofflet. He was a large and powerful man, of German descent, with stern, strongly-marked features, a swarthy complexion, black hair and black eyes, and had a vehement determined way of speaking, with a German accent. He was forty years of age, had served sixteen of these in the army, where his courage and strong sense had raised him above the rank of a common soldier, and it was there that he had attracted the notice of the proprietor of Maulevrier, on whose estate he now held the situation of gamekeeper. Though noted for a blunt, harsh, positive manner, he had an extraordinary degree of native sagacity, great acquired knowledge of affairs, a frame of iron, and the courage of a desperado. On the day that the gendarmes went to arrest Forêt, a detachment of national guards came from Chollet, a town in the neighbourhood, to the chateau of Maulevrier, and carried off twelve cannons, which were kept as family relics. Burning with rage at this insult, Stofflet vowed vengeance, and roused the peasantry to the number of two hundred. This was on the 11th. On the 14th these two bands, Stofflet's and Forêt's, with others raised in a similar manner, joined themselves to that of Cathelineau.

On the 16th these combined forces attacked Chollet. Beating the national guards, they gained possession of a considerable quantity of arms, money, and ammunition. Scarcely was the combat over, when Cathelineau, hearing that the national guards of Saumur were at that moment on their way to Vihiers, sent a part of his forces to attack them. At Vihiers the guards fled, abandoning their arms, and among the rest a peculiar-looking brass cannon. This cannon had been taken from the Chateau de Richelieu, and was the identical one which Louis XIII. had given to the great Cardinal Richelieu. The peasants immediately conceived a great veneration for this precious relic. They thought they could trace in the engraving with which it was covered an image of the Virgin, and so they called it *Marie Jeanne*.

It was now Saturday night, and to-morrow was Easter Sunday. Cathelineau's little army broke up, the peasants all wending their way through the bushy labyrinth to their several homes, to prepare for the solemnities of the morrow. They were to reassemble when these were over. Thoughts of the events of the past week, and of the dangers of the enterprise to which they had committed themselves, mingled, we may suppose, with their prayers and pious ceremonies. Cathelineau, at least, had been thinking busily; for we shall find that, on the reassembling of the little army, he came prepared with a scheme for their future proceedings.

In a single week, it is observed, not a little had been effected in the district, which embraced the south of Anjou and the north of Poitou. But all through the south of Bretagne, and the lower part of Poitou, including the district called the Marais, the draughting of recruits had been attended with similar effects. At Challais and Machecoul especially, there were vigorous demonstrations. At the former town one Gaston, a barber, who had killed a revolutionist officer, headed the rising. At Machecoul the outbreak was headed by a private gentleman, a keen royalist, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, had seen some of the terrible doings at Paris, and was now living on a small estate. His name was the Chevalier de Charette. Twice the peasants about Machecoul came to him, begging him to come and be their leader, and as often he refused. They came a third time, threatening to kill him if he did not comply with their wishes. "Oh," said Charette, "you force me, do you? Well, then, I shall be your leader; but, remember, the first one who disobeys me, I shall blow his brains out." Charette was as extraordinary a man as any of the Vendée heroes, though different in character from them all; but his story is the narrative of a whole insurrection in itself, which continued later than that with which alone we are at present concerned, and therefore we pass him by with a slight notice. The army which he led was called that of Bas-Poitou, to distinguish it from the Vendée army which

Cathelineau headed, and which was called the army of Haut-Poitou. The existence of these two armies, conducting operations near each other at the same time, but totally independent of each other, is to be borne in remembrance. While we are following the proceedings of the army of Haut-Poitou, it is to be recollected, therefore, that another army was carrying on similar operations. Occasionally the two armies co-operated; Charette, however, seems to have disliked acting in concert with other commanders, and regulated his own movements.

To return to Cathelineau and Stofflet. After Easter, the peasants reassembled in large numbers. One of Cathelineau's first propositions, after the little army collected, was to insist upon the necessity of securing one or two royalist gentlemen to join their enterprise and become its leaders. "It is for the nobles to be our generals," said he. "We are as brave as they are; but they understand the art of war better than we do." The proposal was received with enthusiasm; and that day, by dint of intreaties and deputations, they dragged three of the most popular royalist gentlemen of the neighbourhood out of the retirement of their chateaux. These were M. de Bonchamp, M. D'Elbée, and M. Dommaigné. Bonchamp was a man of about thirty-three years of age, and of noble family: he had served in India, but had resigned his commission on being required to take the Revolution oath; had emigrated, but after a little while returned to his estate in the Bocage. He was one of the ablest and best-liked officers the Vendéans ever had; and his great military experience made his services particularly valuable. D'Elbée had served in the army too; he was a little man of about forty years of age, with good abilities, and great personal courage; exceedingly devout, somewhat vain, consequential, and touchy. The last of the three gentlemen mentioned, Dommaigné, had been a captain of carbineers, and was also a valuable acquisition. Having secured these three generals to share the command with Cathelineau and Stofflet, the peasants were prepared for all that might come against them.

At that time there was living at the chateau of Clisson, farther south in Poitou than the scene of the occurrences we have been describing, a royalist family, named Lescure. The Marquis de Lescure, the head of the family, was a young man of twenty-six years of age, who had lately inherited the property from his father, and been married to Mademoiselle Donnissan, a young lady who had been on terms of intimacy with the queen and other members of the royal family. Having fortunately escaped from Paris when their lives were menaced by a revolutionary mob, they retreated to their castle of Clisson, where their hospitality was extended to a number of distressed royalists.

Among the personages who had taken up their residence at Clisson, there was a young man, a friend of M. de Lescure, by

name Henri Duvergier, Count de La Rochejaquelein. This young man, the son of a colonel, was himself a cavalry officer in the king's guard. Though all his family had emigrated, Henri would not, and, leaving Paris after the terrible 10th of August 1792, he was heard to say, "I am going to my native province, and you will shortly hear something of me." After residing for some time by himself in his chateau of La Durbelliere, situated in one of the disturbed parishes, he had come to live with his friend Lescure at Clisson. He was only twenty years of age, but tall, and singularly handsome. With fair hair, a fine oval face, more English than French, and a proud eagle look, never did hussar sit on horseback with a nobler bearing than that of the generous, dashing, chivalrous Henri. His appearance, indeed, was exceedingly prepossessing, and his conversation only increased the fascination of his manner. It was pleasant to hear him speak; his mode of expressing himself was so simple, so intense, so quaint, so laconic. At present his fault was in being too impulsive, too daring; but this high-souled impatience seemed to make him more an object of attraction. The peasants adored him. And afterwards, when they saw him dashing on at their head into the thick of the enemy, the first man in a charge, or defending a bridge, making his horse wheel and his sabre flash amid whistling bullets, or the last man in a retreat, they could have stood still and looked on for sheer admiration. Such was Henri La Rochejaquelein.

During the early part of the insurrection, none of the inmates of Clisson had thought it necessary to interfere; but now it was evident that the time had arrived when they should take part either with the peasants or with the authorities. It was decided that when it became necessary to act, they would all join the insurrection. The day was approaching when the militia were to be drawn for in the parish in which Clisson was situated, and young La Rochejaquelein had to submit to be drawn for with the rest. The evening before the drawing, a young peasant came to the chateau charged with a message to Henri from his aunt Made-moiselle de La Rochejaquelein, who resided a little way off, near the scene of Charette's operations. This young man told Henri that the peasants in the quarter from which he had come were going to rise to-morrow, and that they were all exceedingly anxious to have him for their leader. Henri, whose mind was already made up, and who, in fact, was only waiting for a good opportunity, declared his readiness to go that instant. Lescure was for accompanying him, but Henri urged the folly of committing a whole family, till it should be ascertained whether the enterprise were feasible. It was then urged by Madame Donnissan that Henri's departure might draw down the vengeance of the authorities on the inmates of the chateau; and this almost had the effect of shaking the young man's resolution; but at last, putting on that energetic look which never afterwards left him,

he exclaimed, "If they do arrest you, I shall come and deliver you."

This intrepid young man accordingly set out to join the insurgents; and shortly after his departure, the other inmates of the castle, including Lescure and his wife, were taken into custody, and conducted to Bressuire, where we shall leave them in confinement, till we return to the general course of the war.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

For several weeks after Easter, the insurrection spread like wildfire over the whole of Anjou and Haut-Poitou, and, generally speaking, the authorities of the district, with all the military they could command, were completely worsted. The Convention, roused by the intelligence that all La Vendée was in a blaze, took strong and decisive measures. On the 2d of April a decree was passed appointing a military commission, with authority to try and execute, within twenty-four hours, all peasants taken with arms in their hands, as well as all who should be denounced as suspicious persons. Two representatives or delegates of the Convention were to see these measures put in force. Berruyer, a fresh general, was sent down to supersede Marce. A large army of reserve, levied for the defence of Paris, and composed principally of Parisian sans culottes, were marched into the Bocage, with two more representatives in their train. After a little skirmishing, Berruyer and his army made their way into the heart of the Bocage, whither also Cathelineau, Stofflet, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée, were on their march at the head of a large straggling mass of peasants. The two came in sight of each other on the 11th of April at Chemillé, and there halted. On the morrow the peasants were to fight their first pitched battle, and, accordingly, great were the bustle and preparation. Among the Vendéans there was an old artilleryman of the name of Bruno, and to this man Cathelineau had intrusted the pointing of the cannons. All the day before the battle, Bruno was going about more excited than usual, and bragging that he would be a rich man yet; and this being somewhat suspicious, he was watched, and detected in the night-time pulling out the charges of the cannons, and reloading them with earth and sand instead of iron. Bruno was instantly shot, and his body thrown into a river—the first and last Vendéan, the peasants boast, that ever was a traitor. Next day, when the fight began, the revolutionary soldiers were somewhat disconcerted when the cannons of the enemy fired iron instead of sand. Part of the army, however, headed by Berruyer, fought heroically till the evening. The cartridges of the peasants were now beginning to fail, and their spirits were flagging, when, two bodies of the enemy committing the mistake of falling foul of each other in the darkness, a confusion arose, which D'Elbée and his men taking advantage of, a complete havoc and dispersion was the result. Berruyer was

compelled to retreat, pursued by the Vendéans. Thus, though not without great loss, the peasants had gained their first pitched battle; and often in their subsequent reverses did they encourage themselves by recollecting "the grand shock of Chemillé." Berruyer wrote to the Committee of Public Safety, announcing his defeat. It was no insignificant affair, he told them, this Vendée insurrection. The peasants, he said, were brave, and fought with the enthusiasm of fanatics who believed death in the field to be a passport to heaven. He complained, too, of the miserably ill-provided state of his army, and of the cowardice of the new recruits, who, he said, would not stand fire. This report was of course kept secret from the public; the success of the Revolution, like that of every other enterprise, depending greatly on its being thought to be succeeding. But Berruyer was not a man to be easily beaten. He continued in the Bocage, his columns advancing and coming into frequent collision with the Vendéans; now routed, now victorious; avoiding another general engagement in the meantime, but gradually creeping round the insurgent army, and encircling it with a chain of posts.

It was at this point in the progress of the war that Henri La Rochejaquelein arrived among the insurgents, having been necessarily detained a few days at St Aubin's, the residence of his aunt, by the way. He was received with gloomy despair. Bonchamp and Cathelineau told him that it would not be possible to continue under arms, for all the posts were in the hands of the enemy; the stock of ammunition was exhausted; and, to crown the evil, the peasants, unaccustomed to be long absent from home, were bent upon disbanding. Ruin, they told their young and sanguine visitor, was inevitable. Henri did not stay to hear more, but went back to his aunt's at St Aubin. Here, again, bad news awaited him. The Blues were at the door; they had pressed forward from Bressuire, and taken Aubieres. The peasants all round were inconceivably excited; they had hoisted the white flag on all their churches; they wished to fight the Blues, but they had no leader. Hearing that young La Rochejaquelein was at his aunt's, they came to him in crowds, beseeching him to put himself at their head. They wanted to fight, they said; and in a day's time there would be more than ten thousand of them. Henri assented: away they ran to spread the news. All night the church-bells were tolling; the fields were indistinctly swarming in the dusk with men making their way in twos and threes from their farm-houses through the wickets in the hedges; and a constant stream was creeping in the darkness through the labyrinth of paths, speaking determinedly to each other with suppressed voices. Early in the morning they had assembled almost to the promised number. Some had sticks, many had pitchforks, others had spits; their firearms amounted altogether to only

two hundred fowling-pieces. Henri had managed to procure about sixty pounds of quarriers' gunpowder. When the young leader appeared to inspect his troops, they stopped eating the pieces of brown bread they held in their hands, and gathered eagerly round him. "My friends," said he, "if my father were here, you would have confidence in him. For me, I am but a boy; but I shall prove by my courage that I am worthy to lead you. If I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I die, avenge me!" "There spoke a hero," said Napoleon afterwards, quoting the speech, as being exactly the thing for the Vendéans. The cheering was loud and long; and when, not having breakfasted, he took a hunch of their brown bread, and ate it along with them, while somebody had gone away for a white loaf, oh! they could have hugged him to their very hearts for fondness. God bless him, their fair-haired, heroic young leader!

They went to Aubieres first; the peasants, notwithstanding their zeal, being not a little frightened, not knowing exactly what a battle was like, nor how they should behave in it. With very little trouble they expelled the Blues out of the village, chasing them almost to Bressuire. But anxious as he was to release Lescure, La Rochejaquelein thought it better to go and extricate Cathelineau and his army out of their difficulties; so he marched to Tiffauges with the cannon and ammunition he had taken; and by the help of this reinforcement, the Vendéan army was soon able to redeem its losses, retake Chollet and Chemillé, and beat the enemy out of all their strong positions.

The army advanced upon Bressuire; and the rumour that the brigands, as the Vendéans were named, were coming, drove the Blues out of that town, retreating to Thouars. Lescure with his wife and friends were now released, and having reached their chateau, they were planning means for joining the insurgents, when Henri La Rochejaquelein galloped into the courtyard. He explained to them the state of affairs, and the prospects of the insurrection. The grand army of Haut-Poitou, commanded by Cathelineau, Bonchamp, Stofflet, &c. consisted, he said, of 20,000 men; and on any emergency they had but to sound the tocsin, and it would swell to 40,000. In addition to these, there was a body of 12,000 natives of Bretagne, who had crossed the Loire and joined the grand army. Then in the Marais, on the sea-coast, Charette had an army of 20,000, and was doing wonders. Besides all these, there were numerous bands fighting here and there under other leaders. An account so promising put them all in high spirits; and it was agreed that Lescure should accompany his friend to Bressuire next day to join the army; that the Marquis de Donnissan, Madame Lescure's father, should follow them as soon as possible; and that Madame Lescure, Madame Donnissan, and the rest, should be conveyed to the Chateau de la Boulaye, which would be the safest residence.

On joining the insurgents, Lescure, as a matter of course, became one of their generals. Donnissan, not being a Vendéan by birth, would assume no direct command; but all through the war he exerted a species of governing influence.

MILITARY ORGANISATION—THE WAR AT ITS HEIGHT.

The organisation of the Vendéan armies was peculiar. A staff always remained in arms; but the great mass of the army fluctuated, assembling and disbanding with the occasion. When anything was to be done, the windmill-sails were seen going on the hills, the horns were heard blowing in the woods, and persons on the watch set the church-bells a-tolling. The people, flocking to the church, were summoned, in the name of God and the king, to assemble at a particular hour and place. The men set out immediately, taking provisions with them; the gentry and rich people of the parishes supplying grain and cattle. All along the road, too, women used to be waiting, telling their beads on their knees, offering provisions to the men as they passed on to the rendezvous. The expeditions never lasted more than four or five days. After either a victory or a defeat, the army melted away like a mass in a state of dissolution, and no intreaty could prevail on the peasants to remain together, either to follow up the one or to retrieve the other; so much did they long, after a day or two's absence, to revisit their farms and their homes. Obedient enough in the field of battle, the peasants did not consider themselves deprived of the right of judging what ought to be done on any given occasion; and if their generals did anything they thought wrong or unfair, they very freely said so. At first there was no commander-in-chief, but each of the generals commanded the peasants of his own neighbourhood—Cathelineau those of Pin, Stofflet those of Maulevrier, &c.; and the generals together formed a council of war. Of the inferior officers, some were gentlemen, and some were peasants; the bravest and best-informed men becoming officers in the mere jostle with each other. As relations and neighbours served in the same body, it was noted that they were very attentive to each other, and that if one were wounded, he was carefully conveyed out of the field by his comrades. There were physicians in the army, who took charge of the wounded; and there was a kind of central hospital at St Laurent. For dress, the men had common blue over-coats, with woollen bonnets or broad-rimmed hats adorned with knots of white ribbons.

In one of their early battles, La Rochejaquelein was seen fighting with a red handkerchief tied brigand-fashion round his head, and another round his waist, holding his pistols. "Aim at the red handkerchief," cried the Blues. The officers and men insisted on his giving up what made him so conspicuous a mark for bullets; but he would not; and so after that the red handkerchiefs became common in the army. The officers did not use the ordi-

nary military phraseology. Instead of saying, "To the right," "To the left," and such-like, they told their men to go up to that white house, or to go round about that large tree, &c. The favourite manœuvre of the Vendéans was "going to the shock," as they called it; that is, seizing the enemy's artillery. The strongest and most active among them went straight up to the battery; the moment they saw the flash they fell flat on their faces, letting the iron-shower whiz overhead; then, springing up, they rushed forward, leaped on the cannons, and grappled with the artillerymen. Frequently, also, they used to lie in wait for a band of republicans they knew to be approaching. In that case, the order given by the commander when he was aware the enemy were near, was *Eparpillez vous, mes gars*—"Scatter yourselves, boys." Instantly the whole mass would disperse hither and thither, parties of six and seven creeping stealthily along, concealing themselves behind hedges and bushes, one hand resting on the ground, the other holding the fatal gun. All is still as death, the trees and bushes waving treacherously in the wind. The doomed troop comes marching on, preceded by scouts, feeling as if some unknown danger were near. As soon as they are fairly jammed up in the path, as in a huge gutter, a cry is heard not far off, like that of an owl. Suddenly, from behind every tuft, every bush, there issues a flash; scores of men fall among their comrades' feet, blocking up the path, and throwing the whole troop into confusion. Enraged and infuriated, they try to scale the banks on both sides of the path to come at their unseen assailants, who by this time, however, are behind another row of hedges recharging their guns.

Let us now pursue the route of the grand army, which we left at Bressuire. From that town they marched straight to Thouars, to which, it will be remembered, the Blues had retreated after evacuating Bressuire. On the 7th of May they attacked this town. First, there was a distant cannonading, then a hard fight crossing a bridge, then a battering down of old rotten walls; and at last Quetineau, the brave republican general who commanded, was obliged to surrender. The inhabitants of Thouars were in a great panic, especially the public functionaries; but all the mischief the royalists did after the surrender of the town, was to burn the Tree of Liberty, and, as was their usual practice, all the papers of the administration. At Thouars the army gained several important accessions, some of them young and noble emigrants, who embraced this opportunity of fighting in behalf of royalty; others were deserters from the republicans. There came in one singular personage, a tall man of imposing mien, whom some of the royalist officers recognised as the Abbé Guyot de Folleville, a priest who had originally taken the civic oath, but had afterwards recanted, left Paris, and settled in Poitou, where he soon acquired a great reputation for sanctity. In an interview which he had with the generals, this man styled

himself bishop of Agra, telling them a strange story of his being one of four apostolic vicars appointed by the Pope for the whole of France, and of his having been secretly consecrated by a conclave of the nonjuring bishops held at St Germain. The story was feasible enough, and no one discredited it. Nothing could exceed the joy of the devout peasants on being told that their cause was now blessed by the presence and countenance of no less a man than the holy Abbé Folleville, bishop of Agra.

After staying about a week at Thouars, the royalists, greatly reduced in numbers, set out for Fontenay, passing through Parthenay and Chataigneraie. Reaching Fontenay on the 16th of May, they made a brisk attack; but were eventually, owing to the smallness of their force, repulsed with the loss of almost all their artillery, *Marie Jeanne* included. This defeat, the priests impressed upon them, was nothing else than a divine judgment for certain excesses committed at Chataigneraie, on their march to Fontenay. Giving the army already assembled a day or two's rest, Cathelineau left it at Fontenay, scouring the Bocage in person, everywhere showing his broad calm forehead, rousing the downcast peasants. In nine days he was back with fresh forces; and, urged on by an enthusiasm half-martial half-religious, the royalists again attacked Fontenay without cannon, without ammunition, without everything by the help of which towns are usually taken, confiding in the bishop of Agra's blessing and their own desperate hand-grapple. Fontenay was taken; and, what delighted the peasants more, *Marie Jeanne*, the best beloved of their cannons, was their own again, torn by the valour of young Forêt from the hands of the retreating enemy as they were dragging it away to Niort. The prisoners taken at Fontenay had their heads shaven, in order that they might be known again, and were then dismissed; and this plan of treating the prisoners became general.

While resting at Fontenay after the battle, and deliberating what should be their next route, the generals were struck with the necessity, now that they were actually wresting the Bocage out of the hands of the Revolution, of establishing some kind of government, to reside permanently in a central locality, administer the affairs of the whole district, and also provide supplies for the army; while the generals, relieved in this way of all civil care, should be marching from place to place, storming towns, and fighting the enemy. Accordingly, a body of eighteen or nineteen persons was appointed to sit at Chatillon, and administer affairs under the title of the Superior Council. Of this council the bishop of Agra was president; there were many advocates among the members: but the master-intellect in it, and the man who, by the force of his overbearing energy, carried everything his own way, was an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Bernier, a bold, gripping, ambitious, essentially bad and selfish man, with a deep

scheming brain, a commanding person, a ready eloquent pen, and a fine sounding voice.

In these arrangements the generals spent some time, the peasants as usual dispersing themselves through the Bocage. Meanwhile the Convention, roused to the absolute necessity of doing something decisive, and dissatisfied with the bad management of Berruyer, sent down, to supersede him in the command, Biron, a brave unfortunate man, who dishonourably served a Revolution he disagreed with, and died on the scaffold declaring himself a royalist. Biron's subordinates were Santerre the brewer, and Westermann, whose abilities and inhumanity did so much for the Revolution which guillotined him. Fresh troops were also sent into La Vendée. They were already occupying strong positions in the north of Poitou. The most important of these was Saumur, a considerable town on the Loire. The royalists therefore determined to march north again and attack this town. After some fighting by the way, they arrived at Saumur on the 9th of June, spent the night in pious exercises, and next morning commenced the attack in three parties. Lescure, fighting at the head of one, was wounded, his men fled, and the route of that division would have been complete but for a lucky accident. Two wagons had been overturned on a bridge, and this checked the pursuit, and gave the fugitives time to rally. At the head of another division La Rochejaquelein and Cathelineau attacked a body of republicans encamped outside the town. The ditch was crossed, and Henri, flinging his hat with its feather inside the fortifications, cried out, "Who will go and fetch it?" and then sprang in himself, followed by Cathelineau and a number more. Evening put an end to the conflict, which it was resolved to renew in the morning; but so great had been the loss sustained by the Blues, that they evacuated the town in the night-time, leaving the besiegers a great many prisoners, plenty of ammunition, eighty cannons, and some thousand muskets. Remaining a day or two at Saumur, the insurgents were joined by several individuals already distinguished, or who afterwards became so; among others, by the Prince de Talmont, a young and noble emigrant, who had hitherto been leading a dissolute life in England, but had now resolved to give himself up to great actions. Here also the generals came to the important resolution of appointing some one of their number commander-in-chief. But which of them all should it be?—the simple, peasant-like, God-fearing Cathelineau, with his broad forehead, large heart, and fiery utterance; the swarthy, iron-visaged Stofflet; the gentle, unassuming Bonchamp, with his powerful inventive faculty, and great military experience; the somewhat consequential and pedantic, but really devout and well-meaning D'Elbée; the grave, silent, thinking Lescure, so recollective and so resolute; or the odd-opinioned, outspoken, chivalrous, high-souled young

Henri? Lescure, whose character it befitted to make the proposal, named Cathelineau, and Cathelineau was unanimously appointed general-in-chief of the royalist army of Louis XVII.

Alas! the noble peasant-commander had not long to live. The republicans, after the loss of Saumur, had vacated all the surrounding district, and concentrated their strength in Nantes, a large town also situated on the Loire, but some fifty or sixty miles west of Saumur, and not far from the sea-coast. The royalist generals deliberated what should be their next step; there was a keen debate, Stofflet almost quarrelling with Bonchamp for proposing a plan which required delay; but at last, most of the generals siding with Stofflet, it was resolved to besiege Nantes. This town being in the province of the Bretons, they hoped, by taking it, to draw into the insurrection the whole of that hardy population. Accordingly, leaving Lescure wounded at La Boulaye, and La Rochejaquelein, much against his will, in Saumur with a garrison, the royalist army set out for Nantes along the northern bank of the Loire, sweeping its route clear of the few straggling republicans that were left, and picking up recruits as it went on. Still, as this line of march did not lie through the Bocage, and as the peasants had a strong repugnance to fighting far away from home, Cathelineau reached Nantes with a force much smaller than usual. To make up for this, however, Charette, who had been carrying on an independent set of military operations in the district bordering on the sea, was prevailed upon by the representations of Lescure to join his forces with those of Cathelineau, and co-operate with him at least in the present siege. The idea of trying to bring about a permanent coalition between the royalist army of Haut-Poitou under Cathelineau, and that of Bas-Poitou under Charette—a coalition which Napoleon emphatically declares might have crushed the Republic—originated either with Bonchamp or with La Rochejaquelein. The siege of Nantes, however, was almost the only case in which the two armies really co-operated. On the evening of the 28th of June, the republican sentinels of Nantes saw far off in the horizon the bivouac-fires of the approaching royalist army, and heard their horns blowing like the lowing of bulls. The commanders, Beysser and Canclaux, prepared for the attack of the morning. The fight was long and bloody: the royalists had penetrated the suburbs; the Blues were giving way; they were flying; when, unluckily, the Prince de Talmont turned two cannons upon a path of exit from the town, into which the fugitives were crowding, and which Cathelineau had purposely left open. Beysser saw this mistake, rallied his troops, who now began to fight with the courage of despair. Cathelineau, who had already had two horses killed under him, gathered a few faithful men of his native village round him for a last decisive effort: making all of them the sign of the cross after their leader, they dashed themselves impetuously against this single obstacle

between them and a great victory. The shock was irresistible. Cathelineau was fighting in the crowded street. At this moment a gun was seen pointed from a window. It was fired. Cathelineau fell, wounded in the breast. It ran from rank to rank—"Cathelineau is wounded—is dead!" The royalists lost all courage; Beysser rallied, and drove them out of the town; their retreat being made less disastrous, however, by the exertions of Charette. The attack on Nantes had ended fatally for the royalists. They had lost a great number of men, and some of their best officers; but all their other losses were felt as nothing compared with that blow which, in the first moment of their grief, seemed to reduce them to utter helplessness, and to make their cause hardly worth defending any more. The good Cathelineau was mortally wounded, and had not long to live. The army broke up dispirited, crossing the Loire in parties, and carrying the sad news, like a desolation, to all the firesides in the woodlands of La Vendée.

La Rochejaquelein had a perplexing duty to perform at Saumur. Cruelly deserted by his followers, he found it necessary to abandon the place, and proceed to Chatillon, where a consultation on the general state of affairs was necessary. The republican army under Westermann was burning and slaying in the Bocage—the castle of Clisson, among other places, being destroyed; and to arrest this inroad was the first object of the Vendéan chiefs. On the 8th of July an engagement between the two parties took place. Westermann's army was almost annihilated, and, exasperated by his cruelties, the royalists inflicted a terrible retaliation on their prisoners. Westermann himself escaped with difficulty. Shortly afterwards he appeared at the bar of the Convention to answer a charge of treachery, founded on the fact of his defeat; and it was only by a piece of singular good fortune that the honest but iron-hearted soldier was reinstated in his command. An attempt was made by Biron to retrieve Westermann's defeat, by sending a strong force under Santerre to make a similar inroad into another part of the Bocage. An engagement ensued at Vihiers, which effectually cleared the interior of the Bocage of republican troops, and the latter end of the month of July was spent by the wearied Vendéans in the comparative tranquillity of their usual occupations.

Unfortunately, all the successes of the Vendéans ended in nothing. The war had lasted a considerable time; there had been much fighting; several decided victories had been gained over the armies of the republic; the insurrection had forced itself upon the attention of the powers directing the Revolution, till it became a great subject of interest in Paris; but all this without any sign of its being a whit nearer its immediate object—namely, the shutting out of the Revolution from La Vendée; much less of its being nearer the great object which had grown out of the

other, and come to occupy the foreground of the whole movement—the extinction of the republic, and the restoration of royalty in France. This was felt by the Vendéan leaders, and they henceforward resolved on a more specific aim: but they possessed little power to carry their schemes into execution; and the division into two armies, one under Cathelineau, and another under Charette, was a fatal error. It was afterwards remarked by Bonaparte, that if these two armies had united, and gone straight to Paris, a counter-revolution would in all likelihood have been the result. One of the plans of the Vendéans was to combine their scattered forces, and they began by appointing D'Elbée as commander-in-chief, in room of the unfortunate Cathelineau, who had died of his wounds. Another plan was, to open up a communication with foreign powers, especially England; procure, if possible, the landing of an English army on the west coast, join forces with it, and, thus strengthened, give battle to the armies of the republic.

While the council was deliberating on these determinate modes of action, government became still more alarmed at the progress of the insurrection. It had now lasted five months, and the Convention perceived that if it lasted much longer, it would attract the eyes of Europe, and become a royalist vortex in the heart of the Revolution. The finishing of the war in La Vendée, therefore, seemed no longer like the mere healing of a local eruption; it became equivalent to cutting out a cancer. "It is with La Vendée," says Barrère, in his report of the 2d of August, "that the aristocrats, the federalists, the department men, and the section men, hold correspondence. It is with La Vendée that the culpable designs of Marseilles are connected, the disgraceful venality of Toulon, the movements of Ardeche, the troubles of Lozere, the conspiracies of Eure and Calvados, the hopes of Sarthe and Mayenne, the bad spirit of Angers, and the sluggish agitations of ancient Bretagne. Destroy La Vendée, and Valenciennes and Condé will no longer be in the hands of the Austrian. Destroy La Vendée, and the English will no longer occupy Dunkirk. Destroy La Vendée, and the Rhine will be freed of the Prussians. Destroy La Vendée, and Spain will see itself torn to pieces, conquered by the forces of the south, joined to the victorious soldiery of Mortagne and Chollet. Destroy La Vendée, and Lyons will resist no more, Toulon will rise against the Spaniards and the English, and the spirit of Marseilles will rise to the level of the Republican Revolution. In fine, every blow which you aim at La Vendée will resound through the rebel towns, the federalist departments, and the invaded frontiers."

These sonorous and sanguinary sayings were followed up by decided actions. The ill-starred Biron had been already recalled, and Beysser appointed to succeed him. Combustibles of all kinds were ordered to be sent into La Vendée for burning the plantations, the underwood, and the broom. The forests were to

be levelled, the crops cut down, the cattle seized, and the goods of the insurgents confiscated wholesale.

While the Convention was meditating this project of devastation, the royalist generals were looking eagerly in the direction of England, the refuge of so many royalists. What are they thinking of us and our struggle in England? was the feeling. Alas! England hardly knew what was going on in La Vendée. One day early in August there came to Chatillon a strange little man, with an exceedingly sharp penetrating look, seeking an interview with the Vendéan generals. This was an envoy from England, carrying despatches from Pitt and Dundas as wadding in his pistols. His name was Tinteniac: he was a Breton emigrant, one of those men of whom so many extraordinary stories are told, who, by the joint force of a wild courage and an exhaustless ingenuity, contrived, during the heat of the war, to pass and repass through miles of hostile territory, carrying despatches which, if discovered, would have conducted them to the nearest gallows. Tinteniac produced his credentials. Can we wonder that a pang of anger was felt when, on opening them, it was found that they were addressed not to D'Elbée, Lescure, La Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, or any other general in the insurrection, but to a dead man; no other, in fact, than the barber Gaston who had headed a local outbreak in the Marais in the month of March, and been killed a day or two after. Oh! it was heart-sickening. Here had they been resisting the Revolution for five months, and yet the statesman whose eyes were supposed to be ranging over Europe, was not so much as aware of the names that were daily bandied about by the French journals. No wonder that they now distrusted England. Nevertheless, an answer to the questions contained in the despatches was written out, pressing for the landing of an English army on the coast of Bretagne, insisting particularly on the necessity of having a Bourbon prince at the head of it, promising 20,000 recruits from La Vendée alone, and assuring England that the landing of the army would rouse all Bretagne. With this answer Tinteniac departed.

The activity of the republican generals, stimulated by the recent orders of the Convention, did not allow the Vendée leaders to desist long from military operations. A battle became necessary whenever the Blues penetrated the Bocage; and this, a strong force under Tuncq, one of Beysser's officers, was now doing. To repel this inroad, Charette, on the 12th of August, joined his forces to those of D'Elbée. A desperate battle took place at Luçon, in which the Vendéans suffered a terrible defeat: and this was but the beginning of disasters. All the servants of the Republic were thinking about nothing else than the best way of carrying out the exterminating edict of the Convention. Santerre himself, who, though nominally exerting himself in a military capacity, was, in reality, in safe lodgings at Saumur,

came forward with a scheme peculiarly his own. He was for putting an end to the insurrection by carbonic acid gas. He recommended that the chemists should prepare some of their strongest gas-emitting substances; these were to be bottled up in tight leathern vessels, which were to be fired like shells into the doomed district, so that, falling on the ground, they might burst, and emit the subtle fluid to impregnate the atmosphere, asphyxiate every living thing, and strew the fields with corpses. Possibly Santerre, though familiar with the effects of carbonic acid gas at the bottom of vats, had no distinct notion of chemical possibilities; at any rate his plan was not adopted, and the Republic fell back upon the ordinary instrumentality of fire and massacre.

The devoted Bocage was now surrounded by a formidable ring of republican forces, amounting in all to about 200,000 men, many of them raw recruits, but many of them also veteran soldiers; and the purpose was, to draw closer and closer round the whole insurgent population, until they should be collected like sheep within a pen, and then deliberately butchered. To frustrate this design, La Vendée was divided into four districts, presided over severally by Charette, Bonchamp, Lescure, and La Rochejaquelein, each of whom employed himself in repelling the inroads of the enemy on his own frontier. Not a few bloody engagements took place in this way; and when the royalists were victorious, as was usually the case when they fought in the labyrinths of their own Bocage, they did not, as formerly, spare their prisoners, but killed them without mercy. All that had gone before seemed but a prelude to what was now going on. Everybody believed that the time had now come pointed out in the memorable prophecy of that holy man Grignon de Montfort, founder of the blessed societies of the Missionaries of St Laurent and the Daughters of Wisdom, who, more than fifty years ago, had, with his own hands, planted a stone cross in the earth, uttering these words—"My brothers, God, to punish misdoers, shall one day stir up a terrible war in these quarters. Blood shall be spilt; men shall kill one another; and the whole land shall be troubled. When you see my cross covered with moss, you may know that these things are about to happen." And, sure enough, was it not covered with moss now? Ah! the words of that holy and devout man have not come to nought.

The Vendéans, hemmed in on all sides, performed prodigies of valour. Santerre and Ronsin at one point, Duhoux at another, Mieskowski at another, Canclaux and Dubayet at another, and lastly, Kleber himself—the Herculean and magnanimous Kleber, one of the ablest servants the Revolution ever had—Kleber at Torfou, with the brave Mayençais—all were defeated and beaten back. The end of September was spent by the peasants in rejoicing and thanksgiving. Still the antagonists were unequally matched, and the struggle could not last long. Charette, also,

whose assistance had helped the insurgents in their successes, now left them to pursue some plan of his own on the coast, having quarrelled with the generals.

The Convention at Paris now recalled General Beysser for being unsuccessful in the war, and with him Canclaux and Dubayet. These two officers were exceedingly popular with the army; and their recall so offended the Mayençais, that they offered, for 400,000 livres paid down, and a guaranteed pay of seven sous a-day per head, to desert the Republic and join the royalists. The Superior Council, contrary to Abbé Bernier's wishes, rejected this offer; the scrupulous honesty of the Vendéans conceiving it to be a sacrilege to employ, for however good an end, the dishonesty of others. Hearing of the insubordination of the Mayençais, the Convention, on the 9th of October, issued an order for concentrating all the troops then serving in the west, in Normandy and Bretagne, as well as Anjou and Poitou, into one large army, to be styled the Army of the West, and commanded, "not by *ci-devant* nobles like Canclaux and Dubayet, but by Lechelle, a man of the people."

Lechelle was not more capable than others; but he had able subordinates, the best of whom were Kleber and Westermann; and, besides, Canclaux generously left him a plan of procedure. Acting on this plan, he caused two bodies of troops to march into the centre of the Bocage simultaneously by different routes. Advertised of the approach of one of these on the frontier committed to his care, Lescure, then at La Trenblaye, went out to meet it. Mounting a rising ground, he discovered the Blues almost at his feet. "Forward!" he cried; but at that moment a ball struck him on the right eyebrow, coming out behind his ear, and gashing his head. It was his death-wound. While he was in the act of being carried off the field, his men rushed madly forward, and repulsed the enemy. But a more terrible encounter was at hand. The various bodies of republicans were now concentrated at Chollet, each having left behind it a track of desolation, as if it had scathed the earth where it marched. During the day, the air was filled with the smoke of burning villages; at night, fires blazed up along the horizon; the untended cattle were heard lowing wildly on the hills; and the croaking of the carrion birds, and the howling of the wolves, feasting on the corpses scattered about, made the scene more horrible. The royalists gathered their dispersed forces, resolved to stake the issue upon one decisive battle; taking the precaution, however, of following Bonchamp's advice so far as to send the Prince de Talmont, with a small body of men, to keep open an avenue from Chollet into Bretagne, so that, in case of defeat, their shattered army might still have the means of reaching an asylum—a precaution, alas! which the event proved to have been but too necessary.

Long and desperate was the engagement between Kleber's

forty-four thousand republican soldiers and the forty thousand Vendéans at Chollet. The carnage was great; and the issue was yet doubtful, when suddenly, in one part of the royalist army, there arose the panic-stricken cry, "To the Loire! to the Loire!" In vain the generals galloped hither and thither, shouting till they were hoarse; it was night, and nothing could be distinguished. Flags, artillery, chiefs, horses, soldiers, women, priests, children, were all commingled and swept along in an irretrievable indiscriminate confusion. In the *melée*, Bonchamp and D'Elbée both fell, the one struck down, the other shot in the breast. They would have been left among the dead, but that they were recognised by a small body of men who had taken no part hitherto in the fight, but had come up in time to witness the flight, and make it somewhat less disastrous by interposing themselves between the fugitives and their pursuers. Brandishing his bloody sabre over his head, La Rochejaquelein made an attempt to rush back, crying out, "Let us die where we are!" but he was carried on by the river of fugitives, his voice drowned by cries of "To the Loire! to the Loire!" And on they impetuously went towards the Loire, a wild and intractable herd of human beings; governed by a blind impulse, they rushed towards the broad and tranquil river which separated their unhappy country from Brittany.

Overcome with fatigue, and arrested by darkness, the Vendéans halted at Beaupreau, where they remained during the night.

PASSAGE OF THE LOIRE.

We left the panic-stricken host of Vendéans halting for the night at Beaupreau, on its way towards the Loire. A terrible spectacle presented itself on the following morning—a continuous stream of a hundred thousand human beings, men, women, and children, with tattered garments and bleeding feet, pouring out of their desolated native land, and seeking from God and man's mercy some other asylum. Before them, beyond a broad river, was a strange country; behind them was a pursuing enemy. Three of their chiefs, too, were dying of their wounds, carried uneasily along in litters. It was not long since the heroic Cathelineau was taken away from them, and now all at once they were bereft of Lescure, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée. La Vendée had indeed proved itself too weak for the Revolution. For seven months the brave little district had, by its own unaided efforts, kept that gigantic force at bay: the blame of its not being able to do anything more, of its not being able to frustrate and crush the Revolution altogether, lay not with it, but with those whose duty it was to improve the opportunity which the struggle in La Vendée afforded them. La Vendée had done her utmost. Whatever fault there was, lay with those royalists who were nearest the centre of European affairs, and who did nothing.

A hundred thousand Vendéans, men, women, and children, were wending along towards the Loire. They arrived at St Florent, and prepared to cross the river opposite to Ancenis. In a paroxysm of revenge, they were going to massacre about five thousand republican prisoners they had brought along with them, when Bonchamp interfered on the side of mercy; and when they would have respected nothing else, they respected this, the last wish of their dying general. The men were liberated. On the 18th of October the passage of the Loire was effected, and is thus described by Madame Lescure in her memoirs:—"The heights of St Florent form a kind of semicircular boundary to a vast level strand reaching to the Loire, which is very wide at this place. Eighty thousand people were crowded together in this valley; soldiers, women, children, the aged and the wounded, flying from immediate destruction. Behind them they perceived the smoke of burning villages. Nothing was heard but loud sobs, groans, and cries. In this confused crowd every one sought his relations, his friends, his protectors. They knew not what fate they should meet on the other side, yet hastened to it, as if beyond the stream they were to find an end to all their misfortunes. Twenty bad boats carried successively the fugitives who crowded into them; others tried to cross on horses; all spread out their arms, supplicating to be taken to the other side. At a distance on the opposite shore, another multitude, those who had crossed, were seen and heard fainter. In the middle was a small island crowded with people. Many of us compared this disorder, this despair, this terrible uncertainty of the future, this immense spectacle, this bewildered crowd, this valley, this stream which must be crossed, to the images of the last judgment." They had almost all crossed, and relations who had been separated were seeking each other in the crowd on the safe side, when Merlin de Thionville, representative of the people, galloped in among those still waiting on the Vendée side, cutting the throats of women and children. A large number were thus butchered at the river side. This Merlin de Thionville appears to us to have been one of the most consummate scoundrels even of that age, when, in the troubling of the waters, so many latent scoundrels were stirred up from the bottom. In a letter addressed on the 19th of October to the Committee of Public Safety, after congratulating the Committee on the flight of the Vendéans, he adverts to the five thousand republican prisoners whom the fugitives had so magnanimously spared. Thionville is vexed at the circumstance, and calls it an unfortunate occurrence. He had taken great pains, he said, to represent the affair in its proper light, as some faint-hearted republicans were actually touched by it. "It is best, therefore," he says in conclusion, "to cover with oblivion this unfortunate occurrence. Do not speak of it even to the Convention. The brigands have no time to write or make journals. The affair will be forgotten, like many things else."

The man who could write so—who could coolly suppress a fact creditable to an enemy, speculating on the chance that that enemy did not keep a journal—deserves to be singled out from among his brother liars, to go down to posterity as the blackest heart in the Revolution. Desirous of conveying his falsehood through a public document to the people, he wrote as follows to the Convention—"At St Florent we rescued out of the hands of the enemy five thousand five hundred republican prisoners. These unfortunate fellows threw themselves into the arms of their deliverers, bathing them with tears of joy and gratitude; and with a voice enfeebled by the sufferings of more than five months, the only words they could utter when they saw us were cries of 'Vive la Republique.'"

Bonchamp died in the boat while they were ferrying him over; D'Elbée was missing, having disappeared in the confusion of the passage; Lescure was evidently dying. Who now should be the leader of the fugitives? Gathering the generals round his bed, Lescure proposed La Rochejaquelein. Shrinkingly, and with sobs, the young soldier yielded to Lescure's representations, and accepted the terrible office which made him responsible for the lives and safety of all these wretched families, now without a home. The spirits of the poor Vendéans flickered faintly up again when their young general, not yet twenty-one, assumed the command; and a kind of hope, even when hope seemed impossible, beamed in their sorrow-blanchèd and hunger-bitten faces, reciprocating to the glance of his eagle eye as he rode forth among them, proud in his bearing as in the day of battle. From that day there was a remarkable change in the demeanour of Henri. As if overborne by the sense of his new situation, all his wild gaiety, all his self-abandonment, all his impatience of delay or deliberation forsook him; he became grave, serious, cautious, and foreseeing, like Lescure himself; and it was only when confronted with personal and instant danger that his old nature got the better of him, and he would dash into the fray, not as a commander-in-chief, who had to combine the movements of many masses, but as a brave hussar, who had no thought beyond the managing of his own sabre. Henri La Rochejaquelein had become suddenly old.

La Vendée was now a desert covered with scathed and blackened patches. Merlin de Thionville was for calling it "Le Departement Vengé," and recolonising it with poor labourers and Germans, who should get the land for the trouble of clearing away the hedges. It is probable that the execution of this plan was prevented only by the exertions of Charette, who, struck with remorse for having quitted the grand army, left the occupations in which he had been engaged on his own account, and kept La Vendée open by making it again a fighting-ground.

Meanwhile, the expatriated Vendéans were moving through Bretagne (Brittany) like a creeping famine. They had to keep

constantly on the march, so as not to afflict any one spot with too much of their presence. The hunger of an additional mass of 100,000 human beings is no slight visitation upon a province, not to speak of the numerous revolutionists who were pursuing them; but the people of Maine, and the Bretons too, shaggy and uncouth as they seemed, with their sheep and goat-skin dresses, had human hearts in their breasts, and strove to alleviate the woes and supply the wants of their royalist Vendéan brothers. Nor did the Vendéans, on their part, receive this kindness thanklessly, as if they had a right to live by impoverishing their benefactors; so long as a farthing or a farthing's worth remained, it was freely given in exchange for the necessities of life. A soldier caught pillaging was shot by La Rochejaquelein's orders. And at last, when the whole treasury was exhausted, the military council, at the instance of La Rochejaquelein and the Abbé Bernier, resorted to the only means of compensation they had, that of promising future payment. On the 1st of November, it was resolved to issue notes in the king's name, to the amount of 900,000 livres, payable at the restoration of peace, and bearing an interest of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. To be sure, in a commercial point of view, the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was small interest, considering the risk; and being paid in such notes was little better than giving the goods for nothing. Still, the mere thought of resorting to such a form, in such circumstances, showed a people who had been accustomed to be honest, and who liked any device that could banish the degraded feeling of being beggars. There was a remarkable difference in this respect between the Vendéans and the republicans. Pillage was legal in the armies of the Republic. One day, not long after the period at which we have arrived, a body of republicans was reviewed before Boursault, a member of Convention. The poor fellows were in very ragged regimentals, and had hardly a shoe among them. Boursault looking round on the crowd of peaceable well-shod citizens who had come to see the review, and were looking on with infinite interest, pointed to the bare feet of the soldiers, and asked the citizens if they had the heart to let slip such a fine opportunity of laying their boots and their shoes on the altar of their country. The citizens felt a consciousness that, if they parted not with their shoes peacefully and good-humouredly, they would be taken by force. So, with a good grace, they sat down on the grass and took off their shoes, the soldiers fitting themselves as well as they could with pairs.

From Varades, their first halting-place, the Vendée pilgrims, reinforced by a body of Breton royalists, set out for Laval, reaching it on the 20th of October. At this time they were saddened by the news of the queen's death, and enraged by discovering that the great bishop of Agra was no bishop of Agra at all, but an impostor. On the night of the 24th, when

within a league of Laval, they fell in with a body of Blues under Westermann, a division of the republican army which had crossed the Loire at Angers, and pursued a route northward through Anjou and Maine; another division under Lechelle having crossed at Nantes, much farther west, to penetrate Bretagne; the intention of this arrangement being to come up with the fugitives, whichever direction they might take, and, if possible, shut them up between two marching armies. Westermann, however, was beaten, and retreated to Chateau-Gonthier to wait for Lechelle, intending to join forces with him, and attack the Vendéans again on the morrow. La Rochejaquelein spent the night in making his arrangements and encouraging the soldiers, bidding them remember that the safety of their wives and children depended on their winning this battle, and recalling to their minds the horrors of that disastrous retreat from Chollet, of which all their woes and sufferings since were but the consequence and continuation. A long dormant enthusiasm reanimated the Vendéans; even the wounded Lescure had himself planted at a window, propped up by pillows, to see the battle. When Lechelle came up, with the whole army of the west, the fight began. The bravery and ability of Marceau, Kleber, and Westermann, were insufficient to counteract the blundering stupidity of the commander-in-chief, co-operating so usefully with the skill of La Rochejaquelein's arrangements, and the thunder of Stofflet's cannon. The Blues were utterly defeated; and the royalists, in their greatest extremity, had gained perhaps the greatest battle in the whole course of the insurrection. The republican authorities are divided as to whether the loss of the battle of Laval was owing more to Lechelle's military incapacity, or to La Rochejaquelein's military genius. On the one hand, it was Lechelle's last battle; superseded by the Convention, he retired to Nantes, where he died soon after in the arms of Carrier. On the other hand, La Rochejaquelein's share of the merit is testified by the men most capable of judging. "This single battle," wrote General Jomini several years afterwards, "places that young man high in the opinion of all military critics." Again, the magnanimous Kleber, in his letter of the 28th of October, announcing the battle, writes thus: "We had opposed to us the terrible native impetuosity of the Vendéans, and the power communicated to them by the genius of one young man. This young man, who is called Henri de La Rochejaquelein, and who was made their commander-in-chief after the passage of the Loire, has bravely earned his spurs. He has exhibited in this unfortunate battle a military science, and an accuracy of manœuvre, which we have missed among the brigands since Torfou. It is to his foresight and coolness that the Republic owes a defeat which has discouraged our troops."

The poor Vendéans had doubtless gained a signal victory, but they had a whole nation to conquer. This new victory, there-

fore, like every other, was little better than a useless slaughter. Within a fortnight of the defeat at Laval, the Republic again had an efficient army ready to march after the fugitives. The infamous Carrier of Nantes, indeed, would have saved them the trouble. He proposed a plan for exterminating the fugitives, not unlike that of Santerre. "Poison the springs," said he, writing to Kleber on the 9th of November; "poison bread, and toss it about where it may tempt the voracity of the starving wretches. You are killing the brigands with bayonet-thrusts. Kill them with doses of arsenic; it will be neater and less expensive." "If Carrier were here," said Kleber when he read the letter, "I would pass my sword through him, the brute." Some really were for giving Carrier's proposal a hearing; but Kleber was inexorable; he stood out for the sword against the arsenic, and went on organising his army.

The plan which La Rochejaquelein proposed to adopt after the battle of Laval, and one which, bold as it was, really appears to have been the single chance the Vendéans had, was instantly to march back through Maine and Anjou by the way they had come, pushing aside the wreck of the republican army, preventing it from re-organising on Kleber's plan, and ultimately re-entering the well-known labyrinths of their own Bocage. This plan was overruled. A military council was held at Laval, which, besides taking steps for procuring supplies, deliberated what should be their next route. Possibly, La Rochejaquelein's plan might now have been adopted, but the re-assembling of the republican army had made it too late. There remained two alternatives—a march westward into Bretagne, or northward into Normandy. Strong reasons were stated in favour of the former; but, finally, it was resolved to march north-west by the shortest route to the sea-coast.

On the 2d of November, the Vendéans left Laval, and took their way by Mayenne and Ernee. Lescure died on the way, and was buried, his wife never knew where. At Fongeres the officers were again waited upon by envoys from the British government, with despatches, encouraging the Vendéans to persevere, promising assistance, and indicating Granville in Normandy as a port at which an English fleet might conveniently land. The council wrote a grateful reply, pressing for speedy relief, and repeating their urgent request that a Bourbon prince might come over to head the army. It was also agreed with the envoys what signal should announce to the English fleet the taking of Granville by the Vendéans. On their way to Granville, the Vendéans marched to Dol on the 9th, to Pontorson on the 10th, and thence to Avranches. But so great of late had been the physical suffering among them, that murmurings arose which no representations could suppress, and they demanded to be led back to the Bocage. Three or four hundred did actually set out to go home; but they fell into the hands of the Blues,

and their bodies were afterwards found bleaching on the road. Arrived at Avranches, the women, the children, and the baggage, were left there with a body of soldiers to guard them, and at the same time to keep open a retreat—the mass of the army, amounting to about 30,000 men, marching on to lay siege to Granville, a town on a rocky height, overlooking the British Channel. The attack began on the night of the 14th; it lasted that night, all next day, and even the night following. They fought on, looking anxiously for the English flag that was to appear on the horizon and bring them relief; but though the firing was heard by the English garrison at Jersey, no relief came; and after fighting thirty-six hours, their ammunition gone, their bodies fatigued, their spirits fainting, the Vendéans, spite of intreaties and exhortations, would hold out no longer. Breaking up into bodies, they left the sea-coast as they best could, muttering deep imprecations against Pitt, Dundas, and the whole English nation.

Hurrah now for home!—back, back to the Bocage! Their scanty blood boiled at the name; and as they turned their faces to the south, they felt as if their strength were renewed by the breeze blowing from the woods of La Vendée, and fanning their sun-tanned temples. No matter that the republican army of Marceau and Kleber lay between; with the Bocage on the other side, they would break their way through walls of iron. Rejoined at Avranches by the women and children they had left there, they came back to Dol, where, on the 21st of November, they fought one of their bloodiest battles, defeating Kleber, Westermann, and Marceau together—the women themselves rushing about like furies in the battle, handling muskets, sending fugitives back to the fight, and shrieking “Forward! forward!” Though, after this victory, many of the Vendéans detached themselves from the main body, in order to shift for themselves, still the great mass kept together under Stofflet and La Rochejaquelein, pressing southward, and pursued by the republican army, through which they had just cut their way. It was proposed even now to try the effect of a march westward into Bretagne, to besiege Rennes, and stir up a general rising of the Bretons; but again the murmuring arose, “Home, home!” So southwards still they went. The terrible Loire must be crossed ere they can plant their feet in La Vendée. They might cross it either at Angers or at Saumur. They rush to Angers: in vain—they cannot cross there. Oh that horrid river! Foiled, they fall back like an ebbing wave, only to rush forward again with greater violence. At no point can they effect a passage. Hither and thither they wander in despair, from La Fleche to Mans, from Mans to La Fleche again, Westermann and his Blues approaching them every hour. The rumour is spread that the authorities have resolved to allow the fugitives to disperse, and travel safely without passports. Many believe it, and are sacri-

ficed. Thinned by these desertions, and utterly broken in body and spirit, the Vendéan army was defeated and shattered to pieces at Mans—shattered to pieces, to be massacred more easily. What a scene of horror for miles round! Here a heap of dead bodies yet warm, there a band of republican soldiers shooting women and children to build up another heap; and Westermann, everywhere, superintending the butchery. On the 14th of December, La Rochejaquelein and the wretched remains of his army drew back to Laval. Eighteen thousand had perished in that little district north of the Loire. Oh that terrible river!

Still they kept bravely together. On the 16th they made a rush upon Ancenis, the very point at which they had crossed on their leaving La Vendée two months before. Westermann was but a few hours behind them. All the means of crossing they had was one small boat they had taken from the pond of a chateau, and brought along with them, and another flat-bottomed one they found at the water's edge. By La Rochejaquelein's orders, all hands were employed making rafts. Four large boats also were seen fastened with ropes at the other side of the river, loaded with hay. Oh if they had but these boats! But who could risk carrying them off under the very eyes of the republican garrison of St Florent? Henri volunteered the trial; Stofflet and another brave man leaped into the little boat along with him; and eighteen soldiers accompanied them in the other. They had reached the other side, and were making away with the boats, when they were attacked, overpowered, and dispersed. Thus La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet were separated from the Vendéan army.

La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet were now, therefore, on one side of the river fleeing for their lives; the mass of the Vendéan army was on the other, without a general, without a boat, and with the merciless dragoons of Westermann behind it. This separation of La Rochejaquelein and Stofflet from the miserable body of their followers, necessarily breaks down the brief remainder of our story into two narratives. What, in the first place, was the fate of the poor army, the last remains of the hundred thousand unfortunates who, two months before, had been driven from the Bocage? And, in the second place, what became of the two leaders, so strangely detached from their followers?

CONCLUSION OF THE WAR—FATE OF LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN.

The fate of the residue of the Vendéan army is sad to tell. Reduced now by massacre and desertion to less than twenty thousand, they stood almost stupified with terror, gazing at the point of the opposite bank where the fatal boats were yet lying, and where their two generals had disappeared from their view. Sometimes they wished vainly enough that they were on the other side too; sometimes they indulged a dreamy hope that their generals would reappear, bringing deliverance. A few of

their number kept working at the rafts. Their labour was in vain. A gun-boat, lying off Ancenis, fired and sunk them. At that moment Westermann and his men were battering at the gates and throwing shells into the town. "Disperse, disperse; every man for himself!" was now the cry. They did so. Some, confiding too easily in a rumour which the republicans had industriously spread, that an amnesty had been granted to all who chose to avail themselves of it, made their way with difficulty to Nantes, where almost all of them became Carrier's victims; some, meditating a similar flight, hid themselves in the meantime in the surrounding fields and farmhouses, where they were afterwards sought out and shot; and a few managed, by watching their time, to cross the fatal river, and reach La Vendée or some more distant part of France. Notwithstanding these desertions, a body of between eight and ten thousand still remained together, among whom were some of the most distinguished officers, such as Talmont, Fleuriot, Donnissan, Forestier, and Marigny. Adopting almost the only route open to them, they left Ancenis, and proceeded to Nort, meeting but little opposition on the way. During this journey Madame Lescure was obliged to part with her child, intrusting her to the care of a peasant, who was to take charge of her until reclaimed; but the child died, and was never seen more by her distracted mother. At Nort, Fleuriot was appointed commander, a choice which so offended the Prince de Talmont, as seeming to imply a doubt of his fidelity, that he quitted the army and retired to Laval—a step adopted nowise for the purpose of personal security, for he was shortly afterwards apprehended, and shot in the court of his own chateau.

From Nort the wreck of the army marched to Blain, where they remained, making good their position against small detachments of the republicans, until advised of the approach of the main force under Marceau and Kleber, who had now joined Westermann, when they took their way to Savenay, closely pursued. A strange, ragged, wo-begone, motley crowd they were. Their clothes having been long ere now worn to shreds in the course of their weary journeyings, they had laid hold of everything that could serve as a covering or a protection from the weather. One man had on two petticoats, tied, one round his neck, the other round his waist; another wore a lawyer's gown, which he had picked up somewhere, with a flannel nightcap on his head; a third had a Turkish turban and dress, which he had taken from a playhouse at La Fleche. Madame Lescure rode on a horse with a dragoon's saddle, and wore a purple hood, an old blanket, and a large piece of blue cloth tied round her neck with twine. The motley crowd reached Savenay, and hastily shut themselves in. This, they knew, and so did the republicans, must be their last place of retreat. Situated between two rivers, swollen with the winter rains, with the sea before them on the

west, and the republicans approaching them from the east, they were shut up in a circle, one half of which was fire, and the other water. Hardly had the fugitives shut themselves into Savenay, when the republicans came up with them, and the fighting began. For a while the attack was confined to insignificant skirmishing, but it was evident that an annihilating blow was in preparation.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Madame Lescure, who had lain down for an hour or two, was awakened by a bustle, and told to get up, for a horse was ready to convey her away. Scarcely knowing what they were going to do with her, she was about to dismount from the horse on which they had already placed her, when Marigny, a man whose conduct at this crisis has earned for him an illustrious reputation among the Vendéans, came up, and taking her horse's bridal, led her a little away from the rest, and whispered to her that she must try to escape. He told her that all was over; that they could not stand the approaching attack of the morning; that in twelve hours they would be all dead; and that her only chance of escape was in flying immediately, and trusting to the darkness. Unable to say more, Marigny turned hurriedly away. Hastening to her mother and M. Donnissan, Madame Lescure repeated Marigny's words. It was instantly arranged by M. Donnissan that she and her mother should disguise themselves as peasants, and quit the town under the care of the Abbé Jagault, and a townsman as their guide. At midnight the general, who had resolved to remain with the army to the last, bade farewell to his wife and daughter. "Never leave your poor mother," were his last words to Madame Lescure at parting. He stood in the square of Savenay, looking after them through the darkness. They never saw him again. At nine o'clock in the morning, a cold heavy rain falling, the Vendéans under Fleuriot, Donnissan, and Marigny, precipitated themselves upon the republicans. Their aim was, if possible, to reach the forest of Gavre, where they might take refuge in the meantime, and plan some means of crossing the Loire. This Fleuriot, with a small body, effected at first. A large number, including many officers, were cut to pieces. Three times did the brave Marigny, holding the standard which, in her happier hours, Madame Lescure had embroidered for the Vendéan army, dash himself against the Blues; and as often was he repulsed. "Women," he cried at last, "all is lost; save yourselves!" To give them time to do so, he stationed two cannons on the road along which they must retreat, and halting with a few brave men between the enemy and the fugitives, fought an hour longer. They then fled for their lives, dispersing themselves like the rest through the forest country, there to await through the miserable winter what small chance of ultimate escape the relentless vigilance of the authorities might afford them.

For months after, miserable wretches were rooted out in twos and threes from their places of concealment, to perish by the hands of the republican executioner. Donnissan was shot attempting a new rising. The pretended bishop of Agra died on the scaffold: an impostor to gratify his vanity, there was nothing else bad about him. The Abbé Bernier lived long enough to lose his reputation. And to conclude the catalogue, we may mention that D'Elbée, who, it will be remembered, disappeared at the time of the first crossing of the Loire, mortally wounded, made his way in that condition to the sea-coast, the scene of Charette's operations, where, falling into the hands of the Blues three months after, he was placed in an arm-chair and shot, though dying of his old wound.

The adventures of Madame Lescure after her departure from Savenay were of the most distressing kind. Pursued as a fugitive with her mother and attendants, she was delivered of twin daughters in the cottage of a peasant, humanely opened for her reception. The infants afterwards died, and Madame Lescure was able to make her escape into Spain. After a period of exile, she was permitted to return to France, and to assume possession of her husband's property, which had been fortunately spared from confiscation. Her mother was now anxious that she should marry again—a proposal to which she long felt very repugnant. "I was unwilling," she says, "to lose a name so dear to me, and so glorious. I could not bear renouncing all remembrance of La Vendée, by thus entering on a new existence. I therefore resisted my mother's solicitations, till I saw in Poitou M. Louis de La Rochejaquelein, the brother of Henri. It seemed to me that, by marrying him, I attached myself more to La Vendée, and that, by uniting two such names, I did not offend against him whom I loved so much." She married M. Louis de La Rochejaquelein in March 1802. From that period her life ran somewhat more smoothly; but her second husband was killed at the head of a body of Vendéan loyalists in June 1815, a few days before the battle of Waterloo.

It remains now to tell what became of Stofflet and Henri La Rochejaquelein. Separated from the army at the Loire in the manner we have already described, the two generals went hither and thither through the desolated Bocage, trying to raise men to renew the struggle. Charette, who, since the evacuation of the district by the Vendéans, had taken up his station in it, was then at Maulevrier. Here La Rochejaquelein had an interview with him. Charette, who, with all his patriotism, had much personal ambition, and who saw in Henri's return the prospect of a divided or contested command, received him coldly; and unfortunately for the cause they had both at heart, the two parted in anger, Charette to pursue his plans in Bas-Poitou, and La Rochejaquelein to raise a force of his own. He and Stofflet kept together, and by a series of small successful engagements

they began to make their presence felt by the republicans. In March 1794, at the head of a small band of peasants, they attacked the garrison of the village of Nuaille. After the victory, Henri saw the peasants preparing to shoot two republican grenadiers. "Stop," he cried to the peasants; "I want to speak with them." Advancing to the grenadiers, he called out, "Surrender, and you shall have your lives." At that instant some one pronounced his name. One of the grenadiers turned, presented his musket, and fired. The ball struck Henri on the forehead, and he fell to the ground dead. Thus, on the 4th of March 1794, at the age of twenty-one, died Henri de La Rochejaquelein, the hero of La Vendée. He and his murderer were thrown into one grave. As the Romans treated Hannibal, his enemies did him the honour of disinterring his body, to have ocular demonstration that he was really dead.

Though the story of the subsequent proceedings is considerably less spirit-stirring than the narrative of the great war of 1793, still the death of La Rochejaquelein did not by any means extinguish the royalist enthusiasm of the Vendéans, or paralyse their activity. On the contrary, the struggle was protracted for several years; Charette acting as the insurgent commander on the coast, Stofflet in the interior, and the two occasionally acting in concert. Besides what they did, an independent insurrection, called the War of the Chouannerie, was going on north of the Loire. The Convention began to see that no amount of fighting, burning, or massacre, would ever eradicate the inveterate royalist feeling of the population of the north-west; and probably conscious, at the same time, that the Revolution was now strong enough to be able to afford to be generous, they resolved to offer terms to the Vendéans; by which, on acknowledging the authority of the Republic, they were to enjoy the unmolested exercise of their religion, have freedom from military service, and receive indemnification for their losses. Though the terms offered were accepted, the habit of insurrection was too strong to make the long continuance of tranquillity possible. Accordingly, it required the judgment and moderation, as well as the great military capacity, of General Hoche to reduce the west of France to anything like order. This was in 1795. Hoche's exertions were made complete by the almost simultaneous deaths of the two surviving spirits of the insurrection, Charette and Stofflet. Stofflet was taken, tried by military commission, and shot at Angers in February 1796. After wandering about in concealment for some time, Charette was taken on the 23d of March, and shot at Nantes three days after. With the death of these leaders the war in La Vendée terminated; and peace and order were gradually restored to this long distracted country.



ORATIO NELSON was born on the 29th of September 1758, in the parsonage-house of the pretty village and parish of Burnham-Thorpe, county of Norfolk, of which his father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was rector. Horatio was his fifth son, and named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole, to whom Mrs Nelson was related.

The early days of childhood do not always give promise of the future man, but it appears they did so in the case of young Horatio. He became distinguished among his youthful companions for bold and adventurous achievements, from which boys of his age would usually shrink. Though naturally weak in constitution, and subject to attacks of ague, which made him irritable in temper, he nevertheless possessed the best dispositions and feelings. He likewise, even when young, had a high sense of conscientiousness, and shrunk from everything like deception or meanness. It is related of him that, when about five years of

age, being on a visit to his grandmother, he absented himself without permission; and not making his appearance at the dinner hour, the old lady became much alarmed, especially as he had formed acquaintance with a gang of gipsies who were loitering in the neighbourhood, and she was apprehensive they might have decoyed him away. Diligent search in various directions was promptly instituted, and after the lapse of several hours, he was found alone by the side of a rather rapid and deep brook, which he was unable to cross. His conduct on this occasion was peculiar to him through life—he evinced no symptoms of alarm, although his companion (a cow-boy little older than himself) had left him; and when his grandmother closed a reproof with, “I wonder, child, that fear did not drive you home!” he promptly answered, “Fear! Grandmamma, I never saw fear. What is it?”

The first seminary of any importance which he attended was the High School at Norwich; and while studying here, he was recalled home on the death of his mother, who expired December 24, 1767, Horatio being then about nine years and three months old. How little often determines one's career in life! The funeral of Mrs Nelson brought her brother, Captain Suckling, of the royal navy, on a visit to the rectory; and on this occasion the imagination of young Horatio was fired by the stories and anecdotes of sea life which his uncle related in the company of his friends, and he determined, if possible, to be a sailor. His studies at Norwich, and afterwards at North Walsham, failed in obliterating this juvenile fancy from his mind; and his father, desirous of permitting him to follow the bent of his inclinations, easily induced Captain Suckling to take him under his charge. Passing over the painful parting with brothers and playmates, we follow the young aspirant in his entrance into active life.

The ship of Captain Suckling was lying in the Medway, and to place him in the way of reaching it, Mr Nelson accompanied his son to the metropolis; but from thence he was sent down, unattended and unbefriended, to Chatham.

EARLY LIFE AT SEA.

The entrance of Nelson upon the profession of which he was destined to be the highest ornament, took place under extraordinary circumstances. His uncle, it appears, knew not on what day he was to be expected. Arriving therefore at Chatham, shivering with cold, and not knowing where to go or what to do, Horatio wandered about the streets for some hours, undergoing the full weight of that desolation of heart which, even in the most favourable circumstances, befalls young persons for the first time sent from a home of familiar faces into the midst of strangers. At length a kind-hearted officer, observing his melancholy appearance, took him to his house and adminis-

tered to his necessities; after which he put him into a boat to be conveyed to the *Raisable*. Here again he met with disappointment—his uncle was not on board—no one had been apprised of his coming; and he walked the deck the whole of the remainder of the day without any one noticing him, or making him an offer of food; and it was not till the succeeding day that humanity prompted the gunner to inquire who he was, and, as Nelson himself afterwards expressed it, “to take compassion on him.”

The *Raisable* had been put into commission in consequence of a dispute with Spain, which seemed likely to lead to war. This expectation proving happily fallacious, the vessel was quickly discharged, so as to leave to Captain Suckling no alternative from sending his nephew on board a merchant West Indiaman, under charge of a master who had been his own mate. In this situation young Nelson applied himself diligently to his duties, and acquired a considerable knowledge of his profession; but amongst the crew he imbibed a dislike to the royal navy, as a service not calculated to afford the best practical knowledge of seamanship and navigation. On his return home, he found his uncle in command of the *Triumph* 74, lying as guard-ship at Chatham, and he was invited to join that ship. Much as he esteemed his uncle, he was averse to comply; but Captain Suckling, desirous of removing the false impressions that had been made, urged upon him the many advantages to be derived in the service; and the youth reluctantly consented. A period of peace offers but a confined sphere of operation for a young naval officer; there is, in fact, little opportunity of acquiring knowledge, especially on board a guard-ship, and therefore his uncle, by way of encouragement, gave Horatio charge of the launch, that had been decked and rigged as a cutter-tender to the ship of the commanding officer of the station. This was a situation which could not fail to be agreeable to our youth, as it gratified that ambition of distinction which was ever his ruling passion. His exultation, however, noways allayed the thirst for information which was also strong in him. His little vessel had frequently to navigate the Medway down to the Great Nore, and from thence up the Thames to the receiving ship for volunteers and impressed men lying off the Tower of London; or down the intricate channels, and round the North Foreland to the Downs. It was a humble service; but even humble services can be well or ill performed; and in no situation in life may a young man of apt faculties fail to acquire skill that will fit him for higher callings. The boy Nelson—for such he really was—became a clever pilot for those parts, and gained a confidence in his own knowledge that increased as he grew older.

In April 1773, on the application of the Royal Society, Lord Sandwich ordered two stout bomb ketches, the *Racehorse* and the *Carcass*, to be fitted out for the purpose of getting as far

north as possible, in order to explore the much-talked-of north-west passage. The former vessel was commanded by the Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave), the latter by Captain Lutwidge, both excellent seamen and scientific men. Every attention was paid to the equipment of the expedition, both for the attainment of the object and for the comfort of the people. Nelson's mind, already excited by the responsibility of command, and the acquisition of nautical knowledge, especially as a pilot, no sooner heard of the intended voyage of discovery than he became extremely solicitous to join in it. But orders had been issued that no boys were to be admitted on board of either vessel, and therefore there was no prospect of his being able to go. Still, he did not fail, at every convenient opportunity, to press the matter upon Captain Suckling, who, won by his nephew's importunity, applied to Captain Lutwidge, with whom he was upon terms of friendship, to take him in the Carcase. The order of the Admiralty was for some time a considerable obstacle; till, struck by the unsubdued spirit of the bold and anxious lad, the commander of the Carcase consented to receive him, and he was rated coxswain on the ketch's books.

The vessels sailed on the 2d June 1773, and on the 28th of the same month made the land of Spitzbergen, and ran along the coast, which was pretty clear of ice, and the weather moderate; but on the 5th July they found a barrier that opposed their further progress. The ice extended from north-west to east, without displaying any opening, the vessels having run along it from east to west more than 10 degrees. Captain Phipps then changed his course to the eastward with no better success. On the 31st July they were encompassed by ice, and by observation found themselves to be in latitude 80 degrees 37 minutes north; the ships, separated by the massive blocks, being only two lengths from each other, and without room to swing.

On the 3d August, finding that the ice did not give way, but, on the contrary, pressed so heavily that some of the blocks were forced above the others as high as the main-yard, the officers gave orders to cut a passage through; but the progress made by the men was so small, and the dangers to which they would be exposed by wintering there so great, that Captain Phipps announced his intention of launching the boats (which had been prepared for such an exigency) over the ice, and abandoning the vessels altogether. After this undertaking had been commenced, an opening was observed; all sail was set on the two vessels, to force them along; and on the 9th, the ice becoming more loose, they moved slowly through small openings, and got past the boats, which were taken on board again. On the following day, after encountering much peril, a brisk wind from north-north-east carried them clear, and they returned to the

harbour of Smeerenburg, on the coast of Spitzbergen, to repair damages.

Young Nelson acquired much praise for his assiduity and intrepidity during the period of peril. He had charge of one of the exploring boats, and acquitted himself so well, that he gained the approbation of both Captain Phipps and his own commander. One night, whilst blocked up in the ice, a bear was observed prowling about the Carcase, and Nelson, who had the watch on deck, unperceived, armed himself with a musket, and, accompanied by a shipmate, went in pursuit of the animal. A heavy fog came on, and Nelson's absence being detected, a search was promptly instituted, but without effect, and he was given up for lost. As daylight advanced, however, he was discovered at a considerable distance off, and his companion about midway between him and the vessel. By the aid of the glass, Nelson was seen with his musket clubbed near to an immense white bear that was separated from him by a chasm in the ice. A gun was fired to recall him; but he hesitated to obey: at last, however, he returned, and then he related that, having presented his musket at the bear, it had missed fire; but anxious to slay the creature, he had followed, under a hope of getting a good blow at it with the butt of his weapon. The firing of the gun from the ship frightened the beast away, and probably saved the lad's life. His captain severely reprimanded him for quitting the vessel without leave, and demanded the cause of his placing himself in so much peril. "Sir," answered Nelson, "I wanted to kill the bear, that I might get the skin for my father."

After recruiting the strength of the crews, and repairing the injuries sustained from the icebergs, Captain Phipps sailed from Smeerenburg to renew his task; but finding everywhere that the barrier was impenetrable (many of the bergs being not less than three hundred feet in height), and the season getting far advanced, he bore up on the 22d August for England, where soon afterwards the vessels were paid off.

The dangers to which he had been exposed, and the hardships he had undergone, had no influence to daunt the intrepid heart of Nelson. He had increased his stock of knowledge, his mind had become more expanded, and he had gained that perfect self-confidence which generally leads to prominent results in after-life. His uncle and his father were proud of him; for both Captain Phipps and Captain Lutwidge had given him excellent certificates of conduct, and had also spoken highly of him to Captain Suckling. The voyage had not been of long duration; but in his brief career as a sailor he had visited the torrid and the frigid zone, and experienced the extremes of heat and cold: and besides being made acquainted with the difference in climates, had also been instructed in the use and practice of astronomical instruments, and otherwise improved himself in navigation.

JOINS THE ROYAL NAVY.

The exploring vessels were paid off a few days after Nelson had entered upon his fourteenth year, and he passed a short interval at the parsonage-house in Burnham-Thorpe, where he was looked upon as a hero. He then rejoined his uncle at Chatham; but understanding that the *Seahorse*, a frigate of 20 guns, was fitting for the East Indies, under the command of the celebrated Captain Farmer, whose bravery was well known, he applied to be removed into her; and through the interest of his uncle, and the recommendation of Captains Phipps and Lutwidge, he succeeded. He was not at first rated as a midshipman, though he was privileged to appear on the quarter-deck, and messed with the "young gentlemen;" Captain Farmer's name was so famous, that parents who had destined their sons for the sea were glad to get them under so gallant a chief, and consequently the vacancies were filled; but to give him the pay of an able seaman, he was rated as a foretop-man, and in reefing and furling sails, the foretop was the station he occupied, to assist in the operation and to see it well performed. As soon as a vacancy occurred on the books, it was filled up with his name.

He joined the *Seahorse* in October 1773, very little more than a fortnight after being paid off from the *Carcase*; and now he was about to traverse the Indian Ocean. The manners of Nelson did not at first please his new messmates; his indefatigable attention to his duties did not altogether accord with their aristocratic feelings; and when they saw him dipping his hands into a tar-bucket, and assisting the men in working amongst the rigging, they looked upon it as degrading to an officer: but his amiable disposition soon conquered. In the difficulties of this crisis, he was much supported by a kindred spirit which he found in a midshipman named Thomas Troubridge, afterwards associated with him in several of his most brilliant adventures, and who, like himself, had been connected with the merchant service. Two such natures could not be near each other without forming a strong friendship: that of Nelson and Troubridge was to last for life. They were fortunate in having for the master of their vessel a gentleman named Surridge, who, sympathising in their extreme desire to advance in professional skill, took them under his especial care and tuition, and afforded them admirable nautical instruction, particularly after reaching the East Indies, when, with his pupils, he engaged himself in making accurate surveys in the Bay of Bengal.

At first the climate agreed with Nelson's health; he grew stout in person and florid in complexion; but his anxious zeal and untiring application preyed upon a constitution still weak. He was attacked by fever, which reduced him to a skeleton, and for some time he lost the entire use of his limbs. The

commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Hughes, would willingly have retained him upon the station; but regard for his existence pleaded for his being sent home, though apprehensions were entertained that he could never reach England. His friend Troubridge, who attended to his wants, and nursed him with the utmost care, was greatly distressed at his situation. His disease baffled the power of medicine, and he appeared to be sinking fast, when he was put on board the *Dolphin* of 20 guns, commanded by Captain James Pigot—his old commander, Captain Farmer, giving him strong testimonials as to conduct and character. The parting between Nelson and Troubridge was very affecting—the former expecting soon to be in eternity, the latter left to toil in the duties of the naval service.

For a long time during the passage to England, Nelson's life hung tremblingly in the balance; and had he been in less humane hands, his hammock would have been his shroud, and his grave the ocean; but from Captain Pigot he received the most careful attention and kindness; and to this worthy officer, under the blessing of Providence, may be attributed the rescuing of the future hero from death. On his arrival at home, about the middle of September 1776, his health was found to be improved, but he was still weak and emaciated, and labouring under that heavy depression of spirit which may truly be called sickness of heart. He had left his messmates happy in pursuing the line of active duty, and full of exulting hopes, whilst he, enervated and almost helpless, had a dark cloud hanging over him, presaging a career that seemed dreary and unprofitable. Some years afterwards, when speaking upon this subject, he said, "I felt impressed with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties that opposed my progress, and the little interest I possessed to advance me in the service. There appeared to be no means by which I could attain the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled in my breast, and presented my sovereign and my country as my patrons, and I exclaimed, Well, then, I will yet live to be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will fearlessly meet and brave every danger."

This was a spirit of mingled enthusiasm and natural piety, which at all future periods animated Nelson, and supported him under every trial. Previous to his return from India, Captain Suckling had been made comptroller of the navy, an office that conferred considerable influence. When the *Dolphin* was paid off on the 24th September, Nelson was sent on board the *Worcester* of 64 guns, commanded by Captain Mark Robinson, whose name has been recorded amongst the bravest in England's naval history. He served a short time as master's mate; but whilst lying at Spithead under sailing orders to convoy a fleet of transports and merchantmen to Gibraltar, one of the lieutenants

committed suicide during a fit of insanity, and Nelson, at the request of his captain, was appointed acting lieutenant in his stead by the port-admiral at Portsmouth, Sir James Douglas. He had not then entered upon his nineteenth year, nor had he passed his examination; but so excellent were his recommendations, that the utmost confidence was reposed in him; and his captain was often heard to say, that "in the night watches he felt equally as easy when Nelson had charge of the deck as when the oldest officer in the ship was there." His grateful esteem was continued to Captain Robinson throughout his life.

RISES IN THE SERVICE DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

The Worcester was employed with convoys till April 1777, on the 10th of which month Nelson passed his examination most triumphantly. On the following day he received his commission as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, a frigate of 32 guns, under Captain William Locker, in which he sailed for Jamaica. At this time Britain was engaged in the disastrous war with her colonies. The *Lowestoffe*, in one of her cruises after French and American privateers, captured an American letter of marque. It was blowing a strong gale at the time, and a heavy sea running, but it was deemed necessary to board; and the boat being hoisted out, the first lieutenant was ordered away for the purpose. Whether he disliked the job or not, he was rather long below in seeking for his side-arms. Captain Locker, during the interval, came on deck, and seeing that the boat was likely to be swamped alongside, exclaimed, "What! have I no officer in the ship to board the prize?" The master immediately volunteered; but Nelson, whom a sense of delicacy to the first lieutenant had kept from offering himself, instantly ran to the gangway, and stopping the master, said, "Avast there; it is my turn now; and if I come back, it will be yours." He jumped into the boat, and succeeded in getting upon the American's deck. He found her completely water-logged, from the heavy press of canvass she had been carrying, so that the boat was washed in board and out again with the sea.

Similar acts endeared him to Captain Locker; and the death of his uncle about this time rendered his commander's friendship the more valuable. Earnestly desirous of active employment, he obtained the command of a small schooner, tender to the frigate, and in her he cruised amongst the islands, and gained a correct knowledge of West India pilotage, particularly of the keys to the northward of Hispaniola—a cluster of small rocks and islands, which render the navigation extremely difficult. By Captain Locker's warm eulogiums and recommendations, Sir Peter Parker removed him into the *Bristol*, his flag-ship; but this change was only for a short time; for, on the 8th of December 1778, Nelson, then about twenty years and two months old, was appointed commander of the *Badger* sloop,

Collingwood taking his place as first lieutenant of the *Bristol*. He was ordered to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers, which service he effectually performed, gaining so much grateful respect from the settlers, that they unanimously voted him their thanks. On his return to Montego Bay, Jamaica, the *Glasgow* frigate came in, and, in about two hours after her arrival, was discovered to be in flames, from the igniting of a cask of rum. Nelson repaired on board without a moment's delay, and, by his presence of mind and promptitude, was mainly instrumental in preventing the loss of life which otherwise must certainly have ensued. He continued in the *Badger* till the 11th June 1779, when (though not twenty-one) he was posted into the *Hinchinbrooke*, of 28 guns, a captured French merchantman that had been bought into the service, and Collingwood again succeeded him in the *Badger*.

Nelson was next concerned in a naval expedition against the Spanish territories in Honduras; but this proved a disastrous affair. The troops, under the charge of a major in the army, were disembarked on this low part of the South American continent, March 24, 1780. When too late, it was found that no one knew the country, and the difficulties which presented themselves were of so formidable a character that most hearts failed. Nelson, who had charge of the nautical part of the enterprise, was not the man to be appalled by such difficulties. He mustered a party of seamen, and, with his own boats and the canoes of the Indians, ascended the river San Juan, then unusually low. Every day the hazards and labour increased under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and both banks of the river being covered with lofty trees, the circulation of air was utterly impeded, and at night the unwholesome and heavy dews saturated the clothes of the people. Sickness broke out; but still they persevered till the 9th of April, when a battery upon the island of St Bartolomeo opened its fire upon them, and Nelson, accompanied by Captain Despard of the army, leaped upon the muddy beach at the head of a few seamen, stormed the fortification, and took it. Two days afterwards they appeared before the fortress of St Juan. Nelson advised that it should be carried at once by assault, and volunteered, as he called it, "to head the boarders;" but the military chief deemed it necessary to carry on a protracted siege, with all its details and formalities, and thus much time was thrown away. The fatigue and unhealthy climate rapidly thinned the ranks; the rains set in, and disease to an alarming extent prevailed, when the garrison surrendered on the 24th. Had Nelson's counsel been followed, the greater portion of these disasters might have been spared. They found the castle and town destitute of everything that was required by the sick, and devoid of all comfort and maintenance for those who still remained on duty. At last the

interment of the dead became impracticable to the living, and the putrid bodies were launched into the stream, or left for the birds to prey upon. In these circumstances the conquest was abandoned, and out of 1800 men, not more than 380 returned; whilst, of the whole crew of the *Hinchinbrooke*, consisting of 200 men, only 10 were saved. The transports' people all died; and several of the vessels being destitute of hands, were left to sink at their anchors.

It may easily be supposed what were the feelings of Nelson under the pressure of such calamities. He had been injured by drinking from a brook into which boughs of the manchineal tree had been thrown; and though his undaunted spirit remained unsubdued, yet sickness almost conquered his frame, and he never ceased to feel the consequences through the remainder of his life.

During the siege, Captain Glover died at Jamaica, and Nelson was appointed to his vacant command in the *Jason*, of 44 guns, Collingwood being at the same time made post on board the *Hinchinbrooke*. Nelson joined his new command; but though the admiral had him nursed at his own residence, and the best medical aid was afforded, yet his constitution was so severely affected, that it was deemed necessary that he should return to England. Accordingly he sailed in the *Lion* 64, commanded by the Honourable William Cornwallis; and to the indefatigable care of this gallant but rough seaman, Nelson believed himself to be indebted for the prolongation of his life.

On his arrival in England, the emaciated and helpless young captain was conveyed on shore, and carried to Bath, where the effects of the change, and the waters, produced a satisfactory result; and at the end of three months he found himself so far recovered, that to remain any longer idle was distressing to him. He hastened to the metropolis, applied for employment, and in August 1781 he was appointed to the command of the *Albemarle* 28, and was kept, during the ensuing winter, on that coldest and most unpleasant of stations—the North Sea.

The war at this time carried on against France and the United States rendered it necessary that British merchant ships, in their voyages across the Atlantic, should be protected by vessels of war. In April 1782, Nelson went with the *Albemarle* as part of a convoy to Newfoundland and Quebec, and afterwards cruised in Boston Bay. While here, he captured a fishing schooner, and although the master of this small craft pled hard for liberty, the whole of his property being embarked in his vessel, and having a wife and family at home, Nelson was inexorable, and, retaining his vessel, kept him as pilot. The taking of helpless fishing vessels during war has been generally condemned as an act of tyranny, and is so rarely practised, that the capture on the present occasion is only excusable in Nelson from the emergency in which he was placed. The result, at

any rate, proved that he acted from no bad feeling. Four French sail of the line, and a large frigate, came out from Boston to capture the *Albemarle*, and as their sailing was superior, there was every prospect of her being taken; but Nelson, guided by the master of the captured schooner, boldly ran amongst the many shoals of St George's Bank, where his larger pursuers did not deem it advisable to follow him. The frigate continued the chase; but seeing that Nelson had thrown his main-top-sail to the mast to wait for him, he discontinued his pursuit, and joined the squadron. For this service the fishing schooner was restored to its owner, with a certificate from Nelson to secure its master from being molested by any other vessel. The grateful man afterwards came at night, at the hazard of his life, to the ship with a present of sheep, poultry, and vegetables, which proved a seasonable supply, as the scurvy was very bad amongst the seamen. The certificate then given is still preserved in Boston.

In October 1782, the *Albemarle* was ordered to take a convoy from Quebec to New York, where Nelson found Lord Hood, and accompanied him to the West Indies. Here he was introduced to Prince William Henry (afterwards king of England), who was a midshipman in the flag-ship, the *Barfleur* 98. Their first interview was rather remarkable. As a matter of course, his Royal Highness had heard much of Nelson, and picturing his appearance and stature in accordance with the fame he had acquired, he expected to see something noble-looking and gigantic. His surprise was great when he found him "the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full gold-laced uniform coat, an old-fashioned white waistcoat, slashed in front, and the flaps hanging down over his thighs, white knee breeches, buckles in his shoes, and his hair, lank and unpowdered, tied behind in a stiff Hessian tail of considerable length." His Royal Highness could not conceive who he was, or what he wanted; but Lord Hood soon solved the mystery by an introduction, and telling the prince that "if he wished for any information upon naval tactics, he knew of no officer of the fleet more capable of affording it." From this period the prince became the firm friend of Nelson, and declared that "his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that evidenced how much his whole soul was engaged in them."

From his earliest years Nelson possessed a happy power of making friends, and the still happier power of securing their friendship when once it was gained. His character was firm, but mild and conciliating; and though the ebullitions of temper, arising from the irritation caused by bodily infirmities, would at times manifest themselves, yet these instances were rare; and no one could be more ready to offer an apology, or make an atonement, when he conceived that his words or actions had been

harsh or unjust. The seamen loved him with a fervour peculiar to their character; for though he was strict in discipline, he was ever ready to give encouragement, and never flinched from his own duty, however severe. He led them in their enterprises, bore more than a due proportion of their hardships, and, in difficult circumstances, indulged in no better fare than themselves. To the officers under him he was considerate and kind; and when a youngster who had never before washed his hands in salt water joined him, he invariably made it a rule to encourage him in every possible way, probably remembering what he had himself suffered when he first stepped on board a ship of war. We shall give an instance of his readiness to render justice to every one. It appears that Lord Hood placed great reliance on his judgment and skill. His lordship, apprehensive that the French would endeavour to escape through some of the intricate passages of the Bahamas, said to Nelson, "I suppose, sir, from the length of time you were cruising among the Bahama Keys, you must have a good knowledge of the pilotage?" Nelson replied, "It is true, my lord, I have made myself well acquainted with the different channels, but in that respect my *second lieutenant* is by far my superior."

Intelligence was received that the French had got into Puerto Cabello, on the coast of Venezuela, and Nelson took his station between that port and La Guayra, where he cruised under French colours. It happened that one of the royal launches belonging to the Spaniards, deceived by the appearance of the *Albemarle*, came within hail of her, and the officers were invited in the French language to "come on board." They did so without hesitation, and freely gave information respecting the numbers and force of the enemy. The officers and crew of the launch, supposing that the frigate was recently from France, were anxious to obtain intelligence of what was passing in that country, and their surprise may be conjectured when they found themselves prisoners. Nelson, however, treated them with the utmost urbanity; the men were supplied with food by the brave tars, and the officers (amongst whom was a prince of the German empire, and brother to the heir of the Electorate of Bavaria, with several Frenchmen of distinction, who, in the pursuit of science, were collecting specimens in the various departments of natural history) were regaled at Nelson's own table with the best his ship afforded. Nevertheless they were not much at ease when they looked upon themselves as captives, and their scientific pursuits arrested. For a short interval Nelson enjoyed their embarrassment and chagrin; but he was too noble-minded to triumph over distress when it was in his power to relieve it; and therefore, with all the generosity characteristic of his nature, he told them "they were perfectly free, and might depart with their boat and all in it as soon as they wished;" and it may be truly believed that no one was better pleased with this act than Nelson himself.

In the beginning of 1783, war between England and France and Spain ceased, and the unhappy and ill-conceived contest with the American colonists was likewise terminated. Nelson returned home, and his ship was paid off at Portsmouth (July 31). He had, before this time, formed an attachment to a young lady, daughter of a clergyman of the church of England, and he was desirous of marrying; but his narrow circumstances forbade their union, and he was even induced to reside for some time in France, that he might economise his half-pay. Returning early in the ensuing year, he obtained an appointment to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, ready to sail for the Leeward Islands with the lady of the commander-in-chief, Sir Richard Hughes, and her family. Being on the peace establishment, the frigate's complement of officers was considerably increased. There were not fewer than thirty young gentlemen as volunteers of the first class, and midshipmen; and Nelson generously took upon himself the task of superintending their nautical education, and never missed a day visiting the school-room, and personally aiding the youngsters in their studies. Nor did his benevolence stop here; for, being an excellent practical seaman himself, he lost no opportunity of imparting the best instruction to "his boys." If he saw any of the lads manifest symptoms of fear on first going aloft, he would ascend the rigging himself, to show how easily it might be accomplished; and by these means he created a stimulus that never failed to produce the best effects.

In the course of his service at this period, Nelson showed that he was not only a bold and able seaman, but a man of a sagacious and determined mind. Previous to the American colonies declaring their independence of England, they enjoyed, almost exclusively, the trade with the West India islands; and, taking advantage of their vessels still retaining British registers, they continued to carry on their traffic as subjects of Great Britain, to the injury of the loyalists who had settled in Nova Scotia. The navigation act of England expressly prohibited all foreigners from carrying on trade with the West Indies, and Nelson, considering the Americans as foreigners since their separation from the mother country, resolved to carry out the provisions of the act to its fullest extent. He gave the Americans warning of his intention, and sent many away, that it might not be charged upon him that he had taken undue advantage of them. He apprised the admiral, Sir Richard Hughes, of his design, who at first gave it his sanction, but subsequently withdrew it, and sent Nelson a written order not to proceed. Major-General Sir Thomas Shirley, governor of the Leeward Islands, also opposed the captain of the *Boreas*, and at an interview between the two officers, Sir Thomas angrily exclaimed that "old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen." To which Nelson replied, "Sir, the prime minister of England is not older than I am, and I think myself as capable

of commanding one of his majesty's ships as Mr Pitt is of governing the state."

The alternative with him was, that he must either disobey the order of the admiral, or render acts of parliament a nullity; and therefore, relying on his integrity, he wrote to the admiral, declining obedience to his instruction. Sir Richard was extremely angry, and would have superseded Nelson; but the flag-captain dissuaded him from it, and told him that the whole squadron considered the order illegal. The admiral afterwards became convinced of his error, and thanked Nelson for having shown it to him.

Nelson prepared to act with promptitude, in which he was joined by his old friend Collingwood, who commanded the Mediator frigate, and his brother, who commanded the Rattler sloop. At Nevis, four Americans were seized, both hulls and cargoes, and condemned in the Admiralty Court. The owners instituted suits against Nelson, and laid their damages at £40,000. Frequent attempts were made to arrest him; but through the address of his first lieutenant, Mr Wallis, he escaped the process. One day an officer, remarking upon the harassment and restraint under which he laboured, happened to use the word "pity." Nelson sharply answered, "Pity, did you say? I shall live, sir, to be envied, and to that point I shall always direct my course." Representations being made to the king, orders were sent out that he should be defended at the expense of the crown, and at his suggestions the registry act was framed.

This approbation of his sovereign and the government could not but be welcome to him; but when the thanks of the treasury were transmitted to Sir Richard Hughes for that which Nelson had performed in defiance of the admiral, he felt both offended and indignant; under a conviction, however, that he had fulfilled his duty, he took no further notice of the affair.

While on the West India station, Nelson married (March 11, 1787) Mrs Nisbet, widow of a physician in Nevis, and niece of Mr Herbert, the president of that island. Mr Herbert, it appears, had been offended with his daughter, and expressed a determination to bequeath all his property to his niece: but Nelson's noble mind scorned to profit by such a resolve: he unceasingly pleaded for the daughter, and at length succeeded in accomplishing a reconciliation between Mr Herbert and his child.

Nelson's unaccommodating integrity brought him at this time into discredit with certain Admiralty functionaries. Becoming aware, and obtaining proofs of vast frauds being practised on government in the West Indies, he transmitted the information to the proper quarter, and for his pains was ordered to return with his vessel to England. This was a gross and most undeserved indignity; for no officer had conducted himself with more ability. On his return he was attacked by fever and sore

throat, but he never quitted his ship; and when orders arrived for her to be paid off, he solemnly declared his intention to resign his commission, and for this purpose he immediately waited upon the first lord of the Admiralty. Lord Howe conversed with him for some time, and having become fully satisfied of his rigid integrity and honour, his lordship presented him to the king, who received him graciously. Pleased with his reception, he not only remained in the service, but, by dint of exertion, brought the speculators to justice, and caused an immense saving to government.

Having no command, he took his wife and son-in-law to visit his father at Burnham-Thorpe, where he occupied himself in field sports and agriculture, Mrs Nelson generally accompanying him. But he was not suffered to remain in perfect quiet. The Americans renewed their vexatious actions, laying the damages at £20,000; and he would have quitted England for France, had he not received the assurances of the administration that all necessary protection and support would be afforded to him.

CAREER DURING THE FRENCH WAR.

We have now to follow Nelson into the heat of the great war in which he obtained such high distinction. Hitherto, his adventurous character had enjoyed but limited scope; now, it was to be afforded a wide field for exertion. The French having declared war against Great Britain, February 1, 1793, a contest began, which soon brought Spain and Holland into union with France, and caused the English, with some wretched allies, to maintain one of the most tremendous struggles known in history. In anticipation of this event, the British navy was strengthened, and Nelson, among other adventurers, applied for an appointment. After repeated applications, he was successful, and procured the command of the *Agamemnon*, 64 guns, with an entirely new company of men; these in a short time he had the address to train up to an equality with any seamen in the service.

The *Agamemnon* left England in the squadron of Admiral Hotham, to join Lord Hood in the Mediterranean. The object of this expedition was to aid the French royalists who stood out against the Revolution; and by that unfortunate party Toulon was surrendered to the English and Spanish fleets, in trust for the nominal sovereign of France, Louis XVII.

Previous to Lord Hood entering the port, the *Agamemnon* was sent with despatches for Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples; and Nelson, having executed his commission, was ordered to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis. Whilst running along the coast of Sardinia, he discovered five vessels supposed to be enemies, and immediately gave chase. They proved to be three 44-gun frigates, a corvette of 24 guns, and a brig of 12—making a total force of 168 guns and about 1400 men; whilst

the *Agamemnon* carried 70 guns, and could muster only 345 men at quarters. Notwithstanding this immense disparity, Nelson engaged one of the frigates (the *Melpomene*), and would certainly have captured her, but for the others coming up to her relief. She was so mauled, that the French made no pursuit of the *Agamemnon*, but remained by their consort to render her assistance. Nelson would have been mad to have awaited the conjoined attack of a squadron so vastly superior in strength; he therefore pursued his course to Tunis, and shortly afterwards was sent with a small squadron to act with the troops under General Paoli in Corsica, against the domination of France. Whilst cruising with his squadron off St Fiorenzo, he landed with 120 men, and destroyed a storehouse filled with flour for the French garrison, which stood near their only mill. This mill he burnt, and after throwing the flour into the sea, re-embarked without the loss of a single man, though 1000 soldiers had been sent against him. His constant activity afloat intercepted all supplies to the enemy; and day and night he was engaged in cutting out vessels from the bays and ports upon the coast, or assaulting the French forts and outposts.

These attacks not only afforded sharp practice for his crew, but they tended also greatly to alarm and annoy the enemy. Troops were landed under General Dundas, and on the evacuation of Toulon, Lord Hood also repaired to the spot. The French quitted St Fiorenzo, and retreated across the neck of land at the northern extremity of the island to the strong fortress of Bastia, which the British proposed to assault; but General Dundas considered it impracticable. This did not exactly suit the temperament of Nelson, who declared that, "with 500 men, he would have stormed the town, under a full conviction that he should have carried it." Lord Hood determined upon laying siege to the place; but neither Dundas nor General d'Aubant, who succeeded to the command of the army, would render any aid, and the siege was commenced, in defiance of the generals, with 1183 soldiers, artillerymen, and marines, and 250 sailors—there being then five good regiments idle at St Fiorenzo.

Nelson was now greatly exhilarated; he served on shore with the rank of brigadier, and not only personally superintended the erecting of batteries and getting guns up the mountains, but also frequently lent a hand to the more laborious part. The siege was carried on with vigour by this handful of men. On the 19th May the enemy offered to capitulate. The five idle regiments marched over from St Fiorenzo; and the next morning those who had not been allowed by their commander-in-chief to share in the peril and the toil, entered Bastia to reap the reward; but not till 4000 soldiers, who defended the place, had laid down their arms to about 1200 soldiers, marines, and seamen. The commanders of the idle troops received applause; Nelson, on whom the weight of service principally devolved, was not even

mentioned, except by his admiral, Lord Hood, who spoke of him in the highest terms.

Calvi still held out; and after a short cruise, in which a French fleet, coming out to relieve the island, was forced to retire under the security of their batteries on shore, the siege of Calvi was begun, Sir Charles Stuart having command of the land forces, and Nelson working with might and main at the advanced batteries. In a letter to Lord Hood he remarks, "We will fag ourselves to death before any blame shall lie at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten that twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, mounted, and all but three fought by seamen, except one artilleryman to point the guns." At this time Nelson suffered severely from the diseases incidental to the climate, as well as from his arduous exertions and anxiety of mind; added to these, a shot striking the battery near him, forced a small piece of stone into his right eye, and deprived him of the sight of it for ever. His head also was much cut; but he only lay aside for one day; and then, though suffering much from pain, returned with renewed alacrity to his duty. The utmost notice he took of this misfortune was in a letter to his relation, William Suckling, Esq. in which he says, "You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down, but the surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light from dark, but no object. It confined me one day, when, thank God, I was able to attend to my duty."

On the 10th August 1794 Calvi surrendered. It would most probably have done so earlier had Nelson's counsel been acted upon; but there appears to have been some jealousy between the chiefs of the army and navy; and this is more evident from General Stuart making scarcely any mention of Captain Nelson in his despatches, notwithstanding that it was well known the gallant seaman had rendered the most important services, and was mainly instrumental to the success that was achieved. Lord Hood's account did very little more than refer to Nelson's exertions; and neither the general nor the admiral said one word about the loss of Nelson's sight. His journal, however, in which he had noted down every day's occurrence during the siege, was forwarded to the Admiralty.

The taking of Calvi put the English in possession of Corsica, and here Nelson found his antagonist, the *Melpomene*, which he states to be "the most beautiful frigate I ever saw." In speaking of the weather, he remarks, "The climate here from July to October is most unfavourable for military operations. It is now what we call the dog-days; here it is termed the *Leon Sun*: no person can endure it: we have upwards of 1000 sick out of 2000, and the others not better than so many phantoms. We have lost many men from the season, very few from the enemy. I

am here the reed amongst the oaks; and the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have not strength for them to fasten. I bow before the storm, whilst the sturdy oak is laid low."

It may naturally be conjectured that, to a sanguine mind like Nelson's, the marked neglect he experienced from his superiors would have repressed his ardour; but, greatly to his credit, it only served to incite him to stronger efforts, as if he were to force himself by his deeds alone to that pinnacle of fame which he subsequently attained. In a letter to his sister, complaining of the treatment he had received, he adds, "But never mind, I will some day have a gazette of my own." This he well fulfilled; and it must be added to his praise, that when he had his own gazettes, the merits of *his* inferior officers were never forgotten.

After the fall of Calvi, Nelson proceeded to Genoa in the *Agamemnon*, which ship he would not quit, though several seventy-fours had been offered to him, preferring to remain with his brave Norfolk men, who had so faithfully served with him. At Genoa the doge behaved to him with great courtesy. Lord Hood was ordered home, and Vice-Admiral Hotham succeeding to the chief command in the Mediterranean, Nelson was especially appointed to watch the French fleet in Toulon, which, by the junction of ships from Gourjeau Bay, consisted of sixteen sail of the line, ten frigates and corvettes, whose intentions, it was supposed, were the retaking of Corsica, now formally annexed to the crown of Great Britain. There were likewise seven sail of the line on the stocks, and the *neutral* state of Genoa was liberally supplying the French with materials. Admiral Hotham, whilst at Leghorn, received intelligence that the Toulon fleet had put to sea, and with his whole force he immediately went in search of it. He had fourteen sail of the line, and a Neapolitan 74; but the English ships were scarcely more than half manned—only 7650 men amongst the whole. The enemy, besides the superiority in vessels, had not fewer than 16,900 men.

The two fleets met. That of France had been sent out purposely to fight the English; but when in sight of the British flag they had no desire to engage; for, after manœuvring a whole day, they took to flight, and Admiral Hotham went in chase, during which the *Ca-Ira* 84 lost her fore and maintop-masts, and the *Inconstant* frigate being the nearest, fired at her, but was obliged to sheer off. A French frigate took the 84 in tow, whilst the *Sans Culottes* 120, and the *Jean Barras*, kept pretty close on her weather-bow. Nelson's eagerness to get into the fight induced him to carry sail till he had distanced every ship in his own fleet by several miles. Still he pressed on, purposing to reserve his fire till he was nearly touching the Frenchman's stern; but finding that her stern chase guns were admirably pointed, so that almost every shot struck the *Agamemnon*, he yawed about from starboard to port, and from port to starboard, delivering his broadsides with great precision, rending the

canvass of the enemy into ribbons, and carrying away her mizen-top-mast, and cross-jack-yard. This manœuvre he practised two hours and a half, till the other line-of-battle ships came to the support of the *Ca-Ira*. The admiral made the signal for the van ships to join him, with which Nelson complied. Notwithstanding this sharp encounter, the *Agamemnon* had only six men hurt—the *Ca-Ira* lost 110 men.

At daylight the following morning, the body of the French fleet was seen about five miles distant, the *Ca-Ira*, and the *Censeur* 74, that had her in tow, being about a mile and a half astern of the rest. Signal was made by the English admiral to cut these ships off, and again the crew of the *Agamemnon* not only engaged their colossal opponent of the day previous, but also the *Censeur*, both of which subsequently struck.

On securing the two prizes, Nelson hastened to Admiral Hotham, and proposed that, while two of the English seventy-fours which had been most crippled, and four frigates, should be left in charge of the captured ships, the rest of the fleet should follow up the advantage gained: but the admiral expressed himself contented; adding, "We have done very well." In a letter commenting on this affair, Nelson says, "Now, had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to have escaped when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me; I got him to write to the admiral; but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet. Sure I am, had I commanded on the 14th, that either the whole of the French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a dreadful scrape." Certain it is that, with the spirit manifested by the seamen, much more ought to have been done. It is true that the Admiralty, with a petty parsimony, had very injuriously neglected the naval force in the Mediterranean: these ships were in bad condition, and the depôts were nearly empty of stores, nor was there a single lower mast to be obtained at Gibraltar.

About this time Admiral Man arrived with a squadron of five sail of the line; but even with this reinforcement the English were much inferior to the French in numbers, so that the arrival of a Neapolitan 74 to strengthen them was hailed with joy. Nelson complained very much of this recklessness in the administration; they, however, made him a colonel of marines, a mark of distinction that pleased him. He was now sent, with a squadron of eight frigates under his command, to co-operate with the Austrian general De Vins. He left the English fleet at St Fiorenzo, but fell in with the French fleet off Cape del Mele, who chased his squadron back to St Fiorenzo; and Admiral Hotham got under way as soon as possible to drive them off. Only a partial action ensued, in which *L'Alcide*, a French 74, struck, but afterwards caught fire and was destroyed.

The *Agamemnon* was again sharply engaged; but Admiral Hotham called her off, and the French fleet got into Frejus Bay. Nelson pursued his course with his squadron; and through his advice to the British envoy, Mr Drake, put a stop to the traffic of neutrals with the French. He also projected a series of conquests over the armies of Bonaparte; but the Austrian general manifested much backwardness, and Admiral Hotham acted upon a cautious system detrimental to the public service. The neutral port of Genoa was filled with small French privateers and rowboats, that went out in the evening and picked up any English merchant vessel that was unfortunate enough to fall in their way. At length an Austrian commissary, with £10,000 in money, travelling on neutral ground between Genoa and Vado, was robbed of the whole amount at Voltri by the boat's crew of a French frigate then lying at Genoa; and on the following day men were publicly entered in the streets of that city for the French service; consequently all neutral disguise was at an end. Nelson, who had long suspected the faith of the Austrians, became satisfied of the treachery that was practising, but possessed a force totally inadequate to prevent the consequences that were likely to ensue. Sir Hyde Parker, who had for the time succeeded Admiral Hotham in the command, reduced his strength still more by withdrawing every ship except a frigate and a brig; yet even with these he still persevered unflinchingly, till the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian army; General de Vins, under pretence of illness, having resigned his command in the middle of the battle. Never was victory more complete on the part of the French; never was cowardice more powerfully manifested than by the Austrians.

This defeat of our allies placed the Genoese coast, from Savona to Voltri, in the hands of the French; and Nelson, finding he could no longer be of material service, went to Leghorn to refit. On being hauled into dock, the *Agamemnon*, though strapped with hawsers round the hull, could barely be held together, and her masts, yards, sails, and rigging, were miserably cut and rent. She was, after much labour, patched up and repaired, and sailed for St Fiorenzo Bay, where, to his great gratification, Nelson found Sir John Jervis, who had assumed the entire command of the Mediterranean fleet. The manner in which the admiral received Captain Nelson was highly flattering and grateful to the latter, who, at Sir John's request, resumed his station in the Gulf of Genoa, to act against Bonaparte, who was then at the head of the army in Italy. Here he acted with great promptitude and vigilance, till orders arrived from the British government to evacuate Corsica; and Nelson was employed in bringing away the troops and stores. Having performed this rather degrading task, he was ordered to hoist a broad pendant, with the rank of commodore, on board the *Minerva* frigate, and proceed to Porto Ferrago, with the *Blanche* frigate under his command.

On the passage they fell in with two Spanish frigates, one of which the *Minerva* captured, after a smart action. She had scarcely taken possession of her prize, when another Spanish frigate came up, and a second engagement ensued. This new opponent, however, after an hour's fighting, hauled off; and a Spanish squadron, of two ships of the line and two frigates, heaving in sight, Nelson was compelled to abandon his prize and retire. All credit for these gallant actions Nelson attributed to his captain, George Cockburn, and the excellent crew he commanded.

BATTLE OFF CAPE ST VINCENT.

Having fulfilled his orders at Porto Ferrago, he went in search of the admiral; but in the mouth of the straits he was, on the 11th February 1797, chased by two Spanish ships of the line, and soon afterwards came in sight of the whole Spanish fleet. On the 13th he was enabled to communicate this to Sir John Jervis, whom he found off Cape St Vincent. He was then ordered to shift his broad pendant to the *Captain* 74, Captain R. W. Miller. On the morning of the 14th day broke with light winds and foggy weather, and the Spanish fleet was discovered through the haze much scattered, while the British ships preserved close order of battle; and by carrying a press of sail, passed through the Spanish fleet, so as to cut off nine ships from the main body. The Spanish admiral, who was to windward, attempted to join his ships to leeward, which Nelson, who was on the rear, perceiving, he had no sooner passed the rear of the windward ships of the enemy, than, notwithstanding the signal from Sir John Jervis to tack in succession, he ordered the *Captain* to be wore round, and stood towards the Spaniards, thus frustrating their union. The sixth ship from the Spanish rear was the *Santisima Trinidad*, of 136 guns upon four decks, carrying the flag of the Spanish admiral. Without a moment's hesitation, Nelson, in his little 74, not only engaged this truly formidable opponent, but had also to contend against her seconds, ahead and astern, each of three decks.

Nelson's manœuvre, and the purport of it, was quickly revealed to the British fleet, and the most enthusiastic admiration, mingled with anxiety, pervaded every breast as they saw three or four other large Spanish ships gathering round him. His old messmate, Troubridge, in the *Culloden* 74, hastened to his support, and was followed by the *Blenheim* 90, Captain Frederick, who took off the heat of the fire from the *Captain*. The brave *Collingwood*, in the *Excellent*, soon afterwards joined in the fight, and one or two of the Spaniards hauled down their colours. Rear-Admiral Parker, with the *Prince George*, *Orion*, *Irresistible*, and *Diadem*, were on the advance; and the Spanish admiral, instead of joining his ships to leeward, made signal for his fleet to haul their wind on the larboard tack, and make sail.

Nelson, after quitting the Santissima Trinidad, engaged the San Josef, a three-decker, carrying a rear-admiral's flag, and the San Nicholas 80, till these two latter ships got foul of each other, when the commodore ordered the boarders to be called, and the helm of the Captain being clapped a-starboard, her spritsail-yard hooked in the main-rigging of the San Nicholas, and that desperate rush of seamen which must be witnessed to be properly understood, ensued. Lieutenant Berry boarded by the mizen-rigging of the enemy, the commodore entered by the quarter-gallery window; but the affray did not last long; the Spanish brigadier fell whilst retreating to his quarter-deck; and the San Nicholas was soon in full possession of her conquerors.

The stern windows of the San Josef were directly over the weather-beam of the San Nicholas, and from these and the poop the Spaniards kept up a galling fire of musketry upon the British in the prize; but Nelson was equal to this emergency, and calling for more men from the Captain, he shouted "Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!" and, taking the lead, boarded the three-decker: a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said "they surrendered." Nelson ascended to the quarter-deck, where he received the sword of the Spanish captain, who stated that the admiral was "below dying of his wounds." The officers in succession tendered the commodore their swords, which he passed to a Norfolk man, one of his old Agamemmons, who tucked them under his left arm with the same composure as if collecting sticks for a fagot. To estimate properly the nature of the victory which Nelson had achieved, it may be mentioned that, while the Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and nine frigates—the whole carrying 2282 guns—the British fleet amounted to fifteen sail of the line, four frigates, and three smaller vessels, carrying an aggregate of 1232 guns.

As soon as the battle was over, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis took the commodore in his arms on the quarter-deck, and declared that "he could not sufficiently thank him." Yet in his public despatches the admiral made no particular mention of Nelson, or his gallant achievement by which the conquest was gained. The commander-in-chief, who did scarcely anything, was created Earl St Vincent, with a pension of £3000 a-year; and the intrepid and heroic Nelson (whose rank as rear-admiral was on its way to him at the time of the action) received the order of the Bath. The real facts, however, could not be long concealed from the nation; the public press teemed with the gallant exploit; applause and congratulations poured in from all quarters; and though Sir John Jervis got the earldom, it was Nelson who received all the honour.

Soon afterwards, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag (blue at the mizen) in the Theseus 74, having Captain Miller under him.

This ship had been prominent in the mutiny in England; but the rear-admiral had not long been on board before a paper was picked up on the quarter-deck with these words—"Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the Theseus shall be immortalised as high as the Captain's."

At the blockade of Cadiz, Sir Horatio had the command of the in-shore squadron; and in a boat action at night his barge got alongside of a large Spanish launch of twenty-six men. Nelson had only his ten bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and John Sykes his coxswain. The contest was desperate—hand to hand with cutlasses. Sykes twice saved the admiral's life by receiving the blows—once upon his own head—that were intended for his chief. Eighteen of the enemy were killed, and all the rest wounded, including the commandant: the launch was captured.

About a fortnight after this encounter the rear-admiral led an expedition against the island of Teneriffe; but it utterly failed; though even in this instance the character of Englishmen was respected by the Spaniards. Nelson was stepping out of his boat at the landing, when a shot struck his right elbow and shattered it. He had drawn his sword which was given him by his uncle Captain Suckling; the blow forced him to drop it; but catching it with his left hand, remarked that "he had promised never to part with it while he lived." His son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, got him into the boat, and, whilst rowing off to the Theseus under the enemy's guns, the Fox cutter was sunk by a shot, and 97 men perished in her. Nelson ordered his boat to the assistance of those who were swimming; and, notwithstanding the great anguish he was suffering, personally assisted in rescuing many from death: 83 were saved. On getting on board his own ship, his arm was amputated, and his mind appears to have taken a rather gloomy view of his future prospects. He returned to England, where distinguished honours awaited him. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol were presented to him, and he was awarded a pension of £1000 a-year. The requisite memorial of his services stated that he had been four times engaged with fleets, and no less than one hundred and twenty times in action; had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels. On his appearance at court, after being invested with the order of the Bath, the king received him most graciously, and consoled with him on the loss he had sustained, which he feared might deprive the country of his future services. Nelson replied, "I can never think *that* a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country."

When the rear-admiral's arm was amputated, a nerve had been taken up with, or instead of, an artery, and the constant irritation and anguish this caused almost wore out his already shattered frame; the ligature at last came away, and he was freed from pain. On the occasion of his recovery, with that pious feeling which has been already remarked as a feature of his character, he transmitted a note of thanks to the minister of St George's, Hanover Square: "An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him."

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

At the close of 1797 Sir Horatio hoisted his flag in the Vanguard 74, and on the 29th April 1798 he joined Earl St Vincent off Cadiz. The next day he was detached from the commander-in-chief with two seventy-fours, two frigates, and a sloop of war, and was shortly afterwards joined by Troubridge in the Culloden, with ten more sail of the line, the whole intended to watch the proceedings of an expedition then fitting out at Toulon, and supposed to be destined for Malta and Egypt. The first news Nelson received of this armament was, that it had taken Malta, and he prepared to attack the fleet at anchor; but further intelligence told him that it had already sailed; and still conjecturing they were gone to Egypt, thither did Nelson follow. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th of June; but the French were not there, and he returned to Sicily without obtaining any information of them. Through the secret agency of Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples, he obtained requisite supplies, and again renewed his search, endeavouring to gain intelligence wherever he could; till at last he resolved once more to visit Alexandria, where, on the forenoon of the 1st August 1798, he saw the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay, and made immediate dispositions for the attack. The English had thirteen ships of the line, all seventy-fours, and one 50, carrying in the whole 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The French had the same number of line-of-battle ships, of which there was one of 120 guns and three of 80: there were, besides, four frigates. The number of their men was 11,230, and the number of guns 1196. Nelson's plan was to double upon the French, and anchor his ships, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of each ship of the enemy's as far as his force would extend. A heavy cannonade commenced as the British advanced; but not a shot was returned, as the crews were aloft furling sails. At length, when anchored mostly by the stern, the English opened a destructive fire. The Vanguard had six colours flying in different parts of the rigging; and the whole of the ships being judiciously placed, the battle raged with the utmost fury. Unfortunately the Culloden took the ground;

and though she served as a beacon to warn others of the danger, yet she could not join in the fight. It was quite dark before the whole of the fleet had anchored.

It was about the middle of the action, and after several French ships had struck, that Nelson was severely cut on the head by either a heavy splinter or langridge; the skin of his forehead was stript away, and hung down over his face. He was carried below to the cockpit, and, from the great effusion of blood, it was feared the wound was mortal. The surgeon hurrying to examine him, he exclaimed, "No, I will take my turn with my brave fellows;" and believing himself to be dying, he signed a post captain's commission for Thomas Hardy, who commanded the Mutine brig. When the surgeon had examined the wound, and pronounced it to be a severe flesh wound, that was not mortal, the utmost joy prevailed; and as soon as it was dressed, he sat down and began the official letter which appeared in the Gazette. The largest of the French ships, L'Orient, carrying the flag of Admiral Brueys, took fire, and the flames, amidst the darkness of night, rendered the colours of both fleets distinguishable. Nelson, with his head bandaged, and almost deprived of sight, found his way to the quarter-deck of the Vanguard, and despatched boats to rescue all they could from the burning pile; but about ten o'clock she blew up with an explosion that shook every ship, and from the awe which the spectacle occasioned, reduced every vessel on both sides to silence for several minutes. The cannonading was partially continued till three in the morning, when it ceased, leaving the English in possession of nine French ships of the line. Two were burnt; and two, with a couple of frigates, effected their escape. Of the two other frigates, one was sunk; the second, after hauling down her colours, was set fire to by her captain, and destroyed. The loss of the English in killed and wounded was 895, that of the French 5225; the rest, including the wounded, were sent on shore.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson ordered on board every ship a thanksgiving for the victory which had blessed his majesty's arms; and the solemn stillness that prevailed throughout the fleet during the performance of this ceremony made a deep impression upon both friends and foes. Nelson had been well aware that the object of the French army was to attack our possessions in the East Indies; and now that this was frustrated, he despatched an officer to Bombay, who conveyed information to the governor of the total destruction of the fleet, and thus was prevented an enormous outlay for defensive operations, which had been already begun.

The victory of the Nile was received by the nation with delight, for it was felt to have at once frustrated the designs of Bonaparte, and vastly elevated the reputation of the British navy. So highly were Nelson's achievements on this occasion

esteemed, that he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of £2000 a-year was granted for his own life and two successors. The parliament of Ireland also granted him a pension of £1000 per annum; the East India Company presented him with £10,000; and various other gifts were bestowed from different bodies in England: whilst from Turkey, Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, &c. rich presents were forwarded.

It is delightful, amidst all Nelson's successes in the cruel business of war, to find symptoms of his generous nature continually breaking out. When the government was distributing its honours, he was particularly anxious that his old friend Troubridge and his first lieutenant should not be overlooked. But, the Culloden having been stranded in the commencement of the action, it seemed quite impossible to official judgment that her officers should be in any way distinguished. Nelson pleaded earnestly against this decision. "It was Troubridge," he said, "who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Troubridge who saved the Culloden, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it." It is distressing to add that these disinterested solicitations did not prevail with respect to Troubridge; Nelson only obtained permission to promote the lieutenant on the first vacancy.

Seventeen days after the battle, Nelson quitted Aboukir Bay for Naples, where he arrived on the 22d of September, in a state of the greatest weakness, in consequence of a severe illness which had attacked him on the passage. The Neapolitans and their court, apprised of his victory by two vessels which had preceded him, received him with all possible honours. He remained at this city till December, and it was on this occasion that his hitherto respectable character was first tarnished by a disgraceful connexion with Lady Hamilton, which proved the bane of his future existence. It is painful to see dishonour thus at length fall, in the midst of great triumphs, upon one who had been entirely amiable and pure while struggling with all kinds of adverse circumstances. The worst, however, was not yet come. We have now to trace the career of Nelson through a more historical dishonour; partly, however, the result of the other. Naples was at this time overpowered by the French arms, and all that Nelson could do was to carry off the imbecile king and his court to Palermo. Aided by the French, a small party of Neapolitans, including many of the nobility, formed a republican government; but it did not last long. A change in the state of the French armies caused the withdrawal of most of the troops from Naples. The opportunity was taken by the king's friends to restore his sway. The handful of leading patriots could only throw themselves into two forts, and capitulate for their lives and property. At this crisis Nelson entered on the scene with

his fleet, and, full of fervour for the interests of the king, and to gratify Lady Hamilton, he interfered to annul the terms of the capitulation. The unfortunate republicans were handed over to the vengeance of the court, which was sanguinary in the extreme. Nelson caused the aged Prince Caraccioli to be tried by his enemies, and immediately hanged at the yard-arm of a Neapolitan vessel. His generous nature seems to have been on this occasion completely changed; and the whole series of transactions must ever remain a remarkable illustration of the power of one degrading error to produce others and worse.

After performing other important services, which the Neapolitan king acknowledged by conferring upon him the title of Duke of Bronté, with a wealthy appanage, Nelson, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, returned to England, travelling through Germany to Hamburg by land. During his journey he received high honours from all authorities; and on reaching Yarmouth, the rejoicings were extreme. In the metropolis his lordship met with the most enthusiastic reception from the sovereign as well as his subjects; and the day succeeding his arrival being lord mayor's day, he was invited to the civic feast, where a sword of 200 guineas' value was presented to him. For several months he remained in England; but though fêted and distinguished, his mind was far from easy; for, in consequence of his association with Lady Hamilton, he had separated from his wife, and he desired active employment to avert dismal reflection.

EXPEDITION AGAINST DENMARK.

His wish was quickly gratified; for, government having been made aware that Napoleon purposed obtaining possession of the fleets of the northern powers, to make up for those captured and destroyed by England, Sir Hyde Parker was sent with an adequate force to Copenhagen to secure the Danish ships, and Nelson was appointed to act under him. With twelve sail of the line he boldly attacked the Danes, whose batteries ashore, as well as afloat, were extremely formidable. Sir Hyde Parker, with the rest of the fleet, lay at a considerable distance; and Nelson was deprived of the support of two of his own squadron, that grounded on the shoals. Nevertheless his magnanimity did not desert him for one moment. The battle was one of the most determined and desperate that have been fought. About the middle of it, Sir Hyde Parker, who could perceive the hot fire that was kept up upon the British, hoisted the signal to "discontinue the action." This was reported to Nelson, who, placing his glass to his blind eye, declared that "he could not see it;" adding, "keep my flag for closer battle flying—nail it to the mast."

A characteristic instance of Nelson's coolness occurred towards the close of the engagement. Desirous of sparing a further effusion of blood his lordship wrote a letter to the crown-prince:—

“Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English.” His attendant placed a box of wafers before him, but Nelson put them aside, and ordered a candle to be brought, by which means he sealed the letter with wax, observing, that “this was no time to appear hurried and informal.” A flag of truce conveyed the communication ashore; it led to the suspension of hostilities; and Nelson extricated his own shattered fleet from imminent peril, and brought out the prizes they had captured. The English sustained a loss in killed and wounded of 953; the Danes, including prisoners, of 6000.

In order to arrange preliminaries of peace, Nelson landed, and walking almost alone amidst the enemy he had been contending against, was received with silent respect. He afterwards partook of a repast prepared by the crown-prince. The prizes, six ships of the line and eight praams, were safely brought out; but only one of the former was sent home, Sir Hyde Parker ordering the rest to be burnt where they lay, so that their fine brass guns, which sank with the hulls, were afterwards recovered by the Danes. This proceeding was in opposition to the wishes of Nelson, who looked upon it as robbing the officers and seamen of their prize money. His lordship was also extremely discontented at the dilatoriness of the commander-in-chief, for he apprehended the junction of the Russian and Swedish fleets to act against the English; and though he never doubted the achieving a victory over them, yet his mind was anxious to prevent the slaughter that must ensue. Sir Hyde sailed with the ships fit for service, leaving Nelson to follow with the rest; but the latter, on hearing that the English and Swedish fleets were near to each other, quitted his ship (the *St George*) in an open boat, and rowed nearly thirty miles, till he got on board the *Elephant* about midnight—the wind cold and piercing—and in the hurry of departure his greatcoat had been left behind. The next day they saw the Swedish fleet, which took shelter in Carlsrona.

On the 5th May 1801, Sir Hyde Parker was recalled: Nelson received the appointment of commander-in-chief, and his title as viscount. Prompt measures immediately followed; by his active exertions, aided by the death of the Emperor Paul, the northern confederacy was broken up; and though Denmark prepared to resent the conduct of the English, and the crown-prince was still under the dictation of Napoleon, yet they were powerless to act.

Sir Charles Maurice Pole succeeded Nelson in the command; for the latter had earnestly intreated to be recalled, as his health

was rapidly declining in that inclement climate; but he would not weaken the fleet by returning home in any of the large ships, contenting himself with a brig; and on his landing at Yarmouth, the first place he visited was the hospital, to see the brave wounded who had fought with him at Copenhagen.

A few weeks afterwards, on the apprehensions of invasion, he was appointed to command from Orfordness to Beachy Head. He attacked the French flotilla at Boulogne; but the peace of Amiens put a stop to further hostilities, and Nelson retired to an estate he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey. Here he was not allowed to remain long; for war being renewed, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. The French put to sea from Toulon; his lordship went in pursuit during a succession of severe gales, which compelled the enemy to return to port. In March 1805 they again sailed, and having formed a junction off Cadiz with the Spaniards (against whom war had also been declared), this formidable fleet quitted the Mediterranean, designing to attack the British possessions in the West Indies. The combined fleet consisted of twenty sail of the line, seven 44-gun frigates, one of 26 guns, three corvettes, and a brig. Nelson, when he at length was apprised of their course, unhesitatingly pursued with ten sail of the line and three frigates. He followed them closely, sometimes deceived by false intelligence, and at others making himself assured of falling in with them; but it soon appeared that even the inferior force of Nelson was sufficient to deter the French admiral, for suddenly his course was altered, and he conducted his fleet back to Europe. Again Nelson pursued, and on the 19th June anchored at Gibraltar. The next day, he remarks in his diary, "I went on shore for the first time since June 16th, 1803, and from having my foot out of the *Victory* two years wanting ten days;" in fact, from May 1803 to August 1805 he quitted his ship but three times, each time upon the king's service, and his absence never exceeded an hour.

At Gibraltar he obtained no news of the French. Once more he went in search of them, and after traversing the Bay of Biscay and other seas, on the 15th August he received orders to proceed with the *Victory* and *Superb* to Portsmouth. On his arrival at that place, he learned that the French fleet, consisting of twenty sail of the line, three 50-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs, had been attacked by Sir Robert Calder with fifteen sail of the line, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger, on the 22d July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre, and two sail of the French line captured. The fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the French bore away for Vigo, where, having refitted, they proceeded to Ferrol, and taking another squadron from thence, succeeded in getting into Cadiz. For not doing more, Sir Robert Calder was tried by court-martial, and adjudged to be severely reprimanded.

LAST GREAT VICTORY AND DEATH.

Nelson again offered his services, and they were willingly accepted: he hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and on the 29th September, his birthday, took his station off Cadiz, where a rigorous blockade was instituted to force the enemy to sea. From this period till the 19th October, Nelson daily took an opportunity of imparting to his captains the mode of attack he purposed to adopt, not merely for subduing, but annihilating the enemy; adding, "If his signals could not be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

On the 19th, Villeneuve quitted Cadiz, and on the 21st, after some skilful manœuvring, he formed the combined fleet into a crescent, verging to leeward, every opening in his order of battle being filled up by a ship under the lee of the French. The number of the enemy was fifteen Spanish and eighteen French, making thirty-three ships of the line. The English, with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, bore down in two divisions, the van led by Nelson, the rear by Lord Collingwood, who, on account of the van steering more to the northward, was the first in action. Whilst running down, Nelson made his last celebrated telegraphic signal—

"England expects every man will do his duty,"

which was received throughout the fleet with a burst of acclamation harmonising with the spirit which it breathed. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more; we must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

It appears that this hero of a hundred fights was on the present occasion assured of victory, but at the same time under a presentiment that he himself should not survive. Fully believing that his last hour was at hand, he had gone into his cabin and written a prayer, as also a paper bequeathing to the care of his country the infamous woman who had been the only disgrace of his life. One of his captains found him calm, but exhibiting none of the exhilaration with which he had entered upon the battles of Aboukir and Copenhagen. It being known that there were select musketeers throughout the French ships, many of them Tyrolese, he was intreated to lay aside the frock-coat bearing his various decorations, as these might cause him to be singled out by some experienced marksman; but, with a sort of infatuation, he refused, saying, "In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them." With difficulty he was induced to consent that two other vessels should be allowed to go into action before his own; but he nevertheless pressed on, and thus rendered the concession practically unavailing, as the two vessels were thereby prevented from passing his own. The *Victory*, while

approaching the Santissima Trinidad—a Nelson's old adversary at Cape St Vincent—was severely raked by the numerous guns of that vessel; fifty men were killed; and Nelson's secretary, Mr Scott, fell by his side. He was soon in the heat of battle, with the Santissima Trinidad and Bucentaur close on one side, and the Redoubtable equally close on the other, so that he had occasion to fire from both sides. After the action had continued for about an hour, supposing the Redoubtable had surrendered—for she was silenced, and bore no flag—he gave orders, with his usual humanity, to cease firing upon her. This order had been repeated more earnestly than before, when from that very vessel he received his death-wound. It was at about a quarter past one that a musket-ball from the rigging of the Redoubtable struck him on the left shoulder, carrying part of the lace of his epaulette into his body. He fell upon his face amidst the blood of his slain secretary. As a sergeant of marines and two seamen raised him up, he said to his captain, "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," replied Captain Hardy. "Yes," he rejoined, "my backbone is shot through." Yet he preserved so much presence of mind, that, while they were conveying him down, he gave an order about the tiller-ropes, which he observed to have been injured. He was laid on a mattress in the midshipmen's berth. Mr Beatty (afterwards Sir William) the surgeon attended him, and ascertained by the symptoms that the wound was mortal, the ball having lodged in the spine; but the fact of his danger was concealed from the crew. Nelson knew that his end was approaching, and intreated his surgeon to leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. Whilst lying in great agony, he heard the cheers of his people as each of the enemy struck, and a gleam of joy each time illumined his countenance. He issued his orders clearly and distinctly, and conversed affectionately with those around him, frequently thanking God most fervently that he had done his duty. When Hardy came down, he eagerly asked how the day was going. "Very well," said the captain; "ten of the enemy have struck." Returning rather less than an hour after, he took the hand of the dying admiral, and congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. He expressed gratification on learning that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's vessels had surrendered, but remarked, "I bargained for twenty." He recommended Hardy immediately to anchor—an order which, had it been followed, might have made the victory over the enemy more complete. After having spoken some words to his chaplain, he breathed this sentence—and it was his last—"I thank God I have done my duty." He expired at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after receiving the fatal wound.

Ultimately, the vessels taken reached the number required by Nelson; but, from the neglect of his order to anchor, a gale which came on dispersed and sunk several of them. Still, the battle of Trafalgar was a deathblow to the maritime power of France and

Spain, and proved of incalculable service to England, counterpoising as it did the great land successes of Napoleon, by which it appeared as if our country must have otherwise been reduced in a few years to French domination. The victory was gained at great expense; since, besides the irreparable loss of Nelson, there fell 23 officers, 15 petty officers, and 409 seamen and marines; while 52 officers, 57 petty officers, and 1177 seamen and marines were wounded. The losses on the part of the enemy are scarcely calculable, but must have been several thousands, on account of the severe gales that followed the battle.

All that a grateful nation could bestow upon a dead hero was manifested towards the devoted Nelson. His remains were landed at Greenwich, and lay in gorgeous state three days. A public funeral, attended by most of the male members of the royal family, took place in St Paul's cathedral. His brother was created Earl Nelson, with a grant of £6000 a-year: £10,000 was voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. Statues and monuments have been erected to his memory; but perhaps none is more characteristic of quiet after the storms of life than the tomb raised over his body in the crypt of St Paul's. It is a sarcophagus of black marble, which was originally prepared, by order of Cardinal Wolsey, for his own remains. On the pedestal are the words, HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON. His old friend Collingwood lies under an altar-tomb on one side of Nelson's; and on the other is the body of the Earl of Northesk, another distinguished naval commander.

The character of Nelson has been seen displayed in his actions. He was ardent and fearless in the line of his duty to an extraordinary extent. No labour or sacrifice seemed to him too great which promised to make him better as a sailor and an officer; no danger appalled him where he saw a reasonable chance of succeeding in an enterprise. There was in him a singular union of sagacity with these ardent qualities; and while unwilling to be too ready to admit difficulties, yet it was observed that he generally kept a steady eye at the same time to the means by which any of his objects were to be realised. The originality and genius of the man are fully shown in the number of remarkable expressions which he is remembered as using on particular occasions—his last signal being the chief. When we consider, in addition to these high qualities, his generous and magnanimous nature—his constant readiness to acknowledge merit in others—his inviolable humanity—we must admit that few characters have exceeded that of Nelson in all desirable gifts. It clearly appears that these qualities, without any extrinsic aid whatever, bore our hero onward from the humblest rank in the service that a gentleman ever accepts, to the supreme command; and his life thus becomes a valuable illustration of a truth which cannot be too deeply impressed, that *good character and conduct form the true talisman of success.*



JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

FIVE hundred years ago, a considerable part of France was under the rule of the kings of England. The manner in which the English gained possession of territories in that country is perhaps not very generally known. When William, Duke of Normandy, fixed by conquest his sway over England, he still retained his Norman possessions. These, with some other districts, descended as an heritage to the English crown, so that, in process of time, when the invasion of the Normans was forgotten, it almost appeared as if the English had intruded themselves into Normandy, instead of the Norman dukes having intruded themselves into England. With Normandy as a stronghold, the English monarchs contrived to extend their possessions in France by means of wars, for which it was always easy to find a pretext. Besides this odious practice, there was another means of extending kingdoms much resorted to in these times. This consisted in the intermarriage of princes and princesses. When the son of an English king married the daughter and heiress of a French duke, and when the duke died, his possessions, including all the people upon them, became, as a matter of course, the lawful patrimony of his daughter's family. Vast possessions, in what is now included under the name France, were thus added to the English crown. One of the most sweeping encroachments of this kind arose from the marriage of a daughter of Charles VI. of France to Henry V. of England. When Charles VI. died (1422), the succession was settled on his son-in-law Henry, to the exclusion of a son, Charles—a man of weak dispositions.

Henry V. died before he was installed in this splendid acquisition, but he left a son, Henry VI., who inherited his claims, and though only a child, was acknowledged as king by the greater part of France, and crowned in Paris. This event gave the English a much more extended footing in France than they ever had before. In point of fact, with the exception of certain provinces under independent dukes and counts, they had a complete mastery in the country, and the sovereigns were henceforth styled kings of France and England.

What, it may be asked, were the feelings of the French people on finding themselves so coolly handed over to a foreign power? At the time we speak of, the people at large were for the greater part serfs or bondsmen, under powerful nobles, and to them one king was generally as good as another. Their occasional oppression under these feudal chiefs was their principal grievance, and sometimes they arose in immense numbers and slew the nobility and their families. A dreadful outburst of this nature occurred about the year 1358, and is known in history as the revolt of the *Jacquerie*. Sometimes much blood was also shed by the contentions of rival dukes, each bringing his vassals into the field to fight against the other. A fierce civil war of this kind took place a short time previous to the accession of Henry VI.

This young king being incapable of ruling in his own person, his government in France was conducted by the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester. These noblemen had a difficult part to act; for Charles, the dauphin, or son of the late king of France, had a party in the state who favoured his preferable claims to the throne; and, besides, the civil broils among the noblesse and peasantry kept everything unsettled. The English power, fortified by the Duke of Burgundy, was, however, supreme. All the towns and forts were garrisoned with English soldiers; and it is not unlikely that, with prudent management, and with a popular monarch, France would have irrevocably become a province of England.

Such a misfortune for both countries was prevented in a most singular manner by the intrepidity of a peasant girl; and it is the story of this girl that we now propose to tell, and we tell it to the shame of the English nation—the shame of bigotry—the shame of having cruelly maltreated an innocent and patriotic maiden.

EARLY LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

Jeanne d'Arc, or, as we translate the name, Joan of Arc, was born in the year 1410. Her parents—Jacques d'Arc, and his wife Isabelle—were cottagers, who dwelt in Domremy, a village on the borders of Lorraine, in the north-eastern part of France. Joan had a sister who died young, and three brothers, who lived to reap advantages from their sister's heroism. Jacques d'Arc and his wife were honest and industrious people, who entertained no other ambition than that of bringing up their children credit-

ably in their own station. Joan was not instructed in reading or writing—but we must remember that such accomplishments were rare at the time when printing was unknown, and when learning was confined almost entirely to the priests. It is certain, however, that she had many comparative advantages; her parents were distinguished for piety and good conduct, and there can be no doubt that she was early instructed by them in the tenets of the Christian religion. Her mother taught her to spin and to sew; and from every record of her early years, we may gather that she was looked upon as a modest, industrious, kind-hearted girl; and sufficiently distinguished for the fervour of her religious impressions, to be sometimes laughed at by her companions for preferring to attend church to joining with them in the song or the dance. There are many testimonials of her zeal and devotion in the exercises of religion, which she appears to have always performed without show or affectation. And often, when occupied in the fields weeding or reaping, she was known to separate from her companions, and afterwards found offering up her prayers in some secluded nook. When we add that she was also distinguished by shyness and timidity, thoughtful observers may perhaps discover a key to her character.

Joan of Arc has never been represented as a person of many words; and certainly the simplest clue to her extraordinary history would be found in considering her of that earnest, thoughtful temperament, which broods constantly on the ideas which have once taken fast hold of the mind, and which, when joined to a vivid imagination and high-toned moral feeling, is sure to produce a warm but sincere enthusiast.

In the neighbourhood of the village of Domremy, on the road which led to Neufchâteau, there was a fine old beech-tree, whose arching boughs, descending to the ground, formed a kind of vault, and which, time out of mind, had been called "the Fairies' Tree." Near to it there arose a spring called the "Fairies' Well." The tree and spring were the objects of superstitious offerings by the ignorant villagers; but not so to Joan of Arc, who would attend no *fêtes* and dances in honour of the tree or well; and on all such occasions she preferred to carry garlands of flowers to hang at the shrine of the Virgin in the church of Domremy.

If we add that Joan, as she grew up, was not confined to household duties; that, on the contrary, she was accustomed to frequent out-door employment, and often drove cattle and horses to graze and to water, mounting the latter with little or no accoutrements, which might well account for the equestrian skill and fearless riding she afterwards displayed, we believe we have related all by which her early girlhood was distinguished.

But, with her warm enthusiasm and ardent imagination, the village girl must have been an eager listener to the many tales

of outrage, wo, and suffering, inseparable from the condition of her oppressed country; and which, from far and near, must have floated on the breath of rumour even to Domremy. We learn that, with one single exception, the villagers were all Armagnacs, as the adherents of Charles were called, from the part which the Count d'Armagnac took in the struggle; but that the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Masey were of the rival party of Burgundians. We learn, too, that the children of both places carried out the factious animosities of their elders into their own childish play; and that mock fights, in which sticks and stones often proved dangerous weapons, were common between them. Joan had frequently beheld her young friends and her own brothers covered with blood after these fierce encounters; and while such things were proofs of the strong party-feelings which existed under an apparent calm, they must themselves have kept alive and kindled the very enthusiasm from which they sprung. Nay, on one occasion at least, their country's troubles came more nearly home to the villagers of Domremy than through mimic fights, or the echoing reports of far-off calamities. A party of Burgundian cavalry drove them, with their families and flocks, from their peaceful homes, and compelled them to take refuge elsewhere. On this occasion the family of Arc found shelter in an hostelry at Neufchâteau, a town which, belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, was safe from aggression. Here they remained fifteen days, during which time it is highly probable that Joan, as some return for the hospitality and protection afforded, assisted in many domestic offices; at any rate, this conjecture is the only foundation for the story of Joan having been servant at an inn, a story first related by a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by English historians.

Joan was between thirteen and fourteen years of age when, according to her own account, she began to see visions, and hear the voices of departed saints calling upon her to re-establish the throne of France. Now that time has removed the mists of prejudice, and reason, with many helps from science and experience, is allowed to rule our opinions, we see in these supposed preternatural revelations only the workings of an ardent and imaginative temperament. Swayed by those two powerful emotions, religious and political enthusiasm, Joan was no impostor. Her mind, feeding upon itself, had become in some measure deranged, and produced those impressions which the simplicity of her own nature interpreted as direct messages from Heaven. This belief is indeed the only satisfactory key to her conduct: she believed herself a chosen instrument in the hands of the Deity, and by the strength of this faith the heroine was supported.

The battles of Crevant and Verneuil had apparently annihilated the hopes of the dauphin—or, as we will more properly call him,

Charles VII.—when Joan believed herself to be first visited by supernatural agents. Of course her own testimony is the only one afforded. She said that, when sitting one summer's day in her father's garden, she saw a shining light in the direction of the church, and heard a voice bidding her continue pious and good, and assuring her that God would bless her. The second vision took a far more distinct form. On this occasion, she says, she was tending her flocks in the fields when she heard the same voice, but she beheld also the majestic forms of St Catherine and St Margaret, while the voice announced itself as that of the archangel Michael. It now delivered some mysterious words, intimating that France should be delivered from the English yoke through her means. This second vision filled her soul with rapture; and, as a token of gratitude to the Most High for choosing her as an instrument of his will, she took a vow to remain unmarried, and to devote herself entirely to her mission.

Her own family seem to have treated these rhapsodies very lightly; although it is reported that her father, dreading she might be worked on by some men-at-arms, and induced to follow the army, declared that "he would rather drown her with his own hands," than live to witness such a thing. Meanwhile she was sought in marriage by an honest yeoman, whose suit was warmly encouraged by her parents. Joan, however, positively refused; and the lover resorted to the singular expedient of declaring she had promised him marriage, and citing her before a legal tribunal, believing they would compel her to fulfil the same. But the maid undertook her own defence; and having declared on oath that she had made no such promise, sentence was given in her favour. From this otherwise unimportant incident we may gather two facts—namely, that Joan was already possessed of great firmness, and that her character for honour and veracity stood high.

Public events now began to excite party feeling to the highest pitch. The Duke of Bedford had returned to France, and, including a reinforcement from Burgundy, had sent forth a mighty army against Charles. He had intrusted its command to the Earl of Salisbury, who was assisted by the valiant officers, Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, and Sir William Gladsdale. Salisbury having reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which had offered but a feeble resistance to his arms, proceeded to the chief object of the enterprise, the siege of Orleans, a city which commanded the Loire and the entrance to the southern provinces, and was the last stronghold of Charles and his party. Had Orleans been subdued, the troops of Bedford might easily have penetrated the open country beyond the Loire, and have driven the court of Charles to seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne and Dauphiné.

It was in the month of October 1428 that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury; but happily his design had

been foreseen, and every preparation had been made both by the French king and the inhabitants themselves to prepare for a long and desperate defence. The Sire de Gaucourt was appointed governor, and two of the bravest captains of the age, Pothon de Xaintrailles, and Dunois, threw themselves, with a large body of followers, into the city, while the citizens on their part showed the most patriotic spirit. They brought to the common stock even a larger sum than the heavy taxes they had imposed upon themselves; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the opposite or south bank of the Loire, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford shelter to the English; and from a similar motive the vineyards and gardens within two miles of the city were laid waste. The men competent to bear arms were enrolled for that purpose, while the remainder of the inhabitants employed themselves almost unceasingly in prayer, and in bearing the relics from church to church with solemn processions.

The first assault of the enemy was directed against the bulwark which defended the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank; and after a vigorous resistance, and considerable loss, they dislodged the townspeople from the place. The latter now planted themselves at two towers which had been erected some way forward on the bridge, and breaking down one of the arches behind them for the security of the city, kept up their own communication with it only by planks and beams, which could be in a moment removed. But the next day Sir William Gladsdale, finding the waters of the Loire sufficiently shallow, waded with his men to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He then connected them with the bulwark already obtained, and formed a fort, which enabled him to plant a battery against the apparently devoted city. This success, however, cost the life of the Earl of Salisbury, who, a few days afterwards, having ascended one of these towers to view the works, and examine more nearly the enemy's walls, was killed by a splinter from a cannon-ball—this, by the way, being one of the earliest sieges at which cannon was found to be of importance. The Earl of Suffolk succeeded to the command; and after experiencing in several attacks the stubborn resolution of the besieged, he resolved to surround the city with forts, and reduce it by all the horrors of famine.

The winter was occupied in the construction of these forts, though numerous assaults from the one party, and sallies from the other, bore witness to the undiminished energy of the besiegers, and the untiring constancy of the besieged. While the English works remained incomplete, food and reinforcements occasionally found their way into Orleans; and as the French troops beyond ravaged the country, it sometimes happened that they cut off the necessary supplies of the English. Yet, on the whole, both the stores and garrison of Orleans sensibly diminished; and as

the besieged saw tower after tower arising to complete the circle which was to bind them, it became evident that, unless some surprising effort was made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

JOAN SETS OUT ON HER MISSION.

The news of the events just related kindled the fervent imagination of Joan to its highest pitch. For a time her visions and the instructions of "her voices" might have wavered somewhat indistinctly, but now they clearly indicated two objects which she was to achieve—first, the raising of the siege of Orleans; and secondly, that Charles should be solemnly crowned at Rheims. In the latter promise we may clearly trace the influence of that firm religious faith which had always been so strong an element in Joan's character; for to the priests and to the pious among the populace, Charles was not a lawful king until his claims were thus sanctified—his head encircled with the ancient crown, and anointed with the holy oil.

But the time for action was at hand; and Joan determined that her first step should be to seek an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, and, revealing her visions to him, intreat his assistance to reach the king's presence. She dared not impart her scheme to her parents, knowing that they would throw additional obstacles in her way; but strong in the belief that hers was a divine commission, that was to supersede even the ties of filial duty, the maid had now recourse to stratagem. She feigned a strong desire to pay a visit of a few days to her maternal uncle, Durand Laxart, who resided at the village of Petit Burey, situated between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. She contrived to have her wishes intimated to him, and Laxart himself came to fetch his niece, and to gain her parents' consent to the visit. It was in this manner that Joan of Arc left that humble home to which she was never more to return.

It would seem that Joan had a strong affection for this uncle, and much confidence in him; for, during the seven or eight days she remained at his house, she confided all her visions, hopes, and aspirations to him. Eloquent must have been her words, for it is quite clear that she persuaded Laxart of the truth of her mission; and we can understand with what rapture Joan, now about seventeen or eighteen years of age, felt that there was one at least who treated these holy revelations with due respect. Laxart, in fact, decided on going to the governor himself as a messenger from his niece: but when he had succeeded in obtaining an interview with him, Baudricourt treated these mysterious promises with the utmost ridicule, and advised him "to box her ears, and send her back to her parents." Yet so far from being disheartened by this failure, Joan resolved to see him herself,

declaring that she would go alone if need be. Her uncle, however, accompanied her.

It was with great difficulty that the peasant-girl obtained admission to the governor; and when in his presence, it was yet more difficult to win from him a patient hearing. But she opposed the energy of a determined will to derision and contempt, and determined to remain at Vaucouleurs, almost literally dividing her time between passionate appeals to the governor, and fervent prayers in the church.

Once for a short time she returned to the village of Petit Burey, to await there the governor's answer; but she soon came back to Vaucouleurs to renew her intreaties and protestations, declaring that she must, and she would reach the presence of the king, even if in doing so "she wore through her feet to her knees." Joan and her uncle lodged at Vaucouleurs at the house of a cartwright, with whose wife the maid formed an intimate acquaintance, being accompanied by her everywhere when her uncle was not at her side. This circumstance, carefully recorded, argues, we think, that Joan had already formed a plan from which she never deviated. In her after-career, as now, it was her custom in every town to choose some matron of irreproachable character as her companion and protectress. But to return to Vaucouleurs. Though she was slow in persuading the governor to listen either to her promises or requests, her fervent piety and earnest intreaties made a great impression on the townspeople. At last Baudricourt consented to write to King Charles, and refer the question of her journey to his decision. Meanwhile she had made two converts at Vaucouleurs of some importance. The first of these was a gentleman surnamed De Metz, who declared that her tone of inspiration had convinced him, and who promised, "on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, to lead her before the king." The other was Bertrand de Poulengy, a gentleman who had been present at her first interview with Baudricourt, and who also resolved to escort her on her journey. The fame of Joan had also by this time reached the Duke of Lorraine, who sent for her, considering that, if she were endowed with supernatural powers, she could cure him of a dangerous disease under which he was suffering. But Joan replied, with truthful simplicity, that her mission was not to that prince, nor had she such a gift as that he desired. The duke dismissed her with a present of four lives, which were most probably highly acceptable; for though Baudricourt, worked on by De Metz and Poulengy, and by the force of popular opinion, was now consenting to her departure, the only assistance he rendered her was the present of a sword. Whether the governor had received any answer or not to the letter he had addressed to the king, is not recorded; but it was the honest Durand Laxart who, assisted by another countryman, borrowed the money wherewith to purchase a horse for Joan's use; and

the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, though it appears he was afterwards reimbursed by the king. The maid, by command, as she said, of "her voices," assumed male attire, which she wore throughout her expedition; and Baudricourt so far protected her, as to require an oath from her escort that they would take all possible means to conduct her safely to the court.

The news of these proceedings caused great consternation at Domremy. The parents of the maid hastened to Vaucouleurs; but their dissuasions failed to shake her resolutions; though she appears to have suffered greatly at witnessing their grief, and to have been uneasy until she received their forgiveness. There is no doubt this was shortly awarded to her. It was not according to human experience that Joan's immediate family should have been the first to acknowledge her as a "prophetess;" but neither were they the last; and we find that, shortly afterwards, when at Touraine, she was joined by her youngest brother Pierre. Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February 1428; her escort consisting of six persons—namely, the Sires de Poulengy and de Metz, each with an attendant, a king's archer, and a certain Colet de Vienne, who is styled a king's messenger. Their direct road lay through a track of hostile country, where they would be exposed to the attacks of Burgundian and English soldiery; to avoid which danger they chose the most unfrequented by-paths, traversed thick forests, and forded large rivers. But the maid seemed indifferent to toil or danger, her chief complaint being, that her escort would not allow her to stop so often as she desired to attend public worship in the churches.

They crossed the Loire at Gien, and, now on friendly ground, Joan began openly to declare her mission, announcing to all whom she met that she was sent from God to crown the king, and release the faithful city of Orleans. Wild as the story was, we should remember that it was an age when religion was superstition; and no wonder that, when the news of a coming deliverer sent from heaven reached the poor besieged, the hard-pressed dispirited band should welcome this bright ray of hope with renewed confidence. They seemed indeed well nigh to have despaired of human aid. While Joan was detained at Vaucouleurs by Baudricourt's indecision, the besieged had besought the king once more to afford them some assistance; and it was with the utmost difficulty Charles had mustered 3000 men. These, under the command of the Count of Clermont, were joined by 1000 men from the garrison, the plan being to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf opposed only 2000 soldiers to this force; but so harassed, and weakened, and dispirited must the French have been, that they were completely routed, leaving 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was called the "Battle of Herrings,"

because the provisions under the charge of Fastolf chiefly consisted of salt-fish, for the use of the English army during Lent.

In the meantime the young king, surrounded at the castle of Chinon, the retreat he had chosen, by pusillanimous counsellors, was more than half persuaded to abandon Orleans to its fate, and at once take refuge in the mountainous recesses of Dauphiné and Languedoc. But happily, the advice of some more patriotic spirit prevailed, and no such craven steps were taken.

Arrived at the village of St Catherine de Fierbois, a few leagues from Chinon, a messenger was despatched from Joan to the king; and though permission was easily awarded for her to proceed to an hostelry at the latter place, much grave deliberation ensued before she could be admitted to the royal presence. Some considered her a sorceress empowered by the Evil One, others looked upon her as a mad enthusiast, while not a few considered that, at so sad a crisis as the present, no promised means of deliverance, however extraordinary, should be rashly spurned. At last it was agreed that a commission should be appointed to receive her answers to certain questions; and their report proving favourable, and several lords of the court, whose curiosity had led them to visit her, being forcibly struck by her fervid piety and exalted strain of inspiration, the wavering Charles, after some further delay, decided to receive her.

It was in the hall of Chinon, lighted up for the occasion with fifty torches, and crowded with knights and nobles, that this remarkable audience took place. The king, the better to test Joan's powers, had so far disguised himself as to appear in plain clothes, mingling without ceremony among his courtiers, while some of them, splendidly attired, took the upper places. Undismayed at the splendour of the scene, or the gaze of the spectators, she advanced with a firm step, and with her acute eye at once singled out the king in a moment, and bending her knee before him, exclaimed, "God give you good life, gentle king!" "I am not the king; he is there," replied Charles, pointing to one of his nobles, and condescending to a falsehood. "In the name of God you are he, and no other," returned Joan. "Oh, most noble dauphin!" she continued, "I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to aid you and your kingdom. I am ready to take arms against the English. And I am commanded to announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims. Gentle dauphin, why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon you and upon your people, and that St Louis and Charlemagne are interceding for you now before him." Charles then drew her aside, and, after conversing with her for some time in an under tone, he declared himself in favour of her oracular gifts.

While at Chinon, an incident occurred which went far to strengthen the popular belief in Joan's powers. A soldier, when she was passing by, addressed some rudeness to her, to which she

gently replied, that such words ill became a man who might be so near his end. The soldier was drowned that very day in attempting to ford a river, and Joan's reproof was immediately regarded as a prophecy. The populace, indeed, were now growing warm in her behalf; and it is worthy of remark, that with them the maid always retained her ascendancy, while the faith of those more exalted in rank, and more about her person, constantly wavered; a proof, to our mind, of her own sincerity, for the reverse is always the case with a clever charlatan. There can be no doubt that the more closely she was seen, the more evident did her fervid piety and religious and political enthusiasm appear; but the warriors about her must also have discovered that she was totally ignorant of war and politics, and unable even without their mediation to reach the army. Charles's doubts returned, notwithstanding her marvellous communication to himself, and the case was referred to the university and parliament at Poitiers. A long and tedious theological examination ensued; messengers were despatched to Domremy to learn all the particulars of her early life; and every means being resorted to that could prove her spotless purity, the learned doctors—such learning!—gave it as their opinion that Charles might accept her services without harm to his soul.

JOAN TAKES PART IN THE WAR.

Joan being now recognised as a useful auxiliary in the almost hopeless cause of France, she was equipped with a suit of knight's armour, and furnished with a certain sword, which she described as being marked with five crosses, and lying, with other arms, in the church vault of St Catherine at Fierbois. A messenger was sent thither, and the old neglected weapon—said by some to have belonged to the redoubtable Charles Martel—was found precisely in the spot she had mentioned. This was interpreted as a new proof of her supernatural powers; but surely it is very possible that she might have seen the sword during her stay at Fierbois, when, there is no doubt, according to her usual custom, she attended mass. She was also provided with a banner of white, strewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription, *Thesus Maria*. This was made under her own direction, according to the instructions she said she had received from her "voices." A brave knight, named the Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire, and a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; and she had two heralds and two pages.

Amid the doubts and difficulties and trials to which Joan had been subjected, two months had slipped away; so that it was the middle of April before these preparations were completed, and the maid appeared at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, in complete armour, but with her head uncovered, her beautiful

chestnut hair braided across her forehead, and falling upon her neck, though not descending lower than her shoulders. Her fame had already so roused the soldiers' flagging spirits, and her appearance was so imposing, that, confident now of divine support, numbers who had flung down their arms in despair, rallied round the standard of the maid; and thus nearly 6000 men were assembled. The indolent monarch had again withdrawn to the retirement of Chinon; but his most valiant captains, De Boussac, De Culant, La Hire, De Retz, and De Loré, were ready for the field.

It had not been quite decided whether Joan was to control the troops, or only cheer them by her presence and promises of divine assistance. But this was not long a point of dispute; the rising enthusiasm among the common people was so marked, that the chiefs, per force, gave way. One of her first steps was the bold endeavour to reform the morals of the camp by expelling all bad characters from it, and by calling upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. From Blois, the maid now dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, commanding them, under pain of vengeance from heaven, to yield—not only that city, but all the towns of which they had unjustly acquired possession. It afterwards appeared that she had directed the scribe to write, "Yield to the king;" but that he, instigated no doubt by the warriors about her, had written, "Yield to the maid"—a striking proof that Joan was at this time used rather as an instrument by those near her person, than looked up to and implicitly obeyed as one divinely inspired.

The English affected to treat her summons with scorn; but the fame of the maid must already have reached them, with even exaggerated reports of her supernatural endowments; and it is very evident that the English, in their hearts, believed one of two things: either that she was inspired by God, in which case there would be sin in opposing her; or, according to the popular faith of the period, that she was strengthened by Satanic agency—the latter being by no means an encouraging prospect for the enemy. As for the wretched besieged, they were now reduced to the utmost need; and the first object of the French chiefs was to convey food into the city. They had for some time been collecting two convoys of provisions for this purpose: and Joan, now asserting her authority, insisted they should proceed with one of them along the northern bank of the Loire; while her colleagues proposed the southern bank, believing this to be more weakly guarded by the English. Unable to alter her decision, and yet distrusting her judgment, they took advantage of her ignorance of the country, and persuaded her that they were still on the northern bank when really traversing the southern one. After two days' march, Joan discovered the deception, and broke out into angry reproaches at finding that the Loire still flowed between her and the beleaguered city. It really did seem that her plan,

as it turned out, would have been the safer. The night was coming on, a storm was raging, and the wind was dead against them, so that the boats Dunois had brought to receive the supplies bade fair to be of little use. However, the maid insisted they should be immediately put on board, although the chiefs now counselled delay. Joan assured them that the wind would change; which really happened, and the welcome convoy reached Orleans in safety.

It was Joan's wish that the army who had accompanied her should throw themselves into the city, and without delay attack the English, and force them to raise the siege; but the captains declared that it was their duty to return to Blois, for the purpose of escorting the second convoy of provisions. Finding that she could not shake this determination, which, till the present moment, had been kept secret from her, she still obtained a promise that this second convoy should be brought by the northern bank through Beauce, as she had on the former occasion directed. She likewise stipulated that Father Pasquerel and the other priests should remain with the army to preserve its morality, and perform the religious ceremonies on which she insisted. While, for herself, she undertook, at the intreaty of Dunois, to enter the beleaguered city and share its fortunes. Accordingly she stepped into his boat, standard in hand, and was followed by the brave La Hire and several others. Two hundred lances crossed in other boats. They must actually have embarked close under an English fort; but the besieged had sallied out in another direction to draw off the enemy's attention.

It was late in the evening of the 29th of April 1429 when Joan of Arc entered the city, having certainly surmounted dangers and difficulties enough in reaching the place to confirm the popular belief in her divine protection. Moreover, the promised deliverer had come, heralded by the lightning and the thunder, and the first sign of her beneficent power was to bring plenty to the starving people. No wonder that their already excited imaginations were yet more keenly affected by gratitude and hope, or that they thronged round her with eager acclamations and devotion. Women, children, and old men pressed near to touch even her armour, or the white charger on which she rode, fondly believing they thus drew down a blessing.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, and notwithstanding it was nearly midnight, the maid first proceeded to the cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was chanted by torch-light. She then selected her dwelling, according to her usual practice, at the house of one of the most esteemed ladies of the city, and retired to rest, contenting herself for refreshment with a piece of bread soaked in wine and water, although a splendid repast had been prepared for her, and although she had not tasted food since early in the morning. The house in which Joan lodged at

Orleans is still shown. The interior has been altered; but it is believed by antiquaries that the street-front is the same as in her time.

The next morning the maid had a conference with Dunois and others, at which her advice was to proceed immediately to action; but her opinion was overruled, and it was decided they should wait the arrival of the second convoy of provisions. Meanwhile, though she spoke confidently of raising the siege, she seemed desirous, if possible, to save bloodshed; and directed an archer to shoot, attached to his arrow, a letter of warning into the English lines. She also advanced along the bridge, and herself exhorted them in a loud voice to depart. However, as before, they treated her threats with insult and ridicule; but their derision was probably only the readiest mask for real apprehension. Nor can we wonder that the English were cowed; for, setting aside any dread of the supernatural, they must at any rate have felt that the exertions of the last seven months were set at nought, since the besieged were again well stocked with provisions, and full of hope. They must indeed have been dispirited; for when the second convoy drew near, they suffered the heroic Joan and La Hire to sally forth and escort it, without so much as raising one note of defiance, or one man stirring to intercept the wagons and herds which came to enrich the city!

Fatigued with this exertion, she had thrown herself on her bed; but, as it is reported, she was too much agitated to sleep. At the same time, unknown to her, a part of the garrison, flushed with the morning's success, had sallied out and attacked the English bastille of St Loup. Suddenly Joan started from her couch, and, procuring her banner, darted full speed in the direction of the uproar; when she reached the scene of action, she plunged headlong among the combatants. The battle raged fiercely for three hours, but it ended in the overthrow of the English; all of whom found within the walls of the fort were put to the sword, except forty prisoners, and a few who, having disguised themselves in priests' garments, were saved at the intercession of the maid.

The next day, the 5th of May, was the festival of the Ascension, and as such was religiously kept by the French. No new attack was made on the enemy; but the day was devoted to prayers and thanksgivings, in which Joan, as usual, was foremost. The following morning, however, accompanied by La Hire and other chiefs, another onset was made, and after a day's hard fighting, their success was so decided, that only one fort—although this was the strongest—remained in the hands of the English. A body of French troops was planted for the night on the northern shore, but Joan returned into the city, having been slightly wounded in the fort.

It was the Bastille des Tournelles which the English still retained. This fort was defended on one side by the broken

bridge with its massy wall; on the land-side was a formidable bulwark, with a deep ditch filled with the waters of the Loire. It was commanded by the brave Gladsdale, and picked soldiers; and notwithstanding Joan's wonderful achievements, the French chiefs could not hide their misgivings as to her future success. They wished to rest content with the freedom of communication now opened to the provinces, and to delay any further attack until they should receive fresh reinforcements. But Joan would not listen to such arguments. She talked again of her celestial advisers, and persisted in setting out. Not, however, till she had actually left the city, followed by an eager multitude, was she joined by the chiefs, who now determined to share her perils, and whose valiant conduct certainly proved that their hesitation had not proceeded from fear.

In proportion as the French were elated by Joan's presence, so were the English panic-stricken. It was an age in which all classes, learned as well as ignorant, believed in diabolical agency and witchcraft; and hence the English soldiery could scarcely be considered poltroons for quailing before one whom they imagined to be a sorceress. The English commanders tried to rally their men, but they could neither persuade them to assist their comrades, nor to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale, in the Bastille des Tournelles, was left to his own resources; fortunately, his 500 men of garrison were the flower of the English army, and his fortifications were of amazing strength, so that his resistance was long and desperate. A well-sustained discharge both from bows and firearms was kept up; and as quickly as scaling-ladders were placed, they were hewn down by hatchets and mallets. It was about ten in the morning that the assault had begun, and about noon when Joan planted a ladder against the walls, and began ascending. But an arrow from the fort pierced through her corslet, wounding her in the neck, and she fell into the ditch beneath. The English were pressing down to make her their prisoner, when she was rescued by her countrymen, and carried to a place of safety. The agony of her wound drew a few tears from her eyes; but she plucked out the arrow with her own hands, and assured the bystanders that she had received consolation from her two saints. She desired that the wound should be quickly dressed, and insisted on hastening back to head the troops, who, although the conflict had been suspended in her absence, were no way disheartened by this accident, as they now remembered she had more than once foretold that she should be wounded.

Refreshed by this short rest, and yet more inspirited by her return, they rushed with fresh ardour on the English, who quailed with astonishment at the sudden appearance in arms of her whom they had hurled down, and whom they thought they had seen at the point of death. Bewildered by their tears, some

of them declared they saw angelic forms fighting on the side of the French; while the more matter-of-fact party were dismayed at hearing that another body of the townspeople had advanced to the broken arch, where they were keeping up a murderous fire, and endeavouring, by the aid of beams of wood, to force a passage. Sir William Gladsdale, thus sorely pressed, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwarks, and concentrate his remaining force within the towers. While attempting to do this, he came full in the sight of Joan, who cried out to him to surrender; but, heedless of her summons, he pursued his way along the drawbridge. At this moment a cannon-ball from the French batteries broke the drawbridge asunder, and Gladsdale, with his most valiant followers, perished in the stream. The victory was now complete. Three hundred of the garrison of the Tournelles were already slain, and the remaining 200 yielded with scarcely a show of resistance. The loss of the English before Orleans amounted to between 7000 and 8000 men.

This remarkable engagement, which relieved Orleans, took place on the 7th of May 1429. At the close of the struggle, Joan, according to her prediction, returned by the way of the bridge. It was indeed a triumphal entry. The joy-bells rang from all the churches, and the acclamations of the people rent the air. The *Te Deum* was chanted in the cathedral, whither the people flocked to offer up their grateful thanks; and the victorious troops, proud to relate particulars, were surrounded by eager listeners. But the holy maid was the centre of all hearts and eyes; and Dunois and the other captains who attended her as she entered presumed not to take any merit to themselves. The next morning, Sunday the 8th of May, the English, with heavy hearts, began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire, after committing their remaining lodgments and redoubts to the flames. For want of the means of transport, they left behind their baggage, and the sick and wounded; and they had at the last moment challenged the enemy to come out in battle array, and meet them on the open field. But Joan wisely dissuaded them from so rash a waste of life and energy, crying, "In the name of God, let them depart, and let us go and give thanks to God!" And so saying, she led the way to high mass.

The first part of Joan's promise had now been achieved, the result showing how much may be done in cases of the worst emergency by one eager and dauntless mind. Her heroism in relieving the long-beleaguered city, procured her from this time the title of *PUCELLE D'ORLEANS*—Maid of Orleans—by which she is still chiefly known in France. In grateful remembrance of the succour which the perplexed citizens of Orleans had received through her instrumentality, they set apart the 8th of May for devotional exercises, and this day is still held sacred as a holiday in Orleans.

ATTENDS CHARLES'S CORONATION AND COURT.

The day after the raising of the siege, Joan began the preparations for her departure. Until the king should be crowned at Rheims, she considered her mission but half fulfilled; and neither elated with her triumphs, and the homage she was receiving, nor wearied with her toils, she left Orleans on the 10th of May, and arrived at Blois the same day. Indeed the only way to account for the immense bodily fatigue Joan so surprisingly endured—even granting her to have had from nature and a hardy training a most robust constitution—is to allow largely for that kind of artificial strength derived from the excitement of her mind.

Notwithstanding the apparently miraculous fulfilment of her first prediction, Charles did not at present yield to her urgent intreaties that he would undertake an expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary previously to reduce other places on the Loire which were still held by the English; and, as if the chiefs whom Joan had left at Orleans were of the same opinion (or it is not unlikely they were anxious to win some laurels unshared by the heroine), scarcely had she departed, when they resolved to attack Jargeau, a place now defended by the Earl of Suffolk and several hundred men. But after many days being vainly spent, and little progress made, Joan came to their assistance; and chiefly, there is no doubt, from the ardour with which her presence inspired the troops, the town was taken. Yet here the maid met with an accident very similar to that which she had encountered at Orleans: she was a second time thrown from a scaling-ladder which she had planted into the fosse or ditch; on this occasion by a huge stone which rolled from the wall, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her down. Although much hurt, she was able to rise again immediately, and to lead on the soldiers, still crying that victory was sure. The Earl of Suffolk was made prisoner in this furious encounter.

The fall of Jargeau deterred other garrisons from resistance; and Talbot, now at the head of the English forces, gathered them into one body, and began a hasty retreat towards the Seine. In his way he met Fastolf with a reinforcement of 4000 men; but the French at the same time received an accession of the like number, under the command of Arthur de Richemont, the constable of France.

It was now the policy of the combined chiefs to overtake the English army in its retreat; and on the 18th of June they came up with it near the village of Patay. So dispirited were the English—so subdued by their late reverses—so awe-stricken at the idea of the maid's supernatural powers, that they offered but slight resistance to the impetuous attack of the French. Fastolf, who had been on former occasions renowned for his bravery, was one of the first to fly—an act for which he was afterwards

deprived of the Order of the Garter. Lord Scales, Lord Hungerford, and other Englishmen of rank, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and even the brave Talbot surrendered to Xaintrailles. The loss of the English in this battle was reckoned at between 4000 and 5000 men, of whom between 2000 and 3000 were killed, the remainder being taken prisoners. It is an extraordinary fact, though on all hands accredited, that the French lost but one man, an esquire in the company of the Count of Armagnac. Joan of Arc performed in this battle prodigies of valour; but as soon as the victory was decided, and while the French soldiers were eagerly pursuing the fugitives, she busied herself in staying the carnage, and, like a true woman, in tending the wounded, and in affording religious consolations to the dying.

The maid, with the chief captains of the army, repaired to Sully to render to Charles an account of the victory. Xaintrailles, in a chivalrous spirit, requested to be allowed to release his prisoner, the brave Talbot, without ransom—a permission which was graciously awarded to him. The aspect of affairs was now so pleasing, that though doubts and difficulties still lay in the way of Charles's expedition to Rheims, he at least listened to Joan's intreaties with patience and attention.

Collecting 10,000 or 12,000 men at Gien, Charles commenced his march, accompanied by Joan and his bravest captains, and with little difficulty took Troyes and several other towns in his way. On the evening of the 16th of July Charles made his triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, accompanied by a vast retinue, and followed by the whole army, the Maid of Orleans riding at his side, and being the chief object of attraction to the people. It was at once decided that the coronation should take place without delay; and short as the time was for preparation, everything was in readiness on the following morning. The tide of fortune so clearly turned, that a crowd of strangers hastened to the city to witness the solemnity about to take place, while a great number of men-at-arms came to offer their services to the king.

Before the coronation, Charles received knighthood from the Duke d'Alençon. And early in the morning, the princes and prelates who had accompanied the king in this prosperous journey assembled in the cathedral of Nôtre-Dame, where the ceremony was to take place. But not one was looked on with such wonder and respect as was Joan of Arc, for to her was attributed all the successes which had brought about this happy result. Thus, during the whole of the solemn ceremony, she stood close to the altar, with her banner unfurled in her hand.

Immediately the holy rites were concluded, the maid threw herself on her knees before the crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears, and her whole deportment testifying the most lively emotion.

"Gentle king," she exclaimed, "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to receive here the anointing oil, showing you to be the king to whom belongs the kingdom."

It is evident that she now looked upon her mission as fully accomplished, and would willingly have retired from the gaiety of the court and the triumphs which attended her. The very day of the coronation, Joan dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, which is still preserved in the archives of Lille. It is too long to translate entire; but in it she endeavours, by many religious persuasions, to draw back the duke to his allegiance, advising him, if he must play the warrior, to go and fight the Saracens.

During her sojourn at Rheims the young heroine had the happiness of meeting her father, and her uncle Laxart, who had been drawn thither to enjoy her triumph. At this time the maid was at the summit of her glory; yet was she in no way elated by the homage she received, or changed in her deportment from that of the simple modest peasant girl. When some one said to her, "Not in any book are such great things related as those you have done," she answered, "The Lord has a book in which not every scholar can read, however learned he may be. I am only God's minister."

The sight of Joan's father and uncle probably recalled forcibly to her mind the dear ties of home, and the pleasures of a peaceful country life. Besides, her mission seemed finished, and henceforth there was nothing to detain her at court. It was now that she intreated the king to allow her to return to Domremy; but Charles was so anxious still to keep her near him, that she dared not, or would not, refuse him. Conscious of the influence of her name and her presence, there is no wonder at this desire on his part; but it is certain that Joan's intreaties were urgent, and that she consented to remain very much against her will.

A marked change was observable in the maid from this period. She still displayed the same courage in action, and the same fortitude in pain; but she no longer opposed her own opinions to those of the French chiefs, and seemed no longer assured that she was acting under the especial guidance of Heaven. With the view we have taken of Joan's character, all this agrees most naturally. She had proposed to herself but two objects—the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation of the dauphin; and now that they were so happily accomplished, her mind, previously strained to its highest pitch, must naturally have sought an interval of repose. To us there is scarcely anything more touching in her whole career than this home-sick yearning for "green Lorraine," and its quiet joys, after the fever of battles and the flush of triumph. Alas, that the longings of her simple faithful heart were not gratified! Alas, that the heroic self-denying girl should have been the victim of selfish policy!

Charles remained but three days at Rheims, setting out on the 20th of July on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the tomb of a certain saint, situated about five leagues distant. The little town of Vailly speedily submitted; and the more important towns of Laon and Soissons sent deputations, bearing their keys, to the king. Charles went first to Soissons, where he was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and where, during his stay of three days, he received the happy tidings of the voluntary submission of various other places. He then proceeded to Chateau-Thierry, which was defended by a hostile garrison; but the townspeople were favourable to the French, and when the maid appeared at the head of a division of the royal army, either real fear or superstitious terror prevailed, for the garrison offered terms of capitulation, and obtained permission to carry away their arms and baggage.

Charles remained at Chateau-Thierry some days; and it was here that Joan obtained from him a boon by which she was fondly remembered for nearly four centuries. She declined all honours and presents for herself, beseeching only that henceforth her native village might be free from any kind of impost! The official document granting this privilege bears the date of July 31, 1429; and until the storm of the Revolution, which swept away many a touching memorial, the registers of taxes, still keeping the name of Domremy on their list, wrote always against it, "Nothing, for the maid's sake!"

The marches and successes of the king and the royal army soon brought them near Paris, and the people of the capital, who were of the English or Burgundian party, began to tremble. However, the return of the Duke of Bedford, who had gone to Normandy on the affairs of that province, inspired the Parisians with fresh courage, especially as he was accompanied by a large body of archers and men-at-arms. In a few days they had still further reinforcements, so that the English commander found himself at last at the head of 10,000 men. No longer dreading the French army, he made his way to Montereau, where he arrived on the 7th of August, and whence he despatched a letter of defiance to Charles.

"Your master," said the king to the herald who brought the letter, "complains that he cannot find me; but he needs not complain much longer, for I am seeking him." It was during the march to Paris that a circumstance occurred not altogether creditable to Joan's command of temper. The victories of the French had rendered the soldiers insolent and unruly, and the Pucelle could no longer maintain that moral discipline on which she so constantly insisted. On one occasion her wrath was so great, that she struck one of the soldiers, whose proceedings incensed her, with the flat of her sword; in which somewhat ignoble, though very characteristic action, the weapon broke. It was the sword found in the church of Fierbois, and supposed to

have been miraculously described by her. It is related that the king was much annoyed at this catastrophe, and blamed Joan for not using a stout stick instead of this famous weapon.

From the heights of St Denis the king beheld his ancient capital, and an assault was given, in the month of September, on the same ground now occupied by the Rue Traversiere. But though the personal exertions of the maid were as great as on former occasions, a spirit of fear and distrust seemed to have crept in among the troops, and her efforts were far from being ably seconded. Even the ardour of the king was cooled, and he did not himself approach nearer than St Denis. Joan, however, led her troops across the first ditch without much difficulty; but, contrary to her expectations, she found the second, which was deeper and wider, full of water. It is astonishing that no one had apprised her of this obstacle, for it must have been familiar to many of the soldiers. Not easily disconcerted, she called loudly for fagots and fascines; and meanwhile endeavoured with her lance to sound its depths, and discover where they had best risk a passage.

A part of the inhabitants of Paris had already sought sanctuary in the churches; while, along the ramparts, the English and Burgundians passed to and fro in haste and consternation. Joan called out to them to surrender "to the king of France;" but they replied only with insulting words, and by a shower of arrows. Her standard-bearer fell dead at her side, and she herself received a serious wound in the leg, which compelled her to take refuge on the sheltered side of the little hill which separated the two ditches. She resisted for a long time all intreaties to withdraw farther from the scene of action; and from the ground where she lay, helpless and suffering, continued to urge on the soldiers. Not till the evening drew on, and the Duke d'Alençon himself came up to point out to her the necessity of postponing any further attack, did she suffer herself to be removed.

The retreat of the French was not interrupted. Probably the garrison of Paris had sufficient judgment not to drive their opponents to any desperate measures. They were allowed to gather up their dead, which, in their haste, they burnt in one huge pile, instead of burying. Joan, disheartened by this failure, which she looked upon as a warning from Heaven, determined to retire from the war. She even went so far as to suspend her armour above the tomb of St Denis, and consecrate it to God. But she could not resist the persuasions of the chiefs, who, knowing the influence of her presence, prevailed on her to remain with the king. Not that any further attempts were at present projected. Charles was without money, and far from the provinces which could supply his need. His soldiers were dispirited by their late reverse, and the Duke of Bedford was returning to Paris with his vast reinforcement. Discord reigned in the

council; some of the chiefs declaring that the attack on Paris had been against their advice, and others protesting, that if it had been persevered in with more constancy, it would have succeeded. Many murmured against the maid: in fact, the only point on which they could agree, was to lead back the troops across the Loire, and disperse them to winter quarters. The king accordingly went southwards, and forming a court around him, passed the winter at Bourges, or in its neighbourhood. It was during this time that Charles ennobled the Maid of Orleans and all her family. "To testify and render thanks," say the letters patent, which bear the date of December 1429, "to the Divine wisdom, for the numberless mercies he has vouchsafed through the hands of his chosen minister, and our well-beloved maid, Joan of Arc of Domremy." The king granted armorial bearings to Joan's brothers, a sword bearing a crown of gold on its point, with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France by its side. It was the design of this coat of arms which induced the family subsequently to change the name of Arc for that of Dulys, or Dalys.

Nor was this all. The monarch insisted that henceforth Joan should wear the richest clothing, and that she should keep up a state equal to the rank of a count. "She had," says a contemporary writer, "besides several ladies attendant on her person, a chamberlain, an equerry, and many pages and valets. She was treated by the king, the nobles, and the people, as a sort of divinity." All this looked like gratitude; and it is very possible that a taste of ill-fortune had gone far to make Charles feel the magnitude of her services. But all these honours in no way altered the character of the maid. She was still the simple-hearted girl, now in this season of rest chiefly devoting herself to the exercises of religion.

In the spring of the following year, the king's troops, accompanied by Joan, passed the Loire on their way to the northern provinces; but it is a remarkable fact, and one really quite unaccountable, that Charles neither headed them in person, nor intrusted the command to any noble or experienced chief. Joan was now associated with a set of men little removed from coarse adventurers, ill supplied with money and ammunition, and scarcely able to maintain any discipline. Nevertheless, in several skirmishes she gained the advantage, and the enemy seemed as much struck with the terror of her name as ever.

JOAN'S REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

Hitherto, the Maid of Orleans had been generally successful in her schemes and enterprises. Her strong mind and enthusiasm had carried her over every difficulty. A change, however, now came over her fortunes. Compiègne, a fortified town on the river Oise, in the north of France, being besieged by the English and Burgundian forces, and in danger of falling into their hands,

Joan, with a chosen band, threw herself into it, to the great joy of the despairing inhabitants. On the day after her arrival, having resolved on attacking the enemy, with her usual impetuosity, and not reckoning on any steady rebuff, she sallied out unexpectedly from the beleaguered city, and at first drove everything before her; swarm after swarm, however, coming to the rescue, she saw the error of her movement, and gave the signal for retreat; choosing, however, with her customary intrepidity, the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard.

The English and Burgundians pursued the fugitives with all the vigour induced by the knowledge that Joan was among them. They had recognised her standard, and knew her by her embroidered coat of crimson velvet; and were endeavouring to throw themselves in her path, and thus cut off the retreat of the French, who, alarmed at this movement, pressed tumultuously towards the gate of the town. Fearing that, under cover of this disorder, the enemy would force an entrance, the barrier was only partially opened; and at the moment that the discomfited party was pressing for admission in terror and wild disorder, the Burgundians made a furious charge upon this struggling body. Many threw themselves into the Oise, heavily armed as they were; others were taken prisoners; and in a few moments Joan found herself surrounded by the enemy. She performed prodigies of valour to escape being taken; but it seemed that the French, paralysed by fright, retained no sense beyond the instinct of individual self-preservation. No way had been made to lead the heroine through the narrow barrier; though, had she chosen any less honourable post in the retreat than the rear, she would in all probability have been saved. And now, in the peril of life and liberty, the heroine of Orleans struggled alone against thronging numbers. At last an archer in the train of John of Luxemburg seized her by her velvet coat, and dragging her from her horse, she was disarmed by Lionel of Vendôme, who chanced to be near her.

She was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, whence she was transferred, with a numerous escort, to the castle of Beaulieu. Here, however, she made an attempt to escape, by breaking a passage through the wall; but was discovered, and sent, in consequence, to the castle of Beaufort, where, it is said, she was kindly received by the wife and sister of Luxemburg.

So great was the joy of the besiegers, that one would have thought they had gained some glorious victory, or that all France had submitted to their arms. They seemed to have feared nothing but the inspired maid. By order of the Duke of Bedford, the Te Deum, or Thanksgiving to God, was impiously chanted in great solemnity both in England and Burgundy, for having made this terrible enemy—the simple Maid of Orleans—their prisoner. The grief of the French, on the other hand, was

equally extreme, mixed with accusations against the officers and governor of Compiègne for having permitted the heroic Pucelle to be led into captivity.

FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MAID.

Joan of Arc, as a prisoner of war, was, according to usage, entitled to respectful treatment, though retained in the safe custody of her enemies. The English, however, resolved to set aside this principle in warfare, on the plea that the Pucelle was in league with demons, and should be brought to trial for this terrible offence. The university of Paris, a body of men in the English interest, was the first to propose this mode of inquiry, and demanded that Joan should be interrogated on her faith by the bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been taken. The bishop, who had already planned the trial and death of the maid with all the zeal of a servant of the church and of the English, seconded this demand, and strengthened it by an offer of ten thousand francs to John of Luxemburg for a delivery of his illustrious prisoner.

During this negotiation, the captive maid made another attempt to escape. She leaped from the tower of her dungeon, but was seriously injured in her fall, and was taken up senseless by her guards. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she was removed to Arras, and thence to the castle of Crotoy, a fortress at the mouth of the Somme. Thus transferred from a party of French, auxiliaries of the English, to the English themselves, Joan felt she had no longer any mercy to expect. At Crotoy she had the consolation of meeting a fellow-prisoner, a priest, who regularly performed for her the offices of religion, and whose society seemed greatly to comfort her. Yet she still believed herself to be visited by supernatural beings, and declared they had reproached her for her attempt to escape from Beaufort, as an act of despair and distrust of their guidance; but that she had humbled herself in penitence, and received pardon.

During the time of Joan's captivity, her countrymen had not been idle. The garrison of Compiègne had compelled the Burgundians and English to raise the siege; and this deliverance was followed by the recapture of several other places. The brave Xaintrilles gained a complete victory, and took a great number of prisoners; and the famous Barbegau defeated the enemy on two important occasions. All this no doubt incensed the English yet more bitterly against the heroic maid. To her they attributed all their troubles. When she appeared on the scene of action, they were at the height of their glory and prosperity; and they believed that, while she lived, there would be no change in the tide which she had turned. Moreover, they thought that if they could brand her as a sorceress, the stigma would cling to Charles VII. and his partisans, whom she had so

much assisted; and that thus discredited in popular opinion, even those most loyally inclined would shrink from rendering them assistance. So great indeed was their fury against the unhappy girl, that they actually burnt a poor woman at Paris simply for saying that she thought Joan a good Christian, and that she had been sent from God.

After six months passed in a dreary and harsh imprisonment, Joan was conducted to Rouen, where at that time the young king, Henry, and his court were assembled. Here she was confined in the great tower of the castle—the only tower which now remains, and which is yet shown as her prison. She was now treated with the most determined cruelty. Heavily ironed, her feet in the day-time were fixed in iron stocks; and at night, a chain was passed round her waist, so that she could not move upon her wretched bed! Five English archers were appointed her guards, three remaining in her chamber, and two being stationed at her door. Certainly the extraordinary pains they took to keep safe their captive, prove how much they dreaded her escape. Not only from her coarse and brutal guards was she exposed to every species of insult: even her captor, John of Luxemburg, accompanied by Warwick and Strafford, did not blush to visit her in prison, and triumph in her misery. Yet this was the age of chivalry, and Joan was a woman, and a fallen foe!—one who, enduring the foulest wrongs at the hands of so called *Christian* knights and nobles, would have received, among the pagan ancients, the honours due to the most devoted patriotism! Luxemburg jestingly told the poor captive he had come to release her, if she would promise never to take arms again. “Do not mock me,” she replied with dignity; “I know that you have neither the will nor the power. The English will kill me, believing that, after my death, they will gain the kingdom of France; but were there a hundred thousand more of them than there are, they should not conquer.” It is said that her words so irritated Strafford that he drew his dagger, and would have struck her, had not his hand been stayed by the Earl of Warwick.

There was at this time no archbishop of Rouen; but the bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted to the English interest, and was, as it has been seen, Joan’s determined enemy, presented a petition, praying for her trial, on the ground that she had been made prisoner within the jurisdiction of his diocese. He was himself appointed first judge, assisted by Jean Lemaitre, vicar-general of the inquisition; and the office of public accuser was intrusted to Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. This tribunal, which was directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly a hundred doctors of divinity, who, though not allowed to vote in the decision, were expected to give their counsel and assistance if required.

It was a most subtle proceeding thus to try Joan by an ecclesiastical tribunal; for, had they considered her simply as a pri-

soner of war, it would have been hard to say of what crime she could be guilty that should prevent her being ransomed or exchanged for some English captives; and yet they had no right to treat her as a subject, which now they were doing: but, at a time when all ideas of justice were more or less confused, there is no wonder that might held the place of right.

The judges, at this mockery of a trial, were predetermined to condemn. They had sent a messenger to Domremy to glean some particulars of their victim's early life, but as these were most favourable, they were of course suppressed. A priest named L'Oiseleur, who basely lent himself to their purposes, had access to her prison, and represented himself to Joan as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer from his adherence to the cause of Charles. Under the seal of confession, he won from her several disclosures, which he returned by giving her false counsel. It was even said that the bishop of Beauvais, and the Earl of Warwick, were hidden close by, to listen to all that transpired.

The letters patent by which Joan was given into the power of the bishop of Beauvais, accuse "the woman who calls herself La Pucelle of having relinquished the clothing of her sex, and appeared in man's attire, a thing contrary to the divine law, and abominable in the sight of God; of having slain many men; and, as it is said, of having given the people to understand, for the purpose of deceiving and seducing them to evil deeds, that she was sent by God, and had a knowledge of his divine secrets; together with teaching many other scandalous doctrines, most perilous to the holy Catholic faith."

It was on the 21st of February 1431 that Joan was brought for the first time before her judges, although she underwent as many as fifteen examinations. The hall of judgment was the castle chapel at Rouen, and thither the heroine was led, loaded with chains, though dressed in her military attire. Not permitted an advocate or defender, she was only supported by the courage of conscious innocence; but never was her self-possession more remarkable than on this agonising occasion. There was a shrewdness, too, and simple good sense displayed in her answers, which contrasted strongly with the subtle dealings of those about her. Her answers more than once abashed the learned doctors, when they had framed a question, hoping it would lead to some unguarded rejoinder that might convict her of heresy or magic. Thus, when they inquired "if she knew herself to be in the grace of God?" she said, "It is a great matter to reply to such a question." "Yes," interrupted one of the assessors (the doctors who were present to give their advice if needed), named Jean Fabry—"yes, it is so great a matter, that the prisoner is not bound by law to answer it."

"You had better be silent," exclaimed the bishop in a fury of passion, and he repeated the question.

"If I am not in the grace of God," replied Joan, "I pray God

it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it."

When asked if the saints of her visions hated the English, she answered, "They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates." Almost any other answer would have been construed as blasphemy. And when the bishop of Beauvais, still trying to entrap her, proceeded, "Does God, then, hate the English?" she still replied with discretion, saying, "Whether God loves or hates the English, I do not know; but I know that all those who do not die in battle shall be driven away from this realm by the king of France." When questioned about her standard, she said, "I carried it instead of a lance, to avoid slaying any one; I have killed nobody. I only said, 'Rush in among the English,' and I rushed among them the first myself. The voices," she continued, in answer to further interrogations, "the voices told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me." And when they asked her if her hope of victory was founded on the banner or herself, she said, "It was founded on God, and on nought besides."

With regard to assuming man's attire, she replied that she had worn it in obedience to the command of God. It is really astonishing to reflect on the subtle wiles which it was thought necessary to use against this poor defenceless girl. But while the English may blush at the share they had in the cruel transaction, it is but just to ourselves to remember that the relentless bishop, her judge, Estivet the advocate, her fierce accuser, and the perfidious L'Oiseleur, were all the countrymen of the ill-fated maid!

But while there is so much distinctness and precision evident in her answers to these trying questions, it is most remarkable that she was unable to give other than a confused and vague account of those actual events in which she had borne so important a part. Thus, when examined in reference to her first interview with the king, she for some time refused to answer at all, saying that her "voices" had forbidden her to do so; and when at last she was prevailed on to speak, she talked only in a mysterious and incoherent manner of a vision which Charles had seen, and of an angel who had brought a crown to him from heaven. Afterwards she seemed to confound this imaginary crown with the ceremony of the coronation at Rheims. In fact, the whole scene was one which, before more humane and enlightened judges, would have convinced them that hers was that peculiar condition of mind found often enough even at the present time: morbid on one particular point to such an extent, that the diseased imagination overthrows judgment and memory, and has the power to render every other element of the mind subservient to its own extraordinary fantasies.

Notwithstanding all their machinations, Joan's enemies found it difficult, with even the show of a trial, to convict her of sorcery.

JOAN OF ARC,

The infamous L'Oiseleur and another were for putting her on the rack, with the hope of extracting some positive confession from her; but many of the assessors had been deeply touched with the bearing of the maid, and none were found to second this atrocious proposal. It is said even that one of our countrymen, who was present at the trial, was so struck with the evident sincerity of her demeanour, that he could not refrain from crying out, "A worthy woman, if she were but English!" Her judges drew up twelve articles of accusation on the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which the university of Paris, so eager to condemn her, gladly confirmed. On the 24th of May 1431, the anniversary of the day on which the maid had been taken prisoner the year before, she was led to the cemetery of St Ouen, where two scaffolds were erected. On the one stood the cardinal of Winchester, the bishop of Beauvais, and several other prelates. Joan was conducted to the second platform, where were assembled a preacher named Erard, ready to launch out the most vehement invectives; to which she listened with gentle patience, until he began to accuse the king in his sweeping condemnation. Then she interrupted him warmly, saying, "Speak of me, but do not speak of the king. He is a good Christian, and not such as you say; I can swear to you he is the noblest of all Christians, and one who the most loves the church and the faith." But here she was silenced by the angry bishop of Beauvais. By the side of Erard, on this platform, stood the officers to guard her, L'Oiseleur, her betrayer, and another priest who had acted as her confessor.

When the sermon was finished, the preacher read to Joan a form of abjuration, of which she asked an explanation, saying she had nothing to abjure, for that all she had done was at the command of God. At this they told her she must submit to the church, and then using threats, they pointed to the public executioner, telling her that instant death was the only alternative. Poor Joan! Braver hearts than thine have failed at such a trial. Even "starry Galileo," a martyr, like thee, to ignorance and superstition, who might have been cheered by the light of science, and upheld by the might of truth, even he quailed at the approach of torture and death. Is there wonder or scorn because the defenceless woman, the half-demented Joan, trembled also, and put her mark to the paper, saying, "I would rather sign than burn?" But even yet further was she to be cheated; for, instead of the paper which had been read to her—and which, scarcely comprehending, she had yet been induced only by these extreme measures to subscribe—one was substituted and read to the people, containing a far more explicit confession, in which she was made to own the falsehood of all her protestations.

The English were angry she had not been burnt, and pelted her with stones, to show their fury. The few friends she had were glad her life was spared on any terms. This, however, was well

known to be but for a time; for, on hearing some rumour of Joan being ill in prison, and that some friendly hand had administered poison to her to save her further suffering, the Earl of Warwick had shown the greatest indignation, saying, "The king would not for the world she should die a natural death; he had bought her so dearly, that she must be burnt;" desiring them "to cure her quickly." What a picture of the barbarism and cruelty of the age!

After the scene of the recantation we have above-described, the bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass the sentence of the tribunal, of course prepared beforehand. He said, "that as, by the grace of God, she had recanted her errors, and come back to the bosom of the church, and publicly abjured her heresies, according to the form of the church, the ban of excommunication was removed, provided always she was willing to observe all that was prescribed to her. But," he added, "as she had sinned against God and the holy Catholic Church, though 'by grace and moderation' her life was spared, she must pass the rest of it in prison, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food."

Joan hoped that, after this sentence, she should be placed in some prison within the jurisdiction of the church; possibly she might have thought of a convent; at all events, she called eagerly to her guards to lead her back to prison, "out of the hands of the English;" but she was conducted to her former dungeon, the great tower of Rouen.

As we have before hinted, it was not designed that her life should be much longer spared. By some show of apparent lenity, there is no doubt her enemies only took time to weave more completely their meshes about her; and, while completing her destruction, palliate their own guilt. One of the instructions she received was to resume the dress of her sex, and to let her hair grow long; her tresses having been somewhat cropped for the convenience of her military attire. All this she readily promised. But in a few days they placed, on purpose, though apparently by accident, her warlike apparel in her chamber. Seeing that, true to her word, she did not attempt to resume it, one of her guards, in unchaining her from her bed for the purpose of her rising, snatched away the female clothing which lay near, and throwing the military garments upon the bed, desired her to get up.

"Sir," she said meekly, "you know this is forbidden me; I will not wear this coat." But her remonstrances were unavailing, though the debate lasted till noon. Forced then to rise, she was obliged to take the only clothing at her command. A messenger was instantly sent to the Earl of Warwick to apprise him of the success of the scheme. Warwick immediately communicated with the bishop, who, accompanied by the assessors, hastened to the prison. One of them, named André Marguerie, had the charity to exclaim that it would be only fair to ask her why she

had resumed male attire; but he was, in consequence, so ill-used by the mob, that he had to run for his life.

There was now no appeal; for, according to the ecclesiastical law, it was the relapse into heresy, punishable with death. Into this they had entrapped her. Joan's enemies would not listen to her explanations; and it would appear that, stung into dignity by her accumulated wrongs, the maid spoke now even with more determination than on her trial. She reproached herself with weakness in having signed the abjuration, and declared that she would now in no way yield to her judges, except in adopting the dress of her sex, which she was quite ready to do.

It was early in the morning of the 30th of May that her confessor, L'Advenu, one of the few who had shown some compassion for her fate, entered her cell to prepare her for death. The decree had gone forth—she was to be burnt that day at the market-place of Rouen. On first hearing this dreadful sentence her fortitude forsook her: she tore her hair in anguish, and uttered the most piteous complaints against so cruel a death. But by degrees she recovered calmness and fortitude, and received the holy sacrament from the hands of L'Advenu. At nine o'clock in the morning she mounted the fatal car, arrayed for this last occasion in female attire, and accompanied by the priest, Martin L'Advenu, and some other persons, among whom was one who had incurred the anger of her judges by having spoken in favour of the unhappy girl. No less a body than 800 English armed men accompanied her to the place of execution. As she passed on, the wretched L'Oiseleur, touched at this moment with remorse, threw himself in her way to seek pardon for his perfidy; but he was dragged from the car by the brutal soldiery, and ordered by the Earl of Warwick to quit the town if he wished to preserve his life. As she rode on, her prayers were so devout, and she recommended her soul to the Almighty in such touching accents, that several of the spectators were moved to tears; and some of the assessors had not the heart to follow her to the last. "Oh Rouen! Rouen!" she exclaimed as she came near the market-place, "is it here, indeed, that I must die!"

At the spot where now rises a statue to her memory, she found the wood ready piled, and her implacable enemies, the bishop of Beauvais and the cardinal of Winchester, with other prelates, awaiting their victim. A sermon was read, during which time she shed tears, and asking for a cross, an English soldier made one by breaking his staff asunder. She kissed it, and clasped it to her breast, and afterwards she was furnished with one from a neighbouring church. After the sermon, the preacher addressed her, saying, "Joan, depart in peace; the church delivers you to the secular authorities."

She now knelt down in fervent prayer, commending herself to the Holy Trinity and all the blessed saints, naming especially

her protectresses, St Catherine and St Margaret. She then asked pardon for all her offences, declared that she forgave all those who had injured her, and concluded by intreating the prayers of the spectators. She spoke distinctly, and her words and resignation to the will of God drew tears and sobs from many who had come prepared to revile her. It was said that many of the clergy were so overcome at the sight, that they were obliged to leave the platform on which they were ranged.

But the brutal soldiers, eager to feast their sight with the victim's agonies, murmured at delay, exclaiming to L'Advenu, "How now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?" Although she was walking between the officers, accompanied by the good L'Advenu, to the stake, the impatient soldiers seized her violently to drag her thither. The pile was made secure with masonry, and after the ill-fated maid was bound to the stake, they placed a mitre upon her head, on which were inscribed in large letters the words—RELAPSED HERETIC, APOSTATE, IDOLATRRESS—and before the scaffold was placed a sort of scroll, enumerating the crimes of which she was accused. To the end she maintained that she had acted in obedience to the commands of God: and her last word was "Jesus." As the flames spread, she desired L'Advenu, who had remained to comfort her, to withdraw out of danger, but to hold the crucifix aloft, that her last look might rest on the sign of the Redeemer. And this he did, continuing to pray with her in a loud voice. Such was the end of the heroic martyred Joan of Arc!

Scarcely, however, was the frightful tragedy concluded, before there was a movement of pity among the spectators. Some began to think they had committed a crime in burning a saint; others wished their own persons had been burnt in the place of hers. Yet, notwithstanding these demonstrations of feeling, further indignities were heaped on her remains. The blackened corpse was shown to the people, to convince them of her identity; then a second time the fire was kindled, and her body, reduced to ashes, was thrown into the Seine.

Thus perished, after a year's captivity, all that was mortal of this heroic girl. But her memory still dwells among us, not only to form the poet's inspiration, but to teach a stern lesson of those dark days when an ignorant superstition usurped the place of judgment. In happier times her heroism and devotion would have won admiration even from her foes, and her hallucination under the circumstances, proceeding as it did from zeal in a righteous cause, has something in it almost worthy of respect.

The affairs of the English in France, far from being advanced by this execution, went every day more and more to decay: the great abilities of the Duke of Bedford, as regent, were unable to resist the strong inclination which had seized the French to return under the obedience of their rightful sovereign, and which that act of cruelty was ill fitted to remove. Besides losing one

JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

town and province after another, the English sustained a serious blow in the withdrawal of the Duke of Burgundy from their interests. Having only served them to satisfy a temporary pique against Charles, he now relented in his animosity; and having received certain concessions, at the expense of the English claims, he gave in his adhesion to the French crown. This, with some subsequent movements, turned the balance so effectually against the English, that, in a few years, they were, with trifling exceptions, stripped of all their French possessions. Although Charles was thus successful in the restoration of the French monarchy, and in after years favourably distinguished himself, it is hard to forgive the apathy with which he endured the captivity and death of the Maid of Orleans, without whose energetic measures he most likely would have lost all title to king of France. His death, which happened in 1462, was almost as terrible as that of Joan. He died from voluntary starvation, induced from a dread of being poisoned by his own son, that monster afterwards known as Louis XI.

In 1456, as an act of justice to her memory, an ecclesiastical court, headed by the archbishop of Rheims, revised the case of Joan of Arc, and finding the allegations against her false, pronounced her to have been entirely innocent—a poor compensation, it will be admitted, for the torments and indignity of a cruel death. Posterity has, further, done justice to the memory of the heroic Pucelle in numerous poems and dramas: a recollection of her person and deeds has also been preserved in France by different statues, one of the most beautiful being that executed a few years ago by a daughter of Louis-Philippe, in which she is represented in her suit of armour, and in that modesty of attitude which befitted her simplicity of character. Upon the pedestal of the statue erected to her memory in Rouen, on the spot of her unjust execution, was affixed an inscription in acknowledgment of her services to the state, which may be thus translated—

THE MAIDEN'S SWORD PROTECTS THE ROYAL CROWN:
BENEATH HER SACRED CARE, THE LILIES SAFELY BLOOM.





ROBERT BRUCE AND WILLIAM WALLACE are two names intimately associated with one of the most heroic struggles for national independence which occurs in any history. From an exceedingly remote period, Scotland enjoyed the character of an unconquered country. Consisting for the greater part of mountains, and intersected by arms of the sea, it naturally presents considerable difficulties to the encroachments of a foreign enemy. Every successive attempt at invasion and conquest, therefore, was less or more fruitless. The Romans held possession of the more accessible part of it in the south for some time, and the same tract of country afterwards became a settlement of Anglo-Saxons. No foreign power was ever able to obtain an entire or permanent possession of the country. Even when England suffered a conquest from Norman intruders, Scotland was un-

molested, and continued to enjoy its ancient freedom. In the eleventh century, when regular history commences, the various tribes and people—Celts, Picts, and Scots—who had settled in the country were united in one monarchy; and from this time Scotland took its place in Europe as an independent kingdom. This consolidation of power was afterwards promoted by the absorption of an Anglo-Saxon district in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. After this, many Normans, invited by the Scottish kings, settled in the country, and the people in process of time acquired the language, the arts, and many of the customs of their English neighbours. Not satisfied with cultivating this friendly relationship, it was the misfortune of the English sovereigns to become afflicted with a fierce desire to conquer and hold Scotland in subjection, at a time when it was labouring under a severe domestic calamity, and least able to repel aggression. There now ensued between the two countries a protracted and disastrous war, in which every evil and every noble passion was evoked—on the one hand a villanous thirst of ambition, which stopped at no means for its gratification, and on the other a spirit of heroic independence, which would brook no such unjustifiable oppression. We propose to relate the story of this great war of independence, which, till the present day, is spoken of with much excusable pride by the Scottish people; and in doing so we shall have occasion to expatiate on the deeds of the two heroes whose names have been mentioned—William Wallace, by whom the war was begun, and Robert Bruce, who brought it to a successful issue.

The wish to conquer and possess Scotland, and so subdue the entire island of Great Britain, had been a favourite project of the Anglo-Norman sovereigns ever since they had fixed themselves in England by the victory of Hastings (1066). A pretext was at length found for at least making the attempt. The kings of Scotland had family possessions in Northumberland, in virtue of which they enjoyed the rank of English earls, and so far they were vassals of the English monarchy. Henry II. was desirous that the acknowledgment of vassalage should extend to the whole of Scotland; but this he had no means of enforcing except by stratagem. In one of the warlike expeditions of the English into Northumberland in 1174, they had the address to take captive the Scottish king, William the Lion; and making the most of this lucky accident, they would not release the royal prisoner till he had given a formal acknowledgment of vassalage to England for his entire kingdom; and in the same deed of submission there was included an article implying the superiority of the English over the Scottish ecclesiastics. The thought of what had been done rankled in all Scottish hearts; and from that period the Scottish king and the Scottish clergy took every opportunity of resenting the indignity to which they had been forced to submit, and of

declaring to the world that they did not consider the agreement binding.

Henry II., the author of this inglorious stratagem, died in 1189; and Richard Cœur de Lion, his son, too generous to profit by his father's mean action, and perhaps also influenced by necessity, sold back to the Scottish king, for ten thousand merks, all the rights which Henry had extorted. By this tranquillising measure, matters between the two kingdoms were restored to precisely the footing on which they had been before the capture of William. Passing over various attempts which the successors of Richard made to renew their unjustifiable claim, we arrive at the year 1252, when Henry III. was king of England, and Alexander III., then but a boy of ten years of age, king of Scotland. Alexander had been betrothed in infancy to Henry's daughter, Margaret; and in that year he went to York to have the marriage ceremony performed. While in England, the crafty Henry tried to extort from him an acknowledgment of vassalage for the kingdom of Scotland; but the boy had been well instructed ere he left home, and his reply to his father-in-law's demand was, that in a "matter of such consequence he could not decide without the advice of his parliament." Eight years afterwards, when Margaret his queen, about to give birth to an heir, wished the event to take place at her father's court, and her husband accompanied her in her journey, the jealousy of the Scotch in this long-contested matter was shown by their insisting on an agreement being made, that during the royal stay in England, no affairs of state should be discussed or transacted. But Alexander was a king after their own heart, worthy to be intrusted even singly with the high charge of defending his country's liberty. Nobly and manfully, while he reigned in Scotland, did he repel the claims and encroachments of his able and profound brother-in-law, Edward I., the successor of Henry. Alexander III. seems to have been one of the best and wisest kings that ever sat on the Scottish throne. He is known to this day as the good king Alexander. In his reign Scotland rose to be a kingdom of some importance; foreign ships laden with costly commodities visited its shores; the din of the anvil was heard in the village streets; the shuttle of the weaver plied its busy labours; the cattle lowed on the hills; and plenty abounded in the land. It was also a period of profound tranquillity; and this happy condition of affairs was so exceedingly remarkable, that till this day it is referred to in all charters of the Scottish chancery as "the time of peace."

This national tranquillity and prosperity suddenly came to an end. The good king Alexander III., on the 16th of March 1286, was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting at Kinghorn, in Fife, and the intelligence of the event spread a foreboding gloom over the whole kingdom. The heir to the Scottish throne was Alexander's granddaughter, Margaret, daughter of

Eric of Norway, a child two years of age. Edward I. had resolved on the marriage of this little Norway maiden to his son Edward, as a peaceful means of carrying into effect the family project of incorporating the two kingdoms; but in this he was disappointed. On the 1st of September 1290, the young queen died at the Orkney Islands, on her voyage from Norway. In her the royal line of William the Lion was extinct, and an empty throne was now to be contended for.

Competitors flocked in from every quarter. All over Scotland there was a ransacking of genealogies; and whosoever could find that an intermarriage with the royal line had ever taken place in his family, came and claimed to be made king. Altogether, there were no fewer than eleven competitors. Out of these, the two who had the preferable title were Robert Bruce and John Baliol. Baliol was the grandson of the eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. Bruce was the son of the second daughter of the same David, Earl of Huntingdon. In the dispute between these two, therefore, an important principle of succession had to be settled. It had to be decided whether the grandson of an elder daughter, or the son of a younger, had the better title. This question has been settled now by precedents; but at that time it was perplexing to lawyers and legislators. For some reason, not distinctly stated in historical annals, the whole matter was referred to the arbitration of Edward I., who, to his everlasting dishonour, declared neither for Baliol nor Bruce, but for himself as sovereign, recognising Baliol, however, as his vassal king; and accordingly he had that weak-minded man crowned at Scone, November 30, 1292.

The vassal monarchy of Baliol was everywhere in Scotland considered to be a mockery. Edward was observed to be the king, as far as power was concerned, for he filled the towns and forts with garrisons of English soldiers, and had received the allegiance of the Scottish nobles. Edward's design was clearly to incorporate Scotland with England. On the most insignificant pretexts Baliol was made to trudge to the English court, there to appear as a chief retainer or vassal of the English crown. An appeal was opened in Scotch lawsuits to the English courts at Westminster. The Scotch nobles were occasionally required to repeat the humbling ceremony of taking the oath of fealty. Such ancient historical papers as fell into the hands of the English were made away with. English ecclesiastics were preferred to abbeys and other high offices in the Scotch church; and, in the end, the conqueror marked, by two very impressive pieces of ceremonial, that Scotland was now to be considered a mere province of England. The great seal of the kingdom was broken in pieces, the fragments being deposited in the English treasury; and the famous stone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for upwards of eight hundred years was carried away from Scone and placed in Westminster Abbey.

These humiliating inflictions, which occurred between the years 1291 and 1297, stung the Scotch bitterly, and they only gave a temporary and grumbling submission. On this, as on all other occasions of aggression, the English were utterly regardless of the feelings of the people among whom they intruded themselves. Suffering under accumulated outrages, the Scotch at length made an attempt, with Baliol at their head, to drive out the English, and restore native usages; but it failed. The battle of Dunbar, fought in the spring of 1296, served still more to strengthen the power of Edward. Baliol was taken prisoner, and sent off to London; and thenceforth all the accessible parts of the country were placed under the government of English officials.

WALLACE.

It was in 1297, the period at which we are now arrived, that William Wallace burst into public view. This young and ardent patriot was born at Elderslie, near Paisley. His father was Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, and his mother was the daughter of Sir Hugh Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. Although descended from a Norman family, Wallace, like his father, was a true Scotchman. While he was a boy, his father and elder brother were killed fighting against the English intruders, and this sad event threw him entirely on the care of his mother, with whom he resided for a time in different parts of the country. As he advanced in years, he was committed to the charge of his uncle, a priest at Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and from him he received the rudiments of a liberal education. From Dunipace he removed to Dundee, where, becoming morbidly alive to his family's and his country's wrongs, he slew one of the English garrison who had unceremoniously insulted him. He now retired into Ayrshire, and, according to the traditions of the country, scrupled not to encounter and punish any English soldiery who made themselves amenable to his irregular discipline. Of large stature and fair proportions, his strength now and afterwards is described as having been considerably beyond that of other men, while, though rash and incautious, his temper is said to have been exceedingly mild, and his disposition generous. Sympathising with the common people in their sufferings, and often succouring them in their necessities, he became endeared to them in an extraordinary degree; and, till the present day, no man in Scotland has ever ranked so high in popular esteem as "Wallace Wight"—the name by which our hero has been fondly remembered by the peasantry.

While rendering himself notorious by his exploits throughout the shires of Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark, Wallace does not appear to have signalised himself as a public champion till after the battle of Dunbar, when about twenty-six years of age. He now, in connexion with a chosen band of patriots, equally reckless, led

the life of a guerilla chief in the recesses of Clydesdale, occasionally issuing forth and taking signal vengeance on the English garrisons which incautiously exposed themselves to attack. Among the most noted of his associates in these hazardous operations were Sir Andrew Murray, Sir William Douglas, Robert Boyd, David Barclay of Towie, Hugh Dundas, Alexander Scrymgeour, and John Blair, a priest. A body of from ten to thirty always remaining together in the forest, the sound of Wallace's bugle could increase it on special occasions, by summoning recruits from the villages and hamlets round about. Thus he continued for several months, daily gaining new adherents, and extending the range of his operations, till at last there was not an English garrison in all that district in which stories were not told by the soldiers to each other of the formidable doings of the turbulent robber of Clydesdale. Many monuments remain in that district to the present day, such as upright stones, secret caves, and half-obliterated forts, to attest the traditionary accounts of these engagements with the English, as well as the many hairbreadth escapes of Wallace, when some extraordinary military errand led him to quit the forest without any followers.

Wallace was now become exceedingly formidable to the English intruders, whom it was his object to exterminate without mercy; and many Scottish nobles began to think that if matters continued to proceed as successfully, it would be safe for them ere long to forswear their allegiance to Edward. On the other hand, attempts seem to have been made by the English officials to tamper with Wallace through his mother's relations. But it is the proudest fact in the patriot's history, that never once during his whole life did he make a single acknowledgment of Edward's right to govern Scotland. While others went and came, took the vows when they were in extremity, and broke them when hope revived; while the Cummings and the Bruces and other great nobles were living in ignoble security at Edward's court, watching a safe opportunity of being patriotic; nay, while even the fair fame of Douglas himself was tarnished in the end, Wallace, hunted with sleuth-hounds through the woods, or hiding in the hollows of trees, never once did a false or mean thing, but lived and died, in the midst of slaves, a true Scottish freeman.

But, alas! what neither promises nor threats, nor hunger, nor danger could effect, a power greater than any of them took on hand. Wallace fell in love—an incident important enough in any man's life, but, as it appears to us, unusually so in that of Wallace. Going to the kirk of Lanark one day, Wallace saw Marion Bradfute, the orphan daughter of Sir Hew Bradfute of Lamington. Father, mother, and brother dead, the orphan girl lived a retired life in Lanark, purchasing protection from insult by paying a sum of money to Hazelrig, the English governor, who, it is said, intended to marry her and her estate to his son. She

was now eighteen, and an ancient minstrel gives this interesting description of her :—

“All suffered she, and richt lowly her bare,
Amiable, so benign, and wise,
Courteous and sweet, full-filled of gentleness,
Well ruled of tongue,” &c.

For a time Wallace struggled between love and duty—between Scotland and Marion Bradfute. He endeavoured to reconcile both sentiments by marrying the gentle Marion. For some time after this event, which was kept a profound secret, his enterprises were confined to the neighbourhood of Lanark, and the English had a respite. But Wallace was to be restored to his country.

Returning home from one of his forays, our hero was recognised by some English soldiers, and attacked in the streets of Lanark. He was near being overpowered when a well-known door opened, a hand beckoned him, and dashing in, he escaped into the woods behind. It was the house of Wallace's wife, the heiress of Lamington. The secret was now divulged, and, by Hazelrig's orders, the poor girl was hanged. All Lanark was horror-struck; and intelligence of the event reaching the distracted husband, he returned with his party at night, slew the wretch Hazelrig, and drove the English from the town. Nothing now stood between Wallace and his duty to his country.

After this tragic circumstance, Wallace carried on his operations on a more extended scale. With a party greatly increased in numbers, he found himself strong enough to lay siege to some of the most important garrisoned towns. The most signal of these achievements were his taking of Glasgow, which was occupied by a strong body of soldiers under Anthony Bek, bishop of Durham, and his extirpating a colony which Edward had planted in Argyleshire, under an Irish chief called M'Fadyan. These successes, followed up by a number of other sieges and engagements, made the final deliverance of the whole country appear possible.

One of Wallace's most noted exploits about this time was the burning of what were called the Barns of Ayr. It appears that the English governor of Ayr had invited a large number of the Scottish nobility and gentry to meet him at these barns or buildings, for the purpose, as he said, of friendly conference on the affairs of Scotland. His design, however, was base and treacherous. It was his object to put the whole assembly of gentlemen to death, by causing soldiers in attendance to run nooses over their heads, and then hang them to the beams of the roof. Unsuspecting of any such plot, a large number came on the appointed day, and, as they were admitted into the house, nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were immediately drawn up to the beams overhead and hanged. Sir Reginald Crawford, sheriff of Ayrshire, and uncle to Wallace, was among the sufferers

in this infamous tragedy. As soon as Wallace heard of this outrage on some of the best men in Scotland, he was dreadfully enraged; and collecting his men, proceeded to revenge his country on the contrivers and executioners of the crime. He proceeded very cautiously in this enterprise, his plan being to take the English unawares. One night, accordingly, when he learned that they had laid themselves down to sleep, after feasting and drinking, in the same large barns in which the Scottish gentlemen had been murdered, he led his men to the attack. A woman who knew the place, friendly to Wallace, obligingly marked the doors of the houses in which the English lay, and these outlets were immediately fastened with ropes. Thus secured, the doors were set on fire with burning straw. Roused from their slumbers by the noise and smell of the burning, the English endeavoured to escape; but they were driven back into their burning houses, or put to death on the spot. Thus perished, either by fire or the sword, the principal perpetrators of an unjustifiable crime; the deed still more spreading abroad the fame of Wallace's heroism.*

In addition to the few men of note who had gathered round him at the outset of his career, others of the Scottish nobles now joined him. Among these were the Stewart and his brother, Robert Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, Alexander Lindsay, Sir Richard Lundin, and lastly, young Robert Bruce, afterwards King Robert, who, long fretting in his ignoble servitude at the court of Edward, had taken an opportunity of escaping, breaking the oath which he had sworn to the conqueror on the sword of Thomas à Becket. A revolt made so alarming by these accessions Edward determined decisively to crush. Urged by his commands, Warenne, the governor, sent Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford with a large force against the associated Scottish leaders. The latter were encamped near the town of Irvine, and, becoming alarmed for their safety, all, with the exception of Wallace and Sir Andrew Murray, gave up thoughts of fighting, and signed a treaty drawn up by the bishop of Glasgow, submitting themselves, and expressing contrition for having "risen in arms against our Lord Edward, and against his peace in his territories of Scotland and Galloway." Wallace and Murray, indignant at this pusillanimity, retired into the north, there to wait a time for retrieving what had been lost by the cowardice of their associates. Before going northward, however, Wallace went straight to Glasgow, and, as a mark of his opinion of Wishart's conduct in drawing up the treaty, demolished his house, carrying off his horses and furniture.

* This, like most other anecdotes of Wallace, is gathered from "The Adventures of Sir William Wallace," a work written in verse from popular tradition about the year 1460 by a wandering poet usually called Blind Harry, and which has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry. It was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the genius of Burns.

Wallace was not idle while in the north, for we find him at Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Dunnottar, and Aberdeen, beating the English out of them all. He had come southward again, and was engaged in besieging Dundee, when he was informed that a powerful English army, with Warenne at its head, was marching northward. Leaving strict injunctions to the townsmen to continue the siege of the garrison of Dundee, he hastened southward, and encamped at Cambuskenneth, near Stirling bridge. Warenne having been superseded in the governorship, wished to avoid an engagement till his successor, Brian Fitzallen, should arrive to take the responsibility. He therefore sent two friars to attempt a truce with Wallace; but they were sent back with a defiance, and the battle commenced. The military sagacity of Sir Richard Lundin, and Warenne's own prudence, were overborne by the zeal of the hot-headed Cressingham, who insisted on crossing the bridge, in order to fall directly upon the Scotch. The result was a total defeat of the English army. The Scotch rushed down upon them as they were crossing, slaughtered them in masses on the bridge, drove hundreds into the river, and made havoc of the fugitives. Cressingham was killed; and so obnoxious had this official made himself to the Scotch, that, animated by the barbarous feelings of the period, they made sword belts of his skin. In this battle the Scotch lost but few men. The brave Sir Andrew Murray, however, a colleague worthy of Wallace, was mortally wounded. The remains of the English army fled in confusion to Berwick.

Not long after this battle, in the end of 1297 or the beginning of 1298, we find Wallace using the title of "Guardian of Scotland in the name of King John, and by the consent of the Scottish nation." The manner of his assuming such a title has been made a subject of debate, some insisting that it was regularly conferred at a meeting at which certain of the Scotch nobles were present, others that no such meeting was held, and others that Baliol had sent Wallace a private commission appointing him regent. However this might be, it was a regency in the sovereign's name, with the approbation of the nation; and although the title roused many invidious feelings among the Scottish nobility, Wallace used his power with great discretion, and never aimed at being anything more than a servant of the state. A person in his circumstances, animated by vulgar ambition, would have aimed at becoming king.

Wallace's regency did not last a year; but during this brief period he manifested his ability for governing with a judicious and strict hand. The only obstacle he had to encounter was the mean jealousy of certain Scottish nobles, who resented his assumption of power; though there was evidently no other person able to preserve order, or quell the enemies of the country. It may be remarked, that, throughout the whole struggle for independence, comparatively few of the Scottish aristocracy afforded

any assistance. Inclining either to the side of Edward, at whose court they looked for advancement, or holding coldly aloof, they left the main difficulties to be achieved by men of inferior rank. Wallace, a man of the people, and of a sagacious mind, perceived that the feudal power of the barons was inconsistent with civil freedom, and he had the boldness to contrive a plan by which it should be relinquished, and the people at large be left their own masters, and at the disposal of the state. He did not remain sufficiently long in power to accomplish this design; but during his short guardianship he adopted measures for encouraging foreign trade. A letter has lately been discovered in the archives of Hamburg, written at Haddington, 11th October 1297, by "Andrew Murray and William Wallace, commanders of the army of the kingdom," and addressed to the mayor and citizens of Lubeck and Hamburg. The purport of this interesting document is expressed in the request that "the mayor and citizens will cause it to be made known among the merchants, that Scotland, being now, by God's blessing, delivered out of the hands of the English, they may now have free access to all the Scottish ports with their goods and commodities."

The period of national tranquillity was short. At the time of the battle of Stirling, Edward was in Flanders, and when he returned to England in the spring of 1298, he immediately turned his attention to Scotland. He first summoned the Scottish nobles to meet him at York; and, when the fear of Wallace's vengeance prevented them from going thither, he collected an immense army, and marched northward at the head of it, to redeem the defeats of former commanders by his own military genius. The detention of the fleet to which he trusted for provisions, and the mutinous conduct of his army, owing to the number of Welsh in it, involved Edward in such difficulties, that he had almost determined on a retreat into England, when he received intelligence that the Scotch were willing to risk a battle, and were drawn up near Falkirk. He immediately marched thither. Wallace, who commanded the Scotch infantry or spearmen, had drawn them up in four circular bodies. In the spaces between these bodies of spearmen were posted the archers, under Sir John Stewart. There were but a thousand horse, and these were in the rear, commanded by Comyn. The English infantry were drawn up in three divisions; but Edward relied principally on his cavalry. A morass lay between the two armies. "I have brought you to the ring," said Wallace to his men, before the battle commenced, in jocular allusion to some now obsolete game; "hop gif ye can." The fight was long and desperate. The Scottish spearmen stood like stone walls. But at length the impetus of the English cavalry, assisted by showers of stones and arrows from the infantry, thinned and broke them. A total defeat ensued, and an immense number was left dead or taken prisoners. The defeat is easily enough to be accounted for by

the great superiority of the English in numbers, and especially in cavalry; but tradition will not accept this explanation, and insists that the defeat was owing to the refusal of the two aristocratic leaders to co-operate with Wallace, and to a positive act of treachery on Comyn's part during the battle. Sir John Stewart was among the killed. Wallace, with the remains of his infantry, retreated to Stirling, which he set on fire. Edward withdrew into England, leaving Scotland crushed for the meantime in military strength, but still unconquered.

Little was done in 1299. Wallace resigned the guardianship, which he could no longer hold except by force; and John Comyn the younger, the elder Bruce, and Lamberton, bishop of St Andrews, were appointed his joint successors. The real power was that of Comyn, a name exceedingly disliked in popular Scotch history. Wallace retired into private life, ready to resume military command on any emergency; but he had hardly any opportunity of doing so; for, owing to a difference with his nobility, Edward could not carry immediately into effect his design of invading Scotland. This year, however, Baliol, who had been a prisoner in London since 1296, was released and sent to France; and after this he is not mentioned in history. It was not till 1303 that anything occurred to call Wallace again into active life. The reason of this is, that two or three years were occupied by a controversy between Edward and Pope Boniface VIII. respecting the sovereignty of Scotland, the pope claiming Scotland as a territory of the church, and Edward maintaining that it was his. This dispute gave Scotland a breathing time, which, under an efficient government, might have been improved, so as permanently to secure her independence. During this period of tranquillity Wallace visited France.

Edward's blow was only suspended. With a zeal and vigour more than sufficient to compensate for the loss of time, the English monarch, in 1303, recommenced the war. As most open to attack, the country round Edinburgh was invaded, and here several engagements took place between the troops of Edward and the Scottish chiefs. One of these was the battle of Roslin, fought by Comyn, the Guardian of Scotland, and Simon Frazer of Tweeddale, on the one side, and Segrave on the other. The English suffered a defeat on this occasion; but in other quarters they were more successful, and ravaged the country as far as Caithness. All that Wallace could do in such a strait was to attack marching parties, and storm weakly-garrisoned fortresses, as he did when he was a mere outlaw chief, winding his bugle through the forest of Clydesdale.

From Caithness to Galloway, Scotland was now in the possession of the English; the Highlands, however, presenting too many difficulties for attack. On the 9th of February 1304, the Comyn government gave in its resignation. A treaty was drawn up, in which the Scottish nobles stipulated for their lives, their

liberties, and their estates, subject to such fines as Edward should see fit to impose upon them by way of punishment. From the benefits of this amnesty there were excepted by name the following eight persons:—David Graham, Alexander Lindsay, Sir John Soulis, the Stewart, Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, Simon Frazer, Thomas Boys, and William Wallace. We have arranged the names in the order corresponding to the severity of the punishment to be inflicted on them. Graham and Lindsay were to leave Scotland for six months; Soulis, the Stewart, and the bishop of Glasgow, were to be banished for two years; Frazer and Boys were to be banished for three years; and during that time they were to reside neither in England nor France. “As for William Wallace,” says the treaty, “it is agreed that he shall render himself up at the will and mercy of our sovereign lord the king.”

As Wallace had no disposition to render himself up in accordance with this arrangement, means were adopted to capture him; but, in spite of every attempt, he continued for several months to wander about, accompanied by a few of his outlaw followers. Tradition also mentions that at this time Wallace and young Robert Bruce were in secret communication with each other, and that Wallace was meditating a new insurrection against Edward, for the purpose of placing Bruce on the throne. In this last effort he was not doomed to be successful. On the 5th of August 1305 he was treacherously delivered up by Sir John Menteith to the English, by whom he was taken, under a strong guard, to London. The rest is soon told. Wallace was tried, on a charge of high treason, in Westminster Hall, and, as a matter of course, condemned. In a few days thereafter, this gallant and unfortunate patriot was ignominiously and cruelly put to death on a scaffold at Smithfield; to the last protesting against the injustice of his sentence, and declaring that all he had done he would do over again, and more, for his beloved and much-abused country.

BRUCE.

The death of the noble-minded Wallace sent a pang through Scotland, and from that moment there was a still more fierce desire to shake the country free of its oppressor. Young Bruce, as we have seen, had already formed some resolutions on the subject, which this new atrocity did not by any means weaken. As the one patriot sinks, therefore, the other rises, and becomes prominent in the page of history. Bruce, like Wallace, was a descendant of a Norman settler in Scotland. His ancestor was Robert de Bruce, who received a grant of lands in Annandale from David I. in the early part of the twelfth century. The great-great-grandson of this first of the Scottish Bruces was the Robert Bruce who competed with Baliol for the crown, at which time he was considerably advanced in life. The son of this

Robert, the competitor, also called Robert, married the Countess of Carrick, and by her he had a large family; his eldest son, likewise named Robert, being born on the 21st of March 1274. At the time of good king Alexander's death, in 1286, when the troubles of Scotland began, there were three generations of Bruces alive—father, son, and grandson; on the last of whom, as it will appear, fell the task of achieving his country's freedom.

Young Bruce spent his early years at Turnberry Castle, in Ayrshire, and, at about the age of sixteen, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the earldom of Carrick. Old Bruce, the grandfather, died in 1295; Bruce, his son, died in 1304; and young Bruce, Earl of Carrick, was now the sole representative of the house. The Earl of Carrick was upwards of thirty years of age before he assumed the character of a patriot. His father had lived chiefly in England, with little inclination to put forward any claims on the Scottish crown; and, bred up with a wish to conciliate Edward's favour, he himself was inclined to remain a peaceful subject of England, and on one occasion took oaths of fealty to him. The heroism and the fate of Wallace at length stimulated him to view matters differently. His conduct for some years was marked by great prudence, if not dissimulation. He became desirous of attempting to free Scotland from English intrusion, provided it could be done with a good chance of success. The disappearance of Baliol in 1304, by opening up a prospect of gaining the crown, no doubt contributed to fix his wavering resolutions. Yet there was a rival to his aspirations after kingly honours. This was a personage usually known by the title of the Red Comyn, and against whom he had a grudge, on account of Comyn having perfidiously made known to Edward that Bruce was wavering in his allegiance. Happening to visit Dumfries, on the occasion of a meeting of a court of justice, at which many of the feudal chiefs attended, Bruce there met the Red Comyn in the church of the Minorite Friars (February 10, 1305-6). The result of such an interview in such an age of strife might almost be anticipated. Pacing backwards and forwards in the aisles of the church, conversing together on matters of import, these two fiery spirits came to high words, Bruce reproaching Comyn with his treachery. At last, when near the altar, something which Comyn said provoked Bruce so much, that he drew his dagger and stabbed him. Comyn fell, the blood flowing from him on the pavement of the sanctuary. Shocked at his rash act, Bruce rushed out of the church, and his friends, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Sir Christopher Seton, meeting him at the door, asked what he had done. He said, "I doubt I have killed the Comyn." "Doubt," cried Kirkpatrick; "I'll mak sicker" (I will make sure); and running into the church, he finished the Comyn with one or two stabs. Seton at the same time killed an uncle of Comyn, who had rushed in to assist him. This deed of blood scandalised all religious feeling, and Bruce ever after-

wards looked on it as the sin of his life; not, however, the act of assassinating his rival—for in these days killing was recognised as a mode of action which it was quite legitimate to adopt—but because the assassination of Comyn had been effected in a church. This was considered a sacrilege only to be atoned for by a long life of toil, penitence, and good deeds. Whatever were the feelings of Bruce afterwards, he now seems to have considered that, by the riddance of his rival, the time was come for throwing off his ill-disguised, and, as he styled it, compulsory allegiance to the king of England. Collecting his followers, therefore, he immediately took possession of the town of Dumfries. The English justiciaries shut themselves up in the place where they were holding their sittings; but Bruce threatening to set it on fire, they surrendered, and were suffered to leave the country in safety. Bruce then traversed the south of Scotland, seizing and fortifying towns, and expelling the English who happened to be in his path.

Although thus far successful, Bruce had yet the kingdom to win—no easy task with only a handful of adherents. Among these, besides his own brothers, were Lamberton, bishop of St Andrews, Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, David Murray, bishop of Moray, the abbot of Scone, Thomas Randolph or Randall, of Strathdon (Bruce's nephew), Christopher or Christall Seton (Bruce's brother-in-law), Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, John, Earl of Atholl and Lord of Strathbogie, Gilbert Hay, Earl of Errol, young Sir James Douglas, and nine or ten other persons of consequence. But these were but a fraction of the Scottish aristocracy; and many of the rest were pledged on the English side. Nevertheless, Bruce and his party resolved on a bold and decided step. Spending about three weeks in riding hither and thither through the country, to rouse as strong a feeling as possible, they met at Scone on Friday the 27th of March 1306, and there Bruce was crowned king, a small circlet of gold having been made to serve in lieu of the old Scottish crown which Edward had carried away. Now, the honour of placing the crown on a new king's head belonged, by ancient right, to the family of Macduff, Earl of Fife. But the present representative of the family, Duncan, Earl of Fife, being on the English side, it appeared at first that this essential requisite in the ceremony could not be complied with. Hearing, however, that Bruce was to be crowned, Isabella, the sister of the Earl, and wife of Comyn, Earl of Buchan, stole her husband's horses and posted off to Scone, resolved that, in spite of brother and husband, Bruce should be crowned by a Macduff. As she did not reach Scone till after the 27th, the act of crowning was performed over again on the 29th, the thin gold circlet being placed on the brow of the new king by his fair adherent.

In the meantime all was bustle and excitement in London. Edward was now an old man, scarcely able to bestride his war-

horse; and that the great scheme of the annexation of Scotland, to which he had devoted so many years of his life, should now be in danger of failing at the last, was a grief and a canker to his aged spirit. There is no sorer affliction for an old man whose life has been spent in toil, and enterprise, and energetic action, than to see his schemes failing, and all that he has struggled for cast out and rejected by the world, at a time when he is beginning to feel that death is coming, and that he can do no more. The spirit of the warrior-king flickered up bravely under the disappointment, and he swore, in the hearing of his counsellors and nobles, that he would take the field once more against Scotland, deal with Bruce as he had dealt with Wallace, and then turn his thoughts to holier subjects, and prepare to die in peace. Forthwith there was a going to and fro of messengers, a writing and sealing of despatches, a buzz of eager anticipation among the young men, and a noise everywhere of steel clanging under the armourer's hammer. To meet the present emergency, and oppose Bruce at the outset, Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, hurried away northward with what force he could gather. To crush the spirit of the Scotch under a fear stronger than that of invasion, Edward wrote to the pope to procure an anathema against Bruce and his cause for the act of sacrilege committed in the church of the Minorite Friars at Dumfries. He levied a large army, "and, for the purpose of giving more éclat to his expedition, knighted his eldest son. Immediately after receiving that honour, the Prince of Wales went in procession to Westminster Abbey, ascended the high altar, and knighted three hundred nobles, who were all apparelled in embroidered robes of gold. At the conclusion of this ceremony, two swans, adorned with trappings and bells of gold, were brought by minstrels, in nets of the same metal, with great pomp into the church, and the king took a solemn oath, by the God of heaven and by these swans, that he would march into Scotland, and never return till he had punished the rebels, and avenged the death of John Comyn."* Giving the command of the army to the Prince of Wales, and exacting an oath from him that he would not rest two nights in one place before reaching Scotland, Edward himself followed more leisurely with his queen. Poor old monarch! he never reached the land against which he had vowed vengeance. Becoming ill near Carlisle, he was detained there, and obliged to leave the management of the invasion to others.

At first the Scotch suffered a considerable reverse of fortune. Having penetrated as far north as Perth, the English forces there surprised Bruce by a sudden attack. Many of the Scotch were killed, and others were made prisoners, and hanged. Among these was Sir Simon Frazer or Frizell, who was carried to London, and there ignominiously put to death, his head being

* Clarke's "Vestigia Anglicana."

set upon a spear on Westminster Bridge, near that of his co-patriot Wallace. This defeat was a heavy blow and great discouragement to Bruce, who, with his followers, retired into the north, a fugitive in the kingdom whose crown he had assumed. He halted for a time at Aberdeen, whither his wife, and the wives of all his noble adherents, had resorted to wait his arrival. From Aberdeen, the band of patriots, ladies and all, retreated to the mountain country inland, and although pinched occasionally for food, held together during the summer of 1306.

In the course of Bruce's wanderings, he attempted to force his way into Lorn, a district of Argyleshire; but here he encountered the M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, and friendly to the English; besides, John of Lorn, the chief of the M'Dougals, hated Bruce on account of his having slain his kinsman the Red Comyn. At the first encounter Bruce was defeated; but he showed amidst his misfortunes the greatness of his strength and courage. According to the lively account given by Sir Walter Scott of Bruce's movements after this defeat—"He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard upon them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass, betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein such a blow with his sword, as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and as he was endeavouring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body, that he had not room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the king struck his third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle, so that to be free of the dead body Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch or clasp by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him." The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not

fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.* On the ruins of the family rose the Campbells and other great clans.

After this defeat in Argyleshire, with the English pressing northward, the chieftain of Lorn dogging their footsteps, and the cold weather coming on, the wanderers found it impossible any longer to live, as they had been doing, among the hills, with their garments worn out, their shoes torn and patched, and with scarcely the means of procuring food. Bruce therefore divided his little band into two parties. One of these, under the command of Nigel Bruce, his youngest brother, was to convey the ladies to Kildrummie Castle, on the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, where, though in danger of being besieged, they would at all events be safer than if they remained where they were. When the party had gone away, taking with it all the horses, there remained with the king about two hundred men, uncertain whither they should go, or how they should pass the winter. To remain in Scotland seemed impossible: they therefore came to the resolution of crossing over to the north of Ireland, where they might possibly obtain assistance from the Earl of Ulster, or where at least they might remain through the winter, looking eagerly across the Channel, and watching for an opportunity of returning to renew the enterprise. Accordingly, they pushed their way across Argyleshire to Cantire, whence they passed over to Rathlin, a small island on the coast of Ulster, within sight of the Scottish shore. At first, the wild inhabitants showed a disposition to question the right of two hundred strangers to come and quarter so unceremoniously in their island; but a little intercourse conciliated them; and through the winter of 1306-7 the fugitive king and his men made Rathlin their place of refuge.

In the spring of 1307 the fugitives began to think of revisiting their native land, where their mysterious disappearance had caused some sensation. Accordingly, Douglas and Boyd, with a few followers, went over to the Isle of Arran and attacked the English; and ten days after, Bruce and the rest of the Scotch left Rathlin and joined them. They were now near the Scottish mainland, opposite Bruce's own district of Carrick and his castle of Turnberry; but before actually committing themselves by a landing in Ayrshire, it was resolved to send a spy, named Cuthbert, to learn the true state of affairs. If appearances were favourable, Cuthbert was to kindle a bonfire on Turnberry nook, the blaze of which, seen in the night-time from the coast of Arran, would be a signal for Bruce and his little band to embark in

* Of late years, the brooch of Lorn has become an interesting object of antiquity, and been copied by Scottish jewellers as an article of sale. It is of great size, of silver, circular in form, and embellished with gems. For a complete account of it, we refer to Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, No. 375, first series.

their boats and row across the Channel. After the messenger was gone, Bruce walked up and down the beach, his eyes in the direction of Turnberry nook, watching eagerly for the expected signal. All night he watched, and all next morning; and just as it was growing late in the day, he thought he saw the flickering of the bonfire. As it grew dark, all doubt was at an end; there was the bonfire blazing ruddily in the horizon; so with joyful hearts they began to busy themselves in getting ready the boats. Just as Bruce was stepping on board, a woman of the island, "than whom none in all the land had so much wit of things to come," came and prophesied to him that ere long he would be king, and overcome all his enemies; but before that time he should have much to endure; in token of her own confidence in her prophecy she gave him her two sons to be his followers. With the words of this wise woman in their ears, the brave band, increased now to three hundred men, shot out their galleys into the water, and steered through the darkness for the light on Turnberry nook.

After hard rowing, they drew near the Carrick shore, discerning through the gloom the dark figure of a man walking to and fro on the beach. It was Cuthbert come to tell them that there was no hope of effecting a rising in Carrick; that the bonfire on Turnberry nook had not been kindled by him; but that, seeing it blazing, he had come to warn them away. What were they to do? Remain in Scotland, now that they were in it, or re-embark and seek refuge for a year or two longer in the island of Rathlin? Thus they stood inquiring of each other with sinking hearts in the gray of the early morning, where the tide was rushing up among the sands. Out spoke Edward Bruce, the king's brother, a wild impetuous young man—"I tell you no peril, be it ever so great, shall drive me back to the sea again; by God's help I am here, and here will I take my venture for better or worse." This resolution recommended itself to the prudence of the rest; and now that they were in their native land once more, they made up their minds never to leave it again, but to wander through the country until they should all be cut off, or there should be a general rising against the English. They determined to make a beginning immediately; and hearing that there was a party of soldiers belonging to Percy, the English governor of the district, in the town of Turnberry, they attacked and routed it. Little, however, could be done in the Carrick district, where the inhabitants, though friendly to Bruce, were afraid openly to take his part. One lady, however, a relation of his own, came with a reinforcement of forty men.

Now for the first time Bruce learned what had taken place in Scotland during his absence. The news was melancholy enough. Shortly after the defeat of Bruce at Methven, Edward, then in the north of England, had issued, through the Earl of

Pembroke, a proclamation to the effect "that all the people of Scotland should search for and pursue every person who had been in arms against the English government, and who had not surrendered themselves to mercy; and should also apprehend, dead or alive, all who had been guilty of other crimes." In consequence of this proclamation, and the efforts made to enforce it, many of Bruce's most eminent adherents, some of them the co-patriots of Wallace, fell into the hands of the English, and suffered death. Besides Sir Simon Frazer, to whose fate we have already referred, Sir Christopher Seton, Thomas Boys, Sir Simon Frazer's esquire, and one of Wallace's friends, Sir Herbert de Morham, Sir Walter Logan, and several others, were sent to London, and there hanged and quartered. The fate of Lambertton, bishop of St Andrews, Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, and the abbot of Scone, would probably have been the same, had they not been ecclesiastics. As it was, they were imprisoned, and Edward made every effort to induce the pope to depose them; in which, however, his holiness did not gratify him. After all these culprits had been disposed of, there still remained the ladies and those of Bruce's adherents, who were shut up in the castle of Kildrummie. The Earls of Lancaster and Hereford marched north to besiege the castle; but before they reached it, the queen, her daughter, the Countess of Buchan, who had put the crown on Bruce's head, and the rest of the ladies, fled to Ross-shire with an escort, and took refuge in the sanctuary of St Duthoc, near Tain. Here, in violation of the religious usage of the times, they were seized; and being sent prisoners into England, they lived there in dignified captivity, until the victory of Bannockburn released them seven or eight years afterwards. The punishment of the Countess of Buchan was more marked than that of the other lady captives, inasmuch as the crime of crowning Bruce was peculiarly heinous. Her husband, the Earl of Buchan, one of the Comyn family, was urgent that she should be put to death; but Edward would not consent to so desirable a measure, and ordered her to be confined in a circular prison, constructed in the form of a cage, in the castle of Berwick, where she might be seen by the passers-by. The general impression handed down by tradition is, that the poor lady was hung out in a cage on the castle wall; and it is at least certain that she was immured in an ignominious manner within the fortress of Berwick. Nigel Bruce, the Earl of Atholl, and the rest who remained in Kildrummie after the ladies were gone, defended the castle bravely for a time; but at last their magazine of provisions being set on fire by a traitor of the name of Osborne, they were obliged to surrender. Nigel Bruce, the youngest of the king's brothers, and of great comeliness, was carried to Berwick, and there beheaded; the Earl of Atholl was sent to London—and hanged.

Such had been the miserable fate of the adherents Bruce had left in Scotland. Edward, ill and dying at Carlisle, and unable

to reach the land the subjugation of which had been the most anxious thought of his life, felt it a pleasure to wreak his vengeance on so many of those who had thwarted him before he left the world. Stretched in pain on his bed, he said to those around him that knowing that the Earl of Atholl was hanged made the pain almost lightsome. His dying acts were all directed towards Scotland. He assigned estates in it to his favourite nobles, impressed on his son's mind the duty of punctually fulfilling the great design he was to bequeath to him, and, summoning a parliament at Carlisle, he and all his nobles heard the dread sentence of the church's excommunication pronounced against Bruce and his adherents by Peter D'Espaigne, cardinal legate from the pope. Leaving the dying monarch at Carlisle, we return to the operations of the heroic Bruce.

The condition of Bruce after his disheartening defeat in Ayrshire was most afflicting, and was aggravated by the intelligence of the capture of his brothers Thomas and Alexander, and their execution at Carlisle. Still, he was not utterly deserted or deprived of friends; his brother Edward proceeded into Galloway, while Douglas went into Lanarkshire, to raise men in these quarters. Until assistance should be raised, he wandered about the wild hills of Carrick, constantly shifting from spot to spot, in order to escape the vigilant pursuit of his enemies. On one occasion, separated from the few men who had kept him company, he reached, about midnight, a poor hut, under whose thatched roof he might rest till morning. Throwing himself down on a heap of straw, he lay upon his back with his hands placed under his head, unable to sleep, but gazing vacantly upwards at the rafters of the hut, disfigured with cobwebs. From thoughts long and dreary about the hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had already encountered, he was roused to feel a degree of interest in the efforts of a poor and industrious spider over his head. The object of the animal was to swing itself by its thread from one rafter to another; but in this attempt it repeatedly failed, each time vibrating back to the point where it had made the effort. Twelve times did the little creature try to reach the desired spot, and as many times was it unsuccessful. Not disheartened with its failure, it made the attempt once more, and lo! the rafter was gained. "The thirteenth time," said Bruce, springing to his feet; "I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties, and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country."

Rallying his drooping spirits, Bruce hastened to assemble such as were disposed to risk all for the sake of the cause he had at heart. With a courageous little army he met the English under Pembroke at Loudon-hill (May 10, 1307), and gained the first of that series of victories which ultimately made Scotland a free kingdom. Pembroke's defeat roused the dying Edward at Car-

lisle, and, although unable to endure the fatigue of a journey, he mounted his war-horse, and made the attempt to reach Scotland, for the purpose of crushing the rebellion in person. Vain effort. Having reached, with extreme difficulty, Burgh-on-Sands, from which the blue hills of Scotland could be seen, he there sunk and died. It was his dying request that his bones should be carried at the head of the army into Scotland; but this injunction was not complied with. His son, Edward II., caused the body to be buried at Westminster, with this inscription on his tomb, "Edward I., the Hammer of the Scotch."

Edward II., to whom the duty of subjugating Scotland had been bequeathed, was of inferior abilities to his father, and failed to inspire his followers with confidence or his enemies with fear. He proceeded into Scotland in obedience to his father's injunction, but being disheartened with some reverses, he led his army back to England. Picking up courage, Bruce ventured now on bold measures, and with a considerably augmented force swept through the country as far as Inverness, rooting out garrisons of English, destroying castles, and skirmishing with parties sent out to keep him in check. While thus engaged, Edward Bruce, his brother, expelled the English from Galloway; and Douglas was roving about the hills of Tweeddale, doing good service. Here, at a house on Lyne water, Douglas had the good fortune to take prisoner Thomas Randolph, Bruce's nephew, who had latterly attached himself to the cause of the English usurper. Apparently ashamed of this recreancy, Randolph afterwards became one of his uncle's warmest adherents. Many other influential persons, who had hitherto kept aloof, now joined Bruce's standard. Argyleshire, the country of the Lords of Lorn, still holding out, he invaded it, took the castle of Dunstaffnage, and drove Lorn and his son refugees into England. The whole of Scotland might now be said to have been in Bruce's hands, except that several of the great towns were still in the possession of English garrisons, and that Edward II. was every now and then threatening an invasion. An invasion in the then weak state of Bruce's government might have proved fatal; but this danger was warded off, partly by Edward's own fickle and unsteady temper, partly by the disgust of his nobles at his unkingly conduct, and partly also by the earnest endeavours made during the years 1308 and 1309 by Philip, king of France, to bring about a peace between Scotland and England. A truce between the two countries was indeed agreed to; but it was broken almost as soon as made. In 1310 Edward II. conducted an invading army into Scotland; but, as on a former occasion, he retired again into England.

The years 1311, 1312, and 1313 were spent by Bruce in consolidating the power he had acquired; expelling garrisons, and acquiring the allegiance of some of the principal towns. The citizens of Aberdeen had already expelled the English garrison

from that town. Forfar and several other important stations had been wrested out of the English keeping; and during the three years to which we are at present directing our attention, many other towns or castles were won either by Bruce in person or by his adherents. - The principal of these were—the town of Perth, and the castles of Linlithgow, Buittle, Dumfries, Dalswinton, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, Rutherglen, and Dundee. The seizures of the castles of Linlithgow and Edinburgh deserve particular mention, from their romantic character. The castle of Linlithgow was taken by the stratagem of a poor peasant named William Binnock, who was in the way of conveying hay and other provender into the castle. Having agreed to deliver a load of hay at a particular day, Binnock placed eight men in his cart, covered them well over with hay, and then walked by the side of the cart, a stout man going before driving. When the cart was within the posts of the gate, so that it could not be shut, Binnock gave the preconcerted signal by crying out, “Call all! call all!” and gave the porter a blow which split his skull; while the man driving cut the rope by which the oxen were yoked to the cart, so as to leave it fixed in the gateway. The men then leaped out, and the castle was taken.

Edinburgh Castle, which occupies the top of a lofty and huge rock, precipitous on all sides but one, could not be taken without encountering very serious risks of destruction. Randolph engaged to gain possession of it by stratagem and personal activity. Guided by a person named Frank, who had once been in the garrison in the castle, and had become acquainted with the nature of the precipice, Randolph, and a party of thirty men, proceeded one dark night to scale the black and jagged sides of the rock. Up they climbed, slowly and painfully, with scathed knees and bleeding fingers, by a zig-zag path, where a single false step would have caused them to be dashed to atoms, or the scraping of their arms against the rock would have discovered them to the watch above. The darkness of the night, however, favoured them, and at last they all reached a shelving part of the rock half way up, where they could rest for a little. While crouching together here, they heard the sentries pacing above and challenging each other. Proceeding upward, they at length reached the wall, to which they applied a ladder they had contrived to bring along with them. Frank climbed up first, then Sir Andrew Gray, then Randolph himself. Seeing these three on the top of the wall, the others climbed up after them. The noise alarmed the sentries, who raised the cry of “Treason! Treason!” Some of them fled; some of them were so terrified that they leaped over the wall; the rest of the garrison mustered and fought, but were soon overpowered, leaving Randolph master of the castle.

These and similar exploits not only secured Bruce's possession of the country, but increased the number of his partisans, by causing many powerful Scotch gentlemen, who had hitherto

taken the side of the English, to join him. In the year 1313 only a few vestiges of English intrusion remained, in the shape of an unreduced garrison here and there. Nor had Bruce's exertions been confined to Scotland itself. Imitating the conduct of Wallace after the battle of Stirling, he had made two several forays into the north of England, devastating and spoiling the country; and he had also seized the Isle of Man. All this while Edward II. was engaged in enjoying himself at his own court, or in quarrelling with his nobles; sometimes resolving upon an expedition into Scotland, but never carrying it into effect. At last, after repeated complaints from the people of Cumberland, whose territories Bruce had ravaged, and from the small party of Scottish nobles who still adhered to the English interest, Edward, on his return from a short visit to France in the end of 1313, began to make preparations in earnest, and an army greater than any that had ever followed his victorious father was ordered to be raised.

The immediate cause of this sudden preparation for a new invasion of Scotland was this: Edward Bruce, the king's brave and hot-headed brother, after subduing the garrisons of Rutherglen and Dundee, attacked that of Stirling. The English commander, Philip de Mowbray, offered to surrender the castle if not relieved before the 24th of June next year; and this offer Edward Bruce thoughtlessly accepted without his brother's knowledge. The effect of this treaty was to allow the English time to assemble an army, which of course they would do as soon as they heard of it, and to commit the fate of Scotland to the issue of a great general battle, such as it appeared most prudent in the meantime to avoid. It was impossible, however, for Bruce to retract the engagement which his brother had made, and he therefore began to busy himself with preparations to meet the English army, which he knew would be approaching Stirling before the appointed 24th of June. The first half of the year 1314 was spent by each kingdom in gathering all its strength for this great day. This was to be no chance engagement, no Scotch army falling on an English army unawares; it was a deliberate battle, concerted months before it took place, and the full issues of which, in the case either of victory or defeat, must have all that time been present to the minds of both parties. Poor Scotland, thy chance is the hardest! If England lose the day, it is but the loss of a kingdom which does not belong to her; but if Scotland lose, she is enthralled for ever.

When the appointed day for this decisive battle drew near, Edward entered Scotland by way of Berwick and the Lothians, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, 40,000 of whom were cavalry. Bruce now caused his whole available forces to be summoned to meet at Torwood, near Stirling, and when they were all assembled at the place appointed, they numbered no more than 30,000 fighting men, and about 15,000 camp followers. To make up for the inferiority of his army in point of

numbers, Bruce chose his ground warily, on the face of a hill which gently slopes towards the Forth, near Stirling. What he feared most was the English cavalry. The locality where, from the nature of the ground, cavalry would have the greatest difficulty in acting, was a field called the New Park, having the town of Stirling, with woods between, on the left, and the small brook or burn of Bannock on the right. Here, therefore, he resolved to draw up and wait the approach of the English. Still more to improve the advantage which his choice of the ground gave him, he caused pits two or three feet deep to be dug in all those parts of the field to which the English horse could have access. These pits were covered neatly over with brushwood and turf, so that they might not be perceived by the English cavalry till the feet of the horses actually sunk down into them. Besides these, pointed barbs of iron called calthrops were strewn over parts of the field to lame the horses. Giving the command of the centre to Douglas, and Walter, the Steward of Scotland, of the right to his brother, Edward Bruce, and of the left to Randolph, Bruce himself commanded a reserve composed of picked men. During the battle, the band of camp followers, boys, and baggage carriers, were to keep in the valley on the other side of a rising ground, where they might be out of the way. All these arrangements having been made, the Scotch lay looking eagerly for the first appearance of armed men on the horizon; and on the morning of Sunday the 23d of June the English army was seen approaching from the direction of Falkirk, where they had slept the evening before. Whether they should attack the Scotch immediately, or whether they should wait till to-morrow, was the question in the English army when they came to the field; and the latter alternative was at length resolved on. In the meantime, however, it would be a great advantage if they could throw a body of men into Stirling Castle to succour the garrison. Randolph, in command of the Scotch left, had received strict injunctions to be on the watch to frustrate any such attempt; but the attempt was nevertheless made; and had it not been for the vigilance of Bruce himself, it would have succeeded. Eight hundred horse under Sir Robert Clifford were stealing along towards the castle, and had almost gained it, when Bruce pointed them out to Randolph, saying rudely, "There's a rose fallen from your chaplet, Randolph." Off dashed Randolph to repair his fault, and drive the English horse back. Seeing him hard pressed, and likely to be beaten, Douglas wished to go to his rescue. "You shall not stir an inch," said the king; "let Randolph extricate himself as he may; I am not going to alter my order of battle for him." "By my troth, but with your leave, I must go," said Douglas; "I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish." Bruce then giving his assent, Douglas flew to assist his friend. Before he could reach him, however, Randolph had turned the day, and was throwing the English into confusion;

and Douglas seeing this, cried out, "Halt! let Randolph have all the glory himself;" and then stood to look on.

This attempt to throw a party into Stirling Castle was made by the advanced guard of the English; but before the evening of the 23d, the whole army had come up and taken its position. Bruce was riding along in front of his army on a small Highland pony, with much good humour, marshalling the men with a battle-axe in his hand. On his basinet he wore a small crown, distinguishing him from his knights. When the main body of the English came up, seeing the Scottish king riding along in this manner, and thinking to signalise himself by killing him, an English knight, Sir Harry de Bohun, armed at all points, set spurs to his horse, and with his spear couched, galloped against him. Bruce perceiving him approach, instead of withdrawing among his own men, prepared for the encounter; and reining in his pony, so as to cause the knight to miss him when he came on, he stood up in the stirrups, and dealt such a blow with his battle-axe, that the skull, down almost to the neck, was cleft through the helmet. This feat being seen by both armies, encouraged the one as much as it dispirited the other. Bruce, when reproached by his lords for exposing himself so unnecessarily, did nothing but grumble that he had broken the shaft of his battle-axe.

It was a sleepless night on both sides. The Scotch, as being the weaker, spent it in prayers and devotion; the English, as being the stronger, in rioting and carousing. In the gray of the morning the two armies stood looking at each other. The abbot of Inchaffray, after celebrating mass, walked along barefoot, holding a crucifix, in front of the Scotch, who all knelt. Seeing this, the English cried out, "They ask mercy." "Yes," said Sir Ingram de Umfraville, a Scottish knight in the English army, "but it is from Heaven." The same knight advised the king to feign a retreat, so as to draw the Scotch out of their well-chosen position; but his advice was not taken. The signal was given, and the English van moved on to the attack.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery.

Immoveably firm, the Lion standard floating proudly on a rising ground, fixed in a large earthfast stone, which Scotchmen now go many miles to see, the Scottish battalions waited the onset. Edward Bruce's wing was the first attacked; but in a short time all the three bodies were engaged, and there were three battles going on together. Seeing his men severely galled by the English archers, Bruce detached a body of five hundred cavalry under Sir Robert Keith to ride in among these and disperse them, while he himself plunged into the fight with his reserve.

The battle was now a hand to hand fight of 100,000 and 30,000 men. It was an agitating moment. Fortune turned in favour of the weaker party. The English having got into a state of confusion in the contest, they were seized with a panic fear, and their confusion was turned into a flight. It appears that the motley group of Scottish baggage carriers and camp followers, placed for safety behind the brow of the hill, became anxious to learn the fate of the battle, and crawled to the top of the eminence, whence they could look down on the field beneath. The moment they saw that their countrymen were gaining the day, they set up a prolonged shout, and waved their cloaks, which giving an impression to the English that there was a new army coming to the attack, they turned their backs and fled. Many crowded to the rocks near Stirling, and many were drowned in the Forth. Edward, led off the field by the Earl of Pembroke, fled in the direction of Linlithgow; but being pursued by Douglas and sixty horsemen, he did not rest till he arrived at Dunbar, a distance of sixty miles from the field of battle, and there he took shipping for England.

Such was the famous battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 24th of June 1314. While the fame of the victory humbled the pride and arrogance of the English, and more particularly of Edward and his immediate advisers, it raised the Scotch from the depths of despair. It procured them not only glory, arms, and all the apparatus of war, but the release of many prisoners, and vast sums as ransom for captives taken in the battle. Stirling, according to agreement, was delivered up, and a few other places of strength were secured. The victory, in short, placed Scotland once more in the hands of the Scotch, and relieved the country from the military who, for such a length of time, had occupied and tyrannised over it. Bruce was now at liberty to recognise the ancient institutions of the country, to consolidate the peace which had been achieved, and, with the assistance of his parliament, to appoint a successor to the crown.

While so employed, he was called away from the country by the condition of affairs in Ireland, with which, indeed, except on the score of humanity, he had no title to interfere. More successful in their attempts on Ireland than Scotland, the English had already fastened themselves on that unfortunate country, although almost constantly exposed to resistance from the native chiefs. Looking for sympathy towards Scotland, the Irish chiefs invited Robert Bruce to come to their assistance, and, like a true knight at the call of distress, he went across to Ireland, along with his brother Edward, and such a force as they could collect (1315-16). Bruce himself could not remain long in the country, but left Edward to carry on the war. At first he was successful, and the Irish looked forward to having him for king; but his brilliant career was suddenly cut short. He was slain in battle, October 5, 1318.

From this period the Scottish king devoted himself to the consolidation of his power, and the tranquillising of his long distracted country. Yet, amidst these cares, it appears that he considered it a measure of safe policy to carry war into England, for the purpose of weakening and annoying an enemy which he expected would return to vex the country. Perhaps, in carrying this project into effect, he was desirous of taking advantage of the internal disorders of the neighbouring kingdom. In that country there had been treason, civil war, and famine. Edward II. was barbarously murdered by Mortimer, and Edward III., a youth, ascended the throne (1327). Being in a feeble state of health, and unable to mount his war-horse, Bruce intrusted the expedition against the English to the two most eminent men of their day, the good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray. These commanders accordingly proceeded with 20,000 men into Northumberland and Durham, burning and slaying, and everywhere laying the unfortunate border country waste. Accustomed to endure fatigue, to live sparingly, and to move rapidly in their marches, the Scotch on this occasion proved more than a match for the heavy cavalry and less hardy infantry of England. Edward tried to bring the two forces into collision; but in vain. The Scotch avoided a regular battle, and only retired after having kept the English king and his army tramping backwards and forwards for weeks through morasses and across mountains, in a manner most amusing to the Scottish leaders.

This was the last of Bruce's warlike efforts. Both nations now desired a breathing time, and the terms of peace were soon concluded (1328). By this treaty Edward renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of Scotland, and, by way of attaching its friendship, gave his sister Joanna to be wife to Robert Bruce's son David.

Having thus settled the affairs of his kingdom, and, as he thought, effected a peace with his neighbours, Robert the Bruce retired to Cardross, a pleasant residence on the north bank of the Clyde, there to die in tranquillity; for he was now broken by age, toil, and disease. The last moments of the pious monarch are affectingly described by Froissart:—

“When King Robert of Scotland felt that his end drew near, he sent for those barons and lords of his realm in whose loyalty he had the greatest confidence, and affectionately enjoined them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David, his son, promising to obey him, and place the crown upon his head when he attained the full age: after which, he beckoned that brave and gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, to come near, and thus addressed him in presence of the rest of his courtiers:—‘Sir James, my dear friend, few know better than yourself the great toil and suffering which, in my day, I have undergone for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom;

and when all went hardest against me, I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished: I then vowed to God that, if it were his sovereign pleasure to permit me to see an end of my wars, and to establish me in peace and security in the government of this realm, I would then proceed to the Holy Land, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best and utmost of my power. Never hath my heart ceased to bend earnestly to this purpose; but it hath pleased our Lord to deny me my wishes, for I have had my hands full in my days, and, at the last, you see me taken with this grievous sickness, so that I have nothing to do but to die. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow; and because, in my whole kingdom, I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that, for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, if you will do all that I shall enjoin you. It is my desire, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and spare not to take as much of my treasure as appears sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey, both for yourself and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the holy sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And I do moreover command, that in the course of your journey you keep up that royal state and maintenance, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland.' At these words all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said, 'Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and, to the best of my power, most faithfully shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise.' 'My dear friend,' said the king, 'I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding on the word of a true and loyal knight.' 'Undoubtedly, my liege, I do promise so,' replied Douglas, 'by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order to which I belong.' 'Now, praise be to God,' said the king, 'I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my

kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish :’ and not long after, this noble monarch departed this life.” He died July 9, 1329, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His dying injunctions were so far complied with. Douglas set out on this solemn expedition with the heart of the deceased sovereign in a silver casket; but, being killed in Spain fighting with the Moors, the casket never reached its destination, and was brought back to Scotland and buried at Melrose. The body of the royal Bruce, after being embalmed, was buried in the abbey church of Dunfermline.*

BRUCE’S SUCCESSORS.

Robert Bruce, the greatest of the Scottish sovereigns, was succeeded by his son David, a boy, who was crowned in 1329, under the title of David II. The management of the kingdom was committed to Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, who reduced it to a state of greater security than it had enjoyed for some time. But his efforts to preserve order were soon interrupted. Scotland was exposed to a fresh invasion from the south. Considering this a favourable opportunity for pushing claims long dormant, Edward Baliol, the son of John Baliol, procured the assistance of a large body of English nobles, with their retainers, and made a descent on the coast of Scotland. Most unfortunately, at this juncture of affairs, the Earl of Moray died rather suddenly, the report being that he was poisoned, at Musselburgh (1331), and was succeeded as regent by Donald, Earl of Mar, a person of very inferior abilities. Having effected a landing in Fife, the English forces, led by Baliol, proceeded towards Perth; and coming up with the Scottish army, a fierce battle ensued at Duplin, in which the Scotch were vanquished, with a loss of 3000 men. Overjoyed with his good fortune, Baliol adjourned to the neighbouring abbey of Scone, and was crowned king of Scotland, August 23, 1332. Although the power of David Bruce was grievously wounded by this blow, his adherents were far from being disheartened. The young king and his wife were sent to France to be out of danger, and Sir Andrew Moray, nephew of Robert Bruce, was appointed regent in room of the Earl of Mar. There now ensued a series of contests between the two powers for thorough mastery of the kingdom, which tore Scotland in pieces; and for some years the country endured greater horrors than it had experienced

* A knowledge of Bruce’s life and character has been greatly promoted by the poem called “The Bruce,” a lengthy epic, by John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, written about the year 1357. As a poetical production, it is greatly superior to the humble work of Blind Harry: many passages abound in dignified and pathetic sentiment; among others, the *Apostrophe to Freedom*, which has been frequently quoted. In the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, specimens are presented of this ancient and interesting work.

in the reign of the renowned Hammerer of the Scotch. A victory achieved by Edward at Hallidon Hill in 1333, was followed by the surrender of Berwick. Four years later, after numerous engagements, the English laid siege to the castle of Dunbar, a strong fortalice placed on some rocky heights overlooking the German ocean, and approachable by land only at one point. At the time, the castle was held by the Countess of March, whose lord had embraced the cause of David Bruce. The countess was the daughter of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and a high-spirited and courageous woman. From her complexion, she was usually known by the familiar title of Black Agnes. The castle, of which Agnes was now mistress, had been well fortified; and in her hands it held out bravely against Montague, Earl of Salisbury, with all the power he could direct against it. Cannon not having been yet invented, it was customary to attack forts of this kind with engines constructed to throw huge stones, and accordingly the English general employed this species of force to attack the castle. Agnes, confident of withstanding such attempts, is said to have treated them with contempt. While the English engineers were throwing stones into the fort, she went about with her maidens, and, in sight of the enemy, wiped with a clean towel the spots where the masses of stone had fallen. Enraged at this apparent unconcern, the earl commanded his men to bring forward a large engine, called the sow. This was a strong shed, rolled on wheels, underneath which the walls could be safely undermined with pickaxes. When Black Agnes observed this movement, she leant over the castle wall, and derisively addressed the earl in the following rhyme:—

“Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow.”

On uttering this admonitory hint, she caused a huge fragment of rock to be hurled down on the back of the sow, which crushed it in pieces, killing the men beneath, and scattering all who were near it. “Said I not so? behold the litter of English pigs,” was the ready jibe of the brave commandress of the castle. The siege was ultimately abandoned, after being invested for nineteen weeks. Of Black Agnes many other traditionary stories are related, and the following rhyme is still preserved in commemoration of her prowess:—

“She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate.”

Having enjoyed a respite from active measures in consequence of Edward being embroiled with France, the Scotch rallied under manifold disasters, took a number of castles which had been wrested from them, chased Edward Baliol out of the country, and, in 1341, recalled David Bruce and his consort. Encouraged

by the apparently defenceless state of England, a Scottish army carried a retaliatory war into the enemy's kingdom. This proved a disastrous campaign. The Scotch suffered a severe defeat at Nevel's Cross, near Durham, October 17, 1346, their king being taken prisoner and led off to captivity in London. Again there were incursions of devastating armies into Scotland; but it would seem that about this time the English monarch became satisfied, that however much he could harass and impoverish Scotland, its conquest was hopeless. David was liberated on payment of a heavy ransom, after a captivity of eleven years; and he died at Edinburgh in February 1370-1.

David died childless, and the crown, according to previous arrangement, went to Robert, son of Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and of Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert Bruce; and he ascended the throne under the title of Robert II. From the dignity of Steward, which had been held by his ancestors, Robert adopted a surname, and was the first of the royal line of Stuarts. After this event, the English under Edward III., and his successor, Richard II., made several attacks on Scotland, but with various success. The effort at subjugation was nearly worn out; and finally, towards the close of the fourteenth century, it expired, the Scotch being left to govern their own country without further molestation.

CONCLUSION.

From the death of Alexander III. in 1286, Scotland may be said to have been kept in a state of almost constant war and civil distraction for a century. During this period of disorder the country was greatly impoverished; its agriculture and trade were ruined, its people barbarised, and every tendency to social improvement checked. Many of its towns had been several times burned; and in certain districts, where cultivation had ceased, the people died in great numbers of famine and other miseries. Arts which had flourished previous to this unhappy period were, at its conclusion, lost, and some hundreds of years elapsed before they were generally recovered.* To add to this catalogue of misfortunes, the long defensive war carried on by Scotland against England led to a spirit of enmity between the two nations, which has vanished only in recent times. And all this, as has been seen, arose out of one of the most unjust and unprovoked acts of aggression recorded in history. Yet the struggle which has been described led to lasting benefits. In the present day it would, indeed, be impossible to measure the value of the independence achieved by Wallace, Bruce, and their successors; for to it may be traced the peace and the prosperity

* Wheeled carriages were common in the rural parts of the country in the reign of Alexander III. After going completely out of use, they were reintroduced only in the course of the eighteenth century.

which Scotland now enjoys. With the highest respect for the English character, we feel impressed with the conviction that it is ill suited for allaying the prejudices, or acquiring the friendship, of a conquered people. Straightforward and well-meaning, it will accommodate itself in no respect to the character of the nation into which it is intruded. It has been shown that Edward meditated the entire eradication of Scottish institutions, without the slightest regard to their value, or the veneration in which they were held, and of planting on their ruins the institutions of England. No one can doubt that if he had effected this design, the Scotch, till the present time, would have been giving an unwilling submission to what they considered a foreign power, and taking every means to thwart and overthrow it.

Such a misfortune, not only for Scotland but for England also, was fortunately averted. When the proper time arrived, the two kingdoms were united on terms calculated to preserve the independence and self-respect of each, and to insure mutual assistance and good-will. Speaking of the accession of the house of Stuart to the proud sceptre of the Tudors, a preliminary to the union a century later, a historian (Tytler) observes:—"In this memorable consummation, it was perhaps not unallowable, certainly it was not unnatural, that the lesser kingdom, which now gave a monarch to the greater, should feel some emotions of national pride: for Scotland had defended her liberty against innumerable assaults; had been reduced in the long struggle to the very verge of despair; had been betrayed by more than one of her kings, and by multitudes of her nobles; had been weakened by internal faction, distracted by fanatic rage; but had never been overcome, because never deserted by a brave, though rude and simple people. Looking back to her still remoter annals, it could be said, with perfect historical truth, that this small kingdom had successfully resisted the Roman arms and the terrible invasions of the Danish sea kings; had maintained her freedom within her mountains during the ages of the Saxon Heptarchy, and stemmed the tide of Norman conquest; had shaken off the chains attempted to be fixed upon her by the two great Plantagenets, the first and third Edwards, and at a later period by the tyranny of the Tudors; and if now destined in the legitimate course of royal succession to lose her station as a separate and independent kingdom, she yielded neither to hostile force nor to fraud, but willingly consented to link her future destinies with those of her mighty neighbour: like a bride who, in the dawning prospect of a happy union, is contented to resign, but not to forget, the house and name of her fathers."

The two countries, now inextricably associated, and enjoying the blessings of international tranquillity, where is the Englishman, as well as the Scotsman, who does not sympathise in the struggles of the heroic William Wallace and Robert the Bruce?



LOVE of maritime enterprise is one of those well-known characteristics of British youth, which have led to innumerable instances of daring intrepidity on the seas around our coasts, as well as the most distant parts of the ocean. This quality of mind, to which Britain owes so much of her supremacy in the scale of nations, has been seldom more strikingly manifested than in the case of Captain Cook, a man who, from the humblest rank in life, and after encountering the difficulties which usually lie in the path of a sailor, rose, by dint of good behaviour, intelligence, and the energy of his character, to the highest honours of his profession. As an inspiring page in general biography, we offer a sketch of the life of this distinguished individual.

JAMES COOK was born in a mud-hut at Marton, in the north

riding of Yorkshire, 27th October 1728. His father was an agricultural servant, who, with his wife, bore a most unexceptionable character for honesty and industry. The village school-mistress taught the boy to read; but at eight years of age his father, through his good conduct, was appointed to be bailiff of a farm near Great Ayton, belonging to Thomas Skottowe, Esq., who at his own expense put James to a day-school in that town, where he was taught writing and the first rules in arithmetic. The predilection of the lad inclined him for the sea; but as this stood contrary to the wishes of his parents, he was soon after his twelfth year apprenticed to William Sanderson, a general dealer in haberdashery, grocery, hardware, &c. at Staith, upon the coast, about ten miles north of Whitby. The youth's mind, however, continued more occupied upon maritime affairs than anything else, and though he faithfully discharged his duty to his master, he longed to be at sea. An opportunity occurred to favour his desires. Mr Sanderson cancelled his indentures, and left him to pursue his inclinations. Thus freed, he bound himself to Messrs John and Henry Walker, who owned the *Free-love*, in which Cook embarked. She was principally engaged in the coal trade, but made a voyage or two to the north; and when his time was out, the youngster still continued to serve as a foremast-man till he was made mate of one of Mr John Walker's ships. During this period he evinced no particular marks of genius. His associates, however, were not exactly the class of persons to observe the real bent of his mind; they thought him taciturn, and sometimes sullen; but this doubtless arose from his studious habits, and endeavours to acquire knowledge. As for practical seamanship, there could be no better school than a collier.

When in his twenty-seventh year, war broke out between England and France, and Cook, who was then in the *Thames*, tried to escape the pressgang, which was sweeping the river of every seaman that could be picked up. This restraint, however, did not meet his views; he looked upon the service of his country as honourable, and at once entered for the *Eagle*, of 60 guns, commanded by Captain Hamer, who, a few months afterwards, was superseded by Captain (subsequently Sir Hugh) Palliser. The young man's steady conduct and seaman-like qualities soon attracted this officer's attention. His knowledge of the coasts was excellent; and Mr Skottowe having applied to Mr Osbaldeston, M.P. for Scarborough, to exert his influence to raise Cook to the quarter-deck, by the joint interest of this gentleman, with Captain Palliser, a warrant as master was obtained on 10th May 1759, James being then in his thirty-first year. He joined the *Grampus*, but she had a master already; he was then appointed to the *Garland*, but she was abroad; and eventually he sailed in the *Mercury*, to join the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, then engaged in conjunction with General Wolfe in the reduction of Quebec. Here the peculiar talents of Mr Cook were called

into active operation. The buoys in the navigation of the St Lawrence had all been removed by the French at the first appearance of the English fleet, and it was essentially necessary that a survey should be made of the channels, and correct soundings obtained, to enable the ships to keep clear of the numerous shoals. By the recommendation of his old commander, Captain Palliser, this onerous duty was confided to Mr Cook, who readily undertook it in a barge belonging to a 74. This could only be executed in many parts during the darkness of the night, on account of the enemy; and he experienced a narrow escape one night when detected, his boat having been boarded by Indians in the pay of the French, and carried off in triumph, he and his companions getting away just in time to save their lives and scalps. Through Mr Cook's judicious arrangements, the fleet reached the island of Orleans in safety; and he afterwards surveyed and made a chart of the St Lawrence, which, together with sailing directions for that river, were published in London.

On his return from Quebec, Mr Cook was appointed master of the Northumberland, under Lord Colville, who was stationed as commodore at Halifax. Here he enjoyed much leisure during the winter; but instead of frittering it away in the frivolous or worse amusements of a seaport, he diligently employed it in studies suitable to his profession. No sailor can possibly advance beyond the rank of an ordinary seaman unless he be acquainted with the theory as well as the practice of navigation; and to gain this knowledge, he must attain a certain proficiency in mathematics. Aware of this, Cook began by gaining an accurate knowledge of Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry; and proceeded thence to the higher branches of mathematical study, including nautical astronomy. By these means he learned to take astronomical observations, to calculate a ship's progress, and to ascertain the degree of latitude and longitude at any given spot on the trackless ocean. In short, he became an accomplished mariner, ready for any office of trust. Besides improving himself in these useful branches of education, he possessed sufficient tact to cultivate urbanity of manner, and to gain the confidence and esteem of his acquaintance. This was a point of some consequence; for intellectual acquirements, without a polite and high moral bearing, are of small avail in the general intercourse of the world, and, personally, may do more harm than good. It is gratifying to know that Cook aimed at gentlemanly behaviour not less than skill in his profession; and to this commendable effort—which the most humble may practise—is perhaps owing not a little of his future success in life.

In 1762 the Northumberland was ordered to Newfoundland, to assist in the recapture of that island; and here the talents and assiduity of our hero were again conspicuous. Greatly improved by his winter's studies, he was now still more able to make nautical surveys, and these he carried on to a considerable extent on

the coast of Newfoundland; laying down bearings, marking headlands and soundings, and otherwise placing on record many facts which proved highly advantageous to future voyagers, especially those engaged in fishing speculations.

Towards the close of this year (1762) Mr Cook returned to England, and was married at Barking, in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Batts, who has been spoken of as a truly amiable and excellent woman. In the following year, through the intervention of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Graves, the governor of Newfoundland, who was well acquainted with Cook's worth, he was appointed to survey the whole coast of that island, which he accomplished with great ability, as well as Miquelon and St Pierre, which had been ceded to the French. Cook then returned to England, but did not remain long. His constant friend, Sir Hugh Palliser, assumed the command at Newfoundland, and took Mr Cook with him, bearing the appointment of marine surveyor, and a schooner was directed to attend upon him in his aquatic excursions. His charts and observations, particularly on astronomy, brought him into correspondence with the members of the Royal Society; and some scientific observations on the eclipse of the sun were inserted in the 57th volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

Here may be said to close the first chapter in Cook's life. We have traced him from the humble home of his father, an obscure peasant, through the early part of his career, till his thirty-fourth year, at which time he had gained a footing among the most learned men in England. The youthful aspirant will observe that this enviable point had not been reached without patient study. Cook could have gained no acquaintanceship with members of the Royal Society, nor could he have placed himself in the way of promotion, had he been contented to remain an illiterate seaman.

FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Prepared by diligent self-culture, Cook was ready for any enterprise which circumstances might produce. The project of a voyage of discovery, involving certain important astronomical observations, fortunately came under discussion while he was in a state of hesitation as to his future movements. The principal object of the expedition was to observe a transit of the planet Venus over the face of the sun, which could only be done somewhere in the Pacific or Southern ocean. The transit was to happen in June 1769. The Royal Society, as interested in the phenomenon for the sake of science, applied to George III. to fit out an expedition suitable to take the observations. The request was complied with; and no other man being so well calculated to take the command, it was given to Cook. The appointment was quite to the mind of our hero, and he was soon ready for sea. He received the commission of a lieutenant from

his majesty, and the Endeavour, of 370 tons, was placed at his disposal. About this time Captain Wallis returned from his voyage of discovery, and reported Otaheite (now called Tahiti) to be the most eligible spot for the undertaking. That island was therefore fixed upon for the observation. Mr Charles Green undertook the astronomical department, and Mr Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph) and Dr Solander, purely through a love of science, and at great expense to themselves, obtained permission to accompany the expedition.

The Endeavour was victualled for eighteen months, armed with 12 carriage guns and 12 swivels, and manned with a complement of 84 seamen. Every requisite preparation was made for such a voyage that human foresight could suggest; trinkets and other things were put on board to trade with the natives; and on the 26th August 1768 they sailed from Plymouth Sound for the hitherto but little explored South Seas. On the 13th September they anchored in Funchal roads, Madeira, and here commenced the researches and inquiries of the men of science. From hence they departed on the night of the 18th; and falling short of water and provisions on the Brazil coast, they put into the beautiful harbour of Rio Janeiro on the 13th November. The viceroy of this fine city could make nothing of the scientific intentions of the English, and was exceedingly troublesome and annoying. When told that they were bound to the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus, he could form no other conception of the matter than that it was the passing of the north star through the south pole. Numerous difficulties were thrown in the way of the departure of the voyagers after they had victualled and watered; and when they sailed, shots were fired at them from the fort of Santa Cruz, a heavy battery at the entrance of the harbour; and on inquiry, Mr Cook ascertained that the pass for the Endeavour had not been sent from the city. A spirited remonstrance was made, and the vicerey apologised.

On the 7th December the voyagers finally quitted this place, and on the 14th January 1769 entered the Straits of Le Maire, where the sea was running tremendously high, and on the following day anchored in the Bay of Good Success. Although the season was extremely inclement, yet the love of botany induced Mr Banks, Dr Solander, Mr Monkhouse the surgeon, and Mr Green the astronomer, to ascend the mountains in search of plants. They took with them their attendants and servants, with two seamen; and after suffering severe hardships from the cold and the torpor it produced, they got back to the ship on the second day, leaving two black men, who had accompanied them, dead from the extreme severity of the weather. They could not be got on, but lay down to rest, and slept the sleep of death. Dr Solander with great difficulty was saved; for although the first to warn others against the danger of reposing, yet he was eventually himself so overcome, that great exertion was required to

force him along. They found the inhabitants on the coasts of these straits a wretched set of beings, with scarcely any covering; dwelling in hovels made of sticks and grass, that offered no obstruction to the entrance of the wind, the snow, and the rain. They wandered about, picking up a scanty subsistence wherever they could, though they had not a single implement to dress their fish when caught, or any other food: still, they appeared to be contented; and the only things they coveted from the English were beads and useless trinkets.

On the 26th January the Endeavour took her departure from Cape Horn, and before March 1st had run 660 leagues. Several islands were discovered in their progress, most of which were supposed to be inhabited; and their beautiful verdure and delightful appearance were highly gratifying to the sea-worn mariners. On the 11th April they came in sight of Otaheite, and two days after anchored in Port Royal (Matavai), where the scientific gentlemen landed, and fixed upon a spot to serve them for an observatory. The natives displayed much friendship; but, to prevent collision, Mr Cook drew up a code of regulations by which communication and traffic were to be carried on. A tent was erected on the site proposed—the natives keeping outside a marked boundary—and a midshipman with thirteen marines were placed over it as guards. As soon as this was accomplished, the party proceeded to examine the interior of the island; but soon after their departure, one of the natives snatched away the musket of the sentry. The marines were ordered to fire, and the thief was shot dead. This greatly alarmed the natives; but in a day or two they again became familiarised and friendly. Mr Cook proceeded to erect a fort round the observatory, and mounted six swivel guns, which caused apprehensions amongst the chiefs; but the natives assisted in the works; and the commander displayed his sense of justice by publicly flogging the butcher for having attempted or threatened the life of a wife of one of the chiefs, who was particularly favourable to the English. On the first stroke of the lash, the natives earnestly solicited that the man should be forgiven; but Mr Cook deemed the example essential, and inflicted the whole punishment, greatly to the pain and regret of the compassionate Indians, many of whom shed tears.

As soon as the fort was completed, and the astronomical instruments were landed, they sought for the quadrant by which the transit was to be observed, but it was nowhere to be found. Diligent search was made, and a reward offered, but without success; and it was feared that the object of their long and arduous voyage would remain unaccomplished. At length, through the judicious intervention of Mr Banks, the quadrant was recovered from the natives who had stolen it, and with great joy set up in its place. The approach of the time of observation produced anxiety and excitement; and hoping that the atmo-

sphere would be clear and favourable, as well as to make assurance sure, Mr Cook established two other observatories—one on the island of Eimeo, under Mr Banks, and the other to the eastward of the main observatory, under Mr Hicks (the master). The morning of the 3d June was ushered in with a cloudless sky, and at the fort the transit was observed in the most satisfactory manner. The success of their enterprise was highly gratifying to the voyagers; but their pleasure was somewhat damped by the violence which at times was engendered between the natives and the seamen, the former of whom proved to be dexterous thieves. But Mr Cook would not allow the plunderers to be fired upon, as he considered the issue of life and death to be of too important a nature to be intrusted to a sentinel, without any form of trial or show of equity; nor did he deem a petty theft as meriting so severe a punishment. On one occasion, however, he seized upon all their fishing canoes, fully laden; and though from motives of humanity he gave up the fish, yet he detained the vessels, under a hope that several articles which had been pilfered would be restored. But in this he was mistaken; for nothing of value was given up, and ultimately he released the canoes. Mr Cook and Mr Banks circumnavigated the island, and visited many villages, where they renewed acquaintance with the several chiefs. Exploring parties were also sent into the interior; and Mr Banks planted the seeds of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees which he had collected for the purpose (some of which are now in rich perfection); and it was ascertained that parts of the island manifested appearances of subterranean fire.

On the 7th July the carpenters began to dismantle the fort preparatory to departure, and on the 13th the ship weighed anchor. Tupia, one of the principal natives, and chief priest of the country, with a boy of thirteen, having obtained permission from Mr Cook to embark for England, they took an affecting and affectionate leave of their friends. Few places possess more seductive influences than Otaheite. The climate is delightful, the productions of the earth bountiful and almost spontaneous, and the people, though addicted to pilfering, simple, kind-hearted, and hospitable.

After quitting Otaheite, the Endeavour visited the islands Huaheine, Ulietea, Otaha, and Bolabola, where Mr Cook purchased various articles of food. They also anchored at Owharre, and exchanged friendly gifts with the natives; and presents of English medals, &c. with inscriptions, were made to the king Oree. Ulietea had been conquered by the king of Bolabola, but he received the English with considerable courtesy. These visits occupied rather more than three weeks; and Ulietea, Otaha, Bolabola, Huaheine, Tabai, and Mawrua, as they lay contiguous to each other, were named by Mr Cook the Society Islands.

In their intercourse with the natives of these places (all of

which more or less resembled the manners and habits of the Otaheitans), they were greatly assisted by Tupia, who was very proud of the power possessed by his new friends. On the 9th August, the Endeavour quitted Ulietea, and on the 13th made the island Oheteoa, where they attempted to land; but the natives displayed so much hostility, that Mr Cook deemed it best to desist, and proceeded on his way to the southward in search of a supposed continent. On the 25th they celebrated the anniversary of their departure from England, and on the 30th they observed a comet; it was just above the horizon, to the eastward, at one A.M.; and about half-past four, when it passed the meridian, its tail subtended an angle of forty-five degrees. Tupia declared that its appearance would be the signal for the warriors of Bolabola to attack the Ulieteans and drive them to the mountains. The vessel was now proceeding in a south-westerly direction from the Pacific towards New Zealand, Cook designing to return by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus circumnavigate the globe. On the 6th October land was discovered, which proved to be a part of New Zealand; where, having anchored, an attempt was made to open a communication with the natives, but without effect. Their hostile menaces and actions were all of a decidedly warlike nature, and it was only when they felt the superiority of firearms, of which they seemed to have been in ignorance, that they desisted from attacks. Tupia addressed them to be peaceable, and they understood his language; but he could not prevail upon them to put confidence in the English. A conflict took place, in which some of the New Zealanders were rather unnecessarily killed, and three boys were taken prisoners, who were treated with much kindness. As the place afforded nothing that the voyagers wanted, Mr Cook named it Poverty Bay. The boys were dismissed, and the treatment they had experienced induced some of the Indians to come off to the ship; but it appeared almost impossible to conciliate any one of them for long. Armed parties in large canoes assembled, and paddled off to the Endeavour, under pretext of trading, but in reality to plunder; and in various instances it was deemed essentially necessary to fire upon them. They also seized Tayeto, Tupia's boy, but were compelled to relinquish their prey through the effects of a musket ball; and the lad, taking advantage, leaped from the canoe, in which he had been held down, and swam back to the ship. Whilst standing along the coast, they fell in with the largest canoe they had yet seen: her length was $68\frac{1}{2}$ feet, her breadth 5 feet, and her depth 3 feet 6 inches. About this time the Endeavour narrowly escaped being wrecked on the rocks that lay some distance from the land; but by the skill and judgment of Mr Cook, the danger was avoided. On the 9th November, Lieutenant Cook, accompanied by Mr Green, landed with the necessary instruments to observe the transit of Mercury over the sun's disc, and this they performed to their entire satisfaction.

On the 5th December, whilst turning out of the Bay of Islands, it fell calm; and the Endeavour drifted so close to the shore, that notwithstanding the incessant roar of the breakers, they could converse with the natives on the beach. The pinnace was got out to tow the vessel's head round; but none expected to escape destruction, when a light land-breeze sprang up, and gradually they got clear from their perilous situation—the ground was too foul to anchor. About an hour afterwards, just as the man heaving the lead sang out "seventeen fathoms," she struck on a sunken rock with force; but the swell washed her over, and she was again in deep water. On the 30th December they made the land, which they judged to be Cape Maria, Van Diemens; and on the 14th January 1770, anchored in a snug cove in Queen Charlotte's Sound, to refit the ship and clean her bottom. Here they caught a great quantity of fish by means of the seine—at one time not less than three hundredweight at two hauls. They also found an excellent stream of fresh-water. In one of their researches they discovered an Indian family; and it is related that they had indisputable proofs of the custom of eating human flesh. The place they were in is described as very delightful; and Mr Cook took several opportunities of obtaining views from the high hills, and examining the nearest coast. The inhabitants were friendly disposed, and everywhere received the English with hospitality. Mr Cook selected a favourable spot, on which he erected a pole, and having hoisted the union jack, named the place Queen Charlotte's Sound, in honour of her majesty. Coins and spike-nails were given to the Indian spectators; and after drinking the queen's health in wine, the empty bottle was bestowed upon the man who had carried it when full, with which he was much delighted.

On the 5th February he quitted this part of New Zealand, and proceeded to explore three or four islands in that locality, giving names to capes, headlands, rocks, &c. But this was not accomplished without considerable peril, on account of the strength of the currents. To one place he gave the name of Admiralty Bay, where he took in wood and filled his water-casks, and sailed again on the 31st March, intending to return home by way of the East Indies. On the 19th April they came in sight of New Holland (or New South Wales, as it is now called), and anchored in Botany Bay on the 28th, where they landed; but contrary to the will of two or three Indians, who attacked the English with their lances, but on the firing of muskets, fled. The voyagers left beads and trinkets in the huts of the natives, and during the time they remained at that place they were untouched. The inhabitants seemed utterly regardless of the ship, though they could never have seen such a spectacle before. Here they caught a fish called a string-ray, which, after the entrails were taken out, weighed 336 pounds.

Mr Cook prosecuted his discoveries in New South Wales with

zeal and energy over a track of 1300 miles; but on the 10th June, near Trinity Bay, the Endeavour struck on a reef of coral rocks, and was compelled to start her water, throw her guns overboard, and use every mode to lighten the vessel; but with four pumps at work, they could not keep her free; and every soul, though struggling hard for life, yet prepared for that death which now appeared to be inevitable. Upon these rocks the ship remained for nearly forty-eight hours, her sheathing ripped off, and the very timbers nearly rubbed through: by great exertion, however, she was got afloat at high tide, and it was found that she made no more water than when aground; and the men, by working incessantly at the pumps, kept her afloat. At the suggestion of Mr Monkhouse, a sail was fothered (that is, pieces of oakum and other light materials were slightly stitched to it), and being hauled under the ship's bottom, the loose pieces were sucked into the leaks, and in a great measure stopped the holes, so that they were enabled to keep the water in the hold under with only one pump. On the morning of the 17th, after running aground twice, they got into a convenient harbour for repairing their damages; and here, when the vessel was hove down, they found a large piece of rock in the ship's bottom, firmly jammed in the hole it had made, so as to exclude the sea, and which, if it had fallen out, must have proved fatal to all.

About this time the scurvy broke out amongst them, and attacked indiscriminately both officers and men; but the quantity of fish that was caught, allowing each man two pounds and a-half per day, together with turtle and herbs, somewhat checked its progress. Three of the turtle caught weighed together 791 pounds. The natives took but little notice of the voyagers at first, but afterwards became familiar; and on one occasion, when refused something which they wanted, one of them seized a firebrand, and going to windward of the place where the armourer was at work, set fire to the high grass, so that every part of the smith's forge that would burn was destroyed. A musket ball was fired at them, and they ran away. The fire was repeated in the woods shortly afterwards, but without injury, as the stores and powder that had been landed were already on board. The hills all round burned fiercely for several nights.

It must here be mentioned, that the injuries sustained by the vessel proved destructive to many valuable specimens that had been collected by Mr Banks, which had been put for security in the bread-room, but the salt-water saturating a great portion, they were utterly spoiled. The place where they refitted was named by Mr Cook Endeavour River. Its entrance for many miles was surrounded with shoals, and the channels between them were very intricate. On the 4th August they quitted their anchorage, and it was not till the 24th that they got clear of the reefs and sandbanks. After another narrow escape from being wrecked, they made New Guinea on the 3d September, where they an-

chored, and went on shore; but the hostility of the natives, who resembled those of New South Wales, prevented intercourse. The latter used a sort of combustible material that ignited, without any report. The land looked rich and luxurious in vegetation, and the cocoa-nut, the bread-fruit, and the plantain trees, flourished in the highest perfection. Mr Cook made sail to the westward, contrary to the wish of his people, who wanted to cut down the trees to get their fruit, but which, through humanity to the natives, he would not permit. In pursuing their voyage, they fell in with islands which were not upon the charts, and passed Timor and others, intending to run for Java: on the 17th they saw a beautiful island, and found Dutch residents, with cattle and sheep. The crew of the Endeavour had suffered many privations and hardships, and the scurvy was making havoc among them, so that they complained of their commander not having put in at Timor; but now they obtained nine buffaloes, six sheep, three hogs, thirty dozen of fowls, &c. with several hundred gallons of palm syrup. This was the island Savu, and the natives are spoken of as highly pure in their morals and integrity, and their land a perfect paradise.

On the 21st Mr Cook again sailed, and on the 1st October came within sight of Java, and on the 9th brought up in Batavia Roads, where they found the Harcourt East Indiaman, and once more enjoyed the pleasure of communicating with their countrymen, and obtaining news from home. As it was deemed necessary to re-examine the Endeavour's bottom, preparations were made for that purpose. Tupia and his boy Tayoeta were almost mad with delight on viewing the display of European manners on shore; but sickness assailed all who resided in the city, and the two Indians became its victims. In about six weeks there were buried Mr Spearing, assistant to Mr Banks, Mr Parkinson, artist, Mr Green, astronomer, the boatswain, the carpenter and his mate, Mr Monkhouse and another midshipman, the sailmaker and his assistant, the ship's cook, the corporal of marines, and eleven seamen.

On the 27th December the Endeavour, being completed, stood out to sea, and on the 5th January 1771 anchored at Prince's Island, but sailed again on the 15th for the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived on the 15th March. On the 14th April Mr Cook resumed his voyage home, touched at St Helena (1st May to 4th), made the Lizard on the 10th June, and anchored the next day in the Downs, where Mr Cook left her.

The arrival of Mr Cook, and the publication of sketches of his voyage, produced earnest desires to ascertain the full extent of his discoveries. Unknown parts had been explored; vast additions were made to geographical and scientific knowledge; the productions of various countries, together with the manners, habits, and customs of the natives, excited universal curiosity and deep interest; so that, when Dr Hawkesworth's account of the

voyage, from the papers of Mr Cook and Mr Banks, was published, it was eagerly bought up at a large price. The astronomical observations threw much information on the theory of the heavenly bodies; navigation had eminently proved its vast capabilities: it had been in a great measure determined that no southern continent existed, or at least that neither New Zealand nor New South Wales were parts of such a continent; and most interesting accounts were given of the places visited and the perils encountered.

Mr Cook was promoted to the rank of commander; the Royal Society honoured him with especial favour and notice; and his society was courted by men of talent and research, eager for information. His worthy patrons, Sir Charles Saunders and Sir Hugh Palliser, were gratified to find their recommendations had been so well supported; the Earl of Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty Board, paid him considerable attention; and his majesty George III. treated him with more than ordinary consideration. Captain Cook enjoyed sufficient to make him proud; but he was too humble in mind, too modest in disposition, and too diffident in manners, to cherish one atom of unbecoming self-estimation.

SECOND VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

The idea of the existence of a southern continent, or, as the learned called it, *Terra Australis Incognita*, had existed for more than two centuries; and though Cook had sailed over many parts where it was said to be situated, without seeing land, yet his first voyage did not altogether destroy the expectation that it might yet be found. Besides, his discoveries in the South Seas had whetted the public appetite for still further knowledge on the subject. The king, well pleased with what had been done, wished more to be accomplished; and accordingly, two stout ships built at Hull were purchased—the *Resolution*, of 462 tons, commanded by Captain Cook, with a complement of 112 persons; and the *Adventure*, of 336 tons, commanded by Tobias Furneaux, with a crew, including officers, of 81 souls. These appointments took place on 28th November 1771, and the most active exertions were immediately called into operation to fit them for the undertaking. Experience had taught Captain Cook what was most essential and requisite for such a voyage; not only for the comforts and preservation of his people from scurvy, not only for commerce with the natives, but cattle and seeds of various kinds, and numerous things which philanthropy suggested, were shipped for the purpose of spreading the advantages of propagation and fertility amongst the South Sea islands; the benefits of which have since been experienced by other voyagers in an eminent degree. The Admiralty engaged Mr W. Hodges as landscape painter; Mr J. R. Forster and son were appointed to collect specimens of natural history; and Mr

Wales in the *Resolution*, and Mr Bayley in the *Adventure*, were sent by the Board of Longitude to superintend astronomical observations, for which they were furnished with admirable instruments and four excellent time-pieces.

The instructions given to Captain Cook were—"To circumnavigate the whole globe in high southern latitudes, making traverses from time to time into every part of the Pacific Ocean that had not undergone previous investigation, and to use his best endeavours to resolve the much agitated question of the existence of a southern continent."

On the 13th July 1772 the two vessels quitted Plymouth, and after touching at Madeira for wine, and at the Cape de Verds for water, crossed the line with a brisk south-west wind, and anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 30th October. Here Captain Cook ascertained that the French were prosecuting discoveries in the South Seas, and that, about eight months before, two French ships had sailed about forty miles along land in the latitude of 48 degrees, but had been driven off by a gale of wind. He also learned that two others had recently left the Mauritius for a similar purpose. On the 22d November Captain Cook took leave of Table Bay, and pursued his voyage for Cape Circumcision, but encountered very severe gales, which destroyed much of the live stock, and the people experienced great inconvenience from the intensity of the cold. The judicious management of the commander, however, prevented any fatal result. Warm clothing was given to the men; the decks below were kept well dried and ventilated, as well as warmed; and an addition was made to the issue of grog. On the 10th December they fell in with immense icebergs, some two miles in circuit at the edge of the water, and about sixty feet in height, over which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence. On the 14th the ships were stopped by a field of low ice, to which no end could be seen, either east, west, or south. On the 18th they got clear of this obstruction, but continued amongst the fields and bergs, with heavy gales of wind, till the 1st January 1773, when it was clear enough to see the moon, which they had only done once before since quitting the Cape. The fogs had been so impenetrable as to obscure the heavens. Various indications had induced a belief that land was not far distant, and Captain Cook had as near as possible pursued a course for the supposed Cape Circumcision. By the 17th January they had reached the latitude of 67 degrees 15 minutes south, where they found the ice closely packed from east to west-south-west, and further progress debarred, unless by running the hazard of getting blocked up, as the summer in this part of the world was rapidly passing away. The captain therefore desisted from penetrating further to the south, and returned northerly, to look for the asserted recently-discovered land of the French. On the 1st February they were in latitude 48 degrees 30 minutes south, and longitude

58 degrees 7 minutes east, where it was stated to have been seen; but nothing of the kind presented itself to view. He traversed this part of the ocean with similar results; and during a dense fog, parted company with the *Adventure*. On the 23d they were in latitude 61 degrees 52 minutes south, and longitude 95 degrees 2 minutes east; the weather thick and stormy, and the ship surrounded by drifting ice. Captain Cook therefore stood to the north in a hard gale with a heavy sea, which broke up the mountains of ice, and rendered them, by their numbers, still more dangerous, especially in the long dark nights. On the 13th and 14th March the astronomers got observations which showed the latitude to be 58 degrees 22 minutes south, and the longitude 136 degrees 22 minutes east, whilst the watches showed the latter to be 134 degrees 42 minutes east. Captain Cook had become convinced he had left no continent south of him, and consequently shaped a course for New Zealand, to refresh his men, refit his ship, and look for the *Adventure*. He made the land, and anchored in Dusky Bay on the 26th March, after having been 117 days at sea, and traversed 3660 leagues without seeing any land; whilst during the whole time, through the arrangements and supplies of Captain Cook, scarcely a single case of scurvy occurred. From Dusky Bay they removed to another anchorage, where fish were plentifully caught, and the woods abounded with wild fowl; timber and fire-wood were close at hand, and a fine stream of fresh water within a hundred yards of the ship's stern. This place was named Pickersgill Harbour, in honour of the lieutenant who discovered it. The workmen erected tents for the forge, the carpenters, the sail-makers, coopers, and others, and a spot was selected for an observatory. Some tolerably good beer was manufactured from the branches and leaves of a tree resembling the American black spruce, mixed with the inspissated juice of wort and molasses.

On the 28th some of the natives visited them, and though at first shy, a friendly intercourse was subsequently established. Captain Cook surveyed Dusky Bay, where, in retired spots, he planted seeds, and left several geese. They also caught a number of seals, from which they procured a supply of oil. On the 11th May they quitted this place for Queen Charlotte's Sound, and on the 17th it fell perfectly calm, and they had an opportunity of seeing no less than six waterspouts, one of which passed within fifty yards of the *Resolution*. The next day they made the Sound, where the *Adventure* had already arrived, and great was the joy at meeting. On the 4th June they celebrated the birthday of George III., and a chief and his family, consisting of ninety persons, were shown the gardens which had been made, which they promised to continue in cultivation. A male and female goat were put on shore on the east side of the Sound, and a boar and two sows near Cannibal Cove, which it was hoped would not be molested.

On the 17th June the ships sailed, and on the 29th July the crew of the *Adventure* manifested rather alarming symptoms of a sickly state. The cook died, and about twenty of her best men were incapable of duty through scurvy and flux; whilst at this period only three men were sick in the *Resolution*, and but one of these with the scurvy. The difference was attributed to the people of the former ship not having fed much upon celery, scurvy-grass, and other greens, whilst at Queen Charlotte's Sound. On the 1st August they were in the supposed position of Pitcairn's Island, laid down by Captain Carteret in 1767; but as its longitude was incorrectly stated, they did not see it, but must have passed it about 15 leagues to the westward. On the 6th of August the ships got the advantage of the trade-winds at south-east, being at that time in latitude 19 degrees 36 minutes south, and longitude 131 degrees 32 minutes west. The captain directed his course west-north-west, passed a number of islands and rocks, which he named the Dangerous Archipelago, and on the 15th August came in sight of Osaburgh Island, or Maitea, which had been discovered by Captain Wallis, and sail was immediately made for Otaheite, which they saw the same evening.

On the 17th the ships anchored in Oaiti-piha Bay, and the natives immediately crowded on board with fruits and roots, which were exchanged for nails and beads; and presents of shirts, axes, &c. were made to several who called themselves chiefs. Their thieving propensities, however, could not be restrained; and some articles of value having been stolen, Captain Cook turned the whole of them out of the ship, and then fired musketry over their heads, to show them the hazard which they ran. It is worthy of remark, that though Tupia was well known to the islanders, yet very few inquired what had become of him; and those who did, on being informed that he was dead, expressed neither sorrow, suspicion, nor surprise; but every one anxiously asked for Mr Banks and others who had accompanied Captain Cook in his former voyage. With respect to the Otaheitans, considerable changes had occurred. Toutaha, the regent of the great peninsula of that island, had been slain in battle about five months before the *Resolution's* arrival, and Otoo was now the reigning chief. Several others friendly to the English had fallen; but Otoo manifested much friendship for them. A few days subsequent to their anchoring in the bay, a marine died; the rest of the men, who had laboured under sickness and scorbutic weakness, very soon recovered, through the supplies of fresh meat and vegetables.

On the 24th the ships got under weigh, and the next evening anchored in Matavai Bay, where the decks became excessively crowded by natives, who had visited them the voyage previous. On the following day Captain Cook went to Oparre to see Otoo, whom he describes as a fine well-made man, six feet high, and about thirty years of age. He was not, however, very coura-

geous, for he declined accompanying the captain on board the *Resolution*, as he was "afraid of the guns." The observatory was fitted up, the sick were landed, as well as a guard of marines, and the natives brought hogs and fruits to barter. Some disturbance that took place through two or three marines behaving rudely to the women, caused at the time considerable alarm; but the men were seized and punished, and tranquillity restored.

Everything being ready for sea, on the 1st September the ships quitted Matavai Bay, and visited the other islands. At Owharre, the chief brought the presents he had received from Captain Cook on the previous voyage, to show that he had treasured them. He also behaved very generously, in sending the best fruits and vegetables that could be procured for the captain's table. The intercourse with the natives was proceeding very quietly, when, on the 6th, without any provocation, a man assailed Captain Cook with a club at the landing-place; and Mr Sparrman, who had gone into the woods to botanise, was stripped and beaten. The Indians expressed great contrition for this outrage; and the king, on being informed of it, not only wept aloud, but placed himself under the entire control of the English, and went with them in search of the stolen articles. His subjects endeavoured to prevent this, but his sister encouraged him; and not meeting with success, Oree insisted on being taken on board the *Resolution* to remain as a hostage. He dined with Captain Cook, and was afterwards landed by that officer, to the great joy of the people, who brought in hogs and fruits, and soon filled two boats. The only thing recovered belonging to Mr Sparrman was his hanger. The next day the ships unmoored, and put to sea for Huaheine, where they remained a short time, and received on board a native named Omai, who afterwards figured much in England.

The inhabitants of the Society Islands generally manifested great timidity; on some occasions they offered human sacrifices to a supreme being. The voyagers quitted this part of the world on the 17th, and sailed to the westward, and gave the name of Harvey's Island to land they discovered on the 23d. It was in 19 degrees 18 minutes south, and 158 degrees 4 minutes west. By October 1st they reached Middleburg, and were welcomed with loud acclamations by the natives. Barter commenced; but the people ashore seemed more desirous to give than to receive, and threw into the boats whole bales of cloth, without asking or waiting for anything in return. After leaving some garden seeds, and other useful things, the ships proceeded to Amsterdam, where they met a similar reception; but Captain Cook putting a stop to the purchase of curiosities and cloth, the natives brought off pigs, fowls, and fruits in abundance, which they exchanged for spike nails. The island was extensively cultivated; there appeared to be not an inch of waste ground; and the fertility of the soil was excellent. Captain Cook paid a visit to the head

chief, who was seated, and seemed to be in a sort of idiotic stupor, nor did he take the slightest notice of the captain or any one else. The inhabitants of these islands are described as being of good shape, regular features, brisk and lively; particularly the women, who were constantly merry and cheerful. Most of the people had lost one or both of their little fingers, but no reason could be gathered as to the cause of amputation.

The voyage was renewed on the 7th October, and on the 21st they came in sight of New Zealand, eight or ten leagues from Table Cape, when Captain Cook presented the chief with two boars, two sows, four hens, two cocks, and a great variety of seeds—wheat, peas, beans, cabbage, turnips, onions, &c., and a spike nail about ten inches in length, with which latter he seemed to be more delighted than with all the rest put together. After beating about the coast in a variety of tempestuous weather, the Resolution anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the 3d November; but the Adventure was separated from them in a heavy gale, and was never seen or heard of during the remainder of the voyage. In this place they made the best use of the means they possessed to repair the damage they had sustained, but, on examining the stock of bread, ascertained that 4992 pounds were totally unfit for use, and other 3000 pounds in such a state of decay that none but persons situated as our voyagers were could have eaten it. On inquiry after the animals left on the island by Captain Cook, most of them were preserved in good condition, with the exception of two goats that a native had destroyed. The articles planted in the gardens were in a flourishing condition. To his former gifts the captain now added many others, and placed them in such situations that they were not likely to be disturbed. Whilst lying here, complaint was made that some of the Resolution's men had plundered a native hut. The thief was discovered, tied up to a post, and flogged in the presence of the chiefs and their people, who expressed themselves satisfied with the punishment inflicted. It was a great principle with Cook to set an example of strict honesty.

In this second voyage the captain gained indisputable proofs that the New Zealanders were eaters of human flesh; but he firmly believed that it was the flesh of captives, or those who had been killed in battle.

Captain Cook quitted New Zealand on the 26th November, his ship's company in good health and spirits, and nowise daunted at the prospects of hardships they were about to endure in again searching for a southern continent or islands in high latitudes. They were not long before they once more encountered fields and islands of ice, and when in latitude 67 degrees 5 minutes, they were nearly blocked up. On the 22d December they attained the highest latitude they could venture—this was 67 degrees 31 minutes south, and in longitude 142 degrees 54 minutes west; but no land was discovered. The crew of the Resolution were

attacked by slight fever, caused by colds, but on coming northward, it was cured in a few days; and on the 5th January 1774, when in 50 degrees south, there were not more than two or three persons on the sick list.

After traversing the ocean as far south as it was prudent to go, all the scientific men expressed their belief that ice surrounded the pole without any intervening land; the Resolution consequently returned to the northward to look for the island of Juan Fernandez. About this time Captain Cook was seized with a dangerous and distressing disease, and it was several days before the worst symptoms were removed. On his amending, there being no fresh provisions on board, and his stomach loathing the salt food, a favourite dog of Mr Forster was killed and boiled, which afforded both broth and meat, and upon this fare he gained strength. The Resolution, on the 11th March, came in sight of Easter Island, situated in 27 degrees 5 minutes south, and 109 degrees 46 minutes west, where they remained a few days, and found the inhabitants very similar in appearance and character to the people of the more western isles. The place, however, afforded scarcely any food or fuel, the anchorage was unsafe, and the only matters worthy of notice were some rudely-carved gigantic statues in the interior. Captain Cook left Easter Island to pursue a course for the Marquesas, and got sight of them on the 6th April. During the passage the captain had a recurrence of his disorder, but it was neither so violent nor so long in duration as before. The ship was anchored in Resolution Bay, at the island of St Christina, where thievery was practised equally as much as at the Society and other isles; and one of the natives was unfortunately killed whilst in the act of carrying away the iron stanchion of the gangway. They had now been nineteen weeks at sea, entirely on salt provisions; but still, owing to the anti-scorbutic articles and medicines, and the warmth and cleanliness preserved, scarcely a man was sick. Here they obtained fresh meat, fruits, yams, and plantains, but in small quantities; and the captain having corrected, by astronomical observations, the exact position of these islands, once more made sail for Otaheite. During the passage they passed several small islands, and discovered four others, which Cook named after his old commander, Sir Hugh Palliser. On the 22d April the anchor was again let go in Matavai Bay, where the usual process was gone through of erecting the observatory to try the rates of the watches; but no tent was required for the sick, as there was not a man ill on board.

During the stay of Captain Cook at this island, where refreshments of all kinds were readily obtained, and particularly in exchange for some red feathers that had been brought from Amsterdam, the old friendships were renewed with Otoo and other chiefs; there was a constant interchange of visits; and on one occasion the Otaheitans got up a grand naval review.

The large canoes in this part of the world are extremely graceful and handsome in display, particularly the double war canoes, with flags and streamers, paddling along with great swiftness, and performing their evolutions with considerable skill. No less than 160 of the largest double war canoes were assembled, fully equipped, and the chiefs and their men, habited in full war costume, appeared upon the fighting stages, with their clubs and other instruments of warfare ready for action. Besides these large vessels, there were 170 smaller double canoes, each of these last having a mast and sail, and a sort of hut or cabin on the deck. Captain Cook calculated that the number of men embarked in them could not be fewer than 7760, most of them armed with clubs, pikes, barbed spears, bows and arrows, and slings for throwing large stones; in fact, strongly resembling the representations of engagements with galleys in the Mediterranean described some centuries before. The spectacle at Otaheite was extremely imposing, and greatly surprised the English.

Whilst lying at Matavai Bay, one of the islanders was caught in the act of stealing a water-cask. Captain Cook had him secured and sent on board the Resolution, where he was put in irons, and in this degraded situation was seen by Otoo and other chiefs, who intreated that the man might be pardoned. But the captain would not comply with their requests; he told them that "any act of dishonesty amongst his own people was severely punished, and he was resolved to make an example of the thief he had caught." Accordingly, the culprit was taken ashore to the tents, the guard turned out, and the offender being tied to a post, received two dozen lashes, inflicted by a boatswain's mate. Towha, one of the chiefs, then addressed the people, and recommended them to abstain from stealing in future. To make a further impression on them, the marines were ordered to go through their exercise, and load and fire with ball.

A few days afterwards one of the gunner's mates attempted to desert, and it was soon ascertained that he had formed an attachment on shore, and if he had got away, the natives would have concealed him up the country. Indeed the temptations for remaining in this beautiful country were very great. Every requisite to sustain existence was abundant, the scenery splendid, the earth spontaneously fertile, the waters abounding with fish—in short, a few hours' exertion was sufficient to obtain a week's supply; and in a climate replete with health, a European might have rendered others subservient to his will, and lived without labour of any kind.

They next anchored in Owharre harbour, at Huaheine, and the former amicable intercourse was repeated. The stock of nails and articles of traffic being much reduced, the smiths were set to work to manufacture more. Whilst lying here, the voyagers had an opportunity of witnessing a theatrical representation, principally founded on an actual occurrence. A

young girl had quitted Otaheite and her friends to accompany a seaman to Ulietea, and she was now present to see the drama. It described her as running away from her home, the grief of her parents, and a long string of adventures, which terminated in her returning to her native place, where her reception was none of the most gentle that can be conceived. The poor girl could hardly be persuaded to wait for the conclusion, and she cried most bitterly.

They parted from the inhabitants with much regret, and having called at Ulietea, they sailed past Howe Island, and discovered another nearly surrounded with reefs, to which the name of Palmerston was given. On the 20th July fresh land was seen, on which they went ashore, but found the natives fierce and hostile. The firing of muskets did not deter them; and one came close enough to throw a spear at the captain, which passed just over his shoulder. The captain presented his piece, but it missed fire, and the daring fellow was saved. They named this Savage Island. It lies in latitude 19 degrees 1 minute south, longitude 169 degrees 37 minutes west. From thence, after passing a number of small islets, they anchored on the 26th on the north side of Anamocka, Rotterdam, and commenced trade for provisions. But here, as at the other islands, frequent disputes and conflicts took place with the inhabitants on account of their thievish propensities. Here they ascertained that a chain of islands, some of which they could see, existed in the neighbourhood, forming a group within the compass of three degrees of latitude, and two of longitude, and which Captain Cook named the Friendly Isles; which designation they certainly merited, for the social qualities and conduct of the natives.

Pursuing their course westward, they came, on the 1st July, to a small island, which, on account of the great number of turtle, was named after that amphibious creature; and on the 16th they saw high land; and after coasting it for two other days, they anchored in a harbour in the island of Mallecollo, to which the captain gave the name of Port Sandwich. At first the natives were hostile, but they were soon conciliated through the bland manners of Cook, and were found strictly honest in all their dealings. In fact, they are described as totally different to any they had yet visited. They were very dark, extremely ugly, and ill-proportioned, and their features strongly resembled those of a monkey.

Soon after getting to sea, various other islands were seen and named; and an affray took place with some of the natives, in which two of them were wounded. A promontory near where the skirmish occurred they called Traitor's Head. After cruising about amongst the great number of islands in this locality, making observations and taking surveys, they steered towards New Zealand, to wood and water, previous to a renewal of their search to the southward; and on the 4th September discovered land, and

entered a pleasant harbour on the following day, where they were well received. On the 13th they weighed again, and surveyed the coast, by which they ascertained that the island was very extensive; and, from certain peculiarities, Cook named it New Caledonia. Botany here received great accessions. Many plants were collected hitherto unknown: and both geography and natural history afforded much research to the scientific men. A small island, on which were growing some pine trees, received the name of Pine Island; and another was called Botany, from the great variety of specimens obtained.

The Resolution, in proceeding for New Zealand, touched at an uninhabited island, abounding with vegetation, which was named Norfolk Island, and on the 18th October anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, where she refitted and the captain completed his survey. Captain Cook had buried a bottle near the Cove when he was here before, and in digging now it was not to be found. It was therefore supposed that the Adventure had anchored here, and her people had removed it. On the 10th November they took their departure; and having sailed till the 27th in different degrees of latitude, from 43 degrees to 54 degrees 8 minutes south, Captain Cook gave up hopes of falling in with any more land in this ocean. He therefore resolved to steer for the west entrance of the Straits of Magellan, in order to coast along the south side of Terra del Fuego, round Cape Horn to the Straits of Le Maire. On 17th December he reached his first destination, and here the scenery was very different from what they had before beheld. Lofty rocky mountains entirely destitute of vegetation, craggy summits, and horrible precipices; the whole aspect of the country barren and savage. Yet near every harbour they were enabled to procure fresh-water and fuel; and there were plenty of wild fowl and geese. The inhabitants were wretchedly poor and ignorant.

On the 25th January 1778, having coasted it as far as 60 degrees south, the land presenting the same uncouth appearance, covered with ice and snow, and the ship exposed to numerous storms, and the people to intense cold, the course was altered to look for Bouvet's Land; but though they reached the spot where it was laid down on the charts, and sailed over and over it, yet no such place could be discovered; and after two days' search more to the southward, Cook came to the conclusion that Bouvet had been deceived by the ice, and once more bent his thoughts towards home—especially as the ship stood in need of repairs, and her sails and rigging were nearly worn out—and consequently steered for the Cape of Good Hope, where he heard of the Adventure, and anchored in Table Bay on the 22d March. From thence he sailed again on the 27th April, touched at St Helena on the 15th May, and remained till the 21st, and then got under weigh for Ascension, where he arrived on the 28th; and from thence shaped a course for the remarkable island Fernando de Noronha,

which he reached on the 9th June; and pursuing his way for the western islands, anchored in Fayal Roads on the 14th July, where Mr Wales the astronomer determined the position of the Azores by a series of observations. The Resolution ultimately entered Portsmouth on the 30th; and Captain Cook landed after an absence of three years and eighteen days, having sailed 20,000 leagues in various climates—from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold. But so judicious had been the arrangements for preserving health, and so carefully had Captain Cook attended to the ventilation between decks, and the mode of promoting warmth, as well as the food, &c. of the people, that he lost only one man by sickness. It may naturally be supposed that the wear and tear of the ship was great, her rigging scarcely trustworthy, and her sails unfit to meet a fresh breeze; yet so careful were the officers of the masts and yards, that not a single spar of any consequence was carried away during the whole voyage.

The fame of Captain Cook as a navigator, coupled with his marked humanity as a man, now exalted him in public estimation far beyond what he had before experienced; and the utmost anxiety prevailed to obtain intelligence relative to his discoveries, &c. The king, to testify his approbation, made him a post captain nine days subsequent to his arrival; and three days afterwards, a captaincy in Greenwich Hospital was conferred upon him, to afford an honourable and competent retirement from active service. On the 29th February 1776 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in a short time he was honoured with the gold medal; Sir John Pringle, in presenting it, uttering a well-merited eulogium on the worthy receiver. The account of his second voyage was written by Captain Cook himself, and manifests a plain manly style, giving facts rather than embellishments.

COOK'S LAST VOYAGE.

The discovery of a supposed north-west passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific oceans had for many years been ardently sought for both by the English and the Dutch. Frobisher in 1576 made the first attempt, and his example was in succeeding times followed by many others. But though much geographical information had been gained in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, Davis' Straits, Baffin's Bay, and the coast of Greenland, yet no channel whatever was found. By act of parliament, £20,000 was offered to the successful individual. But though Captain Middleton in 1741, and Captains Smith and Moore in 1746, explored those seas and regions, the object remained unattained. The Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Earl Mulgrave) was sent out in the *Racehorse*, accompanied by Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcase* (Lord Nelson was a boy in this latter ship), to make observations, and to penetrate as far as it

was practicable to do so. They sailed on the 2d June 1773, and made Spitzbergen on the 28th; but after great exertions, they found the ice to the northward utterly impenetrable. Once they became closely jammed, and it was only with great difficulty they escaped destruction. On the 22d August, finding it impossible to get further to the northward, eastward, or westward, they made sail, according to their instructions, for England, and arrived off Shetland on the 7th September.

Notwithstanding these numerous failures, the idea of an existing passage was still cherished; and Earl Sandwich continuing at the head of the Admiralty, resolved that a further trial should be made, and Captain Cook offered his services to undertake it. They were gladly accepted, and on the 10th February 1776 he was appointed to command the expedition in his old but hardy ship, the *Resolution*, and Captain Clerke, in the *Discovery*, was ordered to attend him. In this instance, however, the mode of experiment was to be reversed, and instead of attempting the former routes by Davis' Straits or Baffin's Bay, &c. Cook, at his own request, was instructed to proceed into the South Pacific, and thence to try the passage by the way of Behring's Straits; and as it was necessary that the islands in the southern ocean should be revisited, cattle and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the natives.

Every preparation having been made, the *Resolution* quitted Plymouth on the 12th July (the *Discovery* was to follow), taking Omai, the native brought from the Society Isles, with him. Having touched at Teneriffe, they crossed the equator on the 1st September, and reached the Cape on the 18th October, where the *Discovery* joined them on the 10th November. Whilst lying in Table Bay, the cattle were landed; and some dogs getting into the pens, worried and killed several of the sheep, and dispersed the rest. Two fine rams and two ewes were lost; but the two latter were recovered; the others could not be got back. Captain Cook here made an addition to his stock, and, besides other animals, purchased two young stallions and two mares.

The ships sailed again on the 30th November, and encountered heavy gales, in which several sheep and goats died. On the 12th December they saw two large islands, which Cook named Prince Edward's Islands; and three days afterwards several others were seen; but having made Kerguelen's Land, they anchored in a convenient harbour on Christmas day. On the north side of this harbour one of the men found a quart bottle fastened to a projecting rock by stout wire, and on opening it, the bottle was found to contain a piece of parchment, on which was an inscription purporting that the land had been visited by a French vessel in 1772-3. To this Cook added a notice of his own visit; the parchment was then returned to the bottle, and the cork being secured with lead, was placed upon a pile of stones near to the place from which it had been removed. The whole country was

extremely barren and desolate; and on the 30th they came to the eastern extremity of Kerguelen's Land. To his great chagrin, whilst exploring the coast, Captain Cook lost through the intense cold two young bulls, one heifer, two rams, and several of the goats.

On the 24th January 1777 they came in sight of Van Diemen's Land, and on the 26th anchored in Adventure Bay, where intercourse was opened with the natives, and Omai took every opportunity of lauding the great superiority of his friends the English. Here they obtained plenty of grass for the remaining cattle, and a supply of fresh provisions for themselves. On the 30th they quitted their port, convinced that Van Diemen's Land was the southern point of New Holland. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved this idea to be erroneous; Van Diemen's Land being an island separated from the mainland of Australia by Bass's Straits.

On the 12th February Captain Cook anchored at his old station in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand; but the natives were very shy in approaching the ships, and none could be persuaded to come on board. The reason was, that on the former voyage, after parting with the *Resolution*, the *Adventure* had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unmediated skirmish with the natives. It was the fear of retaliatory punishment that kept them aloof. Captain Cook, however, soon made them easy upon the subject, and their familiarity was renewed; but great caution was used, to be fully prepared for a similar attack, by keeping the men well armed on all occasions. Of the animals left at this island in the former voyages, many were thriving; and the gardens, though left in a state of nature, were found to contain cabbages, onions, leeks, radishes, mustard, and a few potatoes. The captain was enabled to add to both. At the solicitation of Omai he received two New Zealand lads on board the *Resolution*, and by the 27th was clear of the coast.

After landing at a number of islands, and not finding adequate supplies, the ships sailed for Anamocka, and the *Resolution* was brought up in exactly the same anchorage that she had occupied three years before. The natives behaved in a most friendly manner, and but for their habits of stealing, quiet would have been uninterrupted. Nothing, however, could check this propensity, till Captain Cook shaved the heads of all whom he caught practising it. This rendered them an object of ridicule to their countrymen, and enabled the English to recognise and keep them at a distance. Most of the Friendly Isles were visited by the ships, and everywhere they met with a kind reception. On the 10th June they reached Tongataboo, where the king offered Captain Cook his house to reside in. Here he made a distribution of his animals amongst the chiefs, and the importance of preserving them was explained by Omai. A horse and

mare, a bull and cow, several sheep and turkeys, were thus given away; but two kids and two turkey-cocks having been stolen, the captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. This produced a good effect, and much of the plunder was returned.

Captain Cook remained at the Friendly Islands nearly three months, and lived almost entirely during that period upon fresh provisions, occasionally eating the produce of the seeds he had sown there in his former visits. On the 17th July they took their final leave of these hospitable people, and on the 12th August reached Otaheite, and took up a berth in Oaiti-piha Bay, which it was discovered had been visited by two Spanish ships since the Resolution had last been there.

Animals of various kinds had been left in the country by the Spaniards, and the islanders spoke of them with esteem and respect. On the 24th the ships went round to Matavai Bay, and Captain Cook presented to the king, Otoo, the remainder of his live stock. There were already at Otoo's residence a remarkably fine bull and some goats that had been left by the Spaniards, and to these the captain added another bull, three cows, a horse and mare, and a number of sheep; also a peacock and hen, a turkey-cock and hen, one gander and three geese, a drake and four ducks. The geese and ducks began to breed before the English left the island.

They here witnessed a human sacrifice, to propitiate the favour of their gods in a battle they were about to undertake. The victim was generally some strolling vagabond, who was not aware of his fate till the moment arrived, and he received his death-blow from a club. For the purpose of showing the inhabitants the use of the horses, Captains Cook and Clerke rode into the country, to the great astonishment of the islanders; and though this exercise was continued every day by some of the Resolution's people, yet the wonder of the natives never abated.

On the return of Omai to the land of his birth, the reception he met with was not very cordial; but the affection of his relatives was strong and ardent. Captain Cook obtained the grant of a piece of land for him on the west side of Owharre harbour, Huahaine. The carpenters of the ships built him a small house, to which a garden was attached, planted with shaddocks, vines, pine apples, melons, &c. and a variety of vegetables; the whole of which were thriving before Captain Cook quitted the island. When the house was finished, the presents Omai had received in England were carried ashore, with every article necessary for domestic purposes, as well as two muskets, a bayonet, a brace of pistols, &c.

The two lads brought from New Zealand were put on shore at this place, to form part of Omai's family; but it was with great

reluctance that they quitted the voyagers, who had behaved so kindly to them.

Whilst lying at Huaheine, a thief, who had caused them great trouble, not only had his head and beard shaved, but, in order to deter others, both his ears were cut off. On the 3d November the ships went to Ulietea, and here, decoyed by the natives, two or three desertions took place; and as others seemed inclined to follow the example, Captain Clerke pursued the fugitives with two armed boats and a party of marines; but without effect. Captain Cook experienced a similar failure: he therefore seized upon the persons of the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law, whom he placed under confinement till the people should be restored; which took place on the 28th, and the hostages were released. One of the deserters was a midshipman of the *Discovery*, and the son of a brave officer in the service. Schemes were projected by some of the natives to assassinate Captain Cook and Captain Clerke; but though in imminent danger, the murderous plans failed.

At Bolabola, Captain Cook succeeded in obtaining an anchor which had been left there by M. Bouganville, as he was very desirous of converting the iron into articles of traffic. They left this place on the 8th December, crossed the line, and on the 24th stopped at a small island, which he named Christmas Island, and where he planted cocoa-nuts, yams, and melon seeds, and left a bottle enclosing a suitable inscription.

On the 2d January 1778 the ships resumed their voyage northward, to pursue the grand object in Behring's Straits. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they beheld; and it was evident they had never seen a ship before. The disposition to steal was equally strong in these as in the other South Sea islanders, and a man was killed who tried to plunder the watering party; but this was not known to Captain Cook till after they had sailed. They also discovered that the practice of eating human flesh was prevalent. To a group of these islands (and they were generally found in clusters) Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the noble earl at the head of the Admiralty.

The voyage to the northward was continued on the 2d February, and the long-looked-for coast of New Albion was made on the 7th March, the ships being then in latitude 44 degrees 33 minutes north; and after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to an anchor in a small cove lying in latitude 49 degrees 29 minutes north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, for which they exchanged the skins of various animals, such as bears, wolves, foxes, deer, &c. both in their original state and made up into garments. But the most extraordinary articles

were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practised at this place in a more scientific manner than they had before remarked; and the natives insisted upon being paid for the wood and other things supplied to the ships; with which Captain Cook scrupulously complied. This inlet was named King George's Sound; but it was afterwards ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound. After making every requisite nautical observation, the ships being again ready for sea on the 26th, in the evening they departed, a severe gale of wind blowing them away from the shore. From this period they examined the coast, under a hope of finding some communication with the Polar Sea; and one river they traced as high as latitude 61 degrees 30 minutes north, and which was afterwards named Cook's River.

They left this place on the 6th June, but notwithstanding all their watchfulness and vigilance, no passage could be found. The ships ranged across the mouth of the straits in about latitude 60 degrees, where the natives of the islands, by their manners, gave evident tokens of their being acquainted with Europeans—most probably Russian traders. They put in at Oonalaska and other places, which were taken possession of in the name of the king of England. On the 3d August Mr Anderson, surgeon of the Resolution, died from a lingering consumption, under which he had been suffering more than twelve months. He was a young man of considerable ability, and possessed an amiable disposition.

Proceeding to the northward, Captain Cook ascertained the relative positions of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. On the 18th they were close to a dense wall of ice, beyond which they could not penetrate, the latitude at this time being 70 degrees 44 minutes north. The ice here was from ten to twelve feet high, and seemed to rise higher in the distance. A prodigious number of sea-horses were crouching on the ice, some of which were procured for food. Captain Cook continued to traverse these icy seas till the 29th: he then explored the coasts in Behring's Straits both in Asia and America; and on the 2d of October again anchored at Oonalaska to refit; and here they had communication with some Russians, who undertook to convey charts and maps, &c. to the English Admiralty; which they faithfully fulfilled. On the 26th the ships quitted the harbour of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands; Captain Cook purposing to remain there a few months, and then to return to Kamschatka. In latitude 20 degrees 55 minutes, the island of Mowee was discovered on the 26th of November; and on the 30th they fell in with another, called by the natives Owhyhee; and being of large extent, the ships were occupied nearly seven weeks in sailing round it, and examining the coast; and they found the islanders more frank

and free from suspicion than any they had yet had intercourse with; so that on the 16th January 1779 there were not fewer than a thousand canoes about the two ships, most of them crowded with people, and well laden with hogs and other productions of the place. A robbery having been committed, Captain Cook ordered a volley of musketry and four great guns to be fired over the canoe that contained the thief; but this seemed only to astonish the natives, without creating any great alarm. On the 17th the ships anchored in a bay called by the islanders Karakakooa. The natives constantly thronged to the ships, whose decks consequently, being at all times crowded, allowed of pilfering without fear of detection; and these practices, it is conjectured, were encouraged by the chiefs. A great number of the hogs purchased were killed and salted down so completely, that some of it was good at Christmas 1780. On the 26th Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the islands, in which great formality was observed, and an exchange of presents took place, as well as an exchange of names. The natives were extremely respectful to Cook; in fact, they paid him a sort of adoration, prostrating themselves before him; and a society of priests furnished the ships with a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the 3d February, the day previous to the ships sailing, the king presented them with an immense quantity of cloth, many boat-loads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships sailed on the following day, but on the 6th encountered a very heavy gale, in which, on the night of the 7th, the Resolution sprung the head of her foremast in such a dangerous manner, that they were forced to put back to Karakakooa Bay in order to get it repaired. Here they anchored on the morning of the 11th, and everything for a time promised to go well in their intercourse with the natives. The friendliness manifested by the chiefs, however, was far from solid. They were savages at a low point of cultivation, and theft and murder were not considered by them in the light of crimes. Cook, aware of the nature of these barbarians, was anxious to avoid any collision, and it was with no small regret that he found that an affray had taken place between some seamen and the natives. The cause of the disturbance was the seizure of the cutter of the Discovery as it lay at anchor. The boats of both ships were sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to prosecute the inquiry, and, if necessary, to seize the person of the king, who had sanctioned the theft.

The narrative of what ensued is affectingly tragical. Cook left the Resolution about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavoroah, where the natives received him with

their accustomed tokens of respect, and not the smallest sign of hostility was evinced by any of them; and as the crowds increased, the chiefs employed themselves as before in keeping order. Captain Cook requested the king to go on board the *Resolution* with him, to which he offered few objections; but in a little time it was observed that the natives were arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on the thick mats which they used by way of armour. This hostile appearance was increased by the arrival of a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, announcing that one of the chiefs had been killed by a shot from the *Discovery's* boat. The women, who had been conversing familiarly with the English, immediately retired, and loud murmurs arose amongst the crowd. Captain Cook perceiving the tumultuous proceedings of the natives, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no obstruction. The captain followed with the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife and others hung round his neck, and forced him to be seated near a double canoe, assuring him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship.

Whilst matters were in this position, one of the chiefs was seen with a dagger partly concealed under his cloak lurking about Captain Cook, and the lieutenant of marines proposed to fire at him; but this the captain would not permit; but the chief closing upon them, the officer of marines struck him with his firelock. Another native grasping the sergeant's musket, was forced to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult was increasing, observed, that "if he were to force the king off, it could only be done by sacrificing the lives of many of his people;" and was about to give orders to re-embark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small shot from one of the barrels of his piece. The man was but little hurt; and brandishing his spear, with threatenings to hurl it at the captain, the latter, unwilling to fire with ball, knocked the fellow down, and then warmly expostulated with the crowd for their hostile conduct. At this moment a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at Captain Cook, who promptly fired, but killed another who was standing by his side. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly presented, and brought down the native whom the captain had missed. The impetuosity of the islanders was somewhat repressed; but being pushed on by those in the rear, who were ignorant of what was passing in front, a volley of stones was poured in amongst the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Captain Cook expressed much surprise and vexation: he waved his hand for

the boats to cease firing, and to come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed further off at the very moment that the services of himself and people were most required. Nor was this all the mischief that ensued; for, as it devolved upon the pinnace to receive the marines, she became so crowded, as to render the men incapable of using their firearms. The marines on shore, however, fired; but the moment their pieces were discharged, the islanders rushed *en masse* upon them, forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed, and the lieutenant wounded. At this critical period Captain Cook was left entirely alone upon a rock near the shore. He, however, hurried towards the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head, to shield it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his right. An islander, armed with a club, was seen in a crouching posture cautiously following him, as if watching for an opportunity to spring forward upon his victim. This man was a relation of the king's, and remarkably agile and quick. At length he jumped forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. The captain appeared to be somewhat stunned. He staggered a few paces, and, dropping his musket, fell on his hands and one knee; but whilst striving to recover his upright position, another islander rushed forward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He again made an effort to proceed, but fell into a small pool of water not more than knee-deep, and numbers instantly ran to the spot, and endeavoured to keep him down; but by his struggles he was enabled to get his head above the surface, and casting a look towards the pinnace (then not more than five or six yards distant), seemed to be imploring assistance. It is asserted that, in consequence of the crowded state of the pinnace (through the withdrawal of the launch), the crew of that boat were unable to render any aid: but it is also probable that the emergency of this unexpected catastrophe deprived the English of that cool judgment which was requisite on such an occasion. The islanders, perceiving that no help was afforded, forced him under water again, but in a deeper place; yet his great muscular power once more enabled him to raise himself and cling to the rock. At this moment a forcible blow was given with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The savages then hauled his corpse upon the rock, and ferociously stabbed the body all over, snatching the dagger from each others' hands to wreak their sanguinary vengeance on the slain. The body was left some time exposed upon the rock; and as the islanders gave way, through terror at their own act and the fire from the boats, it might have been recovered entire. But no attempt of the kind was made; and it was afterwards, together with the marines, cut up, and the parts distributed amongst the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were

subsequently restored, and committed to the deep with all the honours due to the rank of the deceased. Thus (February 14, 1779) perished in an inglorious brawl with a set of savages, one of England's greatest navigators, whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession. It may almost be said that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The death of their commander was felt to be a heavy blow by the officers and seamen of the expedition. With deep sorrow the ships' companies left Owhyhee, where the catastrophe had occurred, the command of the *Resolution* devolving on Captain Clerke, and Mr Gore acting as commander of the *Discovery*. After making some further exploratory searches among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamschatka and Behring's Straits. Here it was found impossible to penetrate through the ice either on the coast of America or that of Asia, so that they returned to the southward; and on the 22d August 1779 Captain Clerke died of consumption, and was succeeded by Captain Gore, who in his turn gave Lieutenant King an acting order in the *Discovery*. After a second visit to Kamschatka, the two ships returned by way of China, remained some time at Canton, touched at the Cape, and arrived at the Nore, 4th October 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days, during which the *Resolution* lost only five men by sickness, and the *Discovery* did not lose a single man.

By this, as well as the preceding voyages of Cook, a considerable addition was made to a knowledge of the earth's surface. Besides clearing up doubts respecting the Southern Ocean, and making known many islands in the Pacific, the navigator did an inestimable service to his country in visiting the coasts of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and Norfolk Island—all now colonial possessions of Britain, and which promise at no distant day to become the seat of a large and flourishing nation of Anglo-Australians—the England of the southern hemisphere.

The intelligence of Captain Cook's death was received with melancholy regrets in England. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of the children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of him; and various other honours at home and abroad were paid to his memory. "Thus, by his own persevering efforts," as has been well observed by the author of the *Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties*, "did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours which he received

while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was perhaps no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it: but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or the future—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction, no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone, no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it: it is the labour necessary for its acquirement that scares them; and this labour they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and hence no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source: besides that, the labour itself soon becomes an enjoyment.” Let these observations meet with a ready reception among youth, in whatever rank in life. Honour and fame are not to be achieved by seeking for them alone, nor are their possession the end and aim of human existence. It is only by an *unwearied striving after a new and nobler nature*; only by being useful to our fellows, and making the most of those qualities of mind which God has given us, that happiness is to be attained, or that we fulfil the ends of our being.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

IN an easterly direction from England, and separated from it by the German Ocean, lies that part of the continent called by the general name of the Netherlands—a country of comparatively small extent, but exceedingly populous, and possessing a large number of towns and cities. It derives the name of Netherlands from its consisting of a low tract of level ground on the shore of the German Ocean, and, from general appearances, is believed to have been formed of an alluvial deposit from the waters of the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and other rivers. In the first stage of its formation, the land was for the greater part a species of swamp, but by dint of great perseverance, it has in the course of ages been drained and embanked, so as to exclude the ocean, and prevent the rivers and canals from overflowing their boundaries.

The industriously-disposed people, a branch of the great German or Teutonic family, who have thus rendered their country habitable and productive, did not get leave to enjoy their conquests in peace. They had from an early period to defend themselves against warlike neighbours, who wished to appropriate their country; and in later times—the sixteenth century—after attaining great opulence by their skill in the arts and the general integrity of their character, they were exposed to a new calamity in the bigotry of their rulers. There now ensued a struggle for civil and religious liberty of great importance and interest; and to an account of its leading particulars we propose to devote the present paper.

Divided into a number of provinces, each governed by its own duke, count, or bishop, a succession of circumstances in the fifteenth century brought the whole of the Netherlands into the possession of the family of Burgundy. But in the year 1477, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, being killed in the battle of Nancy, the Netherlands were inherited by his daughter Mary, who, marrying Maximilian, son of Frederick III., emperor of Austria, died soon after, leaving an infant son, Philip. In 1494 this Philip, known by the name of Philip the Fair, assumed the government of the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards he married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns of Spain; and in 1506 he died, leaving a young son, Charles. In this manner, handed by family inheritance from one to another, the Netherlands became a possession of the crown of Spain, although hundreds of miles distant from the Spanish territory. Charles, in whom this possession centered, was, on the death of Maximilian in 1519, elected emperor of Germany, and, under the title of Charles V., became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe. His sway extended over Spain, Germany, Naples, the Netherlands, and several other minor states in Europe, besides all the colonies and conquests of Spain in Asia, Africa, and America. One might expect that the Netherlands, forming as they did but a very insignificant portion of this immense empire, would suffer from being under the same government with so many other states: but Charles V. had been born in the Netherlands; he liked its people, and was acquainted with their character; and therefore, while he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, he respected almost lovingly the ancient laws and the strong liberty-feeling of his people of the Netherlands. The only exception of any consequence was his persecution of those who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. As emperor of Germany, he had conceived himself bound to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the opinions promulgated by Luther; and when, in spite of his efforts, the heresy spread all round, and infected the Netherlands, he did his best for some time to root it out there also. The number of those who, in the Netherlands, suffered death for their religion during the reign of Charles V., is stated by the old historians at 50,000. Towards the end of his reign, however, he relaxed these severities.

In 1555, Charles V., worn out by the cares of his long reign, resigned his sovereignty, and retired to a monastery. His large empire was now divided into two. His brother Ferdinand was created emperor of Germany; and the rest of his dominions, including Spain and the Netherlands, were inherited by his son, Philip II.

Philip was born at Valladolid, in Spain, in the year 1521. Educated by the ablest ecclesiastics, he manifested from his early years a profound, cautious, dissimulating genius: a cold, proud,

mirthless disposition; and an intense bigotry on religious subjects. At the age of sixteen he married a princess of Portugal, who died soon after, leaving him a son, Don Carlos. In 1548, Charles V., desirous that his son should cultivate the good-will of his future subjects of the Netherlands, called him from Spain to Brussels; but during his residence there, and in other cities of the Netherlands, his conduct was so haughty, austere, and unbending, that the burghers began to dread the time when, instead of their own countryman Charles, they should have this foreigner for their king. In 1554, Philip, pursuing his father's scheme for adding England to the territories of the Spanish crown, went to London and married Mary, queen of England; but after a residence of fourteen months, he returned to the Netherlands, where his father formally resigned the government into his hands.

Philip spent the first five years of his reign in the Netherlands, waiting the issue of a war in which he was engaged with France. During this period his Flemish and Dutch subjects began to have some experience of his government. They observed with alarm that the king hated the country, and distrusted its people. He would speak no other language than Spanish; his counsellors were Spaniards; he kept Spaniards alone about his person; and it was to Spaniards that all vacant posts were assigned. Besides, certain of his measures gave great dissatisfaction. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants, which his father in the end of his reign had suffered to fall into disuse; and the severities which ensued began to drive hundreds of the most useful citizens out of the country, as well as to injure trade, by deterring Protestant merchants from the Dutch and Flemish ports. Dark hints, too, were thrown out that he intended to establish an ecclesiastical court in the Netherlands similar to the Spanish Inquisition, and the spirit of Catholics as well as of Protestants revolted from the thought that this chamber of horrors should ever become one of the institutions of their free land. He had also increased the number of the bishops in the Netherlands from five to seventeen; and this was regarded as the mere appointment of twelve persons devoted to the Spanish interest, who would help, if necessary, to overawe the people. Lastly, he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and this was a direct violation of a fundamental law of the country. Against these measures the nobles and citizens complained bitterly, and from them drew sad anticipations of the future. Nor were they more satisfied with the address in which, through the bishop of Arras as his spokesman, he took farewell of them at a convention of the states held at Ghent previous to his departure for Spain. The oration recommended severity against heresy, and only promised the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The reply of the states was firm and bold, and the recollection of it must have rankled afterwards in the revengeful mind of Philip. "I would rather

be no king at all," he said to one of his ministers at the time, "than have heretics for my subjects." But suppressing his resentment in the meantime, he set sail for Spain in August 1559, leaving his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V., to act as his viceroy in the Netherlands.

The duchess was to be assisted in the government by a Council of State consisting of the six following persons: Antony de Granvelle, bishop of Arras, and afterwards a cardinal; the Count de Barlaimont, Viglius de Quichem, the Count Horn, the Count Egmont, and the Prince of Orange. Three of these, Granvelle, Barlaimont, and Viglius, were devoted to the Spanish interest, and were therefore very unpopular in the Netherlands; the others were men of tried patriotism, from whose presence in the council much good might be expected. Granvelle was a man of extraordinary political abilities, and the fit minister of such a king as the moody and scheming Philip; Barlaimont had also distinguished himself; and in all the country there was not so eminent a lawyer as Viglius. Counts Egmont and Horn were two of the most promising men in the Netherlands, and both of them had rendered services of no ordinary kind to Philip by their conduct in the war with France. Of the Prince of Orange, the principal personage in this struggle, and the true hero of the Netherlands, we must speak more particularly.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, sometimes called William I., was born at the castle of Dillembourg, in Germany, in 1533. He was the son of William, Count of Nassau, and the heir therefore of the large possessions of the house of Nassau in France and Germany, and in the Netherlands. At the age of eleven years he had succeeded, besides, to the French principedom of Orange, by the will of his cousin René of Nassau; so that before he arrived at manhood, he was one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Europe. William was educated in the principles of the Reformation; but having entered, when quite a boy, into the employment of the Emperor Charles V., he changed the habits of a Protestant for those of a Roman Catholic; and accordingly, at the time at which we introduce him to our readers, he was conscientiously a Catholic, although by no means a bigoted, nor even perhaps what the Spaniards would have called a sound one. The Emperor Charles, who, like all such men, possessed a shrewd insight into character, and could pick out by a glance the men of mind and talent from among those who came within his notice, had from the first singled out the young Prince of Orange as a person from whom great things were to be expected. Accordingly, in the employment of Charles, Prince William had had ample opportunities of displaying the two kinds of ability then most in request, and which every public man of that age, except he were an ecclesiastic, was required to combine—diplomatic and military talent. While yet scarcely more than twenty years of age, he had risen to be the first

man in the emperor's regard. And this liking of Charles for him was not merely of that kind which an elderly and experienced man sometimes contracts for a fresh-hearted and enthusiastic youth; it was a real friendship on equal terms; for so highly did he value the prudence and wisdom of the young warrior and politician, that he confided to him the greatest state secrets; and was often heard to say that from the Prince of Orange he had received many very important political hints. It was on the arm of William of Orange that Charles had leant for support on the memorable day when, in the Assembly of the States at Brussels, he rose feebly from his seat, and declared his abdication of the sovereign power. And it is said that one of Charles's last advices to his son Philip was to cultivate the good-will of the people of the Netherlands, and especially to defer to the counsels of the Prince of Orange. When, therefore, in the year 1555, Philip began his rule in the Netherlands, there were few persons who were either better entitled or more truly disposed to act the part of faithful and loyal advisers than William of Nassau, then twenty-two years of age. But close as had been William's relation to the late emperor, there were stronger principles and feelings in his mind than gratitude to the son of the man he had loved. He had thought deeply on the question, how a nation should be governed, and had come to entertain opinions very hostile to arbitrary power; he had observed what appeared to him, even as a Catholic, gross blunders in the mode of treating religious differences; he had imbibed deeply the Dutch spirit of independence; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy. Nor was he at all a visionary, or a man whose activity would be officious and troublesome; he was eminently a practical man, one who had a strong sense of what is expedient in existing circumstances; and his manner was so grave and quiet, that he obtained the name of William the Silent. Still, many things occurred during Philip's five years' residence in the Netherlands to make him speak out and remonstrate. He was one of those who had tried to persuade the king to use gentler and more popular measures, and the consequence was, that a decided aversion grew up in the dark and haughty mind of Philip to the Prince of Orange.

PERSECUTIONS COMMENCE.

Having thus introduced the Prince of Orange to the reader, we return to the history of the Netherlands, which were now under the local management of the Duchess of Parma. The administration of this female viceroy produced violent discontent. The persecutions of the Protestants were becoming so fierce that over and above the suffering inflicted on individuals, the commerce of the country was sensibly falling off. The establishment of a court like the Inquisition was still in contemplation; Spaniards were still appointed to places of trust in preference to

Flemings; and finally, the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been removed long ago, were still burdening the country with their presence. The woes of the people were becoming intolerable; occasionally there were slight outbreaks of violence; and a low murmur of vehement feeling ran through the whole population, foreboding a general eruption. "Our poor fatherland," they said to each other; "God has afflicted it with two enemies, water and Spaniards: we have built dykes, and overcome the one, but how shall we get rid of the other? Why, if nothing better occur, we know one way at least, and we shall keep it in reserve—we can set the two enemies against each other. We can break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them." Granvelle was the object of their special hatred: to him they attributed every unpopular measure. At length a confederacy of influential persons was formed to procure his recall; the Prince of Orange placed himself at the head of it; and, by persevering effort, it succeeded in its end, and Granvelle left the Netherlands early in 1564.

The recall of Granvelle did not restore tranquillity. Viglius and Barlaimont continued to act in the same spirit. Private communications from Spain directed the regent to follow their advice, and to disregard the counsels of the Orange party; and the obnoxious edicts against the Protestants were still put in force. About this time, too, the decrees of the famous Council of Trent, which had been convened in 1545 to take into consideration the state of the church, and the means of suppressing the Reformation, and which had closed its sittings in the end of 1563, were made public; and Philip, the most zealous Catholic of his time, issued immediate orders for their being enforced both in Spain and the Netherlands. In Spain the decrees were received as a matter of course; but at the announcement that they were to be executed in the Netherlands, the whole country burst out in a storm of indignation. In many places the decrees were not executed at all; and wherever the authorities did attempt to execute them, the people rose and compelled them to desist.

In this dilemma the regent resolved to send an ambassador to Spain to represent the state of affairs to Philip better than could be done in writing, and to receive his instructions how she should proceed. Count Egmont was the person chosen; because, in addition to his great merits as a subject of Philip, he was one of the most popular noblemen in the Netherlands. Setting out for Spain early in 1565, he was received by Philip in the most courteous manner, loaded with marks of kindness, and dismissed with a thorough conviction that the king intended to pursue a milder policy in the future government of the Low Countries. Philip, however, had but deceived him; and at the time when he was flattering him with hopes of concessions, he was despatching orders to the regent strictly to put in force the decrees of the

Council of Trent, and in all things to carry out the king's resolute purpose of extinguishing heresy in the Netherlands. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Horn and Egmont protest that a civil war would be the consequence; in vain did the people lament, threaten, and murmur: the decrees were republished, and the inquisitors began to select their victims. All that the three patriotic noblemen could do was to retire from the council, and wash their hands of the guilt which the government was incurring. There were others, however, who, impatient of the inflictions with which Philip's obstinacy was visiting the country, resolved on a bolder, and, as it appeared, less considerate mode of action. A political club or confederacy was organised among the nobility, for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. They bound themselves by a solemn oath "to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition, whether it were attempted openly or secretly, or by whatever name it should be called;" and also to protect and defend each other from all the consequences which might result from their having formed this league.

Perplexed and alarmed, the regent implored the Prince of Orange and his two associates, Counts Egmont and Horn, to return to the council and give her their advice. They did so: and a speech of the Prince of Orange, in which he asserted strongly the utter folly of attempting to suppress opinion by force, and argued that "such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests it rusts, but whoever rubs it whets it," had the effect of inclining the regent to mitigate the ferocity of her former edicts. Meanwhile the confederates were becoming bolder and more numerous. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they walked in procession through the streets to the palace of the regent, where they were admitted to an interview. In reply to their petition, she said that she was very willing to send one or more persons to Spain to lay the complaints before the king. Obligated to be content with this answer, the confederates withdrew. Next day three hundred of them met at a grand entertainment given to them by one of their number. Among other things, it was debated what name they should assume. "Oh," said one of them, "did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, when he was standing by her side, that she need not be afraid 'of such a set of beggars?' Let us call ourselves *The Beggars*; we could not find a better name." The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to; and, amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled and shattered their glasses to the toast, Long live the Beggars! (*Gueux*.) In the full spirit of the freak, the host sent out for a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl; and slinging the wallet across his back amidst clamours of applause, he drank from the bowl, and declared he would lose life and fortune for the great cause of the Beggars. The bowl went round, and all made the same enthusiastic declaration. From that day

the Gueux, or Beggars, became the name of the faction; and every one wore the wallet, or some other symbol of mendicancy.

While the nobles and influential persons were thus preparing to co-operate, in case of a collision with the Spanish government, a sudden and disastrous movement occurred among the lower classes. In times of general excitement, it frequently happens that malice or accident casts abroad among the people some wild and incredible rumour; such was the case on the present occasion. Intelligence spread with rapidity through the towns and cities of Flanders that the regent had given her permission for the public exercise of the Protestant form of worship; multitudes poured out into the fields after their preachers; congregations of many thousands assembled; and the local authorities found themselves powerless. A great proportion of these congregations were doubtless pious and peacefully-disposed Protestants; but taking advantage of the ferment, many idle and disorderly persons joined them, and by their efforts the general cause was disgraced. In Tournay, Ypres, Valenciennes, and other towns, the mob of real or assumed Protestants broke into the churches, and destroyed the altars and all the symbols of worship in the Roman Catholic ritual. Antwerp was for some time protected from similar outrages by the presence of the Prince of Orange; but when he was summoned by the regent to Brussels, the fury of the people broke out unrestrained. The great cathedral was the principal object of their dislike. Rushing to it in thousands, they shattered the painted windows with stones, tore down the images, and dashed them against the pavement; slit up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For many days the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, as they were called, continued their ravages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. The contagion was spreading likewise in Zealand and Holland, and more than 400 churches had been destroyed, when the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and other patriotic noblemen, then at Brussels in consultation with the regent, both vexed at the outrages themselves, and fearful that the cause of liberty in the Netherlands might suffer from them, hastened into their respective provinces, and partly by force, partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order. It is deeply to be regretted that such excesses should have stained the sacred cause of liberty; but this was an age when little was known of religious toleration, the uppermost sect, whatever it was, making it almost a duty to oppress the others. For these outrages, we presume, the Protestants of the Netherlands in the present day are as sorry as are the Roman Catholics for the unjustifiable cruelties perpetrated in their name.

After the interview between the Gueux and the regent mentioned above, an ambassador had been sent to Philip in Spain to

detail grievances. Instead of deferring to his representations, Philip and his counsellors, one of whom was Granvelle, were resolutely preparing means to crush the confederacy, and break the proud spirit of the Netherlands. Secret orders were given for the collection of troops; the regent was to be instructed to amuse the patriots until the means of punishing them were ready; and in a short time, it was hoped, there would no longer be a patriot or a heretic in the Low Countries. It is easy to conceive with what rage and bitterness of heart Philip, while indulging these dreams, must have received intelligence of the terrible doings of the Iconoclasts. But, as cautious and dissimulating as he was obstinate and revengeful, he concealed his intentions in the meantime, announced them to the regent only in secret letters and despatches, and held out hopes in public to the patriots and the people of the Netherlands that he was soon to pay them a visit in person to inquire into the condition of affairs.

It has never been clearly ascertained by what means it was that the Prince of Orange contrived to obtain intelligence of Philip's most secret plans and purposes; but certain it is that nothing passed in the cabinet at Madrid which did not find its way to the ears of the prince. Philip's intentions with regard to the Netherlands became known to him by means of a letter to the regent from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, a copy of which he had procured. The prince had hitherto endeavoured to act as a loyal subject; but this letter made it plain that it was time to be making preparations for a decided rupture. His first step therefore was to hold a conference with four other noblemen; namely, his brother, Louis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraten. He laid the letter before them, and the effect was as might have been expected on all of them, except Count Egmont; for, by some infatuation, this nobleman, mindful of the kindness he had experienced from Philip when visiting him as ambassador, persisted in believing that the king's designs were really conciliatory. In vain the prince argued with him; the count would not be convinced, and the conference was broken up. Meantime the people, warned by the prince of the approach of an army, began to emigrate in great numbers; and, after waiting to the last moment, William himself, in April 1567, withdrew with his family to his estates in Germany. Most earnestly did he try to persuade Count Egmont to accompany him; but his intreaties were to no purpose; and he left him with these words—"I tell you, Egmont, you are a bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country; they will pass over you, and then break you down."

The man whom Philip had sent into the Netherlands at the head of the army as the fit instrument of his purposes of vengeance, was the Duke of Alva, a personage who united the most consummate military skill with the disposition of a ruffian. ready to undertake any enterprise, however base. Such was the man

who, at the age of sixty, in the month of August 1567, made his entry into the Netherlands by the province of Luxemburg, at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men. One of his first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and send them prisoners to Ghent. This and other acts convinced the Duchess of Parma that she was no longer the real regent of the Netherlands; and accordingly, having asked and obtained leave to resign, she quitted the country early in 1568, Alva assuming the government instead.

Now that a grand struggle was to ensue in the Netherlands, we trust our readers clearly understand what it was about. On the one hand was a nation of quiet, orderly people, industrious in a high degree, prosperous in their commerce, and disposed to remain peaceful subjects of a foreign monarch: all they asked was to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship God in the way they preferred. On the other hand was a sovereign, who, unthankful for the blessing of reigning over such a happy and well-disposed nation, and stimulated by passion and bigotry, resolved on compelling them all to be Catholics.

CRUELTIES OF ALVA.

Alva was a suitable instrument to work out Philip's designs. Supported by a powerful army, he was unscrupulous in his persecution. Blood was shed like water; the scaffolds were crowded with victims; the prisons filled with men in all the agonies of suspense. He appointed a court, called the Court of Tumults, to investigate with rigour into past offences. The Inquisition also pursued its diabolical vocation without opposition or disguise, covering the land with its black and baleful shadow. Heretics hid their heads, glad if present conformity would save them from the tortures which others were enduring for actions which they had thought forgotten. Above 18,000 persons in all are said to have suffered death by Alva's orders. And thousands more fled from the country, dispersing themselves through France and Germany; many of them also finding an asylum in England, into which, being kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, they carried those arts and habits which had raised the Flemings high among commercial nations, and which at once incorporated themselves with the genial civilisation of England. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel; and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner into Spain. But perhaps the most signal act of cruelty in the beginning of Alva's regency was the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. After an imprisonment of nine months, these unfortunate noblemen were brought to a mock trial, and beheaded at Brussels. So popular were they, and so universal was the sympathy for their fate, that even the presence of the executioner, and of the spies who surrounded the scaffold, could not prevent the citizens

of Brussels from dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood, and treasuring them up as relics.

The Prince of Orange, residing on his family estates of Nassau in Germany, was attentively observing all that was going on in the Netherlands, and making diligent preparations for an attempt in their behalf. He entered into communication with Elizabeth, queen of England, with the leaders of the Huguenots in France, and with the various Protestant princes of Germany; and from all of these he received either actual assistance in men and money, or the promise of future support. To meet the expenses of the expedition he was fitting out, he sold his plate and furniture, and incurred debts on his estates. Having at length assembled a considerable force, he divided it into four armies, each of which was to march into the Netherlands by a different route. Before setting out, however, he thought it necessary to publish a manifesto to the world, in justification of a step so serious as engaging in hostilities with the forces of one whom he had hitherto acknowledged, and still wished to acknowledge, as his sovereign. In this manifesto, also, he made it known that he had changed his religious views: although hitherto a Catholic, he was now convinced that the doctrines of the Protestants were more agreeable to Scripture.

The issue of this first attempt was unfortunate. In several engagements with the enemy, the different bands of patriots were successful. In one of them, Count Adolphus, a brother of the Prince of Orange, was killed in the moment of victory; but at last Alva himself hurrying down to the frontier, the provisions of the prince's army beginning to fail, and winter drawing near, they were compelled to retire. The prince and his brother Count Louis led the remains of their army into France, to assist the Huguenots in the meantime, until there should be a better opening into the Netherlands. Alva, prouder of this success than he had been of any of his former victories, returned to Flanders, and caused medals to be struck and monuments to be raised in commemoration of it, and, what was most offensive to all the people, a brass statue of himself, in a heroic attitude, to be erected at Antwerp. Delivered now from the fear of any interruption from the Prince of Orange, he resumed his exactions and his cruelties; and for four years he and the Inquisition carried on the work of persecution and blood. To detail the history of these four years of tyranny is impossible; we can but sketch the line of the principal events, and show how the minds of the people were ripened for the final struggle.

The Duke of Alva was greatly in want of money to pay his troops, maintain the fortifications of the various towns, and carry on his government; and Alva was not the man to respect, even if the times had been less disturbed than they were, the ancient right which the people of the Netherlands claimed of taxing themselves through their Assembly of States. Accordingly, with

a soldier-like impatience of indirect taxation, he determined to accumulate a vast sum of money by a very summary process. He imposed three taxes: the first an immediate tax of one per cent. on all property, personal or real; the second an annual tax of twenty per cent. on all heritable property; and the third a tax of ten per cent. on every sale or transfer of goods. Crushed and broken-spirited by all that they had already endured, the burghers stood utterly aghast at this new infliction. Persecution for religion's sake was hard to bear, and the Inquisition was very obnoxious, still it was but a portion of the population that actually suffered personally in such cases; but here was a visitation which came home to every Fleming and every Dutchman, and seemed but a prelude of utter ruin. Three such taxes as these of Governor Alva were never heard of within the memory of man. Utterly amazed and bewildered at first, the burghers at length tried to argue, and singled out the third of the taxes as the special subject of their representations. A tax of ten per cent. on sales of goods would amount in many cases, they said, to the value of the commodities themselves; since the same commodities were often transferred from one person to another, and from him to a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, before they came into the hands of the consumer. In vain did the states make these remonstrances; in vain did Viglius, the president of the council, second them; in vain even did the states offer to pay a large sum in lieu of the proposed taxes. Alva was inexorable. At length the general convention of the states, after procuring a few paltry concessions, was obliged to yield to the imposition of the taxes: on this condition, however, that all the states, without exception, should give in their adherence. This was a condition, as it proved, of singular importance; for, gifted with greater boldness and resolution than the other provinces, Utrecht refused to comply with the governor's demands; and, by nobly persevering in its resistance, not only raised a more determined spirit in the other provinces, but delayed the collection of the taxes so long, that in the meantime Alva received instructions from Spain to desist from measures calculated to produce such dangerous results. Alva's conduct, however, had already produced its effects; and the people of the Netherlands had come to detest the very name of Spain.

The Prince of Orange, who, after a short period of military service on the side of the Protestants in France, had returned to his estates in Germany, was earnestly intent on the condition of affairs in the Netherlands. All that could be done, however, was to harass the Spaniards as much as possible in the meantime, and enter into negotiations with the Protestant powers of other countries, with a view to obtain the means necessary for a bolder conflict. Both these courses of action were adopted by William; and it is a remarkable characteristic of his whole life, that even when he is least heard of, he was busy in secret.

While others were marching hither and thither, and performing heroic actions, they were but doing the errands on which he had sent them: it was he who, whether living in retirement in his castle in Nassau, or advancing into the Netherlands by the German frontier, or hovering in his ship on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, was really at the centre of affairs, directing all the movements that were going on, arranging everything, foreseeing everything, taking charge of everything. Of William's military actions—his battles by sea and land—we hear much; but his real greatness consisted in his prudence, his decision, his fertility in stratagem, his statesmanlike width of view, his vast knowledge of men and of the state of Europe at the time; and these are qualities which make less noise in history. This peculiarity in the life of the Prince of Orange makes the name of William *The Taciturn*, which his contemporaries gave him, on account of the sparing use he made of speech, doubly significant. The mode of harassing Alva which the prince resolved upon at the period at which we have now arrived, was that of stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose not only of capturing Spanish vessels, but also of seizing on advantageous positions along the shore. Nor was it difficult to obtain such a fleet. The unheard-of severities of Alva's regency had driven numbers of merchants with their ships into the ports of England. For some time the politic Elizabeth permitted them safe harbour and free commerce; but at last, to prevent an open rupture with Philip, she forbade their reception. Compelled thus to make the sea their home, the Dutch and Flemish merchants banded together, and placed themselves under the direction of the Prince of Orange, who commissioned them in the service of the Netherlands, authorising them to capture all Spanish vessels for their own profit, except a fifth part of the prize-money, which William was to receive and apply for the good of the Netherlands. As another means of collecting a sufficient sum of money for future necessities, William came to an understanding with the itinerant Protestant preachers, who, even during the fiercest paroxysms of Alva's cruelty and the zeal of the new Inquisition, continued to walk through the country in disguise, teaching and consoling the people. These preachers William converted into civil functionaries, employing them to ask and receive contributions from the Protestant part of the community, now larger in many localities than the Catholic. Thus was William providing, as well as he could, that prime necessary in all enterprises—money.

Alva, enraged at the news he had received of the great damage done to the Spanish shipping by the Dutch and Flemish vessels that swarmed on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, and doubly enraged when he heard that men had actually landed from several of these vessels, and taken a fort on the island of Bommel, issued an immediate order for the collection of the taxes he had

previously imposed, money being now more necessary than ever. The people, however, protested that they were reduced to beggary already, and had no means of satisfying his demands; and he had just erected seventeen gibbets in front of seventeen of the principal houses in Brussels, with the intention of hanging seventeen of the principal burgesses thereon, in order to terrify the rest into submission, when, after all was ready, and the very nooses had been made on the ends of the ropes, the news came into the town that the Dutch and Flemish vessels, under the bold and savage Count de la Marck, had made a descent on the island of Voorn and taken the town of Brille, which was reckoned one of the keys of the Netherlands. Alva was amazed: he had not time even to hang the seventeen burgesses. A council was held, and the Count de Bossut despatched with a body of Spanish troops to the island of Voorn. Bossut laid siege to Brille, and was in hopes of being able to reduce it with his artillery, when one of the townsmen swimming along a canal till he came to a sluice which the Spaniards had overlooked, broke it, and let in such a deluge of water as overflowed the artillery, drowned a number of the Spaniards, and forced the rest to take to their ships, all wet and dripping as they were. This victory roused a determined spirit of resolution among the inhabitants of Holland and Zeeland. The town of Flushing set the example; the towns of Dort, Gouda, Haarlem, and Leyden followed. In a short time all the towns of the two maritime provinces, except Amsterdam and Middleburg, had risen up and expelled their garrisons. In the provinces of Utrecht, Friesland, and Overijssel, similar risings took place. In this general movement the Protestants, unable to resist the opportunity of revenging their own past sufferings, were guilty of some atrocities, particularly against the monks.

The scheme of an insurrection in the maritime provinces having turned out according to his wishes, the Prince of Orange now advanced into the Netherlands by the French frontier, having succeeded, by negotiation with Protestant powers, and by the expenditure of money, in assembling an army of about 20,000 men, consisting of Germans, French, English, and Scotch. With the strength of this army he now began to grapple with Alva in the very seat of his power—the southern provinces of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp. He first took the town of Mons, an important position near the French frontier; and ere long he had reduced several other important towns. This was the only mode of action by which he could make any impression; for, in all cases of attempts to deliver a conquered country, the only mode of procedure is to root out the foreign garrisons of towns one by one; and a general victory in the open field is only valuable as conducing to that end, by either inducing the towns to surrender in despair, or making the process of besieging them less tedious. But at this time, after so much success, various

circumstances conspired both to diminish and dispirit his army. The most discouraging blow of all was the massacre of St Bartholomew, in which, on the night of the 24th of August 1572, more than 60,000 of the Protestants of France perished. By this event, all hope of assistance from France was destroyed; and, after several fruitless engagements with Alva's army, William was obliged to disband his forces, and to retire from active military operation.

The condition of the Netherlands was now as follows:—Alva was nominally their governor; but in the late struggle, no fewer than sixty or seventy towns, principally in Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, had thrown off the yoke, and now bade defiance to the Spanish government. Unless these towns were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Alva's exertions were therefore devoted to the recovery of these towns; and his officers were almost all employed in sieges. Mons, Tergoes, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naerden, were successively reduced; and so dreadful were the enormities perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers, that the citizens, after the surrender of other towns, resolved to exhaust every means of resistance rather than submit. The town of Haarlem distinguished itself by the desperate bravery with which for seven months it stood out against a large army under Alva's son. At length, trusting to a truce with the Spaniard, the famished citizens agreed to surrender. The siege, some accounts say, had cost the Spaniards 10,000 men; and now they took a fearful vengeance. Hundreds of the most respectable citizens were executed; and when the four executioners were tired of their bloody work, they tied their victims two by two together, and flung them into the lake of Haarlem. As showing how deep a hold the great struggle of the sixteenth century has taken of the popular memory, and how many local associations there are connected with it, we may quote the following account of a curious Haarlem custom, the origin of which is traced to the siege of the city in 1572:—"In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses hung a small neatly-framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border: the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there was placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested that at the door of each house containing a female

so situated an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to; and till the present day, every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.”*

While Alva was thus engaged in retrieving the revolted districts, his king at Madrid was growing dissatisfied with his conduct. He began to think that he had made an error in sending such a man into the Netherlands, who could scarcely make a discrimination in his cruelties between Protestants and Catholics; and he looked about for a general to succeed him. He found such a person in Don Luis Zaneza y Requesens, commander of the order of Malta, a true Catholic, but a man of calm and temperate mind. Requesens accordingly made his entry into Brussels on the 17th of November 1573; and the stern old Alva returned to Spain, to be ill-treated by a master whom he had served too faithfully.

WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

In the civil government of the country, Requesens pursued quite a different line of policy from his predecessor. He began his rule by breaking down the brass statue which Alva had erected of himself at Antwerp, dissolving the Council of Tumults, abandoning the obnoxious taxes, and publishing an amnesty for past offences committed by the inhabitants of the revolted districts. But while thus changing the whole tone of the government, he was obliged to continue all those military operations which Alva had begun, for the purpose of compelling the rebel cities of Holland and Zealand to reacknowledge the sovereignty of Philip. The first object of his attention was the town of Middleburg in Zealand, which had been kept in a state of close siege by the patriots for about a year and a half, and the loss of which would be a severe blow to the Spanish cause. He caused a large fleet to be collected, and appointing two able admirals to the command of it, he went on board one of the ships himself, and sailed down the Scheldt for the relief of the town. The Prince of Orange, then in Holland, immediately hastened to the critical spot; and by his directions, the fleet of the patriots under Boissot, admiral of Holland, met the Spanish one, and engaging with it on the 29th of January 1574, gained a complete victory, sinking the ship of one of the Spanish admirals, and obliging

* Chambers's Tour in Holland and Belgium.

the other to swim for his life. Requesens himself stood on the dyke of Sacherlo, and witnessed the disaster. After this the town of Middleburg surrendered to the Prince of Orange; and the cause of the patriots in the maritime provinces appeared more hopeful than ever. In the meantime, two of the prince's brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, who had for some time been residing in Germany, advanced at the head of an army in the direction of the Maas, with the intention of exciting the inland provinces to assume a position similar to that which Holland and Zealand were so nobly maintaining. The issue of this attempt was fatal. Requesens had despatched a strong force to oppose them; and on the 14th of April a battle was fought between the two armies near the village of Mooch: the royalists were victorious, and the two brave princes were killed. This defeat, and the death of two men so eminent and so popular, were indeed a heavy blow to the patriots; but its consequences were far less severe than they might have been. The Spanish troops, who had a long arrear of pay due them, became mutinous and unmanageable after the victory, and threatened to pillage Antwerp. Requesens contrived at length to appease them for the time by raising a hundred thousand florins from the citizens, pledging his own jewels, and melting down his plate to raise more, and granting the mutineers a free pardon. But the interval had been of use to the patriots; for a large fleet having been equipped by Requesens, and having been removed, during the mutiny, from Antwerp, where it was lying, a little way down the Scheldt, to be out of the reach of the soldiers, Boissot, the Zealand admiral, boldly sailed up the river, took forty of the ships, and shattered and sunk many more. At length, however, the mutineers returned to their duty; and Requesens, having vainly tried in the first place to end the war by a proclamation of the king's pardon to all his Catholic subjects in the Netherlands, collected his whole force for the siege of the large and populous city of Leyden.

The story of this siege is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of heroism. Leyden stands in a low situation in the midst of a labyrinth of rivulets and canals. That branch of the Rhine which still retains its ancient name passes through the middle of it; and from this stream such an infinity of canals are derived, that it is difficult to say whether the water or the land possesses the greater space. By these canals the ground on which the city stands is divided into a great number of small islands, united together by bridges. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of Requesens, on the one hand, was directed towards getting possession of this city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and preventing it from being taken. The issue depended entirely, however, on the bravery and resolution of the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up

within their walls, they had to resist the attacks and stratagems of the besiegers; and all that the Prince of Orange could do, was to occupy the surrounding country, harass the besiegers as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provisions and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communicating with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster. Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defence of the city. The resolution come to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town; corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two

months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. "When we have nothing else left," said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, "we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with." Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets crying, "Let the Spaniards in; oh, for God's sake let them in." Assembling with hoarse clamours at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. "I have no food to give you," was the burgomaster's reply, "and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me." The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labour of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 guilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes, were in requisition; and by the labour of a single night, the labour of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror-stricken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts

which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when, lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued by the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October 1574; and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross-keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomasters assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern

date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten. The small cut at the head of the present paper is expressive of this affecting scene. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards is the university of that city, so celebrated for the number of great historical names connected with it. "The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and, much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575."

The fortunate issue of the siege of Leyden changed the face of affairs. Philip consented to hold a conference with the patriots at Breda. Concessions were made on both sides, with a view of coming to an agreement; but on the question of the conduct which the government ought to pursue with reference to religion, the two parties were completely at variance. "The heretics must be expelled from the maritime provinces," was the demand of the Spanish deputies. "If you expel the heretics, as you call them," said the deputies of the patriots, "you will expel more than two-thirds of the inhabitants, and if you do so, there will not be enough of men to mend the dykes." "The king," replied the Spaniards, "would rather lose the provinces than have them peopled with heretics." The conference accordingly broke up, without having accomplished anything.

Again armies began their marchings and countermarchings through the country. Requesens had succeeded in an attempt which he expected to be of great assistance to him in his design of reducing Zealand, and he was endeavouring to follow up this advantage by laying siege to the town of Zúricsee, when he was seized with a fever, and died after a few days' illness.

PATRIOTIC MEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the death of Requesens, the Council of State, consisting at that time of nine members, among whom were Viglius and Barlaimont, as well as some others less devoted to the Spanish cause, assumed the government, there being no person on the spot authorised by Philip to take upon himself the office of regent. Under the rule of this committee the greatest confusion prevailed; but at length the liberal members of the Council of State took courage, and issued an order for a convention of the states; and at this convention, which was opened on the 14th of September 1576, it was agreed to hold a solemn congress of representatives from the various provinces, in the town-house of Ghent, on the 10th of October.

This remarkable turn of affairs was brought about in a great measure by the exertions of the Prince of Orange. The war had now lasted nearly ten years. The result was, that the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands, which on Philip's accession had acknowledged his sway, were now broken up into two groups, the maritime provinces constituting one group, and the inland provinces another. In the maritime group, of which Holland and Zealand were the most important members, the majority of the inhabitants were Protestants, and consequently they had maintained a more determined attitude during the war; and at this moment, although they had not formally disowned Philip's sovereignty, they were really governing themselves under the administration of the Prince of Orange. In the inland group, the state of matters was very different. The majority of the inhabitants of this group were Catholics, and consequently their opposition to Spanish tyranny had been less vigorous and less enthusiastic. But William was not content with seeing only one part of the Netherlands delivered from Spanish tyranny, even if it had been possible to deliver the maritime provinces without convulsing and agitating the others. His object was to secure liberty to the whole of the Netherlands, whether that were to be accomplished by a judicious compromise with Spain, or by formally casting off all allegiance to Spain whatever, and uniting the various provinces into a new independent European state. It was in consequence, therefore, of his public recommendations to the Council of State, and his secret dealings with influential men, that the States-General had been held, and the congress of Ghent agreed upon.

After sitting for about a month, the congress published the result of its deliberations in the shape of a treaty of confederacy between the maritime and the inland provinces. This treaty is known in history by the name of the *Pacification of Ghent*. It consisted of twenty-five articles, and its principal provisions were, that the maritime provinces, with the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and the inland or Catholic provinces on the other, should mutually assist each other in expelling the Spaniards; that all the tyrannous and persecuting decrees of Alva should be repealed; that in the inland provinces the Catholic religion should still continue to be the legal one; and that in Holland and Zealand all civil and religious arrangements should be permitted to stand until they should be revised by a future assembly of the states.

At the very instant when the Netherlands were beginning to rejoice in the hopes arising from the pacification of Ghent, there arrived a new regent, sent from Spain. This was Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a man of great talent, both civil and military, and of an exceedingly amiable and winning disposition. By the advice of the Prince of Orange, the Council resolved to conclude a strict bargain with the new regent before

admitting him to the government. A meeting of noblemen, ecclesiastics, and other influential persons was held at Brussels on the 9th of January 1577, at which a compact in support of the late resolutions at Ghent was formed, known by the name of the *Union of Brussels*; and a copy of the deed of union having been transmitted to Don John, the result was a conference between him and certain deputies appointed by the states. At this conference, which was held in a city of Luxemburg, a treaty was agreed upon, dated the 12th of February 1577, and known by the name of the *Perpetual Edict*. It secured for the inland provinces all that they had been so earnestly contending for, all that the *Pacification of Ghent* bound them to demand—the removal of the Spanish troops, the release of prisoners, and a mild and considerate government. The Protestant provinces of Holland and Zealand, however, were dissatisfied with it, and refused their concurrence.

It appeared now as if the long struggle had come to an end; as if Spain and the Netherlands had finally compromised their differences. When Don John made his entry into Brussels on the 1st of May 1577, the citizens congratulated themselves on the skill with which they had managed to limit his authority, and said to each other, "Ah, it will cost our new regent some trouble to play his game as Alva did."

No sooner, however, had John taken the reins of government in his hands, than he began to free himself from all the restraints which the inland provinces thought they had imposed on him. Resolved to recover all the prerogatives he had parted with, he despatched letters written in cipher to Philip, urging him to send back the Spanish and Italian forces into the Netherlands; and making a journey from Brussels to the frontier province of Namur, he took possession of the capital of the province, intending to wait there till the troops should arrive. The letters were intercepted by the king of Navarre, and being immediately sent to the Prince of Orange, were by him made public. Enraged at the discovery of the regent's treachery, the authorities of the inland provinces now determined to cast him off; and at the same time they intreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels and assume the administration of affairs. Accordingly, leaving his own faithful maritime provinces, the prince sailed up the Scheldt, and thence made his passage by canal to Brussels, amid the cheers of the multitudes who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of "Vader Willem" coming to do for them what he had already done for the Hollanders and Zealanders. He entered Brussels on the 23d of September, and was immediately invested with the office of governor of Brabant, a title which gave him as much power as if he had been a regent appointed by Philip himself. The whole of the Netherlands now, except the two frontier provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, where Don John still maintained his influence, were under the

government of William of Orange. His darling scheme of uniting the maritime and the inland provinces under one system of government, extending to both the blessings of perfect civil freedom, and allowing each group to establish that form of worship which was most conformable to its own wishes—the maritime group the Protestant, and the inland group the Catholic form—while yet neither the Catholics should be persecuted in the one, nor the Protestants in the other—this scheme was now all but realised. With respect to the question, how Philip's rights as the sovereign of the Netherlands should be dealt with, this was a point about which, in the meantime, it was unnecessary to give himself much trouble. It would be decided afterwards by the course of events.

This happy aspect of things was not of long duration. William had hardly entered on his office, when he began to be harassed by those petty insect annoyances which always buzz and flutter round greatness, making the life of a man who pursues a career of active well-doing on a large scale very far from a pleasant one to himself. At length a powerful cabal was formed against him by certain Catholic noblemen; and, without the consent of the states, or any other legitimate authority, the Archduke Mathias, brother of the emperor of Germany, was invited to come and assume the government of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. The arrival of this self-announced governor was a decided surprise to the states; but the quick eye of the Prince of Orange saw that it might be turned to advantage. By inviting Mathias to assume the office which Don John considered to be his, the Catholic nobles had given an unpardonable offence to Philip; and if Mathias *did* assume the government, it would set the Spanish king and the German emperor at variance; both of which events were exceedingly desirable as matters then stood. William therefore was the first to recommend his own resignation, and the appointment of Mathias as governor instead; a change which would do no harm, as Mathias was a silly young man whom it would be very easy to manage. On the 18th of January 1578, Mathias therefore was formally installed as governor-general, with the Prince of Orange as his lieutenant in every department; and Don John was at the same time declared a public enemy.

Meanwhile Philip had sent a powerful army to reinstate Don John. At the head of this army was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of that Duchess of Parma who had been regent before Alva, and though yet young, reputed to be the first military genius of the age. Pushing into the interior of the Netherlands with this army, Don John speedily reconquered a large tract of the country; and the states, defeated in several engagements, were obliged to intreat assistance from foreign powers. After several months of war, they were delivered from all fear of having the treacherous John restored to the regency;

for, on the 1st of October 1578, he died suddenly at Bougy. But if delivered of one enemy in John, they had to contend with another in all respects more formidable in his successor, the matchless Prince of Parma. The prospect of a campaign against a man so eminent in the art of war completely disheartened them; and any chance they might have had of being able to repel the invasion which he conducted, was infinitely lessened by the outbreak of violent dissensions in the southern provinces, especially between the Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, and the Walloons, or inhabitants of the south-eastern provinces.

UNION OF THE SEVEN PROVINCES.

In these circumstances, the Prince of Orange thought it best to take precautions for securing the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands. It had long appeared to William that the next best thing to a union of all the provinces of the Netherlands under a free government, would be the union of the maritime provinces by themselves under such a government. These provinces would form a distinct state, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant; and the difficulty of governing them separately would be far less than that of governing them in conjunction with the southern or Walloon provinces, whose inhabitants were not only Catholic, but half French in their lineage and their habits. The progress which the Prince of Parma was now making, not only in conquering, but in conciliating the Walloons, decided William to carry into effect his long-cherished idea, and to attempt a formal separation between the northern provinces and the rest of the Netherlands. His efforts succeeded; and on the 29th of January, there was solemnly signed at Utrecht a treaty of union between the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Friesland, by which they formed themselves into an independent republic. Thus was a new European state founded, which, being joined afterwards by the two provinces of Overysse and Groningen, and recognised by the foreign powers, obtained the name of *The Seven United Provinces*, and subsequently of *Holland*.

But while labouring to effect this great object, William by no means ceased to struggle for another which he considered greater still, the independence of the whole Netherlands. If a community of religion, and the enthusiastic attachment of the people to his person, endeared the northern provinces to him in a peculiar manner, the breadth of his intellect, and his general love of liberty, made him take a deep interest in the fate of the southern provinces; and gladly would he devote his best exertions to secure for the Flemings and the Walloons of the south that independence which he had to all appearance secured for the Dutch of the north. Accordingly, both before and after the union of the northern provinces, he continued to act as

lieutenant-governor under Mathias, and to superintend the administration of the southern provinces.

Meanwhile an attempt was made by the pope and the emperor of Germany to bring about a reconciliation between Spain and the Netherlands. But Philip's bigotry again interposed a barrier in the way of an agreement; for he declared, that whatever other concessions he might be willing to make, he never would be at peace with heresy. While these negotiations were pending, the Prince of Parma had slackened his military activity; but when the congress broke up its sittings in the end of 1579, he recommenced his campaign in the southern provinces with fresh ardour.

It was evident, however, to the Prince of Orange, that the issue of the struggle could not be decided by one or two battles with the Prince of Parma. His aim all along had been to thwart Philip by engaging some of the principal European powers on the side of the Netherlands. No sooner, therefore, had he seen the Protestant provinces of the north united by the treaty of Utrecht, than he began to mature another scheme by which he hoped to obtain for the union greater strength within itself, and greater estimation in the eyes of foreign nations. This was no other than the formal deposition of Philip from the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and the election of a new sovereign capable of bringing into the field all the power of some foreign nation to counterpoise that of Spain. He hesitated for some time whether the future sovereign of the Netherlands should be Queen Elizabeth of England, or the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king; but at last decided in favour of the latter. Having finally weighed his scheme, and resolved to adopt it, he procured a meeting of the States-General at Antwerp; and there Philip was deposed as "a tyrant;" the Netherlands were declared a free and independent state; and the Duke of Anjou having become bound to use the power of France to expel the Spaniards from his new dominion, entered on the exercise of the sovereignty. At the same time, William of Orange was installed in the government of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, under the title of Stadtholder, and with the reservation of the right of homage to the Duke of Anjou.

These arrangements were concluded in 1581 and 1582; and for two years after, the history of the struggle is but an uninteresting record of sieges and engagements, important at the time, but too numerous to be detailed in a narrative. We hasten to the concluding act of the drama.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter

earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be openly deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead; this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation the prince published a defence of his own conduct, which, under the name of "The Apology," has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until everything was fairly settled. On the 18th of March 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birthday. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy; and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate

entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Anastro himself escaped. It was long feared that the wound was mortal; but it proved not to be so; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to the counsel of the Prince of Orange; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burnt the ships in their harbours as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder "Vader Willem." By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Chateau-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done? Who should be elected next? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the con-

stitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had gone to Delit, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretence of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. "God have mercy on me and on this poor people," were the only words he was able to utter; and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which show that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his murder. He had been four times married, and left ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

CONCLUDING HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The death of the Prince of Orange left the Netherlands divided into two parts—the northern or Protestant provinces, united in a confederacy, and to all intents and purposes independent of Spain; and the southern or Catholic provinces, either subject to Spain, or only struggling for independence. The subsequent histories of these two portions of the Netherlands are different.

Holland, as the seven united provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overyssel, and Groningen came to be called, successfully resisted all the attempts of Spain to re-subjugate it. Prince Maurice inherited his father's abilities and his honours, and for many years he conducted the war in which the determination of Spain to recover its territory involved the provinces. On his death, in 1625, he was succeeded in the government by his youngest brother, Frederic Henry; and before his death, in 1647, the existence of Holland as an independent European state was recognised by almost every foreign cabinet, and Spain saw that it was in vain to continue the war. His son William II. died, after a short and turbulent reign, in 1650, leaving a widow, who, within a week of her husband's death, gave birth to a son, William III.

On the abdication of James II. of England, this William III., the great-grandson of the hero of the Netherlands, came from Holland to ascend the throne of Great Britain, in conjunction with his wife Mary, James's daughter. During his reign, Great Britain and Holland were under one rule; but when he died childless in 1701, the States-General of the Seven Provinces, instead of appointing a new stadtholder, took the government into their own hands. The title of Prince of Orange, however, did not become extinct; it was inherited by his cousin, Frison of Nassau, who was governor of the single province of Friesland. The activity and energy of this new Prince of Orange and of his son soon gave them an ascendancy in all the provinces; and in 1747, in the person of the latter, the House of Orange again acceded to the dignity of the stadtholderate of the United Provinces. At the close of the last century, Holland suffered from the invasion of the French, and was for some time in their hands; but finally, in 1813, the Prince of Orange was restored to power; being admitted to the government as a sovereign prince.

Having thus traced the history of the northern provinces of the Netherlands down to 1815, let us trace that of the southern ones down to the same year.

After the death of William of Orange, the Prince of Parma continued his victorious career in the southern provinces; and if he did not altogether crush the spirit of patriotism, he at least rendered it weak and powerless. Although, therefore, Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic Henry, while repelling the attempts of the Spaniards to reconquer Holland, endeavoured also to drive them out of the rest of the Netherlands, they were never able fully to effect this, and Spain still kept possession of all the southern provinces. In 1713, Philip III. of Spain gave these southern provinces as a marriage portion to his daughter Isabella when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria; and from that time they ceased to be called the Spanish provinces, and obtained the name of the Belgian provinces, or of the Austrian Netherlands. This arrangement lasted till 1795, when it was swept away by the French Revolution. After a struggle between France and Austria, the Austrian Netherlands and the province of Liege were divided into nine departments, forming an integral part of the French republic; and they continued to be so till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

At this great epoch, when Europe, recovering from the shock of the French Revolution, had leisure to arrange its various territories according to its own pleasure, separating some countries which had been long joined, and joining others which had been long separated, it was determined once more to unite Holland and the Belgian provinces into one state. Accordingly, in 1815, the Prince of Orange had the southern provinces added to his dominions, and was recognised by the various powers of Europe as king of the whole Netherlands. In 1579 the country had

been broken up into two parts; and now, in 1815, they were reunited, with no chance, so far as appearances went, of ever being separated again. But appearances were fallacious. As we have already informed our readers, there had always been certain marked differences of lineage, religion, language, and habits, between the people of the northern and those of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. In 1830, when the second French revolution took place, the Belgians revolted from their allegiance, and insisted on being separated from Holland, and erected into an independent kingdom. The demand was, after some delay, complied with by foreign powers. On the 15th of November 1831 the boundary-line was fixed, and the Netherlands were divided into the two independent states of Holland and Belgium. The crown of the latter was accepted by Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, now sovereign of the country.

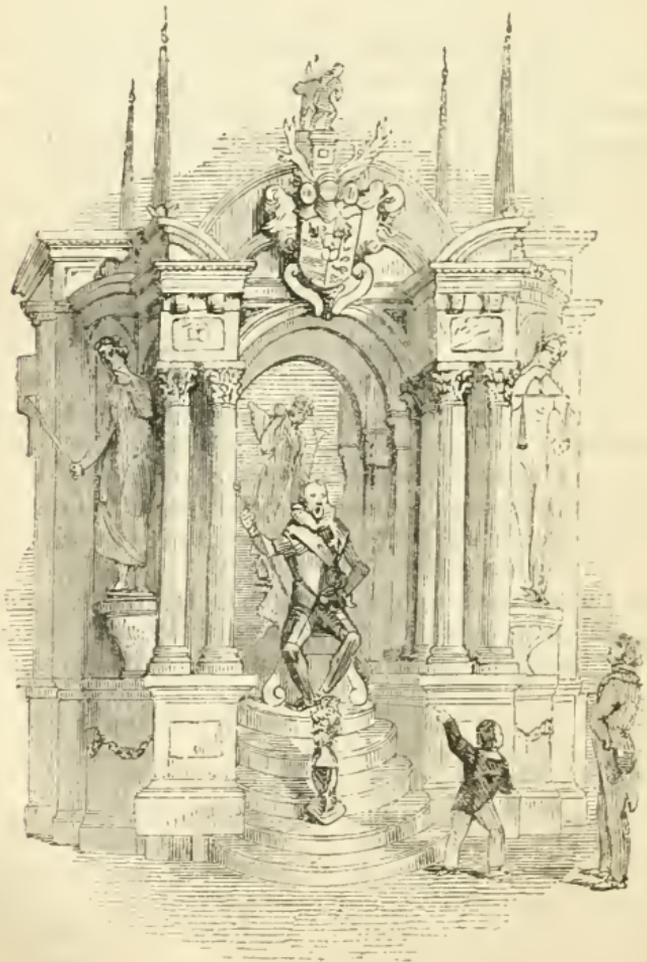
The modern kingdom of Holland consists of the following ten provinces:—North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, North Brabant, Guelderland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overijssel, Groningen, and Drenthe; its capital is the Hague. The population on the 1st of January 1839 amounted to 2,583,271. The prevailing form of worship is the Calvinistic; but all other forms enjoy perfect toleration. Holland is celebrated for its excellent educational institutions, which are on a liberal footing, and acceptable to all sects and classes.

The kingdom of Belgium consists of nine provinces—Limbourg, Liege, Namur, Luxemburg, Hainault, South Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, Antwerp; its capital is Brussels. The population of Belgium in 1830 was 4,064,235. The Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has degenerated into Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainault, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium.

We have now shown how the Netherlands effected their independence; how the country became divided into the two modern kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; and it only remains for us to say that, successful as were the struggles of the people against oppression, the Netherlands, taken as a whole, have not till this hour attained the opulence and prosperity of which they were deprived by the iniquitous aggressions of Philip II. in the sixteenth century. In travelling through the country, we everywhere see symptoms of fallen grandeur. Antwerp, once the most opulent mercantile city in Europe, is now in a state of decay; while Louvain, Mechlin, Utrecht, Leyden, Dort, Delft, all exhibit similar tokens of desertion. To "the Spaniards" is everywhere ascribed the ruin of trade, the destruction of works of art, and the distresses to which the country has been exposed. Such

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

are the results of the unhappy war which scourged the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Although advancing by new efforts towards its former condition, three centuries have not obliterated the traces of this fearful struggle for civil and religious freedom. Considering the services performed by William of Orange in this great effort, no one can look without emotion on the splendid monument erected over his tomb in the New Church of Delft, of which we append a representation. It is a lofty structure of marble, embellished with many figures, one of which is that of the prince, in bronze, sitting with his truncheon of office, and his helmet at his feet; while behind is a figure of Fame sounding with her trumpet the praises of the hero.





FLORA MACDONALD.

AMONGST those whose self-denying heroism, in the midst of perils and personal privations, have shed a glory over *female devotedness*, Flora Macdonald has deservedly obtained a high meed of applause. This lady was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, one of the remoter of the Western Islands of Scotland. She was born about the year 1720, and received the usual limited education of the daughter of a Highland gentleman of that age. It conferred little school-learning, and scarcely any accomplishments, but included good moral principles, and the feelings and manners of a lady. When Flora was a girl, her father died, leaving his estate to a son. The widowed mother, being still young and handsome, was soon afterwards wooed by Mr Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye; but she long resisted all his solicitations. At length he resorted to an expedient which was not then uncommon in the Highlands, and was at

a later period more common in Ireland—he forcibly carried away the lady from her house, and married her. It is said that they proved a sufficiently happy couple; though this of course does not justify the act by which the marriage was brought about.

Flora, therefore, spent her youthful years in the house of her stepfather at Armadale. She grew to womanhood without ever having seen a town, or mingled in any bustling scene. The simple life which she led in the rugged and remote Isle of Skye was enlivened only by visits among neighbours, who were thought near if they were not above ten miles distant. The greatest event of her youth was her spending about a year in the house of Macdonald of Largoe, in Argyleshire—a lonely Highland mansion like her stepfather's, but one in which there was probably more knowledge of the world, and more of the style of life which prevailed in Lowland society. This was not long before the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745.

When Prince Charles Stuart came in that year to Scotland, to endeavour to regain the throne from which his family had been expelled, he was joined by a great portion of the clan Macdonald, including nearly the whole of the Clanranald branch, to which Flora's father had belonged. Another large portion, who looked to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat as their superior, was prevailed upon by that gentleman to remain at peace; for he, though a friend of the Stuarts, was prudent enough to see that the enterprise had no chance of success. Flora's stepfather, as one of Sir Alexander's friends, was among those who refrained from joining the prince's standard; and it was probably from his example that Flora's brother, young Macdonald of Milton, also kept quiet. Thus, it will be observed, Flora's immediate living relatives were not involved in this unhappy civil war; but the branch of the clan to which she belonged was fully engaged, and she and her friends all wished well to the Stuart cause.

Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland on the 19th of August 1745. The place chosen for his disembarkation from the small vessel which had conveyed him from France, was Glenfinnin, a lonely vale at the head of Loch Shiel, in the western part of Inverness-shire, through which runs the small river Finnin.* Here having planted his standard, he was immediately attended by a band of Highlanders of different clans, with whom he forthwith proceeded towards the low country. His small irregular army, augmented by adherents from Lowland Jacobite families, passed, as is well known, through a series of extraordinary adventures. After taking possession of Edin-

* The spot is now distinguished by a monumental pillar, erected by the late Mr Macdonald of Glenaladale, a young gentleman of the district, whose grandfather, with the most of his clan, had engaged in the unfortunate enterprise which it is designed to commemorate.

burgh, it attacked and routed a fully equal army of regular troops at Prestonpans. It marched into England in the depth of winter, and boldly advanced to Derby, a hundred and twenty-seven miles from the metropolis. Then it retreated—turned upon and routed a second army at Falkirk, but at Culloden was finally broken to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland (April 16, 1746). Prince Charles, escaping from the field, withdrew into the western parts of Inverness-shire, with the design of endeavouring to get to France by sea; while parties of the king's troops proceeded to ravage the lands of all those who had been concerned in the enterprise.

The government, sensible of the dangerous nature of the prince's claims, had set a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head. This was a sum sufficient in those days to have purchased a large estate in the Highlands; and as the Highlanders were generally poor, it was thought that some one would, for its sake, betray the prince into his enemies' hands. Charles, aware of the danger in which he stood, very quickly assumed a mean disguise, in order to elude notice, and pursued his way almost alone. Disappointed in his first attempts to obtain a passage in a French vessel, he sailed in an open boat to the outer Hebrides, where, after some perilous adventures, he found a refuge in South Uist, under the care of the chieftain of Clanranald and his lady, who resided there at a place called Ormaclade. It has been mentioned that the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds had been engaged in the insurrection. They had, however, been led out by the chief's eldest son, who alone, therefore, became responsible to the law, while the chieftain himself and the estate were safe. This enabled Clanranald and his lady to extend their protection to Prince Charles in his now distressed state. They placed him in a lonely hut amidst the mountains of Coradale in South Uist, and supplied all his wants for about six weeks, during which he daily hoped for an opportunity of escaping to France. At length, his enemies having formed some suspicion of his retreat, the island was suddenly beset with parties by sea and land, with the view of taking him prisoner—in which case there can be little doubt that his life would have been instantly sacrificed, for orders to that effect had been issued. Clanranald, his lady, and the two or three friends who kept the prince company, were in the greatest alarm, more particularly when they heard that the commander of the party was a Captain Scott, who had already become notorious for his cruelties towards the poor Highlanders. The first object was to remove Charles from his hut, lest exact information about it should have been obtained; the second was to get him, if possible, carried away from the island. But the state of affairs was such, that it was impossible for him to move a mile in any direction without the greatest risk of being seized by some of his enemies.

At this period the Hebridean or Western Isles, in which the prince had taken refuge, were in a rude and almost primitive condition; from which, indeed, they can scarcely now be said to have emerged. Extending in a range, with detached masses, for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles along the west coast of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and Cromarty shires, to one or other of which they belong, they are generally difficult of access, and present the wild features of rocks, mountains, heaths, and morasses in a state of nature, with occasional patches of cultivated land, and hamlets of an exceedingly rude construction. The inhabitants, who are of the original Celtic race, remain for the most part tenants of small farms and allotments, from which they draw a miserable subsistence, chiefly by the breeding of cattle for the Lowland markets. Although poor and illiterate, and with few residents amongst them belonging to the higher classes, they are distinguished for their orderly conduct, their patience under an almost perennial adversity, and, like all the Celtic people, for their attachment to their chief—a dignity now little better than nominal. In the main range of the Hebrides, Lewis is the largest island, and is situated to the north of the others. South from it lie in succession North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, the whole so closely environed and nearly connected by islets, that they are spoken of collectively as the *Long Island*. Opposite South Uist, on the east, lies Skye, one of the largest and most important of the Hebrides. It extends along the coast of Ross-shire in an irregular manner, and is remarkable for the boldness of its shores, and the grandeur of some of its mountains. The indentations of the coast furnish a great variety of natural harbours, the refuge of vessels exposed to the tempests of the western ocean. The chief town in the island is Portree, and the principal mansion that of Dunvegan, the seat of the Macleods, who own the greater part of the isle. The southern district of Skye is called Sleat, or Slate. Skye is separated from the outer Hebrides by a strait or sound, from twenty to forty miles wide. Such, as will be immediately seen, was the principal scene of the wanderings and hairbreadth escapes of Charles Stuart. Fleeing from island to island, crossing straits in open boats, lurking in wilds and caves, attended by seldom more than one adherent, and assisted, when in the greatest extremity, by the heroic Flora Macdonald, did this unfortunate prince contrive to elude the grasp of his enemies.

In South Uist, in which he had taken refuge with a single follower named O'Neal, he was in continual danger from the parties on the watch for his apprehension, and for about ten days he wandered from place to place, crossing to Benbecula, and returning, sometimes making the narrowest escape, but with the faintest possible hope of finally eluding discovery. It was at this critical juncture that Flora Macdonald became accessory to his preservation. She was at the time paying a visit to her

brother at his house of Milton, in South Uist. It also happened that her stepfather, Armadale, was acting as commander of a party of Skye militia amongst the troops in pursuit of the prince. Armadale, like many others, had joined that militia corps at the wish of his superior, the laird of Sleat; but, in reality, he retained a friendly feeling towards the Stuarts, and wished anything rather than to be concerned in capturing the royal fugitive. Such associations of feeling, with an opposite mode of acting, were not uncommon in those days. O'Neal, who had formerly been slightly acquainted with Flora, seems to have suggested the idea of employing her to assist in getting Charles carried off the island.

One night near the end of June, he came by appointment to meet the young lady in a cottage upon her brother's land in Benbecula: the prince remained outside. After a little conversation, O'Neal told her he had brought a friend to see her. She asked with emotion if it was the prince, and O'Neal answered in the affirmative, and instantly brought him in. She was asked by Charles himself if she could undertake to convey him to Skye, and it was pointed out to her that she might do this the more easily, as her stepfather would be able to give her a pass for her journey. The first idea of Flora was, not her own peril, but the danger into which she might bring Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald, by carrying the fugitive to their neighbourhood. She therefore answered the prince with the greatest respect, but added, that she could not think of being the ruin of her friend Sir Alexander. To this it was replied, that that gentleman was from home; but, supposing it were otherwise, she could convey Prince Charles to her mother's house, which was conveniently situated on the sea-side, and the Sleat family was not necessarily to have any concern in the transaction. O'Neal then demonstrated to her the honour and glory of saving the life of her lawful prince: it has been said that, to allay scruples of another kind, this light-hearted Irishman offered instantly to marry her. If such a proposal was really made, Flora did not choose to accept of it; but, without farther hesitation, she agreed to undertake the prince's rescue.

Pleased with the prospect which this frank and single-hearted offer presented, Charles and his friend O'Neal again betook themselves to the fastnesses of Coradale, while Miss Macdonald repaired to Ormaclade, to make preparations in concert with Lady Clanranald. The journey was not accomplished without encountering a difficulty arising from the strictly-guarded state of the passes. While on her way, crossing the sea-ford between Benbecula and South Uist, she and her servant were seized and detained by a militia party, which, on inquiry, she found to be that commanded by her stepfather. When Armadale came to the spot next morning, he was greatly surprised to find Flora in

custody, and quickly ordered her liberation. Of what passed between him and his stepdaughter, we have no distinct account; but there seems no reason to doubt that he became a confidant in the scheme, and entered cordially into it. At her request he granted her a passport, to enable her to proceed on her return to her mother's house in Skye, accompanied by her man-servant, Neil Mackechan, and a young Irishwoman named Betty Burke. This last person was understood to be a servant out of place, whom she thought likely to answer her mother as a spinner: in reality, she contemplated making Prince Charles pass as Betty Burke. She now pursued her way to Ormaclade, where all the proper arrangements were made in the course of a few days.

On Friday the 27th, everything being ready, Lady Clanranald, Flora, and her servant Mackechan, went to a wretched hut near the seaside, where he had taken up his abode. The elegant youth who had lately shone at the head of an army—the descendant of a line of kings which stretched back into ages when there was no history—was found roasting the liver of a sheep for his dinner. The sight moved some of the party to tears; but he was always cheerful under such circumstances, and on this occasion only made the remark, that it might be well for other royal personages to go through the ordeal which he was now enduring. Lady Clanranald was soon after called home by intelligence of the arrival of a military party at her house, and Flora and her servant were left with the prince and O'Neal. Next morning O'Neal was compelled, much against his will, to take his leave: he had not long parted from the prince when he was made prisoner.

Next forenoon Charles assumed the printed linen gown, apron, and coif, which were to transform him from a prince into an Irish servant girl. He would have added a charged pistol under his clothes, but Flora's good sense overruled that project, as she concluded that, in the event of his being searched, it would be a strong proof against him. He was compelled to content himself with a stout walking-stick, with which he thought he should be able to defend himself against any single enemy. The boat, meanwhile, was ready for them at the shore. Arriving there wet and weary, they were alarmed by seeing several wherries pass with parties of soldiers, and were obliged to skulk till the approach of night. They then embarked for Skye—Charles, Flora, Mackechan, and the boatmen. A night voyage of thirty or forty miles across a sound in the Hebrides, with the risk of being seized by some of the numerous government vessels constantly prowling about, was what they had to encounter. It appears that the anxiety of Flora for the life of the prince was much greater than his own, and he was the only person on board who could do anything to keep up the spirits of the party. For that purpose he sang a number of lively songs, and related a few

anecdotes. The night became rainy, and, distressed with the wet and her former fatigues, the young lady fell asleep in the bottom of the boat. To favour her slumbers, Charles continued to sing. When she awoke, she found him leaning over her, with his hands spread above her face, to protect her from any injury that might arise from a rower who was obliged at that moment to readjust the sail. In the same spirit he insisted upon reserving for her exclusive use a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had given them. These circumstances are not related as reflecting any positive honour on the prince, but simply as facts which occurred on that remarkable night, and as at least showing that he was not deficient in a gentlemanlike tenderness towards the amiable woman who was risking so much in his behalf. It may here be mentioned that Mackechan, whose presence on the occasion was fully as good a protection to Flora's good fame as the name of O'Neal would have been, was a Macdonald of humble extraction, who had received a foreign education as a priest. He served the prince afterwards for some years, and became the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, who, more than eighty years afterwards, visited the scenes of all these events.

When day dawned, they found themselves out of sight of land, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way farther, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon approached Waternish, one of the western points of the island. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived a body of militia stationed at the place. These men had a boat, but no oars. The men in Miss Macdonald's boat no sooner perceived them, than they began to pull heartily in the contrary direction. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution by firing, but fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. Charles called upon the boatmen "not to mind the villains;" and they assured him that, if they cared at all, it was only for him; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, "Oh, no fear of me!" He then intreated Miss Macdonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets, as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. She declared, however, that she would not do as he desired, unless he also took the same measure for his safety, which, she told him, was of much more importance than hers. It was not till after some altercation that they agreed to ensconce themselves together in the bottom of the boat. The rowers soon pulled them out of all farther danger.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles in South Uist, or the adjoining islands in the range, where they had certain information he was, Skye, lying close on the mainland, in which the prince was now about to arrive, was left comparatively unwatched. The island was, however, chiefly possessed by two clans, the Sleat Macdonalds and Macleods, whose superiors had deserted the Stuart cause, and even raised men on the opposite side. Parties of their militia were posted throughout the island, one of which had nearly taken the boat with its important charge when it was off Waternish.

Proceeding on their voyage a few miles to the northward, the little party in the boat put into a creek, or cleft, to rest and refresh the fatigued rowers; but the alarm which their appearance occasioned in a neighbouring village quickly obliged them to put off again. At length they landed safely at a place within the parish of Kilmuir, about twelve miles from Waternish, and very near Sir Alexander Macdonald's seat of Mugstat.

Sir Alexander was at this time at Fort Augustus, in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland; but his wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald—one of the beautiful daughters of Alexander and Susanna, Earl and Countess of Eglintoune—a lady in the bloom of life, of elegant manners, and one who was accustomed to figure in the fashionable scenes of the metropolis—now resided at Mugstat. A Jacobite at heart, Lady Margaret had corresponded with the prince when he was skulking in South Uist, and she had been made aware by a Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost that it was likely he would soon make his appearance in Skye. When the boat containing the fugitive had landed, Flora, attended by Mackechan, proceeded to the house, leaving Charles, in his female dress, sitting on her trunk upon the beach. On arriving at the house, she desired a servant to inform Lady Margaret that she had called on her way home from Uist. She was immediately introduced to the family apartment, where she found, besides Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, a Lieutenant Macleod, the commander of a band of militia stationed near by, three or four of whom were also in the house. There were also present Mr Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted as chamberlain or factor to Sir Alexander, and who was, she knew, a sound Jacobite. Flora entered easily into conversation with the officer, who asked her a number of questions, as where she had come from, where she was going, and so forth, all of which she answered without manifesting the least trace of that confusion which might have been expected from a young lady under such circumstances. The same man had been in the custom of examining every boat which landed from the Long Island; that, for instance, in which Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost arrived, had been so examined; and we can only account for his allowing that of Miss Flora to pass, by the circumstance of his meeting her under the imposing courtesies

of the drawing-room of a lady of rank. Miss Macdonald, with the same self-possession, dined in Lieutenant Macleod's company. Seizing a proper opportunity, she apprised Kingsburgh of the circumstances of the prince, and he immediately proceeded to another room, and sent for Lady Margaret, that he might break the intelligence to her in private. Notwithstanding the previous warning, she was much alarmed at the idea of the wanderer being so near her house, and immediately sent for a certain Donald Roy Macdonald, to consult as to what should be done. Donald had been wounded in the prince's army at Culloden, and was as obnoxious to the government as he could be. He came and joined the lady and her friends in the garden, when it was arranged that Kingsburgh should take the prince along with him to his own house, some miles distant, and thence pass him through the island to Portree, where Donald Roy should take him up, and provide for his further safety.

The old gentleman accordingly joined Charles on the shore, and conducted him, as had been arranged, on the way to Kingsburgh. Meanwhile, Flora sat in company with Lady Margaret and the young government officer till she thought the two travellers would be a good way advanced, and then rose to take her leave. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and intreated that she would prolong it at least till next day; reminding her that, when last at Mugstat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora, on the other hand, pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of intreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss Macdonald and Mackechan were accompanied in their journey by Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and by that lady's male and female servants, all the five riding on horseback. They quickly came up with Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs Macdonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she "had never seen such a tall impudent-looking woman in her life! See!" she continued, addressing Flora, "what long strides the jade takes! I daresay she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers in order to rejoin Kingsburgh and the prince.

These individuals, in walking along the road, were at first considerably annoyed by the number of country people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the uncommon height and awkwardness of the apparent female. The opportunity of talking to their landlord's factotum being too precious to be despised, these people fastened themselves on Kingsburgh, who, under the particular circumstances, felt a good deal annoyed by them, but at last bethought himself of saying, "Oh, sirs, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on Sabbath, and have patience till another day." They took the hint, and moved off. The whole party—Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss Macdonald—arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House about eleven o'clock at night.

Mrs Macdonald, or, as she was usually called, Lady Kingsburgh, lost no time in preparing supper, at which Charles, still wearing the female disguise, placed Flora on his right hand, and his hostess on his left. Afterwards, the two ladies left the other two over a bowl of punch, and went to have a little conversation by themselves. When Flora had related her adventures, Lady Kingsburgh asked what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss Macdonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with evil consequences to the prince, determined Flora to change the prince's clothes next day.

The pretended Betty Burke was that night laid in the best bed which the house contained, and next morning all the ladies assisted at her toilet. A lock of her hair was cut off as a keepsake, and divided between Lady Kingsburgh and Flora. Late in the day, the prince set out for Portree, attended by Flora and Mackechan as before, Kingsburgh accompanying them with a suit of male Highland attire under his arm. At a convenient place in a wood, Charles exchanged his female dress for this suit; it being thought best that this should be done after he had left Kingsburgh House, so that the servants there might have nothing to say, either of their own accord or upon compulsion, but that they had seen a female servant come and go in company with Miss Flora. The party now separated, Kingsburgh returning home, while the prince and Mackechan set out for Portree (a walk of fourteen miles), and Flora proceeded thither by a different route.

At this village, the only one in Skye, Donald Roy had meanwhile made arrangements for carrying the prince to the neighbouring island of Raasay, which was judged a safe place for him, as its apparent and legal proprietor, Mr Macleod, had not

been concerned in the insurrection; although his father, the actual proprietor, and all his followers, had been engaged in it, and he himself was strongly attached to the cause. In the evening, Donald and some friends whom he had called to his aid, received the adventurer at a mean public-house in the village, where he partook of a coarse meal, and slaked his thirst from a broken brown potsherd, which was usually employed in baling water out of a boat. Here Flora joined the party, but only to take a final farewell of the prince, as she was no longer able to be of any service to him. Having paid her a small sum of money which he had borrowed from her in their journey, he gave her his warm thanks for her heroic efforts to preserve his life, and tenderly saluted her, adding, in a cheerful manner, "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St James's yet!" He then set sail for Raasay with his new friends, while Flora proceeded to her mother's house in Sleat. Respecting the further adventures of the prince, it is only necessary to say that they were of a nature not less extraordinary than those which have been related, and that they terminated, three months after, in his happily escaping to France.

Our heroine Flora had gone through all these adventures with a quiet energy peculiar to her, but with little conception that she was doing anything beyond what the common voice of humanity called for, and what good people were doing every day. Reaching home, she said nothing to her mother, or any one else, of what she had been about, probably judging that the possession of such knowledge was in itself dangerous. Meanwhile the boatmen, returning to Uist, were there seized by the military, and obliged to give an account of their late voyage. This was what Lady Kingsburgh dreaded, and it seems to have been the only point in which the prudence of our heroine had failed. Having obtained an exact description of the dress of the tall female accompanying Miss Macdonald, a merciless emissary of the government, styled Captain Ferguson, lost no time in sailing for Skye, where he arrived about a week after the prince. Inquiring at Mugstat, he learned that Miss Macdonald had been there; but no tall female had been seen. He then followed on Flora's track to Kingsburgh, where he readily learned that the tall female had been entertained for a night. He asked Kingsburgh where Miss Macdonald and the person who was with her in woman's clothes had slept. The old gentleman answered that he knew where Miss Flora had lain, but as for the servants, he never asked any questions about them. The officer nevertheless discovered that the apparent servant had been placed in the best bed, which he held as tolerably good proof of the real character of that person, and he acted accordingly. Kingsburgh was sent prisoner to Fort Augustus, and treated with great severity: thence he was removed to Edinburgh castle, where he suffered a whole year's confinement. Macleod of Talisker, captain of a militia company,

caused a message to be sent, desiring the presence of Flora Macdonald. She consulted with her friends, who recommended her not attending to it; but she herself determined to go. On her way she met her stepfather returning home, and had not gone much farther, when she was seized by an officer and a party of soldiers, and hurried on board Captain Ferguson's vessel. General Campbell, who was on board, ordered that she should be well treated; and finding her story had been blabbed by the boatmen, she confessed all to that officer.

She was soon after transferred from the ship commanded by Ferguson to one commanded by Commodore Smith, a humane person, capable of appreciating her noble conduct. By the permission of General Campbell she was now allowed to land at Armadale, and take leave of her mother: her stepfather was by this time in hiding, from fear lest his concern in the prince's escape should bring him into trouble. Flora, who had hitherto been without a change of clothes, here obtained all she required, and engaged as her attendant an honest good girl named Kate Macdowall, who could not speak a word of any language but Gaelic. She then returned on board the vessel, and was in time carried to the south. It chanced that she here had for one of her fellow-prisoners Captain O'Neal, who had engaged her to undertake the charge of the prince. When she first met him on board, she went playfully up, and slapping him gently on the cheek with the palm of her hand, said, "To that black face do I owe all my misfortune!" O'Neal told her that, instead of being her misfortune, it was her brightest honour, and that if she continued to act up to the character she had already shown, not pretending to repent of what she had done, or to be ashamed of it, it would yet redound greatly to her advantage.

The vessel in which she was (the *Bridgewater*) arrived at Leith in September, and remained there for about two months. She was not allowed to land; but ladies and others of her own way of thinking were freely permitted to visit her, and she began to find that her deliverance of Prince Charles had rendered her a famous person. Many presents of value were given to her; but those which most pleased her were a Bible and prayer-book, and the materials for sewing, as she had had neither books nor work hitherto. Even the naval officers in whose charge she was were much affected in her behalf. Commodore Smith presented her with a handsome suit of riding clothes, with plain mounting, and some fine linen for riding shifts, as also some linen for shifts to her attendant Kate, whose generosity in offering to accompany her when no one else would, had excited general admiration. Captain Knowler treated her with the deference due to her heroic character, and allowed her to call for anything in the vessel to treat her friends when they came on board, and even to invite some of them to dine with her. On one occasion, when Lady Mary Cochrane was on board, a

breeze beginning to blow, the lady requested leave to stay all night, which was granted. This, she confessed, she chiefly was prompted to do by a wish to have it to say that she had slept in the same bed with Miss Flora Macdonald. At this time the prince was not yet known to have escaped, though such was actually the fact. One day a false rumour was brought to the vessel that he had been at length taken prisoner. This greatly distressed Flora, who said to one of her friends with tears in her eyes, "Alas, I fear that now all is in vain that I have done!" She could not be consoled till the falsity of the rumour was ascertained. Her behaviour during the whole time the vessel stayed in Leith Road was admired by all who saw her. The episcopal minister of Leith, who was among her visitors, wrote about her as follows:—"Some that went on board to pay their respects to her, used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity, they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Earse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than what she did when in Leith Road. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

The Bridgewater left Leith Road on the 7th of November, and carried her straightway to London, where she was kept in a not less honourable captivity in the house of a private family till the passing of the act of indemnity in July 1747, when she was discharged without being asked a single question. The ministers, we may well believe, had found that to carry further the prosecution of a woman whose guilt consisted only in the performance of one of the most generous of actions, would not conduce to their popularity.* Her story had by this time

* It has been stated that Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., did not scruple to avow his admiration of Flora's conduct. His consort having one day expressed some disapprobation of her interference in behalf of "the pretender," the prince, whose heart was better than his head, said, "Let me not hear you speak thus again, madam. If you had been in the same circumstances, I hope in God you would have acted as she did!"

excited not less interest in the metropolis than it had done in Scotland. Being received after her liberation into the house of the dowager Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, she was there visited by crowds of the fashionable world, who paid her such homage as would have turned the heads of ninety-nine of a hundred women of any age, country, or condition. It is said that the street in which Lady Primrose lived was sometimes completely filled with the carriages of ladies and gentlemen visiting the person called the Pretender's Deliverer. On the mind of Flora these flatteries produced no effect but that of surprise: she had only, she said, performed an act of common humanity, and she had never thought of it in any other light till she found the world making so much ado about it. It has been stated that a subscription to the amount of £1500 was raised for her in London.

Soon after returning to her own country, she was married (November 6, 1750) to Mr Alexander Macdonald, son of the worthy Kingsburgh, and who in time succeeded to that property. Thus Flora became the lady of the mansion in which the prince had been entertained; and there she bore a large family of sons and daughters. As memorials of her singular adventure, she preserved a half of the sheet in which the prince had slept in that house, intending that it should be her shroud; and also a portrait of Charles, which he had sent to her after his safe arrival in France. When Dr Samuel Johnson, accompanied by his friend Boswell, visited Skye in 1773, he was hospitably entertained at Kingsburgh, and had the pleasure (for so it was to him) of sleeping in the bed which had accommodated the last of the Stuarts: he remarked that he had had no ambitious thoughts in it. In his well-known book respecting this journey, he introduces the maiden name of his hostess, which he says is one "that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour." He adds, "she is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence"—a picture the more remarkable, when it is recollected that she was now fifty-three years of age.

Soon after this period, under the influence of the passion for emigration which was then raging in the Highlands, Kingsburgh and his amiable partner went to North Carolina, where they purchased and settled upon an estate. She carried with her the sheet in which the prince had slept, determined that it should serve the purpose which she contemplated, wherever it might please Providence to end her days. But this event was not to take place in America. Her husband had scarcely settled there when the war of independence broke out. On that occasion the Highlanders showed the same faithful attachment to the government (being now reconciled to it by mild treatment) which they had formerly manifested for the house of Stuart.

Mr Macdonald, being loyally disposed, was imprisoned by the discontented colonists as a dangerous person; but he was soon after liberated. He then became an officer in a loyal corps called the North Carolina Highlanders, and he and his lady passed through many strange adventures. Towards the conclusion of the contest, abandoning all hopes of a comfortable settlement in America, they determined to return to the land of their fathers. In crossing the Atlantic, Flora met with the last of her adventures. The vessel being attacked by a French ship of war, nothing could induce her to leave her husband on deck, and in the course of the bustle she was thrown down and had her arm broken. She only remarked, that she had now suffered a little for both the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover.

She spent the remainder of her life in Skye, and at her death, which took place March 5, 1790, when she had attained the age of seventy, was actually buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through so many adventures and migrations. Her grave may be seen in the Kingsburgh mausoleum, in the parish churchyard of Kilmuir; but a stone which was laid by her youngest son upon her grave, being accidentally broken, has been carried off in pieces by wandering tourists. Flora Macdonald retained to the last that vivacity and vigour of character which has procured her so much historical distinction. Her husband, who survived her a few years, died on the half-pay list as a British officer; and no fewer than five of her sons served their king in a military capacity. Charles, the eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was a most accomplished man. The late Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said, "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." Alexander, the second son, was also an officer: he was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, was a captain of marines, of high professional character, and remarkable for the elegance of his appearance. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British Legion, and was a brave and experienced officer. The last surviving son was Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, who long resided at Exeter, and was the father of a numerous family. The engraving prefixed to this sketch is taken from a portrait of Flora, which was originally in his possession, and which he approved of as a likeness. There were, moreover, two daughters, one of whom, Mrs Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye, died within the last few years.

Such is an authentic history of the heroic and amiable Flora Macdonald. Like all incidents equally romantic, the aid she

extended to the prince, which unquestionably saved him from captivity and a violent death, has given rise to various poetical effusions. One of the most pleasing of these pieces, from the pen of James Hogg, narrating, however, an incident as well as sentiments purely imaginary, and entitled "Flora Macdonald's Lament," may here be appended:—

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
 The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
 She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
 Away on the wave like a bird of the main ;
 And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young !
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim :
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
 The cormorant roost on his roek of the sea,
 But oh ! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more ;
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me !



SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES AND THE SPICE ISLANDS.



THE continent of Asia, as may be observed on looking at a map, terminates on the south in three peninsulæ projected into the Indian Ocean—one being Arabia, the second Hindostan or India, and the third Siam; this last being longer and narrower than the others, and ending in a projection called Malaya, near the extremity of which is the settlement of Malacca. Carrying our eye across the Indian Ocean, we observe that off the southern point of Malaya there are numerous islands of larger and smaller dimensions; the sea for hundreds



of miles is studded with them, and group after group stretches across the ocean almost to the northern shores of Australia. As these islands lie in an easterly direction from India, they are

sometimes styled the *Eastern Archipelago*, and at other times the *Spice Islands*, because their chief produce, or at least articles of export, are pepper, cloves, nutmegs, ginger, and other spices. The principal of these fine islands are Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Timor, and the Moluccas—the latter being more strictly called the Spice Islands by geographers; but all are equally entitled to be classed under this distinctive appellation. To the north of Borneo, in the Chinese Sea, lies an additional group of islands, the Philippines; but of these it is here unnecessary to speak.

Travellers who have visited the Spice Islands describe some of them as a kind of earthly paradise. Lying under the equinoctial line, their climate is excessively hot, but they are daily fanned by sea breezes, which temper their heated atmosphere; from their mountains flow streams of pure water; their valleys are green and picturesque; and the luxuriance of their vegetation is beyond anything that the natives of northern Europe can imagine. In their thick groves swarm parrots and other birds of the gayest plumage; monkeys of various species are seen skipping from rock to rock, or darting in and out among the bushes; and wild beasts and snakes live in their thickets and jungles. The native inhabitants, whose wants are easily supplied, spend the greater part of their time in the open air, cultivating their fields, or reclining under awnings, or beneath the more delicious shade of the nutmeg trees.

Inhabited chiefly by an aboriginal Malay race, some of the islands are still under the government of native chiefs or sultans; but most of them have been, in whole or part, appropriated by European powers. The Portuguese, being the first navigators who reached this part of the world by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, acquired large possessions not only in India but in the Eastern Archipelago; but towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Dutch, animated by a vigorous spirit of commercial enterprise, dispossessed the Portuguese, and gained the ascendancy in Java and other islands, finally reducing them to the condition of Dutch colonies—a change of masters which we shall immediately see brought no advantage to the unfortunate natives. The object of the Dutch in getting possession of these remote Asiatic islands was to procure spices, wherewith to supply the general market of Europe; and as this was long an exceedingly profitable trade, no pains were spared to keep the Spice Islands as a kind of preserve for the special benefit of Holland.

We have two reasons for introducing these islands and their history to our readers—the first is, to show how selfishness in trade, like selfishness in everything else, is weakness and loss, and how benevolence is power and gain; the second is, to point out, by way of example, how much may be done to remedy the greatest grievances, and produce national happiness, by the efforts of one enlightened and generously-disposed mind. In the

performance of this task, we shall have occasion to notice biographically one of the few great statesmen whom England has within the last half century had the good fortune to produce—Thomas Stamford Raffles.

JAVA.

For convenience we begin with an account of Java, one of the largest and finest of the Spice Islands. Java is separated from Borneo on the north by a channel called the Java Sea, and on the north-west from Sumatra by the Straits of Sunda. The island is upwards of 650 miles long, and from 60 to 130 miles broad; its whole area being about equal to that of England. Its surface is beautifully diversified with hill and valley; its soil is of the richest possible nature, and yields in abundance coffee, sugar, rice, pepper, nutmegs, and ginger.

Java appears to have been peopled by a branch of the Malay race about the commencement of the Christian era. From that period to the fifteenth century, the Javanese increased in consequence and opulence, and acquired a civilisation scarcely inferior to that of the Hindoos or the Chinese; evidences of which exist in the traditions of the natives, in their literature, and in numerous architectural remains scattered over the island. Mahomedanism latterly found its way into Java, and became mingled with the doctrines and ceremonies of Buddhism and Hindooism, which had hitherto been the religions of the people. The Portuguese settled in the island in 1511; the English also established themselves in it in 1602; but ultimately the Dutch dispossessed both, and became the only European power. They continued to enjoy this sway undisturbed till the year 1811, a period of two hundred years.

Any one who visited the island in 1811, would have found it generally in a more barbarous condition than it was five hundred years before. It was divided into three sections:—1. The Dutch possessions, properly so called, meaning that part in which the Dutch power was absolute; 2. The kingdom of the Susuhunan, or hereditary Javanese emperor; and, 3. The territories of the Sultan, another native prince. The last two sections, however, were not really independent—they were subordinate or tributary to the Dutch. At this period the entire population amounted to about five millions, consisting of Dutch, Javanese, foreigners, and slaves.

The Dutch inhabited principally the provinces of Jacatra and Bantam in the west, and the northern line of coast as far as the small island of Madura. Here they had built numerous towns and villages, the two largest being the city of Batavia, the population of which at one time exceeded 160,000, and the city of Surabaya, with a population of about 80,000. Firmly fixed in their possessions, and supported by a military and naval force, the Dutch seem to have had but one object in view,

and that was to monopolise the whole trade, internal and external, of Java and that of the adjacent islands owning their authority. In Europe, no people had struggled so heroically for civil and religious liberty as the Dutch; in India, no people acted with greater selfishness and tyranny. Their whole policy was a violation of justice and decency. Determined to monopolise the whole East India trade, they were guilty of an immense amount of bloodshed in their efforts to eradicate every semblance of a colony in their neighbourhood belonging to any other nation, and likely therefore to deprive them of a share of the spice-trade. Not only so, but in order to derive a greater profit from the sale of the nutmegs and cloves which they exported from the Moluccas, they hired the natives to extirpate the plants in all the islands of the group except Banda and Amboyna, the two of whose permanent possession they were most secure. The same miserable and blighting spirit of monopoly presided over their government of Java. In a part of the Dutch section of the island, the province of Jacatra, in which the city of Batavia is situated, the Dutch authorities governed the population directly and immediately; in the rest of the section, namely, the province of Bantam and the line of territory along the northern coast to the Straits of Madura, they employed native Javanese chiefs as their subordinate governors, with various titles. In both, the system of government was nearly alike. In the Dutch portion, the people were compelled to sell the whole produce of their lands to government at a fixed price; in the other, the native regents of the various districts, besides paying a large tribute on their own account, were obliged to collect the whole produce of their districts, and hand it over as before to the authorities at a fixed price. Thus, over all the Dutch possessions in Java, the government had a monopoly of the produce, including the food of the population. Receiving the grain, the coffee, and the pepper from the growers at very low prices, they stored them up, and then sold them back again to the people themselves at an exceedingly high charge, reserving the surplus quantity for exportation. Thus, a person was obliged to sell to the government the pepper which he had produced at twopence a pound, and then to purchase back part of it for his own use at a shilling a pound. These arrangements were felt as a sore grievance by the poor cultivators of the soil, especially in those portions of the island which were nominally under a native regent; for there, in addition to the demands of the Dutch government, they had to submit to the exactions of a subordinate. The king of Bantam, for example, handed over every year to the Dutch government the produce of his province, amounting to nearly six millions of pounds of pepper, at twopence a pound; but instead of paying his subjects so much as twopence a pound for it, he paid them say only three-halfpence a pound, reserving the additional halfpenny to pay the cost of collection, and to constitute a revenue for

himself. A system of finance more confused, wasteful, and unenlightened, cannot be conceived; and a similar spirit of tyranny and monopoly characterised all the other branches of government procedure.

The native Javanese were spread all over the island, part of them, as has been said, inhabiting the Dutch territory, and living under the Dutch government, the rest inhabiting the comparatively independent territories ruled over by the two native sovereigns, the *susuhunan* or emperor, and the sultan. These two sovereigns were not, like the king of Bantam, or the regents of other districts in the Dutch possessions, mere revenue officers of the Dutch; on the contrary, they enjoyed a despotic dignity within their own kingdoms, and the only formal token of their connexion with the Dutch was their consenting annually to sell to them a certain quantity of their produce at a fixed price. This distinction, however, did not produce any great difference in habits or character between the Javanese of the interior and the Javanese of the Dutch provinces, so that the same description will suit both. The Javanese are described as a people generally shorter in stature than the Europeans, but robust and well made, with a round face, high forehead, small dark eyes like those of the Tartars, prominent cheek-bones, scarcely any beard, and lank black hair. The general expression of the countenance is placid and thoughtful; the complexion is rather of a yellow than of a copper hue, the standard of beauty in this respect being a gold colour. The Javanese are sagacious and docile, generally listless in their appearance, but susceptible of all kinds of impressions, and capable of being roused to the wildest displays of passion. They possess a literature consisting principally of native songs and romances, and translations from the Sanscrit and Arabic. The language is exceedingly simple in its structure, and remarkably rich in synonymous words; and the Javanese written character is said to be one of the most beautiful known. The natives have also a rude kind of drama; and they delight in games of chance. The only kind of manufacture for which the people are celebrated is working in gold. They show, however, considerable skill in ship-building, and in agriculture they are eminently proficient, every Javanese regarding the soil as the grand source of prosperity and wealth, not only to the province as a whole, but to himself individually.

Of foreign settlers in the island, there were, and continue to be, about 200,000, consisting of Hindoos, Arabs, and Chinese. The Chinese, forming the larger proportion, are an active money-making class, carrying on various profitable branches of trade, and often contriving to enrich themselves by renting and subletting land at greatly increased rates. They, however, do not settle permanently; after a residence of a few years, they return to their own country with the small fortunes they have acquired.

The remaining class of the population of Java is that of slaves, of whom, in 1811, there were about 30,000, the importation of these unfortunate beings having been at the rate of a few thousands annually. These slaves were brought from various islands in the great East Indian Archipelago, the greater number, however, from the small island of Poulo Nyas, on the coast of Sumatra, and the large island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo. The slaves consist partly of debtors and criminals, surrendered by the laws of their respective islands, but in a far greater degree of persons who have been kidnapped and carried away. The Nyas slaves are highly valued throughout the East; and as many as 1500 used to be exported from that small island every year, a large proportion of whom were carried to Batavia. In this short voyage, it was calculated that one-fourth generally died; and in such dread do the natives of Nyas hold slavery, that instances are known in which, when a party of kidnappers had surrounded a house, the father, rather than surrender, has killed himself and his children. The most ingenious and industrious of the slaves in Java, however, are those from the island of Celebes, known by the name of Bugghese or Macassars. These Macassars are a brave and civilised race, the wreck of a people once nearly as powerful in the Archipelago as the Javanese. They have a literature of their own, and one of the amusements of the Batavian ladies is to hear their Macassar slaves recite their native ballads and romances. One of the occupations in which the Chinese employ their Macassar slaves, is in the collection of those Chinese dainties, the edible birds' nests, which are more abundant in Java than anywhere else.

We have thus presented a general sketch of Java and its condition previous to the year 1811, much, however, being applicable to the island in the present day: a new turn took place in its affairs in the above year; but before describing the changes which were effected, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the person by whom they were suggested and carried into execution.

Thomas Stamford Raffles was born at sea, off the coast of Jamaica, on the 5th of July 1781. His father was a captain in the West India trade. Returning with his mother to England, he was placed in a boarding-school at Hammersmith, where he remained till he was fourteen years of age; and this was all the formal education he ever received. At the age of fourteen, this comparatively friendless youth entered the East India House in the capacity of an extra clerk; and shortly afterwards, by his zeal and good behaviour, obtained a permanent situation in this great establishment, so celebrated for having reared and employed in its service a vast number of men eminent for their abilities. While employed in the India House, Mr Raffles zealously devoted himself to the acquisition of various kinds of knowledge, which he afterwards turned to good account: in particular, it was at

this time that he first gave proofs of the facility with which he could learn different languages. In 1805 the court of directors resolved to found a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, off the coast of Malacca, conceiving that it would be an advantageous trading post; and at this time Mr Raffles's qualifications were so well known, that he was appointed assistant secretary to the establishment. During the voyage out, he acquired the Malay language so perfectly, as to be able to enter at once on the important duties of his office; and the chief secretary, Mr Pearson, falling ill, the entire labour of arranging the forms of the new government, as well as of compiling all public documents, devolved on him. Such an accumulation of work was too severe for his constitution; and in 1808 he was obliged to pay a visit to the Malacca mainland, for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health. It was during this visit to Malacca that Mr Raffles first enjoyed the opportunity of observing and joining with the varied population congregated from all parts of the Archipelago, and from the distant countries of Asia; from Java, Amboyna, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Papua, Cochin China, China Proper, &c. With many he conversed personally, with others through the medium of interpreters. To this early habit, which he always retained, of associating with the natives, and admitting them to intimate and social intercourse, may be attributed the extraordinary influence which he obtained over them, and the respect with which they always received his advice and opinions. It was at this period also that Mr Raffles formed an acquaintanceship with Mr Marsden and the enthusiastic and lamented Leyden; and in company with these two Orientalists, commenced his elaborate researches into the history, the laws, and the literature of the Hindoo and Malay races. We find him also displaying that zeal for the advancement of the natural sciences, especially zoology, for which he was all his life distinguished, and which has earned him a high rank among naturalists, as well as among statesmen and Oriental scholars.

Lord Minto, at the time governor-general of India, had conceived so favourable an opinion of Mr Raffles, that he became anxious to discover a field worthy of his abilities. On the occasion of a visit he made to Calcutta in 1809, his lordship spoke of the advantages to be derived from taking possession of the Moluccas, or smaller Spice Islands, whereupon Mr Raffles at once drew his attention to Java, as much preferable. The idea was instantly caught at by his lordship, and plans for its capture were forthwith devised.

The scheme hinted at by Mr Raffles marked the comprehensiveness of his character. It was to capture Java, and render it a British possession. Nor was such a project considered any violation of justice. In 1806 the French had overrun Holland, and in 1810 added it, as well as its chief foreign possessions, to the

empire of France. Java, therefore, was now no longer a Dutch but a French colony. As England was at war with France, it was considered by Lord Minto and Mr Raffles that there could not be a more splendid achievement than to wrest so fine an island from Napoleon, and add it to the British crown. Indeed the conquest of Java seemed a matter of necessity; for its possession would give the French almost the sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, and enable them materially to affect the prosperity of our eastern trade, and the stability of our eastern possessions. In short, the invasion of Java was resolved upon. But the enterprise was one not to be attempted rashly; in the meantime, therefore, the design was kept a profound secret, and Mr Raffles was despatched to prepare the way for the expedition, taking up his residence at Malacca with the title of "agent to the governor-general, with the Malay states."

Having, after much careful investigation, learned which would form the safest and most practicable route to Java, Mr Raffles communicated all proper information to Lord Minto, who immediately proceeded with a powerful naval force on the expedition. The fleet, consisting of upwards of ninety sail, left Malacca on the 18th of June 1811, and after a voyage of six weeks, anchored off Batavia. In the course of a month, the British troops effected the conquest of the island; and on the 16th of September Lord Minto issued a proclamation announcing the general features of its future government as a British territory. In his letter to the government in England, Lord Minto announced the capture of Java in the following terms:—"An empire which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe, has been thus wrested from the short occupation of the French government, added to the dominion of the British crown, and converted from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition, into an augmentation of British power and prosperity."

In thus annexing Java to our East Indian possessions, Lord Minto took a bolder step than the court of directors of the East India Company was disposed altogether to sanction at first. When he had announced to them his intention to attack Java, the scheme met their decided approbation; but instead of agreeing with Lord Minto in his desire to convert Java into a British possession, all that they meditated was the expulsion of the Dutch from the island, and its restoration to the native Javanese. This they thought would be sufficient; and to one not acquainted with the condition of the various islands in the Archipelago, their intention may appear very reasonable and philanthropic. But Lord Minto saw that the mere expulsion of the Dutch from the island would be unavailing unless some strong and benevolent power were to come after them, and take charge of a country which they had so wretchedly misgoverned. To leave

the Javanese to govern themselves, would be to throw back the island into hopeless war and confusion. Possessed of all those qualities which would constitute them good and obedient subjects, it was not to be expected that the Javanese, after submitting to Dutch rule for 200 years, could have preserved any notions of their own ancient government, much less that they could set up a new one. Accordingly, Lord Minto determined to annex the island to the British territory, and give it some experience of rational government. In so doing, he was incurring the responsibility of exceeding his instructions; but as Lady Raffles, in the biography of her husband, nobly says, "No man is fit for high station anywhere who is not prepared to risk even more than fame or fortune at the call of judgment and conscience."

Lord Minto immediately appointed Mr Raffles lieutenant-governor of Java and its dependencies; and after a stay of six weeks in the island, returned to Bengal, leaving the new governor to commence his arduous duties. The only event that could cast a shade of sorrow over the important occasion was the death of Dr Leyden, who had accompanied the expedition to Java, and who soon fell a victim to his thirst for knowledge.

"It would be endless," says Lady Raffles, "to notice the difficulties and obstacles which occurred in the establishment of a pure and upright administration in Java. Not only was the whole system previously pursued by the Dutch to be subverted, but an entire new one substituted, as pure and liberal as the old one was vicious and contracted; and this was to be accomplished and carried into effect by the very persons who had so long fattened on the vices of the former policy." Nor were the difficulties of Mr Raffles such only as resulted from the state of the island, the government of which he had undertaken. There was a disheartening circumstance, apart from the condition of the island itself, under which most men would have either refrained from doing anything, or at least acted listlessly and carelessly—the prospect of the British possession of Java being only of short continuance. Nevertheless, Mr Raffles determined that in the meanwhile nothing should prevent him from doing his duty, and he did it nobly.

Mr Raffles's first step was to cause to be prepared a complete body of statistics relating to all the affairs of the island; and obtaining this, he commenced his scheme of reform. His proposed alterations were of two kinds; first, a reform of the general spirit of the government; and, second, a reform of the actual institutions of the country, wherever it appeared necessary.

The general spirit of the Dutch government, as has been shown, was that of utter selfishness—it was the government of a band of robbers. Java was retained for the single purpose of yielding a revenue, without the slightest regard to the comfort or prosperity of the people. The guiding principle of the government introduced by Mr Raffles was diametrically opposite—it

was the *general good of the whole population*. In conformity with the proclamation of Lord Minto before his departure from the island, he exhorted the people "to consider their new connexion with England as founded on the principles of mutual advantage, and to be conducted in a spirit of kindness and affection." He studied the feelings and the prejudices of all classes of society, entering into the most cordial and familiar intercourse with persons of intelligence and influence, whether they were Dutch or native Javanese, and in every possible way tried to produce a feeling that he had no other object in view as governor than the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. He permitted the poorest Javanese to have free access to his presence; and whatever measure he adopted, or regulation he found it necessary to pass, he took care to have it widely published, and even to have the reasons on which it was founded made known, thus addressing as much as possible the natural good sense of the natives. One resolution which he adopted at his first entrance into office delighted and gratified the Javanese as much as it surprised the Dutch. In travelling through the island, which it was necessary for him to do frequently, and to great distances, he would not carry arms, nor suffer himself to be attended by any escort, and he enjoined his staff to do the same. At first, such had been the false reports spread by the Dutch relative to the character and habits of the Javanese, that this resolution of the governor was considered foolhardy and Quixotic; but at length the wisdom of such a policy became evident. Not a single act of violence occurred in consequence of this display of confidence; on the contrary, the natives regarded it as a compliment, and anticipated the highest things from a governor who put such trust in their quietness and honesty. "Whilst driving along," says a visitor to Java at this time, "in an open carriage at the rate of nine miles an hour through the gorgeous forests of that delicious climate, we could scarcely believe that we were quite at the mercy of the Malays and other tribes, falsely proverbial for treachery and ferocity." Mr Raffles always entertained a high opinion of the character of the natives of Java, and believed that, if properly treated, there was not a more docile or more easily governed people on the face of the earth.

To detail all the changes which Mr Raffles introduced into the administration of Java during the five years of his residence in the island, would be a needless task. It will be sufficient to notice the three principal alterations—his reform of the revenue system, his establishment of a better system of police and public justice, and his abolition of the slave trade.

Our readers are already aware of the nature of the system of internal management which the Dutch pursued. Almost the whole territory was farmed out to native regents or officers, who, besides paying a small rent or recognition money to the Dutch authorities, handed over to them annually the whole produce of

their respective districts at a fixed government price. By disposing of this produce, either by exporting it or by selling it back again to the Javanese themselves, the Dutch raised a revenue; and in this monopoly, therefore, consisted the sole advantage derived by them from the possession of Java. The Dutch themselves had begun to be ashamed of this system of colonial government, and had made some attempts to introduce a better; but none of these attempts succeeded, and it was reserved for Mr Raffles to confer on Java the boon of a well-devised government. The following is his own brief and distinct account of the reform which he effected. "The whole system of native management has been exploded, and the mass of the population are now no longer dependent on a regent or other chieftain, but look up direct to the European power which protects them. In the first place, the lands are let, generally speaking, to the heads of villages, as this description of people appear to me to be the resident superintending farmers of the estate. In so extensive a population, there will naturally require to be some deviations in different districts, but the plan of village rents will generally prevail. After the experience of one year, leases for three years will be granted; and at the conclusion of that period, the leases may either be made for seven or for ten years, or the land granted to the actual possessors in perpetuity. You will thus see that I have had the happiness to release several millions of my fellow-creatures from a state of bondage and arbitrary oppression. The revenue of government, instead of being wrung by the grasping hand of an unfeeling farmer from the savings of industry, will now come into the treasuries of government direct, and be proportioned to the actual capability of the country."

It is necessary to explain this system adopted by Mr Raffles a little more fully. In the first place, the regents or native officers who had been intermediate between the government and the mass of the native population, and who had shamefully ground down the latter in order to make large profits from their situations, were completely laid aside, receiving an allotment of lands, or a sum of money, as a suitable compensation for the loss of their lucrative office. The lands thus placed at the disposal of the government were let at a fair rent to a number of small proprietors, who were generally the heads of villages. To give an idea of who these heads of villages were, we may quote Mr Raffles's own description of a Javanese village. "The cottages of the Javanese are never insulated, but formed into villages whose population extends from 50 to 200 or 300 inhabitants; each has its garden; and this spot of ground surrounding his simple habitation the cottager regards as his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees which may at once yield him their fruit and their shade. The cottages, or the

assemblage of huts that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grave, or a clump of evergreens. Every village forms a community in itself, each having its officers, its priest, and its temple." It was generally, then, to the native heads of such villages, distinguished by the various titles of Petingi, Bakal, or Surah, that the lands were let out by government according to the system introduced by Mr Raffles. In some cases, however, and particularly in those districts where the Chinese had planted themselves most thickly, it was necessary to depart from this regulation, and let the land to others. The land was let on short leases. It was indeed proposed to sell the lands entirely, so as to constitute the heads of villages into permanent landlords instead of government tenants; but Lord Minto seems to have disapproved of this plan of permanent sale, and therefore that of short leases alone was practised. The amount of rent was fixed as equitably as possible by a reference to the circumstances of each particular case, two-fifths of the average annual rice produce of the soil being about the usual rate. This rent being duly paid, the heads of villages or other government tenants were at liberty to dispose of the produce of their respective farms to the best advantage, and at any price they could obtain in the market, the government laying no claim to any exclusive right of purchase. In order, however, to encourage the growth of coffee, which Mr Raffles anticipated might become an important article of export in the course of a few years, government engaged to receive any surplus quantity of that commodity from the growers at a reasonable and fixed rate, when a higher price could not be obtained for it in the market; thus at least securing the coffee growers against loss. Under the old system, besides claiming a monopoly of the produce, the government had a right of vassalage or feudal service over the native regents, and, through them, over the mass of the people; that is, the government had a right to make the natives labour, without wages, on roads and other public works. This feudal exaction, one of the most intolerable that can be imagined, and one under which France groaned before the Revolution, Mr Raffles at once abolished. If the heads of villages paid their rent regularly, they were considered as having discharged all their obligations to government; and whatever labour government might require, it was to pay for at the ordinary market rate of wages.

A change like this could not fail at once to create a hearty spirit of contentment and industry. "All is altered now," we may imagine one of these heads of villages or government tenants saying; "I have no longer to sell all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper, to a greedy government for a wretched pittance, hardly

enough to remunerate me for my toil. All that I have to do is to pay my rent to government; and then I have all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper to do as I please with. All that I raise above what pays my rent and other expenses is clear profit." In order to provide farther against the practice of any extortion by these government tenants upon their inferiors or sub-tenants (which, however, was not likely to happen, the greater part of the government tenants, namely, the heads of villages, having a natural bond connecting them in feeling and interest with their inferiors), a superintendence was exercised by government over the mode in which the lands were sub-let to the minor tenants. Thus, down to the lowest ranks of society the beneficial influence of the change of system extended; and every man began to feel that the fruits of his industry and energy would not, as formerly, be swallowed up by the insatiable maw of government, but would be really and truly his own.

It was necessary, however, not merely to allow the natives to be the sole and exclusive proprietors of the produce of their industry, but also to open up the channels of commerce, so that they might bring that produce to a profitable market. It would have been of no use for government to have given up its claim to a monopoly of the produce, and at the same time to have kept up those restrictions which would have prevented the growers from finding any other market for it, so that they would have been obliged to come to government and say, "Rather than have our rice rot on our hands, we will give you it at your own price," thus actually restoring the monopoly. Accordingly, as a part of the system of Mr Raffles, all the tolls and internal imposts of the island, which operated as checks to internal traffic, were abolished; all the ports of the island, without exception, were thrown open; almost all the export duties were abrogated; the import duties were reduced to the lowest possible point; and no description of goods was excluded from the island. Free trade, in short, in a sense almost as wide as it is possible to understand it, was realised; the only cost incurred in the transmission of goods from one part of the island to another, or from the island itself to other parts of the Malayan Archipelago, being the cost of carriage. This change must have been agreeable to all classes of the community, except perhaps to the Chinese, who had been the great farmers of taxes under the old system, and who were of course obliged now to betake themselves to some other course of industry.

Mr Raffles effected as important a change in the department of justice as he had in the department of revenue. Under the Dutch government, the natives had been subject to laws utterly averse from their natural feelings and superstitions, and with which also they were totally unacquainted. The Dutch laws were doubtless good, but, as applied without modification to the native Javanese, they gave rise to the most tyrannical and unjust

decisions, especially as the juries consisted exclusively of Europeans. Mr Raffles reversed all this. "By means of the numberless inquiries he had instituted all over the island," says a writer who speaks from local knowledge, "and particularly by his own personal investigations, he discovered that the Javanese possessed, from time immemorial, amongst themselves, a system of police as well as of jurisprudence, which, if not precisely squaring in all points with our notions of such things, it was fair to infer were more or less suited to the peculiar circumstances of the island. Strangely enough, the Dutch were ignorant of the existence of many of these native institutions, though some of them were never entirely extinguished during the two centuries of their administration. Mr Raffles, however, at once saw how important it would be to enlist the prejudices and established habits of the natives in his cause, and, by giving the sanction of his authority to local usages which the natives were already in possession of, to attach, as it were, as many ready-made wheels to the machinery of his government." While, however, he introduced into his administration as many of the native Javanese forms as possible, he did not do so indiscriminately; but wherever he found any native custom or regulation which was inconsistent with his own notions of justice, he changed or modified it so as to make it suit. The deposed Javanese rajahs or regents he turned to good account, by availing himself of their services in the department of police; and the dignity which he thus assigned to them, together with the lands and money which they received in lieu of their regencies, was considered by most of them as more than a compensation for what they had lost. By a very simple expedient, Mr Raffles provided for the prompt administration of justice in the island. "One member of each of the courts of justice was appointed a judge of circuit, to be present in each of the residencies at least once in every three months, and as much oftener as was found necessary. The formalities of the Roman law employed by the Dutch were avoided. A native jury, consisting of an intelligent foreman and four others, decided upon the facts; the law was then taken down and expounded by the native law officers; and the sentence, with the opinion of the judge of circuit upon the application of the Dutch and colonial law in the cases, was forwarded for the modification of the lieutenant-governor." At the same time the utmost pains were taken to acquaint the natives with the details of the system. The regulations were translated into the Malayan and all the other languages spoken in Java, and published as widely as possible.

The third great reform accomplished by Mr Raffles was the abolition of the slave trade, and its attendant practice, piracy. Unfortunately, we have but very scanty information on this point: it would appear, indeed, that, in abolishing the iniquitous traffic in slaves, Mr Raffles did not meet with so much difficulty

as might have been expected. The following notice on the subject occurs in Lady Raffles's life of her husband:—"Mr Raffles was anxious to diffuse the blessings of freedom throughout the whole of the varied populations under his charge; and as the British parliament had at this time passed an act which declared the slave trade to be felony, he established it as a colonial law; and it continues in force to this day, since it cannot be repealed without express authority from the mother country. The leading inhabitants possessing slaves concurred with him in his efforts to abolish this dreadful evil throughout the Dutch possessions; and the whole of the slaves in the island were registered according to the forms of the West India islands, with the view of giving them their liberty. The Bengal authorities, however, refused their sanction; because, as they alleged, it had not been determined whether the government of Java was to be permanently administered by the king of Great Britain or by the East India Company."

The highest testimony to the merits of the changes of which we have just given an account is the fact, that while all classes of society were contented with the administration of Mr Raffles, and the native Javanese adored his name, the revenue derived by the government itself was *eight times as large as it had been under the Dutch*. The highest revenue ever raised by the Dutch in Java was four millions of rupees, or half a million of pounds sterling in a year; whereas before Mr Raffles left Java, the revenue amounted to thirty millions of rupees, or nearly four millions of pounds sterling.

Unfortunately, this course of reform, which was renovating the island of Java, and raising it to prosperity greater than it had ever experienced before, was arrested by an event which the governor had from the first anticipated. Looking forward to the restoration of the island to the Dutch, Mr Raffles thus expressed himself in a letter to Lord Minto, dated July 2, 1814. "If I were to believe," says he, "that the Javanese were ever again to be ruled on the former principles of government, I should indeed quit Java with a heavy heart; but a brighter prospect is, I hope, before them. Holland is not only re-established, but, I hope, renovated: her prince has been educated in the best of all schools—adversity; and I will hope the people of Java will be as happy, if not happier, under the Dutch as under the English. Mr Muntinghe has often reminded me, that when conversing with your lordship on the judicial regulations, you observed it was not certain whether England would retain permanent possessions in Java; *but in the meantime let us do as much good as we can*. This we have done, and whatever change may take place, the recollection can never be unpleasing."

In the beginning of 1816, Mr Raffles, after five years' residence in Java, was relieved of the government, and Mr Tindal came

out to succeed him. The intelligence of his departure caused demonstrations of lively regret by the natives as well as Europeans. On the morning of his embarkation, the roads of Batavia were filled with boats, crowded with people of various nations, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect within their power to one whose services they so highly appreciated. On reaching the vessel, he found the decks filled with offerings of every description—fruit, flowers, poultry, whatever they thought would promote his comfort on the voyage. When the order was given to weigh anchor, there was a universal scene of distress; the people felt that they were losing for ever the great man who had so nobly regenerated their country, and been their common benefactor.

The new governor of Java had scarcely time to enter on his duties; for, on the fall of Napoleon, the congress of European powers, by a single stroke of the pen, restored Java to the Dutch.* Had the times been less exciting, it is probable that, before surrendering Java to its former owners, some precautions would have been adopted relative to the government and trade of the island. No such precautions were adopted. Java was unconditionally restored. In one day all the splendid reforms of Mr Raffles were laid in ruins. Delivered up to the Dutch authorities, they remorselessly went back to the old order of things—a rigorous and grasping monopoly in trade, and a tyranny which recognised no principle of humanity or justice. What were the feelings of the rapidly-improving Javanese in being thus delivered up to their old oppressors, may be more easily conjectured than described. They gave a sullen submission, and “the island,” observes a writer in 1830, “has been nearly one scene of rebellion and bloodshed ever since it was given to the Dutch.”

SUMATRA.

After a prosperous voyage, Mr Raffles reached London on the 16th of July 1816, and one of his first acts after arrival was to address the court of directors of the East India Company, claiming an inquiry into his conduct during the period of his administration in Java. He was particularly anxious that this inquiry should be made, because he had reason to know that the court did not entirely approve of all that he had done; and he had hoped that now that he was present in Leadenhall Street to defend his measures, he would be able to represent them to the court in a more favourable light. The

* It does not appear that the French had taken possession of the smaller Spice Islands, which remained nominally under the Dutch, and retained the Dutch flag, although for a number of years there was in reality no Dutch nation. On the restoration of Java, therefore, the possession of these islands, which had been unmolested by any European power, was peacefully resumed.

particular cause of difference between him and the court of directors was as follows:—While in Java, he found it necessary to keep up a considerable military force, and also to discharge certain debts incurred by the old government; and for these purposes money was required. As, however, the island itself could not at first supply as much as was needed, he was obliged to make repeated drafts on the company's treasury in Bengal. As these drafts were made at a time when the Bengal treasury was low, and required to be replenished from London, the court of directors began to entertain a bad opinion of Java, and to contemplate its abandonment. These, among other circumstances, had led to the recall of Mr Raffles. Now, however, he hoped to vindicate his conduct to the satisfaction of the court, and to make it clear that Java, instead of being a burden to the company, would have been a valuable acquisition; and it was with this view that he petitioned the court of directors for a revision of his administration. The court, however, saw it expedient to pronounce no decision, farther than to express its conviction that the measures adopted by Mr Raffles had “sprung from motives perfectly correct and laudable.”

In order to meet the growing demand for information about Java, Mr Raffles rapidly prepared and published a history of the island, which was published in May 1817, and which is a monument of his abilities and the extent of his knowledge. In the same year Mr Raffles married a second time, his first wife having died a short time before he left Java. About the same time also he received from the prince-regent the honour of knighthood. It is a proof of the strong and affectionate interest he took in Java, that in this same year he paid a visit to the continent, for the express purpose of having an interview with the king of Holland respecting the future government of the island. The result of this interview is thus communicated by Sir Stamford himself in a letter to his friend Mr Marsden. “I met with very great attention in the Netherlands, and had the honour to dine with the king last Monday: they were very communicative regarding their eastern colonies; but I regret to say, that notwithstanding the king himself and his leading minister seem to mean well, they have too great a hankering after profit, and *immediate* profit, for any liberal system to thrive under them. The king, while he admitted all the advantages likely to arise from cultivation, and assured me that the system introduced under my administration should be continued, maintained that it was essential to confine the trade, and to make such regulations as would secure it and its profits exclusively to the mother country. I had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments to him very freely, and as he took them in good part, I am in hopes they may have some weight.”

The title of Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, having been conferred on Sir Stamford by the court of

directors, "as a peculiar mark of the favourable sentiments which the court entertained of his merits and services," he once more set sail for the East Indies, there to renew, although in a different spot, his career of active benevolence. He arrived at Bencoolen on the 22d of March 1818.

Sumatra belongs to the same group of islands as Java, from which it is separated at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow strait. Sumatra, however, is considerably the larger, being more than 900 miles long, and varying from 140 to 210 miles in breadth, having thus an area larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together. But though larger, Sumatra is not so important an island as Java. "From the hand of God," says Sir Stamford Raffles in a letter written after he had formed an acquaintance with the island, "Sumatra has received perhaps higher advantages and capabilities than Java; but no two countries form a more decided contrast in the use which has been made of them by man. While Sumatra remains in a great part covered with its primeval forests, and exhibiting but scattered traces of human industry, Java has become the granary and the garden of the East. In the former we find man inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom of the forests, while in the latter he is active and cheerful." One-half of the large island of Sumatra is flat and level; the other is mountainous; and the products of these two parts are of course different, although the principal products of the island may be said to be rice, tobacco, hemp, coffee, sago, camphor, various spices, and innumerable kinds of fruit. From no other country are such large quantities of pepper exported.

Sumatra, like Java, is peopled by a branch of the Malay race; the inhabitants, however, receive various names, according to the districts which they occupy, and present some differences of language, manners, and physiognomy. In some parts of the island the natives exhibit considerable evidences of civilisation; but upon the whole, the Sumatrans are far inferior people to the Javanese. The political condition of Sumatra is much the same as that of Java; that is, it is subject partly to the Dutch, partly to independent native princes. Instead, however, of there being only two independent native states, as in Java, in Sumatra there are five such, namely, the kingdoms of Acheen, Siack, Indragiri, Iambie, and Battas, situated in the northern half of the island. The rest of the island, that is, the southern half, constitutes the Dutch colony, and is governed for the most part by native regents of the different districts under the Dutch authorities.

In 1818, the only part of Sumatra which was not included in the Dutch colony, or in the native territories above mentioned, was Bencoolen, a small district in the south-west of the island, extending from the coast a number of miles into the interior, and belonging to Great Britain; and it was of this district that Sir Stamford Raffles was appointed governor. The British settlement of Bencoolen, or Fort Marlborough, was founded in

1685 by the orders of the East India Company, who conceived it would be an advantageous post in the pepper trade. It never, however, answered their expectations. Whether owing to its natural want of capabilities, or to the mismanagement of those who successively took charge of it, or to both of these causes, Bencoolen proved a very unprofitable settlement. The cost of maintaining the establishment amounted to little less than £100,000 a-year, while all the return it made was a few tons of pepper. In 1801, the establishment was reduced, and an attempt made to introduce a more economical system of management under the direction of the British resident, Mr Parr; but the change was so injudiciously effected, that a great part of the population was thrown out of employment, and the natives became so infuriated as to attack the government-house, and murder Mr Parr. Severe measures of retaliation were adopted by the British, and the consequence was, that the whole district was laid waste; the trees, gardens, and houses being destroyed, and the cattle almost exterminated. "This," writes Sir Stamford Raffles a few days after his arrival at Bencoolen, "is, without exception, the most wretched place I ever beheld. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced in the shape of repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the government-house a den of ravenous dogs and polecats. The natives say that Bencoolen is now a dead land. In truth, I could never have conceived anything half so bad." Not discouraged with this dismal prospect, the writer proceeds—"We will try and make the place better; and if I am well supported from home, the west coast may yet be turned to account. You must, however, be prepared for the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the country people from the forced cultivation of pepper, the discontinuing of the gaming and cock-fighting farms, and a thousand other practices equally disgraceful and repugnant to the British character and government. A complete and thorough reform is indispensable, and reductions must be made throughout."

Paltry as was the appointment of Sir Stamford to the governorship of Bencoolen in comparison with that of Java, his situation was not by any means unimportant, for it imposed on him the superintendence of the adjoining seas. Along with Java, the Dutch had recovered the entire sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, of which during the alienation of Java they had been deprived. There was every probability, therefore, that they would renew their old illiberal policy in that quarter of the world, using the power which they possessed over the natives of the

various islands to prevent them from maintaining an intercourse with the ships of other nations; and, in particular, it was expected that they would renew their attempts to injure the trade of the British in these remote seas. The only stations which the English retained in that quarter of the world were Penang, off the western coast of Malacca, and Bencoolen, in Sumatra. Of course, then, these two settlements derived a peculiar importance from such a consideration, being, as it were, watch-towers from which the English could observe the movements of the Dutch. Bencoolen especially was regarded as a valuable station in this point of view; and among the instructions furnished to Sir Stamford Raffles by the court of directors, before leaving England, was one to the following effect:—"It is highly desirable that the court of directors should receive early and constant information of the proceedings of the Dutch and other European nations, as well as of the Americans, in the Eastern Archipelago. The court therefore desire that you will direct your attention to the object of regularly obtaining such information, and that you will transmit the same to them by every convenient opportunity, accompanied by such observations as may occur to you, whether of a political or commercial nature."

Besides, therefore, his particular duties as governor of Bencoolen, Sir Stamford had to cast his eye over the whole Archipelago, from the Bay of Bengal as far east as New Guinea, and conceive himself charged with the superintendence of the British interests in these seas. Let us first attend to his proceedings in Bencoolen, and more generally in the island of Sumatra.

In some respects, the spirit in which Sir Stamford commenced his reforms at Bencoolen was the same as that which had presided over his administration in Java. "He devoted," says Lady Raffles, "his whole time on his first arrival to the examination of the records of the settlement, the state of the country and people in its immediate neighbourhood, and endeavoured to collect the European inhabitants and the native chiefs around him, that he might become personally acquainted with their habits and manners. The same system of excluding the natives from the society of Europeans had been pursued in this settlement as in most other parts of India. Sir Stamford at once broke down this barrier, and opened his house to the higher class of natives on all occasions. During the whole period of his residence in Sumatra, he had some of them present during the hours of social intercourse. The result of this it is needless to dwell upon. The chiefs and people considered him as their best friend and adviser, yielded to his opinion upon all occasions, and harmony and good-will prevailed throughout the settlement." Yet Sir Stamford found it necessary to pursue a policy in Sumatra in many respects totally different from that which he had pursued in Java. "I have found in the Sumatrans," he says, "a very different people from the inhabitants of Java: they are, perhaps, a

thousand years behind them in civilisation, and consequently require a very different kind of government. In Java, I advocated the doctrine of the liberty of the subject and the individual rights of man—here I am an advocate for despotism. The strong arm of power is necessary to bring men together, and to concentrate them in societies, and there is a certain stage in which despotic authority seems the only means of promoting civilisation. Sumatra is in a great measure peopled by innumerable petty tribes, subject to no general government, having little or no intercourse with each other, and man still remains inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom which pervades the forests by which he is surrounded. No European power seems to think it worth its while to subdue the country by conquest, which would be the shortest and best way of civilising it; and therefore all that can be done is to raise the importance of the chiefs, and to assist in promoting the advance of feudal authority. This once established, and government being once firmly introduced, let the people be enlightened, and the energies which will then be called forth in regaining a portion of their liberties will be the best pledge of their future character as a nation." What a healthy, practical mind we see manifested in such sentiments as these. He found it necessary in Java to abolish all remains of feudal power, and accordingly he abolished them; in Sumatra, on the other hand, he found it necessary to strengthen the feudal tie, and accordingly he strengthened it. A less practical man would have persisted in applying to Sumatra the system which he had found to work well in Java, without any regard to the difference of the two countries.

One of Sir Stamford's first acts in Bencoolen was to abolish slavery. "There were at this time in Bencoolen," says Lady Raffles, "upwards of two hundred African slaves, most of them born in the settlement, who were the children of slaves originally purchased by the East India Company: they were considered indispensable for the duties of the place, and it was asserted that they were happier than free men. They were employed in loading and unloading the company's ships, and other hard work. No care having been taken of their morals, many of them were dissolute and depraved, and the children in a state of nature, vice, and wretchedness." These two hundred negroes Sir Stamford immediately set at liberty. Assembling them all before a meeting of the native chiefs, he explained the views of the British government with regard to the abolition generally, and granted to each negro, man and woman, a certificate declaring him or her to be for ever free, and at liberty to labour for wages like other free persons. The negro children were at the same time assembled at the government-house; and as a considerable degree of prejudice existed against them, Lady Raffles selected one of them, "a little bright-eyed girl eight years old, whom she put under the charge of a European nurse. She proved a most docile, affec-

tionate little attendant; and Lady Raffles, on leaving Sumatra, had the pleasure of giving her a dower on her marriage."

Another class of unfortunate persons who attracted Sir Stamford's benevolent notice were the convicts—criminals who, since the year 1797, had been transported from Bengal to Bencoolen. These amounted to about five hundred in all at the period of Sir Stamford's arrival in Bencoolen. Sir Stamford thought that something might be done for this unfortunate class of men. "It is desirable," he said, in communicating his designs to the court of directors, "that some discrimination should be exercised in favour of those who show the disposition to redeem their character. I would suggest the propriety of the chief authority being vested with a discretionary power of freeing such men as conduct themselves well from the obligations of service, and permitting them to settle in the place, and resume the privileges of citizenship. It rarely happens that any of those transported have any desire to leave the country: they form connexions in the place, and find so many inducements to remain, that to be sent away is considered by most a severe punishment. I propose to divide them into three classes—the first class to be allowed to give evidence in court, and permitted to settle on lands secured to them and their children; but no one to be admitted to this class until he has been resident in Bencoolen three years: the second class to be employed in ordinary labour: the third class, or men of abandoned and profligate character, to be kept to the harder kinds of labour, and confined at night. In cases of particular good conduct, a prospect may be held out of emancipating deserving convicts from further obligation of services on condition of their supporting themselves, and not quitting the settlement." These measures were afterwards carried into effect, and with great success: a large body of persons, till now degraded, soon became useful labourers and happy members of society.

These changes Sir Stamford was able to effect directly by the exercise of his own authority as lieutenant-governor. Certain other important reforms which he effected at the same time, and which concerned the native Sumatrans more particularly, he was able to accomplish only by means of the native chiefs. Having gained their confidence by his kindness, he had no difficulty in obtaining their co-operation. All former treaties between the British president in Bencoolen and the native chiefs were annulled, and a new agreement entered into, whereby authority was given to the company to administer the affairs of the settlement according to justice and good policy. The cultivation of pepper, which had hitherto been compulsory on the natives, was now declared optional: they were to be at liberty to cultivate either pepper or any other kind of produce which they might prefer, and which their lands might be capable of growing; Sir Stamford having too strong a faith in the principle of demand and supply, to entertain any doubt that a proper quantity of

pepper would continue to be cultivated even after liberty had been given to cultivate anything else. Sir Stamford also abolished all the gambling establishments in Bencoolen, from which hitherto the government had derived a considerable revenue. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Sumatrans, as of all the other Malays, is their love for gaming; and in Bencoolen the propensity had grown so strong, as to occupy half the time of the natives, deteriorate their character, and diminish the prosperity of the settlement. The abolition by Sir Stamford Raffles of all public gaming-houses, accompanied as it judiciously was by the abolition of the compulsory cultivation of pepper, produced an immediate and sensible effect: the time which the Sumatrans formerly consumed in gaming of various kinds, they now applied to better purpose, feeling that their industry was at their own disposal. Since the murder of Mr Parr, the native inhabitants had been subjected to various marks of disgrace, such as being prohibited from wearing the crees and other weapons in the town of Marlborough; but all these regulations were rescinded by Sir Stamford, as having nothing but an injurious effect. At the same time he dismissed the body-guard which used to attend the person of the British resident at Bencoolen, and greatly reduced the military force. The natives were highly gratified by these tokens of confidence, and did their best to show that the confidence was not misplaced.

After a short residence at Bencoolen, during which he was engaged in effecting the above-mentioned reforms, Sir Stamford set out on an excursion into the interior of the island, with a view to extend his acquaintance with the Sumatrans, their customs, religions, and character, as well as to gratify his enthusiasm as a naturalist. The route which he attempted was considered impracticable; but he succeeded in penetrating the island, crossing the mountains, and reaching Palembang on the opposite coast. He also penetrated northward, cultivating the acquaintance of the natives wherever he went, and acquiring an immense store of new and valuable information. The description he has given of these journeys imparts a striking idea of his adventurous spirit and love of scientific pursuit. Ascending mountains, crossing rivers, and penetrating forests, the party were often startled by the approach of elephants and other unwelcome visitors. On one occasion, in passing through a forest, they were much annoyed with leeches, which got into their boots and covered their legs with blood. The most important botanic discovery made throughout the journey was that of the *Rafflesia*, perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It measured across, from the extremity of the petals, rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep, and was estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; the weight of the whole was fifteen pounds. In alluding to this magnificent plant, Sir Stamford observes in a letter to a friend in England, "There

is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation. The magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees, contrasts strangely with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our fruit trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under 100, and generally 160 to 200 feet in height."

In most of his excursions, Sir Stamford was accompanied by Lady Raffles, who entered warmly into his pursuits, and delighted in exploring the romantic coasts of the Spice Islands. "It is impossible," observes this accomplished lady in one of her letters, "to conceive an idea of the pleasure of sailing through this beautiful and unparalleled Archipelago, in which every attraction of nature is combined. The smoothness of the sea, the lightness of the atmosphere, the constant succession of the most picturesque lake scenery; islands of every shape and size clustered together; mountains of the most fanciful forms crowned with verdure to their summit; rich and luxuriant vegetation extending to the very edge of the water; little native boats with only one person in them, continually darting out from the deep shade which concealed them, looking like so many cockle-shells wafted about by the wind. Altogether it is a scene of enchantment deserving a poet's pen to describe its beauties."

Returning from these excursions, Sir Stamford occupied his time in the improvement of Bencoolen, the consolidation of his government, and the pursuit of science; the latter object being aided by a regular establishment of naturalists and draughtsmen. Most unfortunately, here, as elsewhere, he was exposed to much annoyance from the Dutch, who lost no opportunity of thwarting his policy. "Prepared as I was," he writes, "for the jealousy and assumption of the Dutch commissioners in the East, I have found myself surprised by the unreserved avowal they have made of their principles, their steady determination to lower the British character in the eyes of the natives, and the measures they have already adopted towards the annihilation of our commerce, and of our intercourse with the native traders throughout the Malayan Archipelago. Not satisfied with shutting the eastern ports against our shipping, and prohibiting the natives from commercial intercourse with the English, they have despatched commissioners to every spot in the Archipelago where it is probable we might attempt to form settlements, or where the independence of the native chiefs affords anything like a free port to our shipping." In these circumstances, Sir Stamford was exceedingly anxious that some new settlement should be established in a more convenient situation than either Penang or Bencoolen, in which new settlement some accredited British authority might be at hand to afford protection to the British

shipping and trade. He thought that the most advantageous situation for such an establishment would be the Straits of Sunda, if it were practicable to found one there. And it is interesting to find that, in fixing on such a situation, he is affectionately reverting to the island which of all others was dearest to his recollection—Java. “It is impossible,” he says, “not to foresee that unless the Dutch adopt a very different policy from that which they are now pursuing, Java must eventually either become independent of European authority, or on some future occasion of hostilities again fall under the dominion of the English. The seeds of independence have been too generally sown, and the principles of the British administration too deeply rooted, to be eradicated by a despotic order. In such an event, calculating on the bare possibility of its occurrence in fifty or a hundred years hence, we shall feel the advantage of the measures I have now suggested.”

Full of these ideas, Sir Stamford Raffles determined to proceed to Bengal, to have a personal conference with Lord Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, governor-general of India. When he arrived at Calcutta, such was the effect of almost his first interview with the marquis, and so high had his character risen since his retirement from the government of Java, that although the marquis had previously condemned his policy, he now became his sincere friend, and acknowledged his past services in very flattering terms. Although Sir Stamford did not succeed in gaining over the governor and the council to the full extent of his views, he roused them to the necessity of doing something to resist the Dutch in the Archipelago. “All he asked,” he said, “was permission to anchor a line-of-battle ship, and hoist the English flag, at the mouth either of the Straits of Malacca or of Sunda, and the trade of England would be secured, the monopoly of the Dutch broken.” The Straits of Sunda, we have seen, was the position he would have preferred; but as there were insurmountable objections to it, Singapore was conclusively fixed upon as the site of the projected settlement.

Sir Stamford was intrusted with the difficult and delicate duty of founding the new settlement. Attempts were made at Penang to dissuade him from undertaking so arduous a task. Determined, however, to accomplish the duty intrusted to him, he proceeded in person down the Straits of Malacca, and in ten days after leaving Penang, that is, on the 29th of February 1819, the British flag was waving in the breeze at Singapore.

SINGAPORE.

Singapore, or, as it is sometimes written, Singapore, is an island measuring twenty-seven miles in length by eleven in breadth, situated off the extreme point of the peninsula of Siam or Malacca. Its climate is healthy, and its interior is generally laid out in plantations and gardens. The value of the

island consists in its commanding the Straits of Malacca—the great channel of trade and communication between India, China, and the Spice Islands. A more splendid geographical position could not have been chosen for a mercantile city and depôt. The passage between it and China can be made by a trading vessel in six days; and the same time, in the favourable monsoon, will suffice for the passage between it and Batavia, Borneo, or Penang. The following is Sir Stamford's opinion of it, after a residence of nearly three months. "I am happy to inform you that everything is going on well here. It bids fair to be the next port to Calcutta. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East; and as far as naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of much higher value than whole continents of territory."

After residing for a short time at Singapore, and seeing the foundations of the colony fairly laid, Sir Stamford returned to Bencoolen, in Sumatra, to which we shall follow him. Eager in his desires for improvement, he had on his first arrival in Bencoolen, in 1818, planted a garden in a spot which was bare and desolate. On now reaching the same scene, all was magnificent vegetation, and he found his house embosomed in rich foliage. The casuarina trees had grown to the height of thirty or forty feet; and as the carriage approached the house, it drove through a shrubbery of nutmeg, clove, cocoa, and cassia trees. Of all these, the nutmeg is the most beautiful; it spreads its branches in a wide circle, bearing fruit in profusion, and the fruit itself is the loveliest in the world; the shell or outside covering is of a rich cream colour, resembling a peach; when this bursts, the dark nut appears encircled and chequered with mace of the brightest crimson, which, when contrasted with the deep emerald green of the leaves, forms a picture most grateful to the eye. But, what was of more consequence, society was improving and flourishing as well as vegetation, eleven months having been sufficient to make the change in it visible too. Sir Stamford, however, was not a man to rest satisfied with a few reforms at the outset: he was possessed with the true reforming and philanthropic spirit: he felt uneasy in the presence of whatever was wrong, and gave himself no rest till he had rectified it. Some of his farther schemes and intentions are detailed in a letter to Mr Wilberforce written at this period. Convinced, however, of the necessity of having a thorough knowledge of the dispositions of any people for whose good one proposes to legislate, he had appointed a committee to inquire into the state of society in Sumatra, into the root and origin of all those strange practices which he intended to abolish. One of his schemes for the civilisation of the Sumatrans was the foundation of national schools, and in this he had so far succeeded; another, and one of gigantic importance, was the foundation of a Malayan university, a native college—1st, for the education of

the higher classes of natives of the whole Malayan Archipelago; 2d, for the instruction of the company's servants in the native languages; and 3d, for the general interests and advancement of Oriental literature. The site proper for such an institution appeared to be Singapore; and accordingly Sir Stamford drew up an elaborate minute on the subject, which he sent to the Marquis of Hastings. We wish we could quote some passages from this noble document; but we can afford room only for the concluding sentences, which breathe a spirit of true statesmanlike philanthropy. "If commerce brings wealth to our shores, it is the spirit of literature and philanthropy which teaches us how to employ it for the noblest purposes. It is this that has made Britain go forth among the nations, strong in her native might, to dispense blessings to all around her. If the time shall come when her empire shall have passed away, these monuments of her virtue shall endure when her triumphs are but an empty name. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light; let her not be remembered as the tempest whose course was desolation, but as the gale of spring reviving the slumbering seeds of mind, and calling them to life from the winter of ignorance and oppression. Let the sun of Britain arise on these islands, not to wither and scorch them in its fierceness, but like that of her own genial skies, whose mild and benignant influence is hailed and blessed by all who feel its beams."

In the end of 1819, Sir Stamford paid another visit to Calcutta. His views had by this time taken shape; and his object was to suggest the consolidation of the various British settlements in the Archipelago—Penang, Bencoolen, Singapore, with any others which might yet be added—into one government, subordinate to the supreme government of India. The accomplishment of such a scheme, and the appointment of Sir Stamford Raffles to be governor under the Marquis of Hastings, would in all probability have been measures of infinite advantage; but the feeling of the home authorities was adverse to the proposal. Sir Stamford therefore returned to Sumatra. No sooner, however, was his philanthropy disappointed of one object than it fastened on another. The island of Poulo Nyas has been already mentioned in the course of this tract as a place supplying slaves to Java. The island is within sight of Sumatra, and contained in 1820 a population of 230,000 souls, on a surface of 1500 square miles. Without having had any communication with civilised nations, the inhabitants of Nyas had made considerable advances in the arts of civilised life. Sir Stamford's benevolent eye had singled out this island for one of his wise experiments, and his efforts succeeded in inducing the native chiefs unreservedly to become subjects of Great Britain. Immediately directing his energies to the suppression of the slave trade, he succeeded in convincing the chiefs of its iniquity and inexpediency, and thus in almost entirely abolishing it—a measure which, however, was labour spent in vain; for

shortly afterwards, Sumatra coming entirely into the possession of the Dutch, the slave traffic with Poulo Nyas was resumed.

Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles began now to look forward to a return to England. The health of both required it: three of their children suddenly fell victims to the climate, and they were anxious to adopt every precaution to preserve their only remaining daughter. Besides, the establishment at Singapore was now the great object of Sir Stamford's thoughts—his "political child," as he called it; and he thought it probable that he should be more able to promote its interest in London than at Calcutta. He determined, however, before leaving the East Indies, to spend a few months at Singapore.

Arriving there on the 10th of October 1822, he found the information he had received of its growing prosperity more than realised. "All is life and activity," he writes to the Duchess of Somerset; "and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years, it has risen from an insignificant fishing village to a large prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. Land is rapidly rising in value; and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many more before many years have passed. This may be considered the simple but almost magical result of *the perfect freedom of trade* which it has been my good fortune to establish." A few months later, he writes Mr Marsden to the same effect; and among other details, he gives the following estimate of the trade of Singapore for 1822, as compared with that of the two old ports, Penang and Malacca:—

IMPORTS.		
Singapore.	Penang.	Malacca.
14,885,999 dollars.	6,437,042 dollars.	1,266,090 dollars.
EXPORTS.		
Singapore.	Penang.	Malacca.
13,372,010 dollars.	5,586,707 dollars.	7,918,163 dollars.

From this period, the trade of Singapore has progressively increased, and the most sanguine expectations of its founder as a free port have been amply realised. In 1836 the population was about 30,000, a large proportion being Chinese traders; and in that year 539 ships, of the aggregate burden of 166,053 tons, entered the port.

During his visit in 1822, Sir Stamford did much to promote this prosperity, which, founded in justice and humanity, may be said to be placed on an imperishable basis. Writing from Singapore in June 1823, he says—"My time is engaged in remodelling and laying out my new city, and in establishing

institutions and laws for its future constitution—a pleasant duty enough in England, where you have books, hard heads, and lawyers to refer to; but here by no means easy, where all must depend on my own judgment and foresight. Nevertheless, I hope that though Sincapore may not be the first capital established in the nineteenth century, it will not disgrace the brightest period of it.” The noble feeling which influenced him in all this is thus expressed by himself. “I should have but ill fulfilled the high trust reposed in me, if, after having congregated so large a portion of my fellow-creatures, I had left them without something like law and regulation for their security and comfort.”

It is impossible within our narrow limits to describe even briefly the constitution which Sir Stamford gave to the important city which he had founded—a constitution which was the most perfect production of his mind, the condensation, as it were, of all his past experience. The constitution breathed a spirit of liberality throughout. It was expressly provided that Sincapore should now and for ever be a free port to all nations; that all races, all religions, all colours, should be equal in the eye of the law; and that such a thing as slavery should have no existence there. But Sir Stamford descended to the minutest details; the establishment, for instance, of standard weights and measures, and local as well as general matters of police. The benevolent will not peruse without feelings of delight the following extract from the “Laws and Regulations” laid down by Sir Stamford for the administration of Sincapore:—

“By the constitution of England, the absolute rights of the subject are defined as follows:—1st, The right of personal security, which consists in a person’s legal uninterrupted enjoyment of his life, his limbs, his body, his health, and his reputation. 2d, The right of personal liberty, which consists in the power of locomotion, of changing situation, or removing one’s person to whatever place one’s own inclination may direct, without imprisonment or restraint, unless by due course of law. 3d, The right of property, which consists in the use, enjoyment, and disposal of all acquisitions, without any control or diminution, save only by the laws of the land.

There seems no reason for denying corresponding rights to all classes of people residing under the protection of the British flag at Sincapore, the laws of the land being such as are or may be enacted under the provisions of Regulation No. III. of 1823, dated the 20th of January last, with such others of a more general nature as may be directed by a higher authority, or which may necessarily accrue under the provisions of the legislature, and the political circumstances of the settlement, as a dependency on great Britain. Admitting these rights to exist, it follows that all acts by which they are invaded are wrongs; that is to say, crimes or injuries.

In the enactment of laws for securing these rights, legal obligation must never supersede or take the place of, or be inconsistent with, or more or less onerous than, moral obligation. The English practice of teaching prisoners to plead not guilty, that they may thus have a chance of escaping from punishment, is inconsistent with this, and consequently objectionable. It is indeed right and proper that the court should inform itself of all the circumstances of a crime from witnesses, as well as from the declaration of the prisoner himself. Denial is, in fact, an aggravation of a crime, according to every idea of common sense; it disarms punishment of one of its most beneficial objects, by casting a shade of doubt over its justice.

The sanctity of oaths should also be more upheld than in English courts. This may be done by never administering them except as a last resort. If they are not frequently administered, not only will their sanctity be more regarded, and in this way their breach be less proportionately frequent, but of necessity much more *absolutely* uncommon, and consequently much more certainly visited with due punishment. Truth, however, must be required, under pain of punishment, in all cases of evidence given before a court of justice.

The imprisonment of an unfortunate debtor at the pleasure of his creditor, by which the services of the individual are lost to all parties, seems objectionable in this settlement; and it is considered that the rights of property may be sufficiently protected by giving to the creditor a right to the value of the debtor's services for a limited period, in no case exceeding five years, and that the debtor should only be liable to imprisonment in case of fraud, and as far as may be necessary for the security of his person, in the event of his not being able to find bail during the process of the court, and for the performance of the decree after judgment may be passed.

It is well known that the Malay race are sensibly alive to shame, and that in many cases they would prefer death to ignominy. This is a high and honourable feeling, and ought to be cherished. Let great care be taken to avoid all punishments which are unnecessarily degrading. Both the Malays and Chinese are a reasoning people, and though each may reason in a way peculiar to itself, and different in some respects from our own way of reasoning, this germ of civilisation should not be checked. Let no man be punished without a reason assigned. Let the principles of British law be applied not only with mildness, and a patriarchal kindness and indulgent consideration for prejudices of each tribe, as far as substantial justice will allow, but also with reference to their reasoning powers, however weak, and that moral principle which, however often disregarded, still exists in the consciences of men.

Let native institutions, as far as regards religious observances, marriage, and inheritance, be respected when the same

may not be inconsistent with justice and humanity, or injurious to the peace and morals of society.

Let all men be considered equal in the eye of the law. Let no man be banished the country without a trial by his peers, or by due course of law.

Let no man be deprived of his liberty without a cause, and no man be detained in confinement beyond forty-eight hours, without a right to demand a hearing and trial according to due course of law.

Let the public have a voice through the magistracy, by which their sentiments may at all times be freely expressed."

It was not without considerable opposition that Sir Stamford succeeded in establishing Singapore on such a liberal basis. "I have been opposed throughout," he writes, "in establishing the *freedom* of the port, and anything like a liberal mode of management, and not only by the Penang government, but also in Bengal. The Bengal merchants, or rather one or two of them whom I could name, would have preferred the old system, by which they might have monopolised the early resources of the place, and thus checked its progress to importance."

Returning to Bencoolen in the middle of the year 1823, Sir Stamford set sail for England on the 2d of February 1824. On the evening after leaving the harbour, and when the ship was about fifty miles from land, the crew were roused by the cry of fire. They had just time to lower the boats and escape—Sir Stamford half-dressed, Lady Raffles and the children taken out of bed with neither shoes nor stockings, and only a blanket round them—when the ship burst out into one mass of flame. After a hard night's rowing they reached Bencoolen, and were once more in the home they had left but a few hours before. Almost the only loser by this calamity was Sir Stamford; but to him the loss was beyond all repair. The whole of his drawings, all his collections in botany and zoology, all his written descriptions and papers, every document and memorandum he possessed, fell a prey to the flames. Yet such was his perseverance, that on the morning after his loss he set about doing all he could to lessen it, recommencing an elaborate map of Sumatra, and despatching men into the forests for specimens of plants and animals.

On the 8th of April Sir Stamford again set sail, and in a few months he landed at Plymouth. For nearly two years his time was occupied in furthering at home those objects to which he had devoted himself abroad. It was only indirectly, indeed, that he could exert any influence over the island of Sumatra; for in 1824 Bencoolen was given up to the Dutch in exchange for Malacca, so that the whole island of Sumatra, as well as Java and the smaller Spice Islands, was now in their possession. In the progress of Singapore, however, he took especial interest; and to the last, his scheme of a great educational institution for all the Malays of the Archipelago was near his heart. His health,

however, had suffered severely from his long and arduous services in the East, and being taken suddenly ill, he died on the 5th of July 1826, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

CONCLUSION.

Thus died at a comparatively early age one of the greatest modern statesmen, a man not more remarkable for his benevolence of disposition, than his comprehensive abilities and sound practical views. Hampered in all his magnificent designs by events over which he could exercise no control, prevented from adding a new and flourishing empire to Britain, we have yet seen how much he accomplished with the means at his disposal, what tyrannic barbarisms he quelled, what a measure of civilisation and human happiness he achieved. His successful institution of new and vigorous states of society in Java, Bencoolen, and Singapore, with the whole apparatus of enlightened laws and municipal establishments, must ever be considered one of the grandest facts in British colonial history—grand from its very contrast with the narrow-minded policy usually pursued with relation to our distant possessions and settlements—and marks alike the profoundness of his judgment, and the dauntless integrity of his character.

While lamenting that so many of the arrangements of this great man were subsequently and remorselessly overthrown, their success for a period of five years was of considerable value, in showing how social disorders consequent on a long period of misrule may be safely and satisfactorily remedied. His uncompromising abolition of slavery in Java alone was an act of signal triumph, suggestive of what might elsewhere be effected, if undertaken with a right good will and in a right way. Unlike men pledged by their prophetic fears and declamations to prove that emancipation would be a forerunner of universal ruin, Sir Stamford Raffles approached the subject with an all-abounding faith in the power of *justice, kindness, and conciliation*; and the result—joy, peace, industry, in place of misery, discontent, and idleness—evinced the truthfulness of his calculations. With the like soundness of conception did he sweep away the barren monopolies of centuries, liberate commerce, and establish, by indisputable evidence, that freedom of trade is not only the most just and rational, but that it is also the most expedient for all parties—blessing not less the receivers than the givers. Whether, therefore, as the governor of a colony, a law-giver, a financier, and a man of taste and science, Sir Stamford Raffles may be said to have been rarely surpassed, and as rarely equalled. How incomparably more glorious his achievements than those which the proudest warrior can boast—how much more worthy will his name be held in remembrance than that of the destroyer of nations, surrounded by all the honours which kings and courts can bestow!



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

AT the middle of the chain of islands composing the West Indies, lies one of large size discovered by Columbus on the 6th of December 1492, and called by him, in honour of his native country, Hispaniola, or Little Spain. This name, however, was afterwards abandoned, and the island was called St Domingo, from the name of its principal town. Latterly, this second appellation has likewise dropped out of use, and the island now bears the name of Hayti, a word signifying *mountainous*, by which name it was called by its original inhabitants before the visit of Columbus.

Hispaniola, St Domingo, or Hayti, is not only one of the largest, but also one of the most beautiful and productive islands in the West Indies. Extending a length of 390 miles by a breadth of from 60 to 150, it presents great diversity of scenery—lofty mountains, deep valleys, and extensive plains or savannas, clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. The sea sweeps boldly here and there into the land, forming commodious harbours and charming bays; the air on the plains is warm, and laden with the perfume of flowers; and the sudden changes from drought to rain, though trying to a European constitution, are favourable to the growth of the rich products of the soil.

Columbus and his successors having founded a settlement in the island, it became one of the Spanish colonial possessions, to

the great misfortune of the unhappy natives, who were almost annihilated by the labour which the colonists imposed upon them. As Spain, however, extended her conquests in the American mainland, the importance of Hispaniola as a colony began to decline; and at the beginning of the seventeenth century the island had become nearly a desert, the natives having been all but extirpated, and the Spanish residents being few, and congregated in several widely-separated stations round the coast. At this time the West Indian seas swarmed with *buccaneers*, adventurers without homes, families, or country, the refuse of all nations and climes. These men, the majority of whom were French, English, and Dutch, being prevented by the Spaniards from holding any permanent settlement in the new world, banded together in self-defence, and roved the seas in quest of subsistence, seizing vessels, and occasionally landing on the coast of one of the Spanish possessions, and committing terrible ravages. A party of these buccaneers had, about the year 1629, occupied the small island of Tortuga on the north-west coast of St Domingo. From this island they used to make frequent incursions into St Domingo, for the purpose of hunting; the forests of that island abounding with wild cattle, horses, and swine, the progeny of the tame animals which the Spaniards had introduced into the island. At length, after various struggles with the Spanish occupants, these adventurers made good their footing in the island of St Domingo, drove the Spaniards to its eastern extremity, and became masters of its western parts. As most of them were of French origin, they were desirous of placing themselves under the protection of France; and Louis XIV. and his government being flattered with the prospect of thus acquiring a rich possession in the new world, a friendly intercourse between France and St Domingo began, and the western part of the island assumed the character of a flourishing French colony, while the Spanish colony in the other end of the island correspondingly declined.

From 1776 to 1789, the French colony was at the height of its prosperity. To use the words of a French historian, everything had received a prodigious improvement. The torrents had been arrested in their course, the marshes drained, the forests cleared; the soil had been enriched with foreign plants; roads had been opened across the asperities of the mountains; safe pathways had been constructed over chasms; bridges had been built over rivers which had formerly been passed with danger by means of ox-skin boats; the winds, the tides, the currents, had been studied, so as to secure to ships safe sailing and convenient harbourage. Villas of pretty but simple architecture had risen along the borders of the sea, while mansions of greater magnificence embellished the interior. Public buildings, hospitals, aqueducts, fountains, and baths, rendered life agreeable and healthy; all the comforts of the old world had been transported into the new. In 1789 the

population of the colony was 665,000; and of its staple products, it exported in that year 68,000,000 pounds of coffee and 163,000,000 pounds of sugar. The French had some reason to be proud of St Domingo; it was their best colony, and it promised, as they thought, to remain for ages in their possession. Many French families of note had emigrated to the island, and settled in it as planters; and both by means of commerce, and the passing to and fro of families, a constant intercourse was maintained between the colony and the mother country.

Circumstances eventually proved that the expectation of keeping permanent possession of St Domingo was likely to be fallacious. The constitution of society in the island was unsound. In this, as in all the European colonies in the new world, negro slavery prevailed. To supply the demand for labour, an importation of slaves from Africa had been going on for some time at the rate of about 20,000 a-year; and thus at the time at which we are now arrived there was a black population of between 500,000 and 600,000. These negroes constituted an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the colony, for the whites did not amount to more than 40,000. But besides the whites and the negroes, there was a third class in the population, arising from the intermixture of the white and negro races. These were the *people of colour*, including persons of all varieties of hue, from the perfect sable of the freed negro, to the most delicate tinge marking remote negro ancestry in a white man. Of these various classes of mulattoes, at the time of which we are now speaking, there were about 30,000 in the colony.

Although perhaps less cruelly treated than others in a state of hopeless servitude, the negroes of St Domingo were not exempt from the miseries which usually accompany slavery; yet they were not so ignorant as not to know their rights as members of the human family. Receiving occasional instruction in the doctrines of Christianity, and allowed by their masters to enjoy the holidays of the church, they were accustomed to ponder on the principles thus presented to their notice, and these they perceived were at variance with their condition. This dawning of intelligence among the negroes caused no alarm to the planters generally. The French have always been noted for making the kindest slave-owners. Imitating the conduct of many of the old nobility of France in their intercourse with the peasantry, a number of the planters of St Domingo were attentive to the wants and feelings of their negro dependents—encouraging their sports, taking care of them in sickness, and cherishing them in old age. In the year 1685, likewise, Louis XIV. had published a *code noir*, or black code, containing a number of regulations for the humane treatment of the negroes in the colonies. Still, there were miseries inseparable from the system, and which could not be mitigated; and in St Domingo, as in all the other colonies of

the new world, slavery was maintained by the cruelties of the whip and the branding-iron. It was only, we may easily suppose, by a judicious blending of kindness and severity, that a population of upwards of 500,000 negroes could be kept in subjection by 40,000 whites.

The condition of the mulatto population deserves particular attention. Although nominally free, and belonging to no individual master, these mulattoes occupied a very degraded social position. Regarded as public property, they were obliged to serve in the colonial militia without any pay. They could hold no public trust or employment, nor fill any of the liberal professions—law, medicine, divinity, &c. They were not allowed to sit at table with a white, to occupy the same place at church, to bear the same name, or to be buried in the same spot. Offences which in a white man were visited with scarcely any punishment, were punished with great severity when committed by a mulatto. There was one circumstance, however, in the condition of the mulattoes, which operated as a balance to all those indignities, and enabled them to become formidable in the colony—they were allowed to acquire and to hold property to any amount. Able, energetic, and rendered doubly intent upon the acquisition of wealth by the power which it gave them, many of these mulattoes or people of colour became rich, purchased estates, and equalled the whites as planters. Not only so, but, possessing the tastes of Europeans and gentlemen, they used to quit St Domingo and pay occasional visits to what they as well as the whites regarded as their mother country. It was customary for wealthy mulattoes to send their children to Paris for their education. It ought to be remarked also respecting the mulatto part of the population of St Domingo, that they kept aloof both from the pure whites and the pure negroes. The consciousness of his relationship to the whites, as well as his position as a free man, and frequently also as the owner of negro slaves, gave the mulatto a contempt and dislike for the negro; while, on the other hand, he had suffered too much from the whites to entertain any affection for them. The most inveterate enemies of the mulattoes among the whites were the lower classes, or, as the mulattoes called them, *Les petits blancs*—‘The little whites.’ These *petits blancs* regarded the mulattoes not only with the prejudice of race, but with feelings of envy on account of their wealth. Among the whites themselves there were feuds and party differences, arising from difference of social position. The *petits blancs* grumbled at the unequal distribution of the good things of the island, while the superior men among the whites, proud of their descent from old French families, were not content with merely being rich, but wished also to have titles, to make the distinction between them and the other colonists greater. Such was the state of society in the colony of St Domingo in the year 1789-90, when the French Revolution broke out.

FRENCH REVOLUTION—INSURRECTION IN THE ISLAND.

Although situated at the distance of 3500 miles from the mother country, St Domingo was not long in responding to the political agitations which broke out in Paris in 1789. When the news reached the colony that the king had summoned the States-general, all the French part of the island was in a ferment. Considering themselves entitled to share in the national commotion, the colonists held meetings, passed resolutions, and elected eighteen deputies to be sent home to sit in the States-general as representatives. The eighteen deputies reached Versailles a considerable time after the States-general had commenced their sittings, and constituted themselves the National Assembly; and their arrival not a little surprised that body, who probably never expected deputies from St Domingo, or who at all events thought eighteen deputies too many for one colony. Accordingly, it was with some difficulty that six of them were allowed to take their seats. At that time colonial gentlemen were not held in great favour at Paris. Among the many feelings which then simultaneously stirred and agitated that great metropolis, there had sprung up a strong feeling against negro slavery. Whether the enthusiasm was kindled by the recent proceedings of Clarkson and Wilberforce in London, or whether it was derived by the French themselves from the political maxims then afloat, the writers and speakers of the Revolution made the iniquity of negro slavery one of their most frequent and favourite topics; and there had just been founded in Paris a society called *Amis des Noirs*, or Friends of the Blacks, of which the leading revolutionists were members. These *Amis des Noirs* seem partly to have been influenced by a real benevolent zeal in behalf of the negroes, and partly to have employed the movement for the emancipation of the slaves in the colonies merely as an instrument to assist them in their home-politics. To them negro slavery was a splendid instance of despotism; and in rousing the public mind by their orations and writings respecting the blacks, they were creating that vehement force of opinion which was to sweep away French monarchy and French feudalism. They succeeded in raising a prejudice against the colonists and their interests. When a planter from the sugar islands made his appearance in the streets of Paris, he was looked at as a walking specimen of a despot who had grown rich at the expense of the blood and the agonies of his fellow-men. The mulattoes, on the other hand, then resident in Paris, the young men who had been sent over for their education, as well as those who chanced to have come on a visit, were diligently sought out by the *Amis des Noirs*, and became public pets. Amiable, well-educated, and interesting in their appearance, it gave great point and effect to the eloquence

of a revolutionist orator to have one of these young mulattoes by his side when he was speaking; and when, at the conclusion of a passage in praise of liberty, the orator would turn and indicate with his finger his coloured friend, or when, yielding to French impulse, he would throw his arms round him and embrace him with sobs, how could the meeting be unmoved, or the cheering fail to be loud and long?

The intelligence of what was occurring at Paris gave great alarm in St Domingo. When the celebrated declaration of rights, asserting all men to be "free and equal," reached the island along with the news of the proceedings of the *Amis des Noirs*, the whites, almost all of whom were interested in the preservation of slavery, looked upon their ruin as predetermined. They had no objection to freedom in the abstract, freedom which should apply only to themselves, but they considered it a violation of all decency to speak of black men, mere *property*, having political rights. What disheartened the whites gave encouragement to the mulattoes. Rejoicing in the idea that the French people were their friends, they became turbulent, and rose in arms in several places, but were without much difficulty put down. Two or three whites, who were enthusiastic revolutionists, sided with the insurgents; and one of them, M. De Beaudierre, fell a victim to the fury of the colonists. The negro population of the island remained quiet; the contagion of revolutionary sentiments had not yet reached them.

When the National Assembly heard of the alarm which the new constitution had excited in the colonies, they saw the necessity for adopting some measures to allay the storm; and accordingly, on the 8th of March 1790, they passed a resolution disclaiming all intention to legislate sweepingly for the internal affairs of the colonies, and authorising each colony to mature a plan for itself in its own legislative assembly (the Revolution having superseded the old system of colonial government by royal officials, and given to each colony a legislative assembly, consisting of representatives elected by the colonists), and submit the same to the National Assembly. This resolution, which gave great dissatisfaction to the *Amis des Noirs* in Paris, produced a temporary calm in St Domingo. For some time nothing was to be heard but the bustle of elections throughout the colony: and at length, on the 16th of April 1790, the general assembly met, consisting of 213 representatives. With great solemnity, and at the same time with great enthusiasm, they began their work—a work which was to be nothing less than a complete reformation of all that was wrong in St Domingo, and the preparation of a new constitution for the future government of the island. The colonists were scarcely less excited about this miniature revolution of their own, than the French nation had been about the great revolution of the mother country. All eyes were upon the proceedings of the assembly; and at length, on

the 28th of May, it published the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution, consisting of ten articles. The provisions of this new constitution, and the language in which they were expressed, were astounding: they amounted, in fact, to the throwing off of all allegiance to the mother country. This very unforeseen result created great commotion in the island. The cry rose every where that the assembly was rebelling against the mother country; some districts recalled their deputies, declaring they would have no concern with such presumptuous proceedings; the governor-general, M. Peynier, was bent on dissolving the assembly altogether; riots were breaking out in various parts of the island, and a civil war seemed impending, when in one of its sittings the assembly, utterly bewildered and terrified, adopted the extraordinary resolution of going on board a ship of war then in the harbour, and sailing bodily to France, to consult with the National Assembly. Accordingly, on the 8th of August, eighty-five members, being nearly all then left sitting, embarked on board the *Leopard*, and, amid the prayers and tears of the colonists, whose admiration of such an instance of heroism and self-denial exceeded all bounds, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail for Europe.

In the meantime, the news of the proceedings of the colonial assembly had reached France, and all parties, royalists as well as revolutionists, were indignant at what they called the impudence of these colonial legislators. The *Amis des Noirs* of course took an extreme interest in what was going on; and under their auspices, an attempt was made to take advantage of the disturbances prevailing in the island for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the coloured population. A young mulatto named James Ogé was then residing in Paris, whither he had been sent by his mother, a woman of colour, the proprietrix of a plantation in St Domingo. Ogé had formed the acquaintance of the Abbe Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, Lafayette, and other leading revolutionists connected with the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, and fired by the ideas which he derived from them, as well as directly instigated by their advice, he resolved to return to St Domingo, and, rousing the spirit of insurrection, become the deliverer of his enslaved race. Accordingly, paying a visit to America first, he landed in his native island on the 12th of October 1790, and announced himself as the redresser of all wrongs. Matters, however, were not yet ripe for an insurrection; and after committing some outrages with a force of 200 mulattoes, which was all he was able to raise, Ogé was defeated, and obliged, with one or two associates, to take refuge in the Spanish part of the island. M. Blanchelande succeeding M. Peynier as governor-general of the colony, demanded Ogé from the Spaniards; and in March 1791 the wretched young man, after betraying the existence of a wide-laid conspiracy among the mulattoes and negroes of the island, was broken alive upon the wheel.

All this occurred while the eighty-five members of the assembly were absent in France. They had reached that country in September 1790, and been well received at first, owing to the novelty and picturesqueness of their conduct; but when they appeared before the National Assembly, that body treated them with marked insult and contempt. On the 11th of October, Barnave proposed and carried a decree annulling all the acts of the colonial assembly, dissolving it, declaring its members ineligible again for the same office, and detaining the eighty-five unfortunate gentlemen prisoners in France. Barnave, however, was averse to any attempt on the part of the National Assembly to force a constitution upon the colony against its will; and especially he was averse to any direct interference between the whites and the people of colour. These matters of internal regulation, he said, should be left to the colonists themselves; all that the National Assembly should require of the colonists was, that they should act in the general spirit of the Revolution. Others, however, among whom were Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, and Lafayette, were for the home government dictating the leading articles of a new constitution for the colony; and especially they were for some sweeping assertion by the National Assembly of the equal citizenship of the coloured inhabitants of the colony. For some time the debate was carried on between these two parties; but the latter gradually gained strength, and the storm of public indignation which was excited by the news of the cruel death of Ogé gave them the complete victory. Tragedies and dramas founded on the story of Ogé were acted in the theatres of Paris, and the popular feeling against the planters and in favour of the negroes grew vehement and ungovernable. "Perish the colonies," said Robespierre, "rather than depart, in the case of our coloured brethren, from those universal principles of liberty and equality which it is our glory to have laid down." Hurried on by a tide of enthusiasm, the National Assembly, on the 15th of May, passed a decree declaring all the people of colour in the French colonies born of free parents entitled to vote for members of the colonial judicatures, as well as to be elected to seats themselves. This decree of admission to citizenship concerned, it will be observed, the mulattoes and free blacks only; it did not affect the condition of the slave population.

In little more than a month this decree, along with the intelligence of all that had been said and done when it was passed, reached St Domingo. The colony was thrown into convulsions. The white colonists stormed and raged, and there was no extremity to which, in the first outburst of their anger, they were not ready to go. The national cockade was trampled under foot. It was proposed to forswear allegiance to the mother country, seize the French ships in the harbours, and the goods of French merchants, and hoist the British flag instead of the French. The

governor-general, M. Blanchelande, trembled for the results. But at length the fury of the colonists somewhat subsided: a new colonial assembly was convened: hopes began to be entertained that something might be effected by its labours, when lo! the news ran through the island like the tremor of an earthquake—"The blacks have risen." The appalling news was too true. The conspiracy, the existence of which had been divulged by Ogé before his execution, had burst into explosion. The outbreak had been fixed for the 25th of August; but the negroes, impatient as the time drew near, had commenced it on the night of the 22d. The insurrection broke out first on a plantation near the town of Cape François; but it extended itself immediately far and wide; and the negroes rising on every plantation, first murdered their masters and their families, and set fire to their houses, and then poured in to swell the insurgent army. The greater part of the mulattoes joined them, and took a leading share in the insurrection. The horrors which were perpetrated by the negroes cannot, dare not be related. On one plantation the standard of the insurgents was the body of a white infant impaled on a stake; on another, the insurgents, dragging a white, a carpenter, from his hiding-place, declared that he should die in the way of his occupation, and accordingly they bound him between two boards and sawed him through. But these are among the least savage of the enormities which were committed during the insurrection. "It was computed," says Mr Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, "that, within two months after the revolt first began, upwards of two thousand white persons of all conditions and ages had been massacred, that one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo settlements had been destroyed, and one thousand two hundred families reduced from opulence to absolute beggary." But after the first shock was over, the whites of the cities had armed themselves, and marched out to attack the negroes, and their retaliation was severe. They outdid the negroes in the cruelty of their tortures. "Of the insurgents," continues the same authority, "it was reckoned that upwards of ten thousand had perished by the sword or by famine, and some hundreds by the hands of the executioner—many of them, I am sorry to say, under the torture of the wheel."

The insurrection was successful. Although the numerical loss of the insurgents had been greater than that of the whites, yet the latter saw that it was in vain to hold out longer against such a large body of foes. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, a truce was concluded between the whites and the mulattoes in the western province; and following this good example, the general assembly of the colony came to a resolution to admit the obnoxious decree of the 15th of May, which recognised the equal citizenship of all persons of colour born of free parents. As the refusal to admit this decree had been the pretext for the insur-

rection, this concession, along with some others, had the effect of restoring order; although, as may be readily conceived, the blacks, who gained nothing by the concession, were far from being conciliated or satisfied. The mulattoes, however, were now gained over to the side of the whites, and the two together hoped to be able to keep the negroes in greater awe.

Meanwhile strange proceedings relative to the colonies were occurring in the mother country. The news of the insurrection of the blacks had not had time to reach Paris; but the intelligence of the manner in which the decree of the 15th of May had been received by the whites in St Domingo had created great alarm. "We are afraid we have been too hasty with that decree of ours about the rights of the mulattoes: it is likely, by all accounts, to occasion a civil war between them and the whites; and if so, we run the risk of losing the colony altogether." This was the common talk of the politicians of Paris. Accordingly, they hastened to undo what they had done four months before, and on the 24th of September the National Assembly actually repealed the decree of the 15th of May by a large majority. Thus the mother country and the colony were at cross purposes; for at the very moment that the colony was admitting the decree, the mother country was repealing it.

The flames of war were immediately rekindled in the colony. "The decree is repealed," said the whites; "we need not have been in such a hurry in making concessions to the mulattoes." "The decree is repealed," said the mulattoes; "the people in Paris are playing false with us; we must depend on ourselves in future. There is no possibility of coming to terms with the whites; either they must exterminate us, or we must exterminate them." Such was the effect of the wavering conduct of the home government. All the horrors of August were re-enacted, and the year 1791 was concluded amid scenes of war, pestilence, and bloodshed. The whites, collected in forts and cities, bade defiance to the insurgents. The mulattoes and blacks fought on the same side, sometimes under one standard, sometimes in separate bands. A large colony of blacks, consisting of slaves broken loose from the plantations they had lived upon, settled in the mountains under two leaders named Jean François and Biassou, planted provisions for their subsistence, and, watching for opportunities, made irruptions into the plains.

CIVIL WAR IN ST DOMINGO—LANDING OF THE BRITISH.

Perplexed with the insurrectionary condition of St Domingo, the home government deputed three commissioners to visit the island, and attempt the rectification of its affairs. This was a fruitless effort. The commissioners, on their arrival, made several tours through the island, were greatly astonished and shocked at what they saw, and, despairing of effecting any

beneficial measure, returned to Paris. Meanwhile the Revolution in the mother country was proceeding; the republican party and the *Amis des Noirs* were rising into power; and on the 4th of April 1792 a new decree was passed, declaring more emphatically than before the rights of the people of colour, and appointing three new commissioners, who were to proceed to St Domingo and exercise sovereign power in the colony. These commissioners arrived on the 13th of September, dissolved the colonial assembly, and sent the governor, M. Blanchelande, home to be guillotined. With great appearance of activity, the commissioners commenced their duties; and as the mother country was too busy about its own affairs to attend to their proceedings, they acted as they pleased, and contrived, out of the general wreck, to amass large sums of money for their own use; till at length, in the beginning of 1793, the revolutionary government at home, having a little more leisure to attend to colonial affairs, revoked the powers of the commissioners, and appointed a new governor, M. Galbaud. When M. Galbaud arrived in the island, there ensued a struggle between him and the commissioners, he being empowered to supersede them, and they refusing to submit. At length the commissioners calling in the assistance of the revolted negroes, M. Galbaud was expelled from the island, and forced to take refuge in the United States. While this strange struggle for the governorship of the colony lasted, the condition of the colony itself was growing worse and worse. The plantations remained uncultivated; the whites and the mulattoes were still at war; masses of savage negroes were quartered in the hills, in fastnesses from which they could not be dislodged, and from which they could rush down unexpectedly to commit outrages in the plains. In one of these irruptions of a host of negroes, the beautiful city of Cape François, the capital of St Domingo, was seized and burnt.

In daily jeopardy of their lives, and seeing no prospect of a return of prosperity, immense numbers of the white colonists were quitting the island. Many families had emigrated to the neighbouring island of Jamaica, many to the United States, and some even had sought refuge, like the royalists of the mother country, in Great Britain. Through these persons, as well as through the refugees from the mother country, overtures had been made to the British government, for the purpose of inducing it to take possession of the island of St Domingo, and convert it into a British colony; and in 1793, the British government, against which the French republic had now declared war, began to listen favourably to these proposals. General Williamson, the lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, was instructed to send troops from that island to St Domingo, and attempt to wrest it out of the hands of the French. Accordingly, on the 20th of September 1793, about 870 British soldiers, under Colonel Whitelocke, landed in St Domingo—a force miserably defective for such an

enterprise. The number of troops was afterwards increased, and the British were able to effect the capture of Port-au-Prince, and also some ships which were in the harbour. Alarmed by this success, the French commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, issued a decree abolishing negro slavery, at the same time inviting the blacks to join them against the British invaders. Several thousands did so; but the great majority fled to the hills, swelling the army of the negro chiefs, François and Biassou, and luxuriating in the liberty which they had so suddenly acquired.

It was at this moment of utter confusion and disorganisation, when British, French, mulattoes, and blacks, were all acting their respective parts in the turmoil, and all inextricably intermingled in a bewildering war, which was neither a foreign war nor a civil war, nor a war of races, but a composition of all three—it was at this moment that Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared, the spirit and the ruler of the storm.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, one of the most extraordinary men of a period when extraordinary men were numerous, and, beyond all question, the highest specimen of negro genius the world has yet seen, was born in St Domingo, on the plantation of the Count de Noé, a few miles distant from Cape François, in the year 1743. His father and mother were African slaves on the count's estate. His father, it is said, was the second son of Gaou-Guinou, king of a powerful African tribe; but being taken prisoner by a hostile people, he was, according to the custom of the African nations, sold as a slave to some white merchants, who carried him to St Domingo, where he was purchased by the Count de Noé. Kindly treated by his master, the king's son scarcely regretted that he had been made a slave. He married a fellow-slave, a girl of his own country, and by her he had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, Toussaint was the eldest. The negro boy grew up on the plantation on which his father and mother were slaves, performing such little services as he could; and altogether, his life was as cheerful, and his work as easy, as that of any slave-boy in St Domingo. On Count Noé's plantation there was a black of the name of Pierre-Baptiste, a shrewd intelligent man, who had acquired much information, besides having been taught the elements of what would be termed a plain European education by some benevolent missionaries. Between Pierre and young Toussaint an intimacy sprung up, and all that Pierre had learned from the missionaries, Toussaint learned from him. His acquisitions, says our French authority, amounted to reading, writing, arithmetic, a little Latin, and an idea of geometry. It was a fortunate circumstance that the greatest natural genius among the negroes of St Domingo was thus singled out to receive the unusual gift of a little instruc-

tion. Toussaint's qualifications gained him promotion; he was made the coachman of M. Bayou, the overseer of the Count de Noé—a situation as high as a negro could hope to fill. In this, and in other still higher situations to which he was subsequently advanced, his conduct was irreproachable, so that while he gained the confidence of his master, every negro in the plantation held him in respect. Three particulars are authentically known respecting his character at this period of his life, and it is somewhat remarkable that all are points more peculiarly of moral than of intellectual superiority. He was noted, it is said, for an exceedingly patient temper, for great affection for brute animals, and for a strong unswerving attachment to one female whom he had chosen for his wife. It is also said that he manifested singular strength of religious sentiment. In person he was above the middle size, with a striking countenance, and a robust constitution, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and requiring little sleep.

Toussaint was about forty-eight years of age when the insurrection of the blacks took place in August 1791. Great exertions were made by the insurgents to induce a negro of his respectability and reputation to join them in their first outbreak, but he steadily refused. It is also known that it was owing to Toussaint's care and ingenuity that his master, M. Bayou, and his family escaped being massacred. He hid them in the woods for several days, visited them at the risk of his own life, secured the means of their escape from the island, and, after they were settled in the United States, sent them such remittances as he could manage to snatch from the wreck of their property. Such conduct, in the midst of such barbarities as were then enacting, indicates great originality and moral independence of character. After his master's escape, Toussaint, who had no tie to retain him longer in servitude, and who, besides, saw reason and justice in the struggle which his race was making for liberty, attached himself to the bands of negroes then occupying the hills, commanded by François and Biassou. In the negro army Toussaint at once assumed a leading rank; and a certain amount of medical knowledge, which he had picked up in the course of his reading, enabled him to unite the functions of army physician with those of military officer. Such was Toussaint's position in the end of the year 1793, when the British landed in the island.

It is necessary here to describe, as exactly as the confusion will permit, the true state of parties in the island. The British, as we already know, were attempting to take the colony out of the hands of the French republic, and annex it to the crown of Great Britain; and in this design they were favoured by the few French royalists still resident in the island. The French commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, on the other hand, men of the republican school, were attempting, with a motley army of

French, mulattoes, and blacks, to beat back the British. The greater part of the mulattoes of the island, grateful for the exertions which the republicans and the *Amis des Noirs* had made on their behalf, attached themselves to the side of the commissioners, and the republic which they represented. It may naturally be supposed that the blacks would attach themselves to the same party—to the party of those whose watchwords were liberty and equality, and who consequently were the sworn enemies of slavery; but such was not the case. Considerable numbers of the negroes, it is true, were gained over to the cause of the French republic by the manifesto the commissioners had published abolishing slavery; but the bulk of them kept aloof, and constituted a separate negro army. Strangely enough, this army declared itself anti-republican. Before the death of Louis XVI., the blacks had come to entertain a strong sympathy with the king, and a violent dislike to the republicans. This may have been owing either to the policy of their leaders, François and Biassou, or to the simple fact, that the blacks had suffered much at the hands of republican whites. At all events the negro armies called themselves the armies of the king while he was alive; and after he was dead, they refused to consider themselves subjects of the republic. In these circumstances, one would at first be apt to fancy they would side with the British when they landed on the island. But it must be remembered that, along with the blind and unintelligent royalism of the negroes, they were animated by a far stronger and far more real feeling, namely, the desire of freedom and the horror of again being subjected to slavery; and this would very effectually prevent their assisting the British. If they did so, they would be only changing their masters; St Domingo would become a British colony, and they, like the negroes of Jamaica, would become slaves of British planters. No; it was liberty they wanted, and the British would not give them that. They hung aloof, therefore, not acting consistently with the French, much less with the British, but watching the course of events, and ready, at any given moment, to precipitate themselves into the contest and strike a blow for negro independence.

The negroes, however, in the meantime had the fancy to call themselves royalists, François having assumed the title of grand admiral of France, and Biassou that of generalissimo of the conquered districts. Toussaint held a military command under them, and acted also as army physician. Every day his influence over the negroes was extending; and as jealousy is a negro vice as well as a European, François became so envious of Toussaint's growing reputation as to cast him into prison, apparently with the further purpose of destroying him. Toussaint, however, was released by Biassou, who, although described as a monster of cruelty, appears to have had some sparks of generous feeling. Shortly after this, Biassou's drunken ferocity

rendered it necessary to deprive him of all command, and François and Toussaint became joint leaders, Toussaint acting in the capacity of lieutenant-general, and François in that of general-in-chief. The negro army at this time judged it expedient to enter the service of Spain, acting in co-operation with the governor of the Spanish colony in the other end of the island, who had been directed by his government at home to carry on war against the French commissioners. The commissioners, it appears, following up the proclamation of liberty to the blacks, which they had published with the hope of increasing their forces sufficiently to resist the British invasion, made an attempt to gain over François and Toussaint. Toussaint, who thought himself bound to assign his reasons for refusing to join them, sent an answer which has been preserved. "We cannot," he says, "conform to the will of the nation, because, since the world began, we have never yielded to the will of any but a king. We have lost our French one; so we adopt the king of Spain, who is exceedingly kind to us; and therefore, gentlemen commissioners, we can have nothing to say to you till you put a king on the throne." This royalist enthusiasm was evidently a mere fancy, which had been put into the heads of the negroes by those who supplied them with words, and which Toussaint allowed himself to be carried away with; and the probability is, that the letter we have quoted was the composition of a Spanish priest. At all events, Toussaint was for some time an officer in the Spanish service, acting under the directions of Joachim Garcia, the president of the Spanish colonial council. In this capacity he distinguished himself greatly. With 600 men, he beat a body of 1500 French out of a strong post which they had occupied near the Spanish town of St Raphael; and afterwards he took in succession the villages of Marmelade, Henneri, Plaisance, and Gonáives. To assist him in these military operations, we are told in some curious notes written by his son, "that, imitating the example of the captains of antiquity, Lucullus, Pompey, Cæsar, and others, he constructed a topographical chart of that part of the island, marking accurately the positions of the hills, the course of the streams," &c. So much did he harass the commissioners, that one of them, Polverel, in speaking of him after the capture of Marmelade, used the expression, "*Cet homme fait ouverture partout*"—[That man makes an opening everywhere.] This expression getting abroad, was the cause of Toussaint being ever afterwards called by the name of *Toussaint L'Ouverture*; which may be translated, Toussaint the Opener; and Toussaint himself knew the value of a good name too well to disclaim the flattering addition. Besides this testimony from an enemy, the negro chief received many marks of favour from the Spanish general, the Marquis d'Hermona. He was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, and presented at the same time with a sword and a badge of honour

in the name of his Catholic majesty. But the Marquis D'Hermona having been succeeded in the command by another, Toussaint began to find his services less appreciated. His old rival, François, did his best to undermine his influence among the Spaniards; nay, it is said, laid a plot for his assassination, which Toussaint narrowly escaped. He had to complain also of the bad treatment which certain French officers, who had surrendered to him, and whom he had persuaded to accept a command under him, had received at the hands of the Spaniards. All these circumstances operated on the mind of Toussaint, and shook the principles on which he had hitherto acted. While hesitating with respect to his next movements, intelligence of the decree of the French Convention of the 4th of February 1794, by which the abolition of negro slavery was confirmed, reached St Domingo; and this immediately decided the step he should take. Quitting the Spanish service, he joined the French general, Laveaux, who—the commissioners Santhonax and Polverel having been recalled—was now invested with the sole governorship of the colony; took the oath of fidelity to the French republic; and being elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, assisted Laveaux in his efforts to drive the English troops out of the island.

In his new capacity, Toussaint was no less successful than he had been while fighting under the Spanish colours. In many engagements, both with the British and the Spaniards, he rendered signal services to the cause of the French. At first, however, the French commander Laveaux showed little disposition to place confidence in him; and we can easily conceive that it must have been by slow degrees that a man in the position of Laveaux came to appreciate the character of his negro officer. Laveaux had a difficult task to fulfil; nothing less, in fact, than the task of being the first European to do justice in practice to the negro character, and to treat a negro chief exactly as he would treat a European gentleman. Philosophers, such as the Abbé Gregoire and the Abbé Raynal, had indeed written books to prove that ability and worth were to be found among the negroes, and had laid it down as a maxim that a negro was to be treated like any other man whose circumstances were the same; but probably Laveaux was the first European who felt himself called upon to put the maxim in practice, at least in affairs of any importance. It is highly creditable, therefore, to this French officer, that when he came to have more experience of Toussaint L'Ouverture, he discerned his extraordinary abilities, and esteemed him as much as if he had been a French gentleman educated in the schools of Paris. The immediate occasion of the change of the sentiments of Laveaux towards Toussaint was as follows. In the month of March 1795, an insurrection of mulattoes occurred at the town of the Cape, and Laveaux was seized and placed in confinement. On hearing this, Toussaint marched at the head of 10,000 blacks

to the town, obliged the inhabitants to open the gates by the threat of a siege, entered in triumph, released the French commander, and reinstated him in his office. In gratitude for this act of loyalty, Laveaux appointed Toussaint lieutenant-governor of the colony, declaring his resolution at the same time to act by his advice in all matters, whether military or civil—a resolution the wisdom of which will appear when we reflect that Toussaint was the only man in the island who could govern the blacks. A saying of Laveaux is also recorded, which shows what a decided opinion he had formed of Toussaint's abilities: "It is this black," said he, "this Spartacus, predicted by Raynal, who is destined to avenge the wrongs done to his race."

A wonderful improvement soon followed the appointment of L'Ouverture as lieutenant-governor of the colony. The blacks, obedient to their champion, were reduced under strict military discipline, and submitted to all the regulations of orderly civil government. "It must be allowed," says General de Lacroix, in his memoirs of the revolution in St Domingo, an account by no means favourable to the blacks—"it must be allowed that if St Domingo still carried the colours of France, it was solely owing to an old negro, who seemed to bear a commission from heaven to unite its dilacerated members." It tended also to promote the cause of good order in the island, that about this time a treaty was concluded between the French Convention and the Spanish government, in consequence of which the war between the French colonists in one end of the island, and the Spanish colonists in the other, was at an end, and the only enemy with whom the French commander had still to contend was the British, posted here and there along the coast. On the conclusion of this treaty, Jean François, the former rival of Toussaint, left the island, and Toussaint was therefore without a rival to dispute his authority among the blacks. He employed himself now in attacking the English positions on the west coast, and with such vigour and success, that in a short time he forced them to evacuate all the country on both sides of the river Artibonite, although they still lingered in other parts of the island, from which they could not be dislodged.

Since the departure of the commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, the whole authority of the colony, both civil and military, had been in the hands of Laveaux; but in the end of the year 1795, a new commission arrived from the mother country. At the head of this commission was Santhonax, and his colleagues were Giraud, Raymond, and Leblanc. The new commissioners, according to their instructions, overwhelmed Toussaint with thanks and compliments; told him he had made the French republic his everlasting debtor, and encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to rid the island of the British. Shortly afterwards, Laveaux, being nominated a member of the legislature, was obliged to return to France; and in the month of April

1796, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed his successor, as commander-in-chief of the French forces in St Domingo. Thus, by a remarkable succession of circumstances, was this negro, at the age of fifty-three years, fifty of which had been passed in a state of slavery, placed in the most important position in the island.

Toussaint now began to see his way more clearly, and to become conscious of the duty which Providence had assigned him. Taking all things into consideration, he resolved on being no longer a tool of foreign governments, but to strike a grand blow for the permanent independence of his race. To accomplish this object, he felt that it was necessary to assume and retain, at least for a time, the supreme civil as well as military command. Immediately, therefore, on becoming commander-in-chief in St Domingo, he adopted measures for removing all obstructions to the exercise of his own authority. General Rochambeau had been sent from France with a military command similar to that which Laveaux had held; but finding himself a mere cipher, he became unruly, and Toussaint instantly sent him home. Santhonax the commissioner, too, was an obstacle in the way; and Toussaint, after taking the precaution of ascertaining that he would be able to enforce obedience, got rid of him by the delicate pretext of making him the bearer of despatches to the Directory. Along with Santhonax, several other officious personages were sent to France; the only person of any official consequence who was retained being the commissioner Raymond, who was a mulatto, and might be useful. As these measures, however, might draw down the vengeance of the Directory, if not accompanied by some proofs of good-will to France, Toussaint sent two of his sons to Paris to be educated, assuring the Directory at the same time that, in removing Santhonax and his coadjutors, he had been acting for the best interests of the colony. "I guarantee," he wrote to the Directory, "on my own personal responsibility, the orderly behaviour and the good-will to France of my brethren the blacks. You may depend, citizen directors, on happy results; and you shall soon see whether I engage in vain my credit and your hopes."

The people of Paris received with a generous astonishment the intelligence of the doings of the negro prodigy, and the interest they took in the novelty of the case prevented them from being angry. The Directory, however, judged it prudent to send out General Hedouville, an able and moderate man, to superintend Toussaint's proceedings, and restrain his boldness. When Hedouville arrived at St Domingo, Toussaint went on board the ship to bid him welcome. Conversing with him in the presence of the ship's officers, Toussaint said something about the fatigues of government, upon which the captain of the vessel, meaning to pay him a compliment, said that he wished no greater honour than that of carrying him to France. "Your

ship," replied Toussaint, too hastily to consider whether what he said was in the best taste—"your ship is not large enough." He improved the saying, however, when one of Hedouville's staff made an observation some time afterwards to the same effect, hinting that he should now give up the cares of government and retire to France, to spend his declining years in peace. "That is what I intend," said he; "but I am waiting till this shrub (pointing to a little plant in the ground) grow big enough to make a ship." Hedouville found himself a mere shadow. Toussaint, though strictly polite to him, paid no attention to his wishes or representations, except when they agreed with his own intentions.

In the meantime, Toussaint was fulfilling his pledge to the Directory, by managing the affairs of the colony with the utmost skill and prudence. One thing, however, still remained to be done, and that was to clear the island of the British troops. Toussaint's exertions had for some time been directed to this end, and with such success, that Saint Mark, Port-au-Prince, Jeremie, and Molé, were the only places of which the British still retained possession. He was preparing to attack them in these their last holds, when General Maitland, seeing the hopelessness of continuing an enterprise which had already cost so many British lives, opened a negotiation with him, which ended in a treaty for the evacuation of the island. While General Maitland was making his preparations for quitting the island, Toussaint and he were mutual in their expressions of regard. Toussaint visited the English general, was received with all the pomp of military ceremonial, and, after a splendid entertainment, was presented in the name of the king of Great Britain with a costly service of plate and two brass cannons. General Maitland, previous to the embarkation of his troops, visited Toussaint's camp in return, travelling with only three attendants through a tract of country filled with armed blacks. While on his way, he was informed that Roume, the French commissioner, had written to Toussaint, advising him to give a proof of his zeal in the French cause by seizing General Maitland, and detaining him as a prisoner; but confiding in the negro's honour, he did not hesitate to proceed. Arrived at Toussaint's quarters, he had to wait some time before seeing him. At length he made his appearance, holding in his hand two letters. "Here, general," he said on entering, "before we say a word about anything else, read these; the one is a letter I have received from the French commissary, the other is the answer I am just going to despatch." It is said by French historians that about this time offers were made to Toussaint, on the part of Great Britain, to recognise him as king of Hayti, on condition of his signing a treaty of exclusive commerce with British subjects. It is certain, at least, that if this offer was made, the negro chief did not accept it.

The evacuation of St Domingo by the English in 1798 did not remove all Toussaint's difficulties. The mulattoes, influenced partly by a rumour that the French Directory meditated the re-establishment of the exploded distinction of colour, partly by a jealous dislike to the ascendancy which a pure negro had gained in the colony, rose in insurrection under the leadership of Rigaud and Petion, two able and educated mulattoes. The insurrection was formidable; but, by a judicious mingling of severity with caution, Toussaint quelled it, reducing Rigaud and Petion to extremities; and the arrival of a deputation from France in the year 1799 bringing a confirmation of his authority as commander-in-chief in St Domingo by the man who, under the title of First Consul, had superseded the Directory, and now swayed the destinies of France, rendered his triumph complete. Petion and Rigaud, deserted by their adherents, and despairing of any further attempt to shake Toussaint's power, embarked for France.

Confirmed by Bonaparte in the powers which he had for some time been wielding in the colony with such good effect, Toussaint now paid exclusive attention to the internal affairs of the island. In the words of a French biographer, "he laid the foundation of a new state with the foresight of a mind that could discern what would decay and what would endure. St Domingo rose from its ashes; the reign of law and justice was established; those who had been slaves were now citizens. Religion again reared her altars; and on the sites of ruins were built new edifices." Certain interesting particulars are also recorded, which give us a better idea of his habits and the nature of his government than these general descriptions. To establish discipline among his black troops, he gave all his superior officers the power of life and death over the subalterns: every superior officer "commanded with a pistol in his hand." In all cases where the original possessors of estates which had fallen vacant in the course of the troubles of the past nine years could be traced, they were invited to return and resume their property. Toussaint's great aim was to accustom the negroes to industrious habits. It was only by diligent agriculture, he said, that the blacks could ever raise themselves. Accordingly, while every trace of personal slavery was abolished, he took means to compel the negroes to work as diligently as ever they had done under the whip of their overseers. All those plantations the proprietors of which did not reappear were lotted out among the negroes, who, as a remuneration for their labour, received one-third of the produce, the rest going to the public revenue. There were as yet no civil or police courts which could punish idleness or vagrancy, but the same purpose was served by courts-martial. The ports of the island were opened to foreign vessels, and every encouragement held out to traffic. In consequence of these arrangements, a most surprising change took place: the plantations were again covered with crops; the sugar-houses and distilleries were re-

built; the export trade began to revive; and the population, orderly and well-behaved, began to increase. In addition to these external evidences of good government, the island exhibited those finer evidences which consist in mental culture and the civilisation of manners. Schools were established, and books became common articles in the cottages of the negro labourers. Music and the theatre were encouraged; and public worship was conducted with all the usual pomp of the Romish church. The whites, the mulattoes, and the blacks, mingled in the same society, and exchanged with each other all the courtesies of civilised intercourse. The commander-in-chief himself set the example by holding public levees, at which, surrounded by his officers, he received the visits of the principal colonists; and his private parties, it is said, "might have vied with the best regulated societies of Paris." Himself frugal and abstemious in his habits, he studied magnificence in all matters of court arrangement, the dress of his officers, his furniture, his entertainments, &c. His attention to decorum might be thought excessive, unless we knew the state of manners which had prevailed in St Domingo while it was a French colony. He would never allow the white ladies to appear at his court with their necks uncovered: women, he said, should always look as if they were going to church. Like every man in high office, Toussaint was frequently annoyed by ambitious persons applying to him for situations for which they had no capacity. He had the art, it is said, of sending such persons away without offending them. A negro, for instance, who thought he had some claim to his acquaintance, would come and ask to be appointed a judge or a magistrate. "Oh yes," Toussaint would reply, as if complying with the request; and then he would add, "of course you understand Latin?" "Latin!" the suitor would say; "no, general, I never learnt it." "What!" Toussaint would exclaim, "not know Latin, and yet want to be a magistrate!" And then he would pour out a quantity of gibberish, intermingled with as many sounding Latin words as he could remember; and the candidate, astonished at such a display of learning, would go away disappointed, of course, at not getting the office, but laying all the blame upon his ignorance of Latin.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—
FRENCH INVASION OF ST DOMINGO.

Successful in all his schemes of improvement, Toussaint had only one serious cause for dread. While he admired, and, it may be, imitated Napoleon Bonaparte, he entertained a secret fear of the projects of that great general. Although Bonaparte, as first consul, had confirmed him in his command, several circumstances had occurred to excite alarm. He had sent two letters to Bonaparte, both headed, "The First of the Blacks to the First of

the Whites," one of which announced the complete pacification of the island, and requested the ratification of certain appointments which he had made, and the other explained his reasons for cashiering a French official; but to these letters Bonaparte had not deigned to return an answer. Moreover, the representatives from St Domingo had been excluded from the French senate; and rumours had reached the island that the first consul meditated the re-establishment of slavery. Toussaint thought it advisable in this state matters to be beforehand with the French consul in forming a constitution for the island, to supersede the military government with which it had hitherto been content. A draft of a constitution was accordingly drawn up by his directions, and with the assistance of the ablest Frenchmen in the island; and after being submitted to an assembly of representatives from all parts of St Domingo, it was formally published on the 1st July 1801. By this constitution the whole executive of the island, with the command of the forces, was to be intrusted to a governor-general. Toussaint was appointed governor-general for life; his successors were to hold office for five years each; and he was to have the power of nominating the first of them. Various other provisions were contained in the constitution, and its general effect was to give St Domingo a virtual independence, under the guardianship of France.

Not disheartened by the taciturnity of Bonaparte, Toussaint again addressed him in respectful terms, and intreated his ratification of the new constitution. The first consul, however, had already formed the resolution of extinguishing Toussaint and taking possession of St Domingo; and the conclusion of a treaty of peace with England (1st Oct. 1801) increased his haste to effect the execution of his deceitful purpose. In vain did persons acquainted with the state of the island endeavour to dissuade him from this movement, by representing the evils which would arise. "I want," he said to the minister Forfait, who was one of those who reasoned with him on the subject—"I want, I tell you, to get rid of 60,000 men." This was probably the secret of his determination to invade St Domingo. Now that the treaty with England was concluded, he felt the presence of so many of his old companions in arms to be an incumbrance. There were men among them very likely to criticise his government and thwart his designs, and these it would be very convenient to send on a distant expedition. Nay more, it would not be misrepresenting Napoleon's character, if we were to suppose that some jealousy of his negro admirer mingled with his other views. Be this as it may, the expedition was equipped. It consisted of twenty-six ships of war and a number of transports, carrying an army of 25,000 men, the flower of the French troops, who embarked reluctantly. The command of the army was given to General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte, the consul's sister.

Bonaparte had never forgiven his sister this marriage with a man of low birth; and it is said that a frequent cause of annoyance to him in the first years of his consulship, was the arrival in Paris of all sorts of odd people from the country, who, being relations of Leclerc, claimed to be the kinsmen of the first consul. Bonaparte accordingly took this opportunity of sending his brother-in-law abroad. Leclerc was accompanied by his wife Pauline, a woman who, to a strength of mind worthy of Napoleon's sister, added a large share of personal beauty. Many of Toussaint's enemies accompanied Leclerc in this expedition, among whom we may mention Rochambeau, who was second in command, and the mulattoes Rigaud and Petion.

The French squadron reached St Domingo on the 29th of January 1802. "We are lost," said Toussaint, when he saw the ships approach; "all France is coming to St Domingo." The invading army was divided into four bodies. General Kerverseau, with one, was to take possession of the Spanish town of St Domingo; General Rochambeau, with another, was to march on Fort Dauphin; General Boudet, with a third, on Port-au-Prince; and Leclerc himself, with the remainder, on Cape François. In all quarters the French were successful in effecting a landing. Rochambeau, in landing with his division, came to an engagement with the blacks who had gathered on the beach, and slaughtered a great number of them. At Cape François, Leclerc sent an intimidating message to Christophe, the negro whom Toussaint had stationed there as commander; but the negro replied that he was responsible only to Toussaint, his commander-in-chief. Perceiving, however, that his post was untenable, owing to the inclination of the white inhabitants of the town to admit Leclerc, Christophe set fire to the houses at night, and retreated to the hills by the light of the conflagration, carrying 2000 whites with him as hostages.

Although the French had effected a landing, the object of the invasion was yet far from being attained. Toussaint and the blacks had retired to the interior, and, in fastnesses where no military force could reach them, they were preparing for future attacks. That the force of language might not be wanting to co-operate with the force of arms, the first consul had sent out a proclamation to be distributed among the inhabitants of St Domingo, assuring them that, "whatever was their origin or their colour, they were all equal, all free, all French in the eyes of God and the republic; that France, herself long desolated by civil wars, but now at peace with the universe, had sent her ships to guarantee civil liberty in St Domingo; but that if the anger of the republic were provoked, it would devour her enemies as the fire devours the dried sugar canes." The proclamation did not produce the intended effect; the blacks still refused to submit. Another stroke of policy was in reserve, the intention of which was to incline Toussaint himself to forbear his opposition to the

occupation of the island by the French. Our readers already know that two of Toussaint's sons, whose names were Isaac and Placide, had been sent to Paris to be educated. At Paris, they were placed under the tuition of one M. Coasnon. The first consul resolved that Toussaint's two sons, along with their preceptor, should accompany the expedition under Leclerc to St Domingo, to try the effect which the sight of them might have on the mind of the negro chief. He had sent for them at the Tuileries, and received them very graciously, inquiring of M. Coasnon which was Isaac and which Placide. "Your father," he said to them, "is a great man, and has rendered many services to France. Tell him I said so; and tell him not to believe that I have any hostile intentions against St Domingo. The troops I send are not destined to fight against the native troops, but to increase their strength. The man I have appointed commander is my own brother-in-law." He then asked them some questions in mathematics; and the young men withdrew, delighted with the first consul's kindness. After landing at Cape François, Leclerc despatched Coasnon with Toussaint's two sons to the village of Henneri, where he heard that Toussaint then was. One of the sons, Isaac, has written an account of this interview with his father, and of the transactions which followed it. Travelling to Henneri, he tells us, with M. Coasnon, the negroes everywhere on the road received them with raptures. When they reached Henneri, Toussaint was absent, and they spent the first evening with their mother and the rest of the family. Next day Toussaint joined them, and meeting him at the door, they threw themselves into his arms. M. Coasnon then presented him with a letter from the first consul, which he read on the spot. The letter was a skilful mixture of flattery and menace. "If the French flag," it said, "float over St Domingo, it is owing to you and your brave blacks. Called by your abilities and the force of circumstances to the first command in the island, you have put an end to civil war, and brought back into repute religion and the worship of God, from whom everything proceeds. The constitution which you have made contains a number of excellent things; but—" and then follow a few threatening passages. After reading the letter, Toussaint turned to M. Coasnon and said, "Which am I to believe?—the first consul's words, or General Leclerc's actions? The first consul offers me peace; and yet General Leclerc no sooner arrives than he rushes into a war with us. However, I shall write to General Leclerc." An attempt was then made to influence him through his paternal feelings; but at length Toussaint put an end to the interview by saying, "Take back my sons," and immediately rode off.

The correspondence which Toussaint entered into with Leclerc produced no good result, and the war began in earnest. Toussaint and Christophe were declared outlaws, and battle after

battle was fought with varying success. The mountainous nature of the interior greatly impeded the progress of the French. The Alps themselves, Leclerc said, were not nearly so troublesome to a military man as the hills of St Domingo. On the whole, however, the advantage was decidedly on the side of the French; and the blacks were driven by degrees out of all their principal positions. The success of the French was not entirely the consequence of their military skill and valour; it was partly owing also to the effect which the proclamations of Leclerc had on the minds of the negroes and their commanders. If they were to enjoy the perfect liberty which these proclamations promised them, if they were to continue free men as they were now, what mattered it whether the French were in possession of the island or not? Such was the general feeling; and accordingly many of Toussaint's most eminent officers, among whom were Laplume and Maurepas, went over to the French. Deserted thus by many of his officers and by the great mass of the negro population, Toussaint, supported by his two bravest and ablest generals, Dessalines and Christophe, still held out, and protracted the war. Dessalines, besieged in the fort of Crete à Pierrot by Leclerc and nearly the whole of the French army, did not give up the defence until he had caused the loss to his besiegers of about 3000 men, including several distinguished officers; and even then, rushing out, he fought his way through the enemy, and made good his retreat.

The reduction of the fortress of Crete à Pierrot was considered decisive of the fate of the war; and Leclerc, deeming dissimulation no longer necessary, permitted many negroes to be massacred, and issued an order virtually re-establishing the power of the old French colonists over their slaves. This rash step opened the eyes of the negroes who had joined the French: they deserted in masses; Toussaint was again at the head of an army; and Leclerc was in danger of losing all the fruits of his past labours, and being obliged to begin his enterprise over again. This was a very disagreeable prospect; for although strong reinforcements were arriving from France, the disorders incident to military life in a new climate were making large incisions into his army. He resolved, therefore, to fall back on his former policy; and on the 25th of April 1802, he issued a proclamation directly opposite in its spirit to his former order, asserting the equality of the various races, and holding out the prospect of full citizenship to the blacks. The negroes were again deceived, and again deserted Toussaint. Christophe, too, despairing of any farther success against the French, entered into negotiation with Leclerc, securing as honourable terms as could be desired. The example of Christophe was imitated by Dessalines, and by Paul L'Ouverture, Toussaint's brother. Toussaint, thus left alone, was obliged to submit; and Christophe, in securing good terms for himself, had not neglected the opportunity of obtaining similar advan-

tages for his commander-in-chief. On the 1st of May 1802, a treaty was concluded between Leclerc and Toussaint L'Ouverture, the conditions of which were, that Toussaint should continue to govern St Domingo as hitherto, Leclerc acting only in the capacity of French deputy, and that all the officers in Toussaint's army should be allowed to retain their respective ranks. "I swear," added Leclerc, "before the Supreme Being, to respect the liberty of the people of St Domingo." Thus the war appeared to have reached a happy close; the whites and blacks mingled with each other once more as friends; and Toussaint retired to one of his estates near Gonáives, to lead a life of quiet domestic enjoyment.

The instructions of the first consul, however, had been precise, that the negro chief should be sent as a prisoner to France. Many reasons recommended such a step as more likely than any other to break the spirit of independence among the blacks, and rivet the French power in the island. The expedition had been one of the most disastrous that France had ever undertaken. A pestilence resembling the yellow fever, but more fatal and terrible than even that dreadful distemper, had swept many thousands of the French to their graves. What with the ravages of the plague, and the losses in war, it was calculated that 30,000 men, 1500 officers of various ranks, among whom were fourteen generals, and 700 physicians and surgeons, perished in the expedition.

It is our melancholy duty now to record one of the blackest acts committed by Napoleon. Agreeably to his orders, the person of Toussaint was treacherously arrested, while residing peacefully in his house near Gonáives. Two negro chiefs who endeavoured to rescue him were killed on the spot, and a large number of his friends were at the same time made prisoners. The fate of many of these was never known; but Toussaint himself, his wife, and all his family, were carried at midnight on board the *Hero* man-of-war, then in the harbour, which immediately set sail for France. After a short passage of twenty-five days, the vessel arrived at Brest (June 1802); and here Toussaint took his last leave of his wife and family. They were sent to Bayonne; but by the orders of the first consul, he was carried to the chateau of Joux, in the east of France, among the Jura mountains. Placed in this bleak and dismal region, so different from the tropical climate to which he had been accustomed, his sufferings may easily be imagined. Not satisfied, however, with confining his unhappy prisoner to the fortress generally, Bonaparte enjoined that he should be secluded in a dungeon, and denied anything beyond the plainest necessaries of existence. For the first few months of his captivity, Toussaint was allowed to be attended by a faithful negro servant; but at length this single attendant was removed, and he was left alone in his misery and despair. It appears a rumour had gone abroad that Toussaint, during the

war in St Domingo, had buried a large amount of treasure in the earth; and during his captivity at Joux, an officer was sent by the first consul to interrogate him respecting the place where he had concealed it. "The treasures I have lost," said Toussaint, "are not those which you seek." After an imprisonment of ten months, the negro was found dead in his dungeon on the 27th of April 1803. He was sitting at the side of the fire-place, with his hands resting on his legs, and his head drooping. The account given at the time was, that he had died of apoplexy; but some authors have not hesitated to ascribe it to less natural circumstances. "The governor of the fort," observes one French writer, "made two excursions to Neufchâtel, in Switzerland. The first time, he left the keys of the dungeons with a captain whom he chose to act for him during his absence. The captain accordingly had occasion to visit Toussaint, who conversed with him about his past life, and expressed his indignation at the design imputed to him by the first consul, of having wished to betray St Domingo to the English. As Toussaint, reduced to a scanty farinaceous diet, suffered greatly from the want of coffee, to which he had been accustomed, the captain generously procured it for him. This first absence of the governor of the fort, however, was only an experiment. It was not long before he left the fort again, and this time he said, with a mysterious, unquiet air to the captain, 'I leave you in charge of the fort, but I do not give you the keys of the dungeons; the prisoners do not require anything.' Four days after, he returned, and Toussaint was dead—starved." According to another account, this miserable victim of despotism, and against whom there was no formal or reasonable charge, was poisoned; but this rests on no credible testimony, and there is reason to believe that Toussaint died a victim only to the severities of confinement in this inhospitable prison. This melancholy termination to his sufferings took place when he was sixty years of age.

Toussaint's family continued to reside in France. They were removed from Bayonne to Agen, and here one of the younger sons of Toussaint died soon after his father. Toussaint's wife died in May 1816, in the arms of her sons Isaac and Placide. In 1825, Isaac L'Ouverture wrote a brief memoir of his father, to which we acknowledge ourselves to have been indebted.

We have thus sketched the life of the greatest man yet known to have appeared among the negroes. Toussaint L'Ouverture was altogether an original genius, tinctured no doubt with much that was French, but really and truly self-developed. His intellectual qualities so much resembled those of Europeans, as to make him more than a match for many of the ablest of them. But perhaps, if we seek to discover the true negro element of his genius, it will be found in his strong affections. The phrenological casts given of Toussaint's head are useful, as representing this in the way most likely to be impressive. They represent

Toussaint as having a skull more European in its general shape than that of almost any other negro. That Toussaint L'Ouverture was not a mere exceptional negro, cast up as it were once for all, but that he was only the first of a possible series of able negroes, and that his greatness may fairly be taken as a proof of certain capabilities in the negro character, will appear from the following brief sketch of the history of St Domingo subsequently to his imprisonment and death.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF ST DOMINGO, OR HAYTI.

The forcible suppression of Toussaint's government, and his treacherous removal from the island, did not prove a happy stroke of policy; and it would have been preferable for France to have at once established the independence of St Domingo, than to have entered on the project of resuming it as a dependency on the old terms. Leclerc, with all the force committed to his care by Bonaparte, signally failed in his designs. The contemptuous and cruel manner in which the blacks were generally treated, and the attempts made to restore them as a class to slavery, provoked a wide-spread insurrection. Toussaint's old friends and generals, Dessalines, Christophe, Clerveaux, and others, rose in arms. Battle after battle was fought, and all the resources of European military skill were opposed to the furious onsets of the negro masses. All was in vain: before October, the negroes, under the command of Dessalines and Christophe, had driven the French out of Fort Dauphin, Port de Paix, and other important positions. In the midst of these calamities, that is, on the 1st of November 1802, Leclerc died, and Pauline Bonaparte returned to France with his body. Leclerc was succeeded in the command by Rochambeau, a determined enemy of the blacks. Cruelties such as Leclerc shrunk from were now employed to assist the French arms; unoffending negroes were slaughtered; and bloodhounds were imported from Cuba to chase the negro fugitives through the forests. Rochambeau, however, had a person to deal with capable of repaying cruelty with cruelty. Dessalines, who had assumed the chief command of the insurgents, was a man who, to great military talents and great personal courage, added a ferocious and sanguinary disposition. Hearing that Rochambeau had ordered 500 blacks to be shot at the Cape, he selected 500 French officers and soldiers from among his prisoners, and had them shot by way of reprisal. To complete the miseries of the French, the mulattoes of the south now joined the insurrection, and the war between France and England having recommenced, the island was blockaded by English ships, and provisions began to fail. In this desperate condition, after demanding assistance from the mother country, which could not be granted, Rochambeau negotiated with the negroes and the English for the eva-

cuation of the island; and towards the end of November 1803, all the French troops left St Domingo.

On the departure of the French, Dessalines, Christophe, and the other generals proclaimed the independence of the island "in the name of the blacks and the people of colour." At the same time they invited the return of all whites who had taken no part in the war; but, added they, "if any of those who imagined they would restore slavery return hither, they shall meet with nothing but chains and deportation." On the 1st of January 1804, at an assembly of the generals and chiefs of the army, the independence of the island was again solemnly declared, and all present bound themselves by an oath to defend it. At the same time, to mark their formal renunciation of all connexion with France, it was resolved that the name of the island should be changed from St Domingo to Hayti, the name given to it by its original Indian inhabitants. Jean Jacques Dessalines was appointed governor-general of the island for life, with the privilege of nominating his successor.

The rule of Dessalines was a sanguinary, but, on the whole, a salutary one. He began his government by a treacherous massacre of nearly all the French who remained in the island trusting to his false promises of protection. All other Europeans, however, except the French, were treated with respect. Dessalines encouraged the importation of Africans into Hayti, saying that since they were torn from their country, it was certainly better that they should be employed to recruit the strength of a rising nation of blacks, than to serve the whites of all countries as slaves. On the 8th of October 1804, Dessalines exchanged his plain title of governor-general for the more pompous one of emperor. He was solemnly inaugurated under the name of James I., emperor of Hayti; and the ceremony of his coronation was accompanied by the proclamation of a new constitution, the main provisions of which were exceedingly judicious. All Haytian subjects, of whatever colour, were to be called *blacks*, entire religious toleration was decreed, schools were established, public worship encouraged, and measures adopted similar to those which Toussaint had employed for creating and fostering an industrial spirit among the negroes. As a preparation for any future war, the interior of the island was extensively planted with yams, bananas, and other articles of food, and many forts built in advantageous situations. Under these regulations the island again began to show symptoms of prosperity. Dessalines was a man in many respects fitted to be the first sovereign of a people rising out of barbarism. Born the slave of a negro mechanic, he was quite illiterate, but had great natural abilities, united to a very ferocious temper. His wife was one of the most beautiful and best educated negro women in Hayti. A pleasant trait of his character is his seeking out his old master after he became emperor, and making him his butler. It was, he said, exactly

the situation the old man wished to fill, as it afforded him the means of being always drunk. Dessalines himself drank nothing but water. For two years this negro continued to govern the island; but at length his ferocity provoked his mulatto subjects to form a conspiracy against him, and on the 17th of October 1806 he was assassinated by the soldiers of Petion, who was his third in command.

On the death of Dessalines, a schism took place in the island. Christophe, who had been second in command, assumed the government of the northern division of the island, the capital of which was Cape François; and Petion, the mulatto general, assumed the government of the southern division, the capital of which was Port-au-Prince. For several years a war was carried on between the two rivals, each endeavouring to depose the other, and become chief of the whole of Hayti; but at length hostilities ceased, and by a tacit agreement, Petion came to be regarded as legitimate governor in the south and west, where the mulattoes were most numerous; and Christophe as legitimate governor in the north, where the population consisted chiefly of blacks. Christophe, trained, like Dessalines, in the school of Toussaint L'Ouverture, was a slave born, and an able as well as a benevolent man; but, like most of the negroes who had arrived at his period of life, he had not had the benefit of any systematic education. Petion, on the other hand, had been educated in the Military Academy of Paris, and was accordingly as accomplished and well-instructed as any European officer. The title with which Petion was invested, was that of President of the Republic of Hayti, in other words, president of the republican part of Hayti; the southern and western districts preferring the republican form of government. For some time Christophe bore the simple title of chief magistrate, and was in all respects the president of a republic like Petion: but the blacks have always shown a liking for the monarchical form of government; and accordingly, on the 2d of June 1811, Christophe, by the desire of his subjects, assumed the regal title of Henry I., king of Hayti. The coronation was celebrated in the most gorgeous manner; and at the same time the creation of an aristocracy took place, the first act of the new sovereign being to name four princes, seven dukes, twenty-two counts, thirty barons, and ten knights.

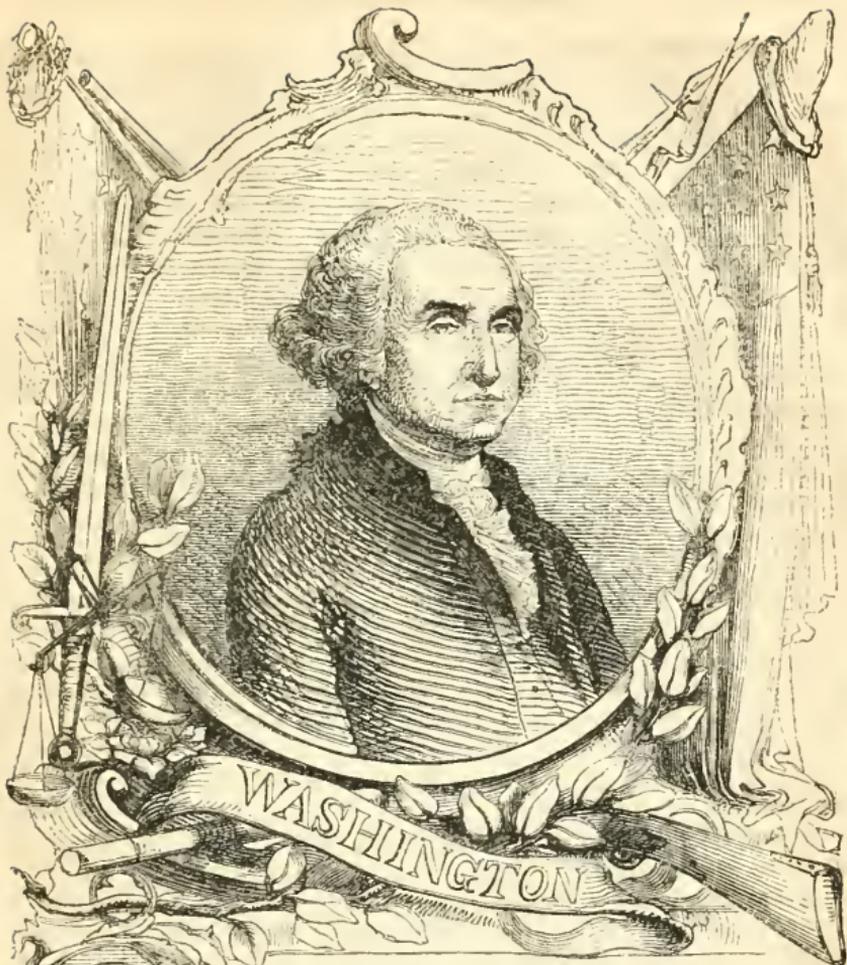
Both parts of the island were well governed, and rapidly advanced in prosperity and civilisation. On the restoration of the Bourbons to the French throne, some hope seems to have been entertained in France that it might be possible yet to obtain a footing in the island, and commissioners were sent out to collect information respecting its condition; but the conduct both of Christophe and Petion was so firm, that the impossibility of subverting the independence of Hayti became manifest. The island was therefore left in the undisturbed possession of the

blacks and mulattoes. In 1818 Petion died, and was succeeded by General Boyer, a mulatto who had been in France, and had accompanied Leclerc in his expedition. In 1820, Christophe having become involved in differences with his subjects, shot himself; and the two parts of the island were then reunited under the general name of the Republic of Hayti, General Boyer being the first president. In the following year, the Spanish portion of the island, which for a long time had been in a languishing condition, voluntarily placed itself under the government of Boyer, who thus became the head of a republic including the entire island of St Domingo. In 1825, a treaty was concluded between President Boyer and Charles X. of France, by which France acknowledged the independence of Hayti, in consideration of 150 millions of francs (£6,000,000 sterling), to be paid by the island in five annual instalments, as a compensation for the losses sustained by the French colonists during the revolution. The first instalment was paid in 1836; but as it was found impossible to pay the remainder, the terms of the agreement were changed in 1838, and France consented to accept 60 millions of francs (£2,400,000), to be liquidated in six instalments before the year 1867. Two of the instalments have already been paid. In the political constitution of the island, no change of any importance has taken place till the present time; and the republic of Hayti continues to be governed by a president elected for life, and two legislative houses; one a senate, the other a chamber of representatives.

According to the latest accounts of this interesting island, the annual exports amounted to upwards of thirty millions of pounds of coffee, six millions of pounds of logwood, one million of pounds of cotton, five millions of feet of mahogany, besides considerable quantities of tobacco, cigars, sugar, hides, wax, and ginger. Certain goods are admitted duty free, among which the principal are, arms, ammunition, agricultural implements, cattle, and school-books. The Roman Catholic religion is over the whole island, but all other sects are tolerated. The clergy are said to be ignorant and corrupt; and their influence over the opinions or the morals of the community is small. In the principal towns there are government schools, some of them on the Lancasterian plan: in the capital there is a military school; and there are also a number of private academies in the island. The armed force of Hayti consists of thirty-three regiments of the line, five regiments of artillery, two of dragoons, the president's guard, and a numerous police, amounting in all to nearly 30,000 men. Besides this regular force, there is a militia or national guard of about 40,000 men, the superior officers of which are nominated by the president, the inferior elected by the privates. Hayti possesses scarcely any naval force. In 1837 the revenue of the island was 3,852,576 dollars, and its public expenditure 2,713,102 dollars.

With respect to the social condition of the island, there are, unfortunately, few trustworthy particulars; although the general fact is indisputable, that it is a condition of advancement. There are undoubtedly many imperfections in the republic, many traces of barbarism, much absurdity perhaps, and much extravagance; but still the fact remains that here is a population of blacks which, in the short space of fifty years, has raised itself from the depths and the degradation of slavery to the condition of a flourishing and respectable state. All that we are accustomed to regard as included in the term *civilisation*, Hayti possesses—an established system of government, an established system of education, a literature, commerce, manufactures, a rich and cultivated class in society. Twenty-six years since, the Baron de Vastey, one of the councillors of Christophe, and himself a pure negro, published some reflections on the state of Hayti, in which the following passage occurs:—"Five-and-twenty years ago," says he, "we were plunged in the most complete ignorance; we had no notion of human society, no idea of happiness, no powerful feeling. Our faculties, both physical and moral, were so overwhelmed under the load of slavery, that I myself who am writing this, I thought that the world finished at the line which bounded my sight; my ideas were so limited, that things the most simple were to me incomprehensible; and all my countrymen were as ignorant as myself, and even more so, if that were possible. I have known many of us," he continues, "who have learned to read and write of themselves, without the help of a master; I have known them walking with their books in their hands inquiring of the passengers, and praying them to explain to them the signification of such a character or word; and in this manner many, already advanced in years, became able to read and write without the benefit of instruction. Such men," he adds, "have become notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, administrators, and have astonished the world by the sagacity of their judgment; others have become painters and sculptors by their own exertions, and have astonished strangers by their works; others, again, have succeeded as architects, mechanics, manufacturers; others have worked mines of sulphur, fabricated saltpetre, and made excellent gunpowder, with no other guides than books of chemistry and mineralogy. And yet the Haytians do not pretend to be a manufacturing and commercial people; agriculture and arms are their professions; like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough, and from the plough to arms."

In conclusion, we can only express a hope that nothing may occur to disturb either the external relations or the internal repose of this singularly regenerated people.



GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732. He was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of Augustine Washington, a gentleman of large property, the descendant of John Washington, an Englishman who had emigrated to America during the government of Oliver Cromwell. The name of Washington's mother was Mary Ball. Her husband dying suddenly in the year 1743, the charge of educating a large family, consisting of two surviving sons of her husband by his former wife, and five surviving children of her own, devolved upon her. George Washington was eleven years of age at the time of his father's death.

Although cut off in the prime of life, Augustine Washington left all his children well provided for. Lawrence, the eldest, was left an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, besides shares in iron-works in Maryland and Virginia; Augustine, who was

next oldest, inherited an estate in Westmoreland; George inherited the house and lands in Stafford County, where his father resided at the time of his death; his three younger brothers had each a plantation of six or seven hundred acres assigned him; and provision was otherwise made for the sister. By the will of her husband, Mrs Washington was intrusted with the sole management of the property of her five children, until they should respectively come of age. Being a woman of singular prudence and strength of character, she fulfilled this important charge with great success. She lived to see her eldest son at the height of his greatness.

The means of education were at that time very limited in the American colonies. Wealthy persons, who wished their sons to receive a liberal education, were under the necessity of sending them home to the mother country for that purpose; but most of the planters were satisfied with the plain elementary education which their sons could obtain at the nearest school. Sometimes a man of superior qualifications would settle down as a schoolmaster in Virginia; but the majority of the schoolmasters pretended to nothing more than being qualified to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping. It was under a person of this kind that George Washington acquired all the school education that he ever received; and he appears to have left school altogether before arriving at the age of sixteen. From all that can be learned of this early period of his life, he seems to have been characterised by great docility and rectitude of disposition. His schoolfellows, it is said, used to refer all their disputes to his judgment. As a boy, he was exceedingly fond of such athletic exercises as leaping, wrestling, throwing the hammer, swimming, &c.; and his military propensity developed itself in the delight which he took in arranging his schoolfellows in companies, making them parade like soldiers, attack imaginary forts, and fight mimic battles. The best insight, however, which we obtain into Washington's character and pursuits when a boy, is derived from fragments of his juvenile copy-books and manuscripts which have been preserved. They are all written in a neat and careful hand, with great attention to method and arrangement. The greater number contain exercises in arithmetic and practical geometry, especially land-surveying; and the diagrams which are drawn to illustrate the geometrical exercises are remarkable for their accuracy and beauty. The earliest of the manuscripts is a folio one, entitled "Forms of Writing;" containing copies of bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, written out with care, the prominent words in large and varied characters, in imitation of a clerk's hand. These "Forms of Writing" are followed by quotations in verse, more remarkable, his biographer tells us, for the soundness of the sentiments which they express, than for their poetical

merit; and these quotations, again, are followed by "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation." The rules are a hundred and ten in number, and appear to have been either copied entire out of one book, or collected out of several. We may quote two or three as specimens. Rule 2. "In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet." Rule 12. "Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive." Rule 29. "Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed." Rule 40. "Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly." Rule 57. "Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

The methodical habits which we see so clearly manifested in these juvenile copybooks, were Washington's characteristics through life.

Grammar, or the study of languages, was no part of Washington's education when a boy. His early letters are sometimes faulty in point of grammar and expression, and it was only by practice in writing and conversation that he acquired the accurate and distinct style which he afterwards wrote. When considerably advanced in life, he made an attempt to learn French, but appears to have succeeded but poorly.

When Washington was fourteen years of age, a proposal was made with his own consent, which, if carried into effect, would have opened up for him a very different career from that which he was destined to follow. Observing his liking for adventure and active exercise, his brother Lawrence exerted his interest to procure for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. The warrant was procured, and the boy was pleased with a prospect which was at that time as promising as one in his circumstances could desire; but as nothing could overcome Mrs Washington's reluctance to let her son go to sea, the project was at length abandoned: George Washington remained at school, and some other boy obtained the midshipman's berth.

After leaving school, at the age of sixteen, Washington resided some time with his brother Lawrence on his estate of Mount Vernon; so called in honour of Admiral Vernon, who was a friend of Lawrence Washington, and under whose command George was to have served. Lawrence Washington had married Miss Fairfax, the daughter of his near neighbour William Fairfax, a person of wealth and political station in the colony, and a distant relative of Lord Fairfax—a nobleman of literary tastes and somewhat eccentric habits, who had left England and come to reside in Virginia, where he was the proprietor of a vast tract of country lying between the Potomac and Rapahannoc

rivers, and stretching across the Alleghany mountains. At the time of George Washington's residence with his brother at Mount Vernon, Lord Fairfax was on a visit at the house of William Fairfax, the father-in-law of Lawrence; and between the two families a constant intercourse was kept up. As young Washington was continually employed in his favourite pursuit of land-surveying, putting his art in practice on his brother's estate, it occurred to Lord Fairfax to engage him in surveying his own vast property. Various circumstances were rendering such a survey absolutely necessary. Settlers were squatting down on the most fertile spots on the extremity of his lordship's lands, without leave being asked or given; and to put a stop to such proceedings, it was essential that the boundaries of the lands should be defined, and the remoter districts accurately divided into lots. Our young surveyor was intrusted with this very responsible office; and accordingly, in the month of March 1748, he set out on his surveying expedition to the valleys of the Alleghanies, accompanied by George Fairfax, the son of William Fairfax. The tour lasted two months, and, from the entries in Washington's journal, the labour appears to have been pretty arduous. On the 15th of March he writes—"Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room, and I not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, covered with vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did."

For three years Washington pursued the profession of land-surveyor in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon, making occasional journeys as far as the Alleghanies. As he had received a commission as public surveyor, which gave his surveys authority, and as there were very few of the profession at that time in Virginia, his practice was extensive and lucrative. In writing to a friend, describing the hardships and exposures which he had to undergo in his surveying tours to the west, he says, "Nothing could make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles." In another letter written during the same period to a friend, whom he addresses as "dear Robin," and who appears to have been his confidant, he says, "My place of residence at present is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax's), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and trouble-

some passion in oblivion." Several other letters of the same period are written in the same desponding tone; but the name of this "troublesome" Lowland beauty, who was Washington's first love, has unfortunately perished.

About the year 1751, the French and the Indians were making themselves very disagreeable neighbours to the British colonists in Virginia; the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by the depredations which they committed. To defend themselves against these, as well as to be prepared for the war which seemed likely at no distant period to break out between France and Great Britain, it was resolved to organise the colonial militia, divide the province into districts, and appoint an adjutant-general, with the military rank of major, to superintend each district. Washington, who was now in his twentieth year, was appointed one of these officers, probably by the interest of his friends the Fairfaxes. The office, besides bringing him in a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, afforded him opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with military affairs. He entered with ardour into its duties, taking lessons from the ablest military men he could meet in with, submitting himself to the drill, and reading numerous books on the military art.

Shortly after Washington's appointment to the rank of major in the militia, his brother Lawrence, whose health had been long declining, was advised to make a voyage to Barbadoes, and reside a few months there for the benefit of the climate; and as it was necessary that he should not go unattended, George accompanied him. While in Barbadoes, Washington was attacked by small-pox, but recovered after a short illness. As his brother was not deriving any benefit from the climate, he resolved to go to Bermuda in the spring, and in the meantime Washington was to return to Virginia. From Bermuda, Lawrence was to write to him to rejoin him along with his wife. This arrangement, however, was never carried into effect; for though, in the spring, Lawrence did proceed to Bermuda, he found himself so much worse, that he saw it to be necessary to return to Virginia; and on the 26th of July 1752 he died at Mount Vernon, leaving a wife and an infant daughter. By his will, the property of Mount Vernon was bequeathed to his daughter; but in case of her death without issue, it was to devolve on Washington, with the reservation of a life-interest in favour of his wife. Washington was also appointed one of the executors.

Immediately on his return from Barbadoes, Major Washington had resumed his military duties with great zeal and perseverance; and when, on the appointment of Mr Dinwiddie as governor of Virginia, the whole colony was mapped out into four grand military divisions, so high was Major Washington's character, that the northern division was allotted to him. His duties were to "visit the several counties, in order to train and instruct the

militia officers, review the companies on parade, inspect the arms and accoutrements, and establish a uniform system of manœuvres and discipline."

WAR WITH THE FRENCH ON THE FRONTIER.

Every day fresh accounts were received of the encroachments which the French were making on the British territory beyond the Alleghanies. These accounts had reached the government at home, and the British cabinet had sent out instructions to Governor Dinwiddie to build two forts on the Ohio, for the purpose of driving off the intruders, and asserting the British claim to the disputed territory. As a preliminary step, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner, in the name of his Britannic majesty, to confer with the commander of the intruding French troops, and demand his reason for invading the British territory, and also with a view to collect accurate information respecting the numbers and force of the invaders, their intended movements, and the extent to which they had gained the confidence and alliance of the Indians. Major Washington was selected as a person well qualified for this important mission, although yet only in his twenty-second year. Accompanied by seven others, two of whom were to act as his interpreters, one with the French, the other with the Indians, he performed a difficult and dangerous journey of 560 miles, in the depth of winter, through a region of forest, swamp, and wilderness, which had not yet been penetrated by civilisation; and after an absence of nearly three months, returned to Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia government, having fully accomplished the main objects of his expedition. The three principal objects which Governor Dinwiddie contemplated by the mission were, the ascertaining of a suitable site for a British fort, a conference with the Indian tribes, with a view to secure their assistance against the French, and a visit to the French fort itself. Major Washington attended to them all. Proceeding to the French fort, he had several interviews with the commandant; but as nothing satisfactory resulted from these conferences, he took his departure, after having stayed long enough to obtain all the intelligence he wished to carry back to Governor Dinwiddie. Immediately on his return to Williamsburg, his journal of the expedition was published, and being regarded as an important official document, as affairs then stood between France and Great Britain, it was copied into almost all the newspapers both in the colony and in the mother country.

Governor Dinwiddie commenced his military preparations with great alacrity. He summoned an early meeting of the legislature, to adopt such proceedings as might appear proper in the emergency; and not content with this, he wrote to the governors

of the other provinces, to rouse their flagging zeal. The colonists, however, showed no signs of sympathy with the bustling activity of the governor. They were in no hurry, they said, to precipitate themselves into a war with which they had no concern. What business had the governor of Virginia with the encroachments of the French on the Ohio? Was it even certain that they were encroaching on the king's lands? What claim had the king of Great Britain to these lands, any more than the king of France? Or, if the lands did belong to the king of Great Britain, why did he not send out his own soldiers to beat back the French, instead of leaving it to be done by the colonists, to whom it did not matter a pin's point whether the French kept possession of the lands or not? Such murmurs gave the governor great vexation. It is true that, after a long discussion, the legislature of Virginia voted ten thousand pounds for the defence of the colony; but the manner in which the vote was made was very displeasing to the loyal governor. "I am sorry," he wrote to the Earl of Holderness, "to find the colonists very much in a republican way of thinking."

A respectable militia force was nevertheless raised. An Englishman, Colonel Fry, was appointed to the first command, and Washington was named his second, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. While the governor and Colonel Fry were engaged in trying to recruit the army by appeals to the colonists, and by holding out bounties in land to such as would enlist, Colonel Washington, with three small companies, was sent to occupy an outpost in the very line in which the French were advancing. It was destined that the first battle in the war should be fought by him. Hearing that the French had succeeded in obtaining possession of the British fort at the Ohio fork, and that a party was approaching in the direction of his post, he deemed it advisable to advance himself into the wilderness; and on the 27th of May 1754, meeting a party of fifty French soldiers under the command of M. de Junonville, an action ensued, in which Junonville and ten of his men were killed, and twenty taken prisoners. Only one of Washington's men was killed, and two or three wounded. As war had not yet been formally declared, the importance of this skirmish was greatly magnified both in France and Great Britain, and Washington did not escape blame. In France, the death of Junonville was pronounced to be nothing else than a murder in cold blood; and it was even made the subject of a heroic poem, in which Washington did not appear to advantage. Nor does the transaction appear to have been regarded with more favour in England, if we may believe the following passage in Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of George the Second," written not long after the event. "In the express which Major Washington despatched on his preceding little victory," says Walpole, "he concluded with these words, 'I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound.' On hear-

ing of this, the king said sensibly, 'He would not say so if he had been used to hear many.' However," adds Walpole, "this brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade." A gentleman once asked Washington whether he ever used the expression attributed to him. "If I said so," replied Washington, "it was when I was young."

Colonel Fry dying when on his way to join the army, the command devolved on Washington; for although Colonel Innes, a Scotchman, was appointed, he never assumed the office. Washington was involved in great difficulties, owing to the complaints of the officers and men, whom an ill-timed parsimony deprived of part of their pay. Doing his best, however, to preserve order among his men, amounting now to upwards of 300 militia, and about 150 regulars under Captain Mackay, he continued the campaign. Fearing that a French force would advance from Fort Duquesne and overpower him, he withdrew to the Great Meadows, nearer the inhabited parts of the colony. Here, his men being fatigued by the labour of transporting the guns and baggage, and there being a scarcity of provisions, he resolved to intrench himself, and wait for reinforcements. Accordingly, a fort was built, called Fort Necessity. Unexpectedly, the fort was besieged by a French force amounting to nearly 900 men; and after some resistance, Washington was obliged to capitulate on honourable terms, and retreat to Wills' Creek. So skilful, however, was his conduct on this occasion, that he and his little army received the thanks of the House of Burgesses.

Governor Dinwiddie had now conceived some scheme for organising the militia on what he considered a better footing; but as this scheme had the effect of reducing Washington to the rank of a captain, and not only so, but of making him inferior in that rank to captains bearing the king's commission, he resigned his command, and retired from the army. "If you think me capable of holding a commission which has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it," was the answer he gave to Governor Sharpe of Maryland, who had solicited him to remain in the army, "you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself." He therefore passed the winter of 1754-5 in retirement. In the spring of 1755, however, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of soldiers from Great Britain, and Washington was prevailed on to join him as aid-de-camp, retaining his former rank. "I may be allowed," he said, "to claim some merit, if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field is the laudable desire of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans."

The unfortunate issue of Braddock's expedition is well known. Having, by means of the vigorous exertions of Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster-general of the provinces, been provided with 150 wagons, and the number of horses requisite to transport his

cannon and baggage—a piece of gratuitous labour on Franklin's part, which Braddock, in his letter to the English ministry, complaining of the inactivity of the colonial authorities, speaks of as being “the only instance of address and integrity he had seen in the provinces”—he marched westward to attack Fort Duquesne, and finally, as he thought, expel the French from the British territory. The march was rough and difficult, and Braddock consulted Washington as to the best mode of proceeding. “I urged him,” says Washington, “in the warmest terms I was able, to push forward, if he even did it with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery and baggage to follow with the rear division by slow and easy marches.” This advice prevailed; the army was divided into two, General Braddock leading the advanced division of 1200 men, and Colonel Dunbar bringing up the rest more leisurely. During the march, Washington was seized with a violent fever, which detained him several days. When he rejoined General Braddock on the evening of the 8th of July, the troops were on the banks of the Monongahela, within fifteen miles of Fort Duquesne. In approaching the fort, it was necessary to cross the river twice, and march part of the way on the south side. “Early on the morning of the 9th,” writes Mr Sparks, “all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern bank of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.” They had just crossed the river a second time, and were ascending a wooded acclivity on their way to the fort, when suddenly they were attacked and thrown into confusion by two heavy discharges of musketry from an unseen enemy. Alarmed and bewildered, the troops did not know what to do; they fired at random into the woods, and huddled together in disorderly masses, shrinking from the deadly discharges which were poured in from the right and the left simultaneously. For three hours this unequal combat continued, the Indians and French taking deliberate aim from the ravines in which they were concealed, the British firing upon each other in their confusion and desperation. The carnage was terrible: more than half the men were either killed or wounded. Out of eighty-six officers, six were killed and thirty-seven wounded; and General Braddock himself received a wound which proved mortal. During the battle, Washington exposed himself with the most

reckless bravery, riding about in every direction, and giving the general's orders—a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. "By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence," he wrote in a letter to his brother after the battle, "I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectations; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me."

The failure of this expedition was the subject of universal conversation for a long time afterwards, and many were the reproaches cast out against the memory of the ill-fated Braddock. Washington was the only person engaged in the affair who derived honour from it. It was proved that he had given General Braddock advice which had been neglected; in particular, that he had insisted on the necessity of sending out Indian scouts to precede the army; and it was entirely owing to his bravery and presence of mind that the remains of the army were enabled to cross the river and effect a retreat. Wherever, therefore, the unfortunate battle of the Monongahela was spoken of, Washington's name was mentioned with honour. In the meantime, having no permanent commission in the army, he had retired to Mount Vernon, which, by the death of his late brother's child, had now become his own property. Here he employed himself assiduously in fulfilling his duties as adjutant-general of the district. The attention of the whole colony, however, was turned to him, and he was not allowed long to live in retirement. Such was the military ardour which had been excited in all classes by General Braddock's defeat, that the language of war and patriotism was even heard from the pulpit. The clergy preached sermons stimulating the martial spirit of their congregations; and one sermon preached at that time became memorable afterwards. It was in a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Davies before a volunteer company, that a reference was made to Washington, which made a deep impression then, and was often quoted afterwards as prophetic. Speaking of the courage displayed by the Virginia troops, the preacher used these words: "As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." This was but the common feeling of the colony; and it was in accordance with this feeling that, the legislature having made a grant of £40,000 to be employed in fresh military preparations, Washington was requested to assume the chief command of the Virginia forces. Before accepting this command, he made several stipulations; "among others, that he should possess a voice in choosing his officers, and that there should be a better system of military regulations, more promptness in paying the troops, and a thorough reform inducing activity and method in all the departments for procuring supplies."

Elected in the autumn of 1755, Washington continued in his command nearly three years. It is unnecessary, and it would be tedious, to give a detailed account of all that he was engaged in during that period. Suffice it to say, that the qualities he was required to exercise during that time were those for which he was all his life remarkable—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method. As the tardiness and inactivity of the colonial authorities in all matters connected with the military service, obliged him to confine his operations to such as were merely defensive, he had not so many opportunities of signalising himself as a successful general in the field. The skill, however, which he thus acquired in conducting a defensive war, was of vast consequence to him afterwards. He kept his command till the close of the campaign of 1758, when, the great object of the war having been accomplished by the re-occupation of the Ohio, he resigned his commission, and again retired to Mount Vernon, carrying with him the good wishes of the army, and the esteem of the whole colony.

PRIVATE AND POLITICAL LIFE FROM 1759 TO 1775.

In 1755 Washington, while on a visit to New York, had a second slight attack of the tender passion. The object this time was a Miss Mary Phillips, the sister of the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Forced at length to leave New York, without making any declaration of his affections, Miss Phillips married Captain Morris, one of Washington's associates in Braddock's expedition. It was not till 1758, when he had reached his twenty-seventh year, that Washington fairly yielded to female charms. This time the object was Mrs Martha Custis, a beautiful, accomplished, and very wealthy young widow, with two children, between whom and herself her late husband's property was equally divided. To this lady Washington was married on the 6th of January 1759.

The next fifteen years of Washington's life were spent in fulfilling the duties of private life, which were not small, considering that they included the managing of an extensive property, and in attending to those other duties of a public nature which devolved upon him, in consequence of his election as a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

Washington's estate, like every other property in Virginia, was cultivated by negro slaves; and, according to the feelings of the time and place, he does not appear to have considered that the keeping of men in a state of degrading bondage was any way criminal or improper—a circumstance which one has cause to regret in estimating the benevolence and conscientiousness of his character. In his diary for 1760, the following passages respecting his rural occupations occur: "February

5th.—Visited my plantations, and found, to my great surprise, Stephens constant at work. Passing by my carpenters that were hewing, I found that four of them, viz. George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet yesterday from ten o'clock. Sat down, therefore, and observed Tom and Mike, in a less space than thirty minutes, clear the bushes from about a poplar stock, line it ten feet long, and hew each his side twelve inches deep. Then letting them proceed their own way, they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock off in two places, putting it on the blocks for hewing it square, and lining it. From this time till they had finished the stock entirely, required twenty minutes more, so that in the space of one hour and a quarter they each of them, from the stump, finished twenty feet of hewing. From hence it appears very clear, that, allowing they work only from sun to sun, and require two hours at breakfast, they ought to yield each his one hundred and twenty-five feet while the days are at their present length, and more in proportion as they increase. While this was doing, George and Billy sawed thirty feet of plank; so that it appears that, making the same allowance as before (but not for the time required in piling the stock), they ought to saw one hundred and eighty feet of plank. It is to be observed, that this hewing and sawing, likewise, were of poplar; what may be the difference, therefore, between the working of this wood and others, some future observations must make known." March 26th.—"Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention." March 18th.—"The lightning, which had been attended with a good deal of rain, had struck my quarter, and about ten negroes in it; some very badly injured, but with letting blood, they recovered."

Several interesting details of his ordinary habits as a planter are given by his biographer Mr Sparks. Tobacco was the staple product of his plantations: the greater part of his produce he sent to the London market; but he occasionally consigned smaller quantities to correspondents in Liverpool and Bristol. It was then the practice of the Virginia planters to import directly from London all the articles which they required for common use; and accordingly, "twice a year, Washington forwarded lists of such articles to his agent, comprising not only the necessaries and conveniences for household purposes—ploughs, hoes, spades, scythes, and other implements of agriculture; saddles, bridles, and harness for his horses—but likewise every article of wearing apparel for himself and the different members of his family, specifying the names of each, and the ages of Mrs Washington's two children, as well as the size, description, and quality of the various articles. In an order sent to his tailor in London, he describes himself as 'six feet high, and proportion-

ably made; if anything, rather slender for a person of that height; and adds that his limbs were long. In exact measure, his height was six feet three inches. He required the agent through whom he sent these orders to send him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers and mechanics from whom purchases had been made. So particular was he in these concerns, that for many years he recorded with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way he kept a perfect oversight of the business, ascertained the prices, could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him even in the smallest matter, of which, when discovered, he did not fail to remind his correspondents the next time he wrote.

Washington, while thus intent on agricultural pursuits, did not withdraw himself from general society. "He was a frequent visitor at Annapolis, the seat of government in Maryland, renowned as the resort of the polite, wealthy, and fashionable. At Mount Vernon, he returned the civilities he had received, and practised on a large and generous scale the hospitality for which the southern planters have ever been distinguished. When he was at home, a day seldom passed without the company of friends or strangers at his house." During his occasional visits to Williamsburg and Annapolis, he frequently attended the theatre; and at home, his principal amusement was the chase. He used, at the proper season, to "go out three or four times a-week with horses, dogs, and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours or visitors at Mount Vernon."

As a landed proprietor, Washington had to take part in many kinds of local business. His neighbours used frequently to ask his assistance in settling disputes, or advising them in matters of importance, and his sagacity and judgment in such affairs gave him a strong and extensive influence. Being a vestry-man of Truro parish, in which he resided, parochial affairs occupied much of his attention. The clergyman of the parish used to tell the following story of him in his capacity as vestry-man. The church being old and ruinous, it was resolved to build a new one, and several meetings of the parishioners were held to determine on the site. At length the parishioners divided into two parties, one insisting that the new church should be built on the site of the old one, the other insisting on its being built in a more central situation. The conservatives appeared to have the majority; and when, at a final meeting, Mr George Mason, a friend and neighbour of Washington, and an influential man in the colony, made an eloquent speech about not deserting a spot hallowed by so many venerable associations, and in which the

bones of their fathers were buried, such was the effect, that it seemed the resolution to adhere to the old site would be carried without a dissenting voice. At this critical moment Washington rose up, and taking from his pocket a plan of Truro parish, in which were marked the two disputed sites, and the positions of the houses of all the parishioners, spread it out before them, bidding them forget Mr Mason's eloquent speech, and attend to the difference of the distances they would have to travel in going to church, as exhibited by the map. The result was, that the new site was agreed on.

Washington was punctual in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is related that when he took his seat, the speaker, in compliance with a vote of the house, rose up to return him the thanks of the colony for his distinguished military services, and did so in such complimentary terms, that when Washington rose to acknowledge the honour, he blushed, trembled, stammered, and was unable to utter a single syllable. "Sit down, Mr Washington," said the speaker; "your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses any power of language that I possess." Washington made it a point of conscience to be present at almost every sitting. He spoke very seldom, but attended carefully to all the proceedings; and when he did speak, it was with a thorough understanding of the matter in hand, and strictly to the point. "It is not known," says his biographer, "that he ever made a set speech, or entered into a stormy debate." He was one of those who derive their influence in public assemblies not from their eloquence, but from their sagacity and the soundness of their judgment. It was owing to this, perhaps, that Washington's name was not so often mentioned as those of other colonists in the early stage of the dispute between the colonies and the mother country. It has even been argued from the same circumstance, that Washington's sentiments did not at first agree with those of the leaders of the American revolution. But the fact is, that, from the very beginning, he belonged to the party of Henry, Randolph, and Lee, although, like them, he long believed it possible that the rupture between England and the colonies might be healed. He spoke in terms of decided hostility to the stamp act, calling it an "unconstitutional method of taxation, and a direful attack on the liberties of the colonies."

The struggle was approaching its crisis. In March 1773, Lord Dunmore, who had succeeded Lord Botecourt as governor of Virginia, prorogued the unmanageable House of Burgesses. A few days after the session of 1774 had commenced, the intelligence reached the colony of the act which the English parliament had passed, shutting up the port of Boston. The excitement was immense, and on the 24th of May, the House of Burgesses passed an order appointing the 1st of June (the day on which the act of the English parliament relative to the port of Boston

was to take effect) to be observed as "a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity" which seemed impending over the colony. In consequence of this order, the house was next day dissolved by Lord Dunmore. A large number of the members immediately met in the Raleigh tavern, constituted themselves into an association, and threw out a public recommendation to enter into a correspondence with the other provinces, for the purpose of convening a general congress of deputies from all the thirteen British colonies in America. This idea of a general congress had been suggested by Franklin the previous year.

On the 1st of August 1774, deputies from the various counties of Virginia met at Williamsburg, and constituted themselves a convention. This convention named the following seven persons as representatives of the colony of Virginia in the congress about to be held—Peyton Randolph, Richard Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

On the 5th of September these seven persons met at Philadelphia with the deputies appointed by eleven of the other colonies; namely, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Such was the celebrated first continental congress, which now assumed the direction of affairs. Their proceedings consisted principally in drawing up humble petitions to the king, stating the grievances of the colonies, and letters to the people of Great Britain, appealing to their sense of justice.

The precise part acted by each member of congress cannot be ascertained, as the details of the proceedings were not published; but it is certain that Washington was regarded as one of the leading men in it, and that his opinion on all points was received with the utmost deference. The celebrated orator, Patrick Henry, was asked about this time "whom he thought the greatest man in congress." "If you speak of eloquence," was his reply, "Mr Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

The second congress met on the 10th of May 1775. The members were nearly the same as in the first, only we observe the new name of Benjamin Franklin as one of the deputies from Pennsylvania. The petition which the first congress had addressed to King George had produced no effect; and the disposition of the British parliament appeared more hostile than before to the liberties of the colonists. In these circumstances, the congress assumed a decided tone. It was unanimously voted "that the colonies be immediately put in a state of defence:"

the army then engaged in besieging the British troops in Boston was adopted by congress as a continental army; and on the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief; the members of congress pledging themselves individually to stand by him with their lives and fortunes.

WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

At the time of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington was forty-three years of age. His life, during the next eight years, is identified with the history of the war between Great Britain and the American States. We can narrate only the leading particulars of the history of this important period.

Washington's first care, after being appointed to the command, was to form and systematise the army, which was miserably weak and ill provided with the necessaries of war. The task was no easy one, as he had to contend against the wishes of the soldiers themselves, against the mutual jealousies of the officers, and against the irresolution of congress. Nevertheless, he succeeded to a certain extent. "He arranged the army into six brigades of six regiments each, in such a manner that the troops from the same colony should be brought together as far as practicable, and act under a commander from that colony. Of the whole he made three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or twelve regiments. The great work of creating a regular military system was to be executed mainly by the commander-in-chief. Congress might approve, sanction, and aid; but it was his task to combine, organise, establish, and sustain. To this end he kept up an unremitting correspondence with congress during the whole war. His letters were read to the house in full session, and almost every important resolution respecting the army was adopted on his suggestion or recommendation, and emanated from his mind. Besides his unceasing intercourse with congress, he was obliged to correspond with the heads of the provincial governments, and afterwards with the governors and legislatures of the states; with conventions, committees, and civil magistrates."

The first year of Washington's command was spent not so much in actual warfare, as in making these arrangements. At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was nine thousand six hundred and fifty. More than a thousand of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of re-enlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. "Search the volumes of history through," said Washington, "and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together without powder, and then

to have one army disbanded, and another to be raised within the same distance of a re-enforced enemy." The advanced season of the year, however, rendered it impossible for the British troops to avail themselves of the advantage which these circumstances gave them.

Washington, when he accepted the command, had expected to be able to reside a part of every year at Mount Vernon. As, however, he found it impossible to do so, it was Mrs Washington's custom to join him in the camp every winter, returning to Mount Vernon at the opening of the campaign in spring. But though absent from his estates, Washington did not neglect his private affairs. In the midst of his pressing and multifarious business as commander-in-chief, he kept up a regular correspondence with Mr Lund Washington, to whom he had committed the management of his property during his absence. Twice or thrice a-month Mr Lund Washington sent him a detailed account of whatever had happened, or whatever was going on, at Mount Vernon; and all these letters were answered by Washington in the most punctual manner.

In the end of 1775, General Howe, who had been sent out to supersede General Gage in the command of the British forces, was fitting out an expedition which was imagined at first to be against New York, but which was, in reality, destined for North Carolina. Washington, on his side, was eager for an attack on Boston, but was overruled by a council of his officers; and it was agreed to attempt the occupation of Dorchester Heights. Accordingly, on the 4th of March 1776, the Americans took possession of the heights; and this was followed by the evacuation of Boston by the British on the 17th. On this occasion the thanks of congress were conveyed to Washington in a letter signed by the president, and a gold medal was struck in his honour. After leaving Boston, General Howe and his army hovered about the coast in their fleet, meditating, as it appeared, an attack on New York. When they did land at Sandy Hook, on the 28th of June, such was the state of Washington's army, that he was unprepared to offer any effective resistance; and accordingly, after the British had got possession of Long Island, he was obliged to evacuate New York, and fall back behind the Delaware. The defeat at Long Island made Washington more anxious than ever for a complete re-organisation of his army. "I am fully confirmed," he wrote to the president of congress, "in the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army; I mean one to exist during

the war." In consequence of these representations, congress turned its attention earnestly to the state of the army: most of Washington's recommendations were adopted; and in the month of December he was invested with powers which made him, in fact, a military dictator.

Meanwhile, the famous declaration of independence had been passed, by which the name of *colonies* was abolished for ever, and the thirteen provinces constituted into the United States of America. This act was entirely in accordance with the wishes of General Washington, who, with all the leading men in the colonies, had long foreseen the impossibility of any reconciliation with the mother country. A short time after the declaration of independence was passed, Lord Howe, the brother of the British general, arrived from Great Britain as a commissioner from the king, bearing certain terms from the British government. The terms were such as might have had some effect, if they had been offered sooner; but now they came too late.

Lord Howe's mission having proved fruitless, the war was continued. The campaign of the year 1777 did not open till the month of June. During the winter, Washington had been employed in making those preparations which his increased authority now enabled him to effect. The months of June and July were spent in insignificant skirmishing between the two armies. The month of July, however, was signalised by an event of some importance; namely, the arrival from France of the Marquis de Lafayette, with the chivalrous design of fighting on the side of the Americans.

In the end of 1777, the American army was twice defeated—at the Brandywine on the 11th of September, and at Germantown, in Pennsylvania, on the 4th of October. The British entered Philadelphia, and Washington retired into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The winter was one of severe trial to the patience and patriotism of Washington. A volume of spurious letters, said to be his, had been published in London; and now they were reprinted at New York by some of his enemies, and widely circulated. But a more serious trial, and one more likely to produce fatal results, was a cabal against him formed by several of his own officers, assisted by a small party in congress. The leaders in this cabal were General Conway, General Gates, and General Mifflin, and the object they seemed to have in view was the removal of Washington from the supreme command. At first they did succeed in making some impression upon the public mind unfavourable to Washington, but at length the good sense of the majority of congress prevailed, and the cabal was crushed.

After a trying winter, during which all Washington's promptitude and skill were required to prevent his troops from breaking out into mutiny, owing to the want of supplies, the war was resumed in the spring of 1778. Upon the whole, the issue

of this campaign was favourable to the Americans. The British were obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, and retreat towards the coast; and although the battle of Monmouth was a drawn one, its results to the Americans were nearly as good as a victory. But the event of the year 1778, which caused the most universal joy in America, was the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and France, by which the French king recognised the independence of the states. This treaty was concluded in May; and in July following, a French fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line and four frigates, arrived on the American coast, to assist the states against the British. The rest of the year was spent rather in mutual menaces than in actual warfare, and in December the army went into winter quarters on the west of the Hudson. During the winter, a scheme was projected in congress for invading Canada; but in consequence of Washington's representations and remonstrances, it was thrown aside.

The year 1779 was marked by few events of consequence, although the general tenor of the war was in favour of the Americans. The only two circumstances which need be noticed are the expedition against certain Indian tribes which had gone over to the side of the British, and the storming of Stony Point on the 15th of July. In both these enterprises the Americans were successful. In the want of more interesting particulars connected with this period of Washington's life, we shall imitate his biographer's example, and introduce the following letter which he wrote to his friend Dr Cochrane, inviting him to dinner. It will give an idea of Washington's mode of life in the camp, and of his manner when he meant to be playful. The date is 16th August 1779.

"Dear Doctor—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and Mrs Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question whether, in the violence of

his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and ain, dear doctor, yours."

In April 1780, Lafayette returned from a visit to France, bringing intelligence that the French government had fitted out an armament, both of sea and land forces, to assist the Americans, and that its arrival might shortly be expected. Accordingly, on the 10th of July, the French fleet arrived at Rhode Island. It consisted of eight ships of the line and two frigates, commanded by the Chevalier de Fernay, and having on board five thousand troops, commanded by the Count de Rochambeau. A conference was immediately held between Washington and Rochambeau, and a plan of co-operation agreed upon. Nothing of consequence, however, was done during the remainder of the year—the only incident of note being the capture and execution of the unfortunate Major André. It may be proper, for the sake of most of our readers, to give a brief account of this melancholy transaction. One of the commanders of the American army under Washington was General Arnold, who had distinguished himself greatly by his courage and his military talents during the war, and who was at this time invested with the command of West Point and other forts in the highlands. A vain and extravagant man, he had contracted debts far beyond his means of payment; and to extricate himself from these embarrassments, he had fallen upon the desperate resource of treachery. Eighteen months before the period we are now arrived at, he had commenced a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, communicating intelligence respecting the plans and movements of the American army. The correspondence was at first anonymous; but at length Arnold threw off his disguise, and Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the advantage to be derived from the treason, employed Major André, a young, brave, and accomplished British officer, to carry on the communication with Arnold. For some time letters passed between Arnold and André, under the assumed names of *Gustavus* and *John Anderson*, and written in such a manner as to be unintelligible to any party not in the secret. When, however, Arnold was invested with the command of West Point, he made proposals for delivering the fort up to the enemy, and it became necessary that André should have a personal interview with him, to make the final arrangements. An interview was accordingly arranged. The British sloop of war, *Vulture*, with André on board, ascended the Hudson to within a few miles of King's Ferry: André went on shore in the night-time, and met Arnold, who had come thither on purpose. Not being able to finish their business that night, Arnold persuaded André, contrary to his intention, to go within the American lines, and lie concealed during the day at the house of a person of the name

of Smith. Leaving him here, Arnold returned in the morning to West Point. In the evening, André having exchanged his regimentals for an ordinary dress, and been provided with a written pass from Arnold, left Smith's house, crossed the river, and took the direction of New York, not being able, as he wished, to return to the Vulture. Next day he was stopped on the road by three militiamen, who searched him, and found papers concealed in his boots. They immediately conveyed him to the nearest American post, the commander of which, on examining the papers found on André's person, perceived them to be in Arnold's handwriting. Stupidly enough, he wrote to Arnold, telling him of the capture of a person calling himself John Anderson, and carrying very strange papers; and the consequence was, that Arnold had time to escape to the British camp. Meanwhile, intelligence of the affair had been conveyed to Washington. The unfortunate André himself wrote to Washington, telling his real name and rank, and explaining the manner in which he had been brought within the American lines. "Against my stipulation," he says, "my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by the refusal to reconduct me back next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts."

André having been conveyed to the head-quarters of the army at Tappan, a board of officers was summoned by Washington to consider his case. The conclusion they came to was, that André ought to be regarded as a spy, and, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death. Washington approved of this decision. Great exertions were made by General Clinton, and by many others, to procure a remission of the sentence in a case so peculiar; but all considerations of private or personal feeling were overcome by the sense of public duty; and harsh as the death of Major André might appear, Washington felt himself bound not to interfere. The only possible way in which André could have been saved, was one which General Clinton could not, consistently with the honour of his country, adopt; namely, the surrender of the traitor Arnold. Meanwhile, the young and unfortunate officer met his fate nobly. On the 1st of October, the day before his death, he wrote as follows to Washington:—"Sir—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to

your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet." Even this request could not be complied with, and next day Major André was hanged as a spy. André was a young man of amiable manners and disposition, and his fate was universally lamented both in America and England; and in reading the history of his ignominious death, one is inclined to feel that Washington might with no stretch of humanity or justice have spared his life. It seems at least clear that André was seduced into the position of a spy, and was animated by no dishonourable intention. At the time of his melancholy death, his mother and three sisters were alive in England. Provision was very properly made for them, in testimony of public sympathy with them, and public admiration for the brave and manly conduct of their lost relative; and after the conclusion of the war, Major André's ashes were disinterred, brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

The years 1781 and 1782 passed away like those which preceded them, no decisive battles being fought or great victories obtained on either side, but the general tenor of events, both in America and Europe, being favourable to the cause of American independence. The latter year, however, was marked by a very singular incident in the life of Washington. During the whole war, the sluggishness and timidity of congress, and its dilatory method of passing measures the most essential to the public good, had been the subject of great complaint in the army, and at length the feeling of discontent gave rise to sentiments of an anti-republican nature. Judging from the specimen of republican government which they had in the proceedings of congress, the soldiers and officers began to think that affairs would never be well managed, until some one man of ability were placed at the head of the government, if not with the title of king, at least with some other corresponding title. So strong had this conviction become in the army, that at length a number of the officers met, and deputed a veteran colonel to express their sentiments to Washington himself. A long and skilfully-written letter was prepared, in which, after describing the wretched condition of the country, and especially of the army, the writer adds this important paragraph—"This must have shown to all, and to military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army have been able to make by being placed under a proper head. Therefore, I have little doubt that when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly con-

sidered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so confounded the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate; but if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages."

This was an important moment in the history of the United States. It has been remarked, that there are two classes of persons who play an important part in revolutions—lawyers and military men. The lawyers usually make themselves conspicuous *during* the revolution; but the military men at last obtain the ascendancy, and restore society to order. It was by the power of the army that Cromwell and Napoleon were placed in the supreme civil command, and, in the present case, it was from the army that the proposal originated to make Washington king. Washington, however, declined the proposal, not, probably, from any mere scruple about injuring his fair name with posterity by appearing ambitious, but simply because, in the circumstances of the United States at that time, he may have seen that his accepting the offer would be attended not by good, but by ruinous consequences. The following is the answer which he returned to the letter containing the proposal:—

"NEWBURG, 22d May 1782.

"SIR—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to such an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, to do justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my

power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, sir, &c. GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In May 1782 Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New York, having been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Clinton in the command of the British army. It was apparent, from the tone of his first letters to Washington, that the British government was inclined to make concessions; and in August he gave formal notice that negotiations for a general peace had commenced at Paris, and "that the independence of the United States would be conceded as a preliminary step." By Washington's advice, however, the army was kept entire until the spring of 1783, when the news arrived that the treaty recognising the independence of the states had been actually signed. Nor was this a task of small difficulty; for so large were the arrears of pay due to the officers and men, that it required all the prudence and authority of Washington to prevent the troops from rising in rebellion against the congress which had employed them.

The proclamation of the final cessation of hostilities was made to the American army on the 19th of April 1783, "exactly eight years from the day on which the first blood was shed in this memorable contest at Lexington." Eight years' war had converted what had been a few flourishing colonies of Great Britain into a new and independent state, likely to become ere long one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth. The war had not been one of daring achievements and brilliant exploits. If viewed in this light, the war of American independence would seem but paltry and insignificant compared with other struggles recorded in history. We do not see in it any of those glorious victories of hundreds over thousands, those flashing acts of individual heroism, or those daring stratagems of military genius, which characterise other wars of similar importance. It was a cool, cautious, defensive war, in which patience and perseverance were the qualities most essential. Nor was Washington a Cæsar or a Napoleon. It would be absurd to name him as a military genius along with these two. But he was gifted with those great moral qualities which the circumstances of the American people required; and if he gained no victories of the first class, and astonished the world by no feats of warlike skill, it is still not the less true, that if the British colonies had not possessed such a man, they would in all probability have failed in the struggle, and remained British colonies still. Let the truth, indeed, be spoken. It was not the bulk of the American people, as represented in congress, who achieved the independence of

their country. That congress, by its perverse wrangling and incapability; that people, by their slowness in furnishing supplies, would have ruined all, but for the intrepidity, the patience, and the powers of management of George Washington. Although not what might be called an amiable man, or a man of refined sentiment, few have ever appeared of so well-balanced a character, and uniting the same power of command over men's minds with the same self-denial and want of personal ambition; and probably none but a man of his rigid methodical habits would have been able to preserve order in the American army. Some of Washington's orderly-books during the period of his holding command, contain striking proofs of his strictness as a disciplinarian, and of his watchfulness of everything going on among the troops likely to injure the cause for which they were contending. To complete our idea of Washington as commander-in-chief, we shall select one or two of these entries in the orderly-book.

“ November 5, 1775.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada.”

“ August 3, 1776.—That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, and on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice heretofore little known in an American army—is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavour to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.”

“ September 20.—Any soldier or officer who, upon the approach or attack of the enemy's forces by land or water, shall presume to turn his back and flee, shall be instantly shot down; and all

good officers are hereby authorised and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and cowardly part, nor share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat."

"November 22, 1777.—The commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hides. The commissary of hides is to furnish the hides, and the major-general of the day is to judge of the essays, and assign the reward to the best artist."

What were Washington's thoughts and feelings at the restoration of peace, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter which he wrote to Lafayette in April 1783:—"We are now an independent people, and have yet to learn political tactics. We are placed among the nations of the earth, and have a character to establish; but how we shall acquit ourselves, time must discover. The probability is (at least I fear it), that local or state politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive plan of government which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art."

Part of the summer of 1783 was spent by Washington in a tour through the northern states; and it was during this tour that he struck out a plan of great importance, which has since been carried into effect—a water communication between the Hudson and the great lakes. Returning from this tour, he attended the congress then sitting at Princetown, where he was received with the highest honours. On the 18th of October the army was disbanded by congress; on the 2d of November Washington issued his farewell address to it; on the 4th of December he dined with his officers at New York, now evacuated by the British troops; and on the 23d of the same month he resigned his commission into the hands of congress. "Having now," he said in the conclusion of his address, "finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life." Next day he left Annapolis, and proceeded to Mount Vernon, which he had only visited twice during more than eight years.

RETIREMENT INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

Washington was now once more a private citizen, devoting himself to those agricultural pursuits in which he took so much delight. Arrived at the age of fifty-two, he again "trod the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction." "Envious of

none," he wrote to a friend, "I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I shall move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

For three years Washington pursued this equable course of life, finding his delight in farming, planting, and gardening. Mount Vernon had been celebrated for its hospitality even before Washington had risen to the high station which he had recently occupied; and now, when visitors were constantly pouring in upon him, Europeans and Americans, noblemen and commoners, old friends and new acquaintances, authors and ordinary men, authoresses and ordinary women, the hospitality had to be resumed on a more extensive scale, and Mrs Washington's powers of household arrangement were sufficiently tested. During these three years of private life, Mr Sparks informs us Washington's "habits were uniform, and nearly the same as they had been previous to the war. He rose before the sun, and employed himself in his study, writing letters or reading till the hour of breakfast; when breakfast was over, his horse was ready at the door, and he rode to his farms, and gave directions for the day to the managers and labourers. Horses were likewise prepared for his guests whenever they chose to accompany him, or to amuse themselves by excursions into the country. Returning from his fields, and despatching such business as happened to be on hand, he went again to his study, and continued there till three o'clock, when he was summoned to dinner. The remainder of the day and the evening were devoted to company, or to recreation in the family circle. At ten he retired to rest. From these habits he seldom deviated, unless compelled to do so by particular circumstances."

The even tenor of Washington's life was soon to be interrupted. The war was now over, but much remained to be done. The great difficulty was, to devise a federal form of government, one which would give the states the strength of a united nation, without trenching on the privileges and interests of each particular state. The general feeling was against investing congress with much controlling authority. Washington saw the evil of this; and, in his letters to his friends, he spoke strongly on the necessity of a central and supreme government.

At length, after considerable prevarication and delay, a convention of deputies from all the states was agreed upon, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Washington was unanimously elected one of the deputies to this convention from the state of Virginia; and although somewhat reluctant, he consented to attend. Immediately on his appointment, he set about preparing himself diligently, by the study of history, for the important duties which, as a member of the convention, he would be called upon to perform. He examined carefully, we are told, all those confederacies of the ancient and modern world which appeared

most to resemble that which he was about to assist in erecting. He also read and abridged several standard works on political science, to store his mind with those general ideas for which he supposed he would have occasion in the convention. Thus prepared, he set out for Philadelphia, where the convention met on the 14th of May 1787, consisting of deputies from all the states except Rhode Island. Washington was unanimously called to the chair. After sitting five or six hours daily for nearly four months, the convention announced the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution for the United States of America. This constitution was accepted with remarkable unanimity all over the states. Benjamin Franklin, one of the members of the convention, thus expressed his opinion of it:—"I consent to this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good." And Washington's opinion was exactly the same. "In the aggregate," he said, "it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch."

After all the states had signified their acceptance of the constitution, congress passed an act, appointing the first Wednesday of February 1789 as the day on which the people were to choose the electors of the president, according to the provision made in the constitution, and the first Wednesday of March as the day on which these electors were to meet and choose the president. When the day of election came, the electors did their duty, by unanimously declaring George Washington the first president of the United States. Leaving Mount Vernon on the 16th of April 1789, he set out for New York. The journey was a triumphal procession; people gathered all along the road; and his entry into every town was celebrated by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannons. He made his public entry into New York on the 23d of April; and on the 30th, he was solemnly inaugurated, and took the oaths of office. He was now fifty-seven years of age.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As soon as Washington had assumed the presidency, he requested the heads of the various departments of the government, as it was then carried on—the secretary of state, the secretary of war, the secretary of foreign affairs, and the secretaries of the treasury—to draw up an elaborate report, each of the affairs of his own department. These reports Washington read and condensed with his own hand; and at the same time he perused with care the whole of the official records from the treaty of peace down to his own election to the presidency, making an abridgment of them for his own use. Thus he acquired a thorough understanding of the condition of the nation over which he presided.

We have seen that, while commander-in-chief of the armies, Washington exercised a vigilant superintendence over his private

affairs, and this superintendence he continued to exercise while burdened with the cares of civil government. Every week he received accurate reports from the manager he had left in charge of Mount Vernon, these reports being drawn up according to a form which he had himself prepared. In this way he perceived what was going on at Mount Vernon almost as distinctly as if he had been on the spot; and once a-week at least he wrote a letter of directions to his bailiff, in reply to the reports sent. So laboriously accurate was he, that this letter of directions was usually copied from a rough draft. It is another proof of the extreme interest which Washington took in agricultural pursuits, that, during his presidency, he kept up a correspondence with the most skillful agriculturists both in Europe and America, exchanging his ideas on the subject with them.

At first there was no established etiquette at Washington's court as to the times when he should receive visitors; and the consequence was, that he had to receive them at all times, from morning till night, just as they pleased to come. To put a stop to this torrent of people, it was arranged that Washington should receive ordinary visitors on Tuesdays only, from three to four o'clock; while Mrs Washington in like manner received visitors on Fridays, from three to five o'clock, the president being always present at her levees. He never accepted any invitations to dinner; but every day, except Sunday, he invited to his own table a number of guests, official persons, private friends, or foreigners who were introduced to him. On Sundays he received no company: in the mornings he regularly attended church; and the evenings he spent in the society of his own family, and such intimate friends as were privileged to drop in. During the first year of Washington's presidency his mother died at the age of eighty-two.

The first session of congress under his presidency was spent in organising the several departments of the executive. Washington, as president, nominated the heads of these departments. The celebrated Thomas Jefferson he appointed secretary of state; Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions were considerably less democratic than Jefferson's, was named secretary of the treasury; Henry Knox was continued in the office of secretary of war; Edmund Randolph was made attorney-general; and John Jay chief justice. These appointments reflected great credit on Washington's sagacity and impartiality.

It is impossible, in such a paper as the present, to sketch the history of Washington's presidency; suffice it to say, that the same talents and probity which had characterised him hitherto, appeared conspicuously in the discharge of the new duties which now fell to his lot. In nothing was his ability more manifest than in the manner in which he maintained the balance between the two political parties into which his own cabinet and the nation generally split—the federal party, whose aim was to

strengthen the central authority, and the democratic party, whose aim was to increase the power of the citizens in their local courts, and in the separate state legislatures. The head of the former party was Henderson; the head of the latter was Jefferson. Washington personally inclined to the former; but, as president, he made it his object to make the different elements work as harmoniously as possible. It was impossible, however, to prevent the parties from diverging more and more; and as Washington's term of presidency was drawing to a close, fears began to be entertained of the consequences which might result from such a division of opinion. The nation had not yet been consolidated, and a struggle between the federal and the democratic party might produce the most disastrous effects. The only means of preventing such a calamity, was the re-election of Washington for another term of four years. Accordingly, all his friends and the members of his cabinet earnestly solicited him to allow himself to be re-elected. With considerable reluctance Washington yielded to these solicitations, and suffered himself to be re-elected. The time of his re-election was just that at which the French Revolution was at its height; and it required all Washington's skill and strength of purpose to prevent the United States from being drawn into the vortex of a European war. But although he succeeded in preserving the neutrality of the states, there were many citizens who sympathised with the French revolutionists, and the democratic party, with Jefferson at its head, was gaining ground. So vehement did the struggle between the two parties become towards the end of Washington's second presidency, that even he did not escape the attacks of calumny, and the accusations of an excited public.

So disturbed was the state of political opinion in the union, that many were anxious that Washington should, for a third time, accept the office of president; but against this proposal he was resolute. Accordingly, in 1797, the election of a new president took place. John Adams, of the federalist party, having the largest number of votes, was declared president; Thomas Jefferson, of the democratic party, having the next largest number, was appointed vice-president. Adams was inaugurated on the 4th of March; and immediately after the ceremony Washington retired to Mount Vernon, where he resided for two years and a half, finding a recreation in his old age in those quiet agricultural pursuits which had always been his delight. On the rumour of the probability of a war with France, he was, indeed, appointed commander-in-chief; but he had no occasion to take the field. His health continued to be remarkably good; and, to all appearance, the day of his death was yet distant. But on the 12th of December 1799, having gone out as usual to give directions to his labourers, he was overtaken, when riding home, by a storm of sleet and rain. When he came in, his neck was wet, and the snow had lodged

itself in the locks of his hair. Next day he felt that he had taken a cold, but anticipated no danger. He read the newspapers as usual, seemed very cheerful, and when asked to take something for his cold, said, "No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came." Before morning he was much worse; he breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely speak. He had himself bled by one of his overseers, and his friend Dr Craik was sent for. The remedies tried produced no effect. A little after four, he desired Mrs Washington to bring two wills which she would find in his desk. After looking at them, he gave her one, which he said was useless, as it was superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it; which she did. Shortly after, he said to Mr Tobias Lear, who lived with him in the capacity of secretary and superintendent of his affairs, "I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun." To Dr Craik he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." For some hours he was uneasy and restless, often asking what o'clock it was. About ten, he said with some difficulty to Mr Lear, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." Towards eleven o'clock, he died without a struggle or sigh. Mrs Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked, "Is he gone?" "It is well," she said, when told that he was; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

Washington died on the 14th of December 1799, aged sixty-seven years. He was buried at Mount Vernon on the 18th. The news of his death was speedily carried through America, and all over Europe; and everywhere men vied with each other in doing honour to his memory.

One circumstance connected with the death of this great man it is gratifying to record. On his estate, as we have already mentioned, there was a large number of negro slaves. Part of these belonged to Washington himself; the rest were the property of Mrs Washington. During his life, the founder of American liberty seems to have acted, in the matter of slaves, in no more humane or enlightened spirit than any other Virginia gentleman of the time; but at his death he left a benevolent clause in his will, directing that all the slaves he possessed in his own right should be emancipated after Mrs Washington's death. During her life, they were still to continue slaves, because their emancipation during that period, "though earnestly wished by him, would be attended with insuperable difficulties," on account of their intermarriage with Mrs Washington's own negroes, whom it was not in his power to manumit. At Mrs Washing-

ton's death, however, his executors, or the survivors of them, were solemnly enjoined to see the clause in his will respecting the emancipation of the slaves, and every part thereof, "religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay." Such of the negroes thus emancipated as should be old and unable to work, were to be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs so long as they lived. Such of the young negroes as might have no parents living at the date of their emancipation, or whose parents might be unable or unwilling to provide for them, were to be "bound by the court till they should arrive at the age of twenty-five years;" and negro children thus bound were to "be taught to read and write, and brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the commonwealth of Virginia providing for the support of orphan and other poor children." In the meantime, until the emancipation should take place, he expressly forbade "the sale or transportation out of the commonwealth of any slave he might die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever." To one of his slaves, a mulatto-man named William Lee, he granted immediate liberty, with an annuity of thirty dollars.

The character of Washington has been often sketched, but probably never with such truth and ability as by his contemporary, and, in many respects, his rival in greatness, Thomas Jefferson. "Although, in the circle of his friends," says Jefferson, "where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example."



INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

AMONG the large body of negroes held in a state of bondage, or otherwise living in a condition unfavourable to mental development, there have at various times occurred instances of intelligence far beyond what could have been expected in this unhappy and abused, or at least neglected race. In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man showing a remarkable skill in mathematical science. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact, as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent persons; and an almanac which he composed was produced in the House of Commons as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thralldom. Elsewhere, we have presented the history of the gallant and unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture, a negro of St Domingo, whose name will ever be cherished by the friends of suffering humanity; and we now lay before our readers a few sketches of the lives of coloured individuals, who, though less celebrated than Toussaint, are equally worthy of remembrance, and of being placed along with Richard Banneker. We begin with a notice of

THOMAS JENKINS.

THOMAS JENKINS was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned

over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including Little Cape Mount, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilisation and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick, in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold dust, &c. that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was accordingly conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.

Swanstone brought his protégé to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of everything that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and accordingly he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of English; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced

to the offices of cow-herd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. "Black Tom," as he was called, became at Falnash a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He acted as cow-herd at one time, and stable-boy at another: in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servants to give him what knowledge they could.

In the course of a brief space, Mrs Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange liking for candle-ends. Not one about the farm-house could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighbouring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country, for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar.

By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to *instruct himself in Latin and Greek*. A boy friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favour his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treatment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his

honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the gray cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number XCVI. still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. "What, what do you mean?" said the poor negro in great agitation; "you know we cannot pay both that and the duty." His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and everybody was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular attender

upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's great-coat, with the staring "XCVI." upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this, his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection, that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a negro and born pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* [blacksmith's shop] was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed, as a matter of course, that the other school was completely deserted; and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants.

To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and as he contrived to carry on the

usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles distant), in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It farther shows his untiring zeal for religious instruction, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter; and this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was nevertheless truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do: the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands an order upon a merchant in Edinburgh for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity [Latin] for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Mr Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do

wonders in civilising and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about ten years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions, recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves; and he was induced to go out as a teacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There he has attained eminence as a teacher, and we believe he is still living.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

IN the year 1761 Mrs John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl, whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger induced Mrs Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a strip of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands the young African had been thrown, and in a short time the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of sacred writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanour.

At this period, neither in the mother country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the labouring-classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in

reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morning, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honours, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favour all the disadvantages of caste and of colour. So far was Phillis from repining at, or resenting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favoured race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of colour—a child of a long-degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley: her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been

written. Her favourite author was Pope, and her favourite work the translation of the Iliad. It is not of course surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little piece is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise:—

Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
 To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
 Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
 How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
 War with each principedom, throne, and power is o'er;
 The scene is ended, to return no more.
 Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
 How decked with laurel, and enriched with gold!
 Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
 How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
 What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
 What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
 To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
 To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
 To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
 What shall my sympathising verse impart?
 Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
 Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
 Look, gracious spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
 And thy full joys into their bosoms pour:
 The raging tempest of their griefs control,
 And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
 To eye the path the saint departed trod,
 And trace him to the bosom of his God.

The following passage on sleep, from a poem of some length on the Providence of God, shows a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression:—

As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
 So may we trace him in the night's repose.
 Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
 When action ceases and ideas range
 Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
 Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
 Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
 To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy;
 On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
 The labouring passions struggle for a vent.
 What power, oh man! thy reason then restores,
 So long suspended in nocturnal hours?
 What secret hand returns* the mental train,
 And gives improved thine active powers again?

* *Returns*, a common colloquial error for *restores*.

INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

From thee, oh man! what gratitude should rise!
And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God, who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave-girl at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." Phillis Wheatley's lines are if anything superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought; the faults are those which characterise the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles from the continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigour and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or colour. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home-government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung;
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
What pangs exerceiating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved:
Such, such my ease. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannie sway!

A slight and rather curious defect of Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of her memory, which, though it did not prevent her

from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind mistress provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
 To see the crystal shower,
 Or mark the tender falling tear
 At sad departure's hour ;
 Not unregarding can I see
 Her soul with grief oppress,
 But let no sighs, no groans for me
 Steal from her pensive breast.

* * *

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,
 Complacent and serene,
 With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
 With soul-delighting mien.

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society; and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them. From this likeness, the countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual. On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming, "See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?" But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she discharged the melancholy duty of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter

soon sunk also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable coloured man of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition, it would have been hard to have blamed Phillis for accepting any offer of protection of an honourable kind; yet it is pleasing to think that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of showing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity.

LOTT CARY.

THIS self-taught African genius was born a slave in Charles city county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having, somehow, procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon; and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children, left him on the death of his first wife. "Of the real value of his services while in this employment (says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted), it has been remarked that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work, he was highly esteemed, and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five-dollar bank note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said that, while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion,

taking up a book which he had left for a few moments, found it to be Smith's *Wealth of Nations*."

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at daybreak. Several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon them every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that "there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again."

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attention, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were for a long time rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never

forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilisation and Christianity among the natives.

In 1806 Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he discharged the duties of that important office till his death, which occurred in 1828 in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have been accidentally overturned, which ignited some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days. Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilisation on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results which dignify human nature.

PAUL CUFFEE.

FROM the foregoing instances of intelligent negroes, we now turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in slavery for a considerable portion of his life; but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period he married a woman of Indian descent, and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, all of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture, and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under

proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a "common man at the mast." His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition were perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed at different periods by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme: an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul; but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm labours, only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own

hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas, poor Paul!—he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent indeed must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate; he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him: he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons' burthen, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport river, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance. Having felt in his own person the want of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time Paul proceeded on a whaling voyage to the Straits of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up; but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The *Ranger* was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons' burthen. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth two thousand dollars on board of the *Ranger*; and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give some idea of the low estimation in which the African race was held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna, in Nanticoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment, and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it three thousand bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to

Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of a thousand dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook of his good fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig likewise of a hundred and sixty-two tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in the meantime fitted himself also with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig *Traveller*, of a hundred and nine tons, and the ship *Alpha*, of two hundred and sixty-eight tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the *Alpha* himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig *Traveller*, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a license, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired. Whether he is yet alive, it is not in our power to say; his family at least, we know, are still engaged in the commercial pursuits in which he led the way.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article:—"A sound understanding, united with in-

domitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet, under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may be introduced. His person is tall, well-formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious. His prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends."

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

A YEAR or two ago, the case of the "Amistad Captives," as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing is known respecting them in England, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the lately-published work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer *Fulton* and several revenue cutters were despatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various sea-ports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the *Amistad*, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one of whom, named *Cinque*, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havannah to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, *Jose Ruiz* and *Pedro Montez*,

* The exact number is not clearly stated by Mr Sturge: he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five: as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

who shipped them on board the *Amistad*, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa.

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all the friends of the blacks in America, and every proper means was adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the president, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and were fully entitled to their liberty. They were accordingly set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the states; and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming, and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Banna, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences which came to hear them sing and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, "three of the best readers were called upon

to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related in 'Merica language' their condition in their own country, their being kidnaped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havannah, the transactions on board the *Amistad*, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn in a Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countrymen who had addressed the audience in English; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the *Amistad*. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow-men.

"The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follow:—These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as *Kos-sa*, and lies south-east of *Sierra Leone*, as we suppose, from sixty to one hundred and twenty miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other; nor did they know each other until they met at the slave factory of *Pedro Blanco*, the wholesale trafficker in men, at *Lomboko*, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to *Havannah* in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named *Tecora*, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the *Amistad*. It seems that they remained at *Lomboko* several weeks, until six or seven hundred were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to *Sierra Leone* for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the *Tecora*. After suffering the horrors of the middle

passage, they arrived at Havannah. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Jose Ruiz, and shipped on board the *Amistad*, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The *Amistad* was a coaster, bound to Principe in Cuba, distant some two or three hundred miles.

“The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day or two, and only a small cup of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio, the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c. upon the wound, so that they ‘could know him for their slave.’ The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by ‘talking with his fingers’—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o’clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a council as to what was best to be done. ‘We feel bad,’ said Kinna, ‘and we ask Cinque what we had best do. Cinque say, “Me think, and by and by I tell you.” He then said, “If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten.”’ Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

“It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he showed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of *Othello*, at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o’clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians

say, 'They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea;' but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque replied, 'You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel.' The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said, 'You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do for you too.' Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal; he felt very sorry; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink anything but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards! In a day or two Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said, 'Very well;' but afterwards told his brethren, 'We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea.'

"At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton tablecloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making with their fingers net fringes, in imitation, they say, of 'Mendi fashion.' Large numbers of the audience advanced and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to show how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

"These Africans, while in prison (which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country), learned but little comparatively; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said 'it would be good for us in our own country.' Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden,

fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c. which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake; such sentences as, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting."

Mr Tappan concludes as follows:—"On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington; and in a few days the Mendians will embark from New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred and homes! Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotallers. At a tavern where we stopped, Banna took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said, 'This bad house—bar house—no good.' But the steamboat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, are about a thousand dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers."

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone November 27, 1841, on board the barque Gentleman, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; their stay in the United States, as Mr Sturge observes, having been of immense service to the anti-slavery cause; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

WHEN the subject of slavery was much agitated towards the end of the last century, one of the most effective advocates for its abolition was a free black living in London in the capacity of valet or butler to a family of distinction. This individual had been born in a slave vessel bound for Carthage, in South America, his father and mother being destined for the slave-market there. Shortly after their arrival his mother died, and his father committed suicide in despair. The little slave child was carried

to England by his master, and made a present of to a family of three maiden sisters residing at Greenwich. Being of a droll and humorous disposition, he earned for himself the nickname of Sancho, after Don Quixote's squire; and ever afterwards he called himself Ignatius Sancho. The Duke of Montague, who was a frequent visitor at the house of Sancho's mistresses, took an interest in him, lent him books, and advised his mistresses to have him educated. At length, on their death, he entered the service of the Duchess of Montague in the capacity of butler; and on the death of the duchess, he was left an annuity of thirty pounds. This, added to seventy pounds which he had saved during the period of his service, might have enabled him to establish himself respectably in life; but for a while Sancho preferred the dissipated life of a wit about town, indulging in pleasures beyond his means, and hanging on about the green-rooms of theatres. On one occasion he spent his last shilling at Drury Lane to see Garrick act; and it is said that Garrick was very fond of his negro admirer. Such was Sancho's theatrical enthusiasm, that he proposed at one time to act negro parts on the stage; but as his articulation was imperfect, this scheme had to be given up. After an interval of idleness and dissipation, Sancho's habits became more regular, and he married an interesting West India girl, by whom he had a large family. At this period of his life Sancho devoted himself earnestly to the cause of negro freedom. His reputation as a wit and humorist still continued; and his acquaintances were of no mean sort. After his death, two volumes of his letters were published, with a fine portrait of the author; and in these letters his style is said to resemble that of Sterne. As a specimen, we subjoin a letter of his to Sterne, with Sterne's reply.

“REVEREND SIR—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom: my chief pleasure has been books: philanthropy I adore. How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume, is this very affecting passage. ‘Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this have been trod under the feet of cruel and

capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery, what it is, how bitter a draught, and how many millions are made to drink of it.' Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren excepting yourself and the humane author of *Sir George Ellison*. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies. That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke perhaps of many; but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail. Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically observe, is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses! Alas!—you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply; in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, reverend sir, &c.

IGNATIUS SANCHO."

STERNE'S REPLY.

"COXWOLD, July 27, 1767.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters came to me. But why *her brethren*, or yours, Sancho, any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa. At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so. For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least), but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more, he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, 'tis at the service of the afflicted, and a much greater matter; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness and in chains of misery; and I cannot but

both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that, by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

“And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter. Yours,
L. STERNE.”

ZHINGA—A NEGRO QUEEN.

THE history of Zhingá, the famous negro queen of Angola, on the western coast of Africa, exhibits the power of negro character, even when untutored and left half savage. She was born in 1582, a time when the Portuguese were planting trading settlements on the African coast, and making encroachments on the possessions of the native princes. When Zhingá was forty years of age, and while her brother reigned over Angola, she was sent as ambassadress to Loanda, to treat of peace with the Portuguese viceroy at that place. “A palace was prepared for her reception, and she was received with the honours due to her rank. On entering the audience-chamber, she perceived that a magnificent chair of state was prepared for the Portuguese viceroy, while in front of it a rich carpet and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, were arranged on the floor for her use. The haughty princess observed this in silent displeasure. She gave a signal with her eyes, and immediately one of her women knelt on the carpet, supporting her weight on her hands. Zhingá gravely seated herself on the woman’s back, and awaited the entrance of the viceroy. The spirit and dignity with which she fulfilled her mission excited the admiration of the whole court. When an alliance was offered upon the condition of an annual tribute to the king of Portugal, she proudly refused it; but finally concluded a treaty on the single condition of restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. When the audience was ended, the viceroy, as he conducted her from the room, remarked that the attendant on whose back she had been seated still remained in the same posture. Zhingá replied, ‘It is not fit that the ambassadress of a great king should be twice served with the same seat. I have no farther use for the woman!’”*

During her stay at Loanda she embraced Christianity, or pretended to embrace it; was baptised, and in other respects conformed to European customs. Shortly after her return to Angola, her brother died, and she ascended the throne, making sure of it by strangling her nephew. On her accession to the throne, she was involved in a war with the Portuguese; and, assisted by the Dutch, and by some native chiefs, she carried on

* Mrs Child’s “Appeal.”

the contest with great vigour. At length, however, the Portuguese were completely victorious, and as she refused the offer which they made of re-establishing her on the throne on condition that she should pay an annual tribute, another sovereign was appointed, and Zhingá was obliged to flee. Exasperated at this treatment, she renounced Christianity, as being the religion of the Portuguese; and, placing herself at the head of a faithful band of negroes, she harassed the Portuguese for eighteen years, demanding the restoration of her kingdom, and listening to no other terms. At length, softened by the influence of advancing age, and by the death of a sister to whom she was much attached, she began to be haunted with feelings of remorse on account of her apostacy from the Christian faith. The captive Portuguese priests, whom she now treated with kindness and respect, prevailed on her to declare herself again a convert. She was then reinstated in her dominions, and distinguished herself by her zeal in propagating her new religion among her pagan subjects, not a few of whom were martyred for their obstinacy by her orders. Among other laws, she passed one prohibiting polygamy, till then common in her kingdom; and as this gave great offence, she set an example to her subjects by marrying one of her courtiers, although she was then in her seventy-sixth year. She also abolished the custom of human sacrifices. She strictly observed her treaties with the Portuguese; and in 1657, one of her tributaries having violated the terms of peace, she marched against him, and having defeated him, cut off his head, and sent it to the Portuguese viceroy. Nothing, however, not even the influence of the priests, could prevail on her to become a vassal of the Portuguese king. One of her last acts was to send an embassy to the pope, "requesting more missionaries among her people. The pontiff's answer was publicly read in church, where Zhingá appeared with a numerous and brilliant train. At a festival in honour of this occasion, she and the ladies of her court performed a mimic battle in the dress and armour of Amazons. Though more than eighty years old, this remarkable woman displayed as much strength, agility, and skill, as she could have done at twenty-five. She died in 1663, aged eighty-two. Arrayed in royal robes, ornamented with precious stones, with a bow and arrow in her hand, the body was shown to her sorrowing subjects. It was then, according to her wish, clothed in the Capuchin habit, with crucifix and rosary."

PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

In the month of July 1844, twenty persons were executed together at Havannah, in Cuba, for having been concerned in a conspiracy for giving liberty to the black population—the slaves

of the Spanish inhabitants. One of these, and the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of Placido, the Cuban poet. Little is known of this negro beyond a few particulars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country. The *Heraldo*, a Madrid newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as "the celebrated poet Placido;" and says, "this man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havannah, who united to purchase his release from slavery." The "Poems by a Cuban Slave," edited by Dr Madden some years ago, are believed to have been the compositions of this gifted negro. Placido appears to have burned with a desire to do something for his race; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba similar to the memorable negro insurrection in St Domingo fifty years ago. Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities. The following is the account given of his execution in a letter from Havannah, dated July 16, 1844, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* newspaper:—"What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumoured a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the 'chapel' for the condemned. On the appointed day a great crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the 'chapel' means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in a sepulchral voice the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can anything be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone.

The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At the last he arose, and said, 'Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego.'—('Adieu, O world; here is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire.') Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up, and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. 'Will no one have pity on me?' he said. 'Here (pointing to his heart)—fire here.' At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt."

The following is a translation, by Maria Weston Chapman, of the beautiful lines composed by Placido, as above narrated. "They were written in prison the night before his execution, and were solemnly recited by him as he proceeded to the place of death, so that the concluding stanza was uttered a few moments before he expired." The original is in Spanish; but the following appears to be a pleasing version.

Being of infinite goodness! God Almighty!
 I hasten in mine agony to thee!
 Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
 Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity;
 Efface this ignominy from my brow,
 Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now.

Oh King of kings! thou God of my forefathers!
 My God! thou only my defence shalt be,
 Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;
 From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers—
 Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
 Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish,
 Revives to being at thy sacred voice.
 Without thee all is naught, and at thy choice,
 In fathomless eternity must perish.
 Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
 When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God! I can deceive thee never;
 Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
 Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
 Through every earthly lineament for ever.
 Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand
 Humbled, while Slander claps her impious hand.

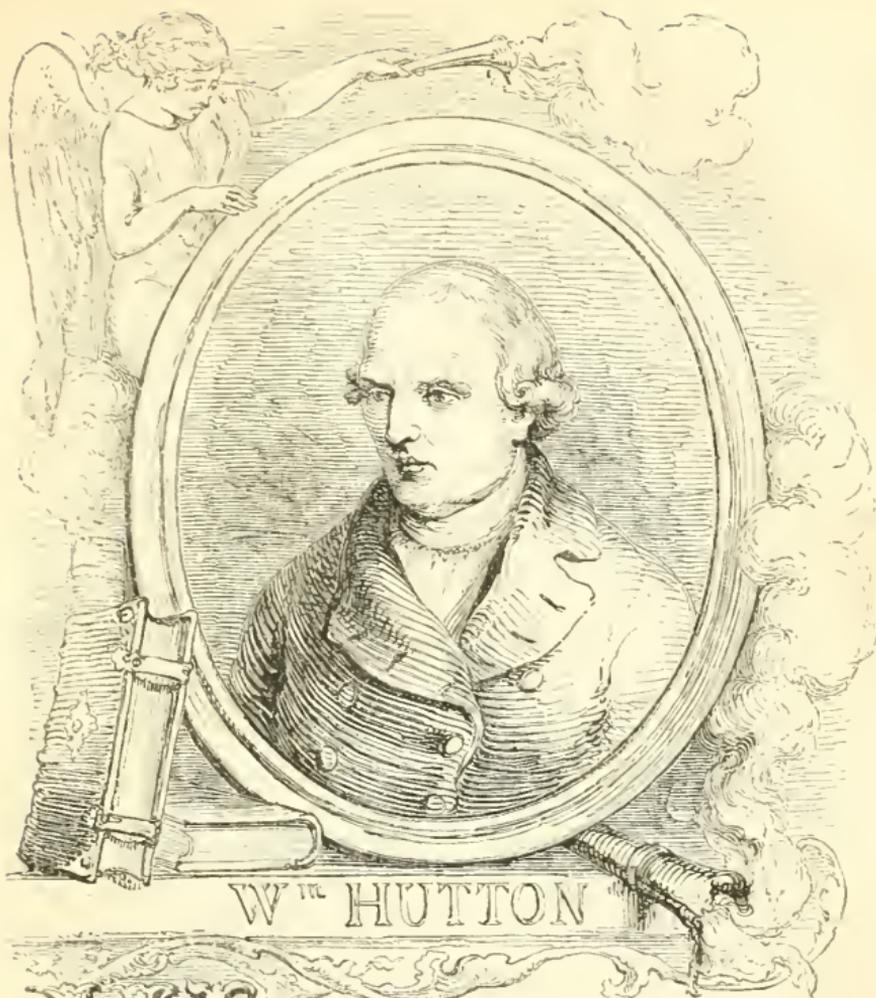
But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
 Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
 And men shall trample over my cold dust—
 The course outraging with malignant pleasure—
 Speak, and recall my being at thy nod!
 Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!

It is to be hoped that more may yet be learnt of the history of this unfortunate and gifted negro.

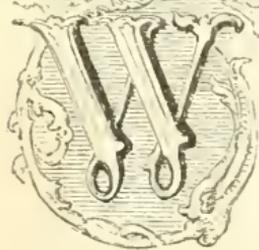
CONCLUSION.

While these notices may be of use in aiding the cause of the much oppressed negro, they are in no respect designed to establish the fact, that the white and dark races are upon the same native intellectual level, and that education and other circumstances effect all the difference which is observable between them. It would, we believe, be imprudent, however philanthropic, to attempt to establish this proposition, for it is inconsistent with truth, and can only tend to obstruct our arrival at a less ambitious, but still friendly and hopeful proposition respecting the negroes, which appears, both from their organisation and external manifestations of character, to be the only one that can be maintained: this is, that, in the mass, they are at present far behind the white races, but capable of being cultivated, in the course of successive generations, up to the same point; a small advance in each generation being all that can be achieved in the way of civilisation even among the white races, and being apparently the law of social progress. The negro intellect is, we believe, chiefly deficient in the reasoning powers and higher sentiments: these, though doubtless present in some rudimental form, could no more be called instantaneously into the same vigorous exercise in which we find them in Europe, than could the wild apple, by sudden transplantation to an orchard, be rendered into a pippin. They would require, in the first place, a species of tender nursing, to bring them into palpable existence. From infancy they would need to be fondled into childhood, from childhood trained into youth, and from youth cultivated into manhood. It is not a thin whitewash of European knowledge which will at once alter the features of the African mind. The work must be the work of ages, and those ages must be judiciously employed.

There is no fact more illustrative of this hypothesis than the occasional appearance of respectable intellect, and the frequency of good dispositions, amongst the negroes. Such men as Jenkins and Cary at once close the mouths of those who, from ignorance or something worse, allege an absolute difference in specific character between the two races, and justify the consignment of the black to a fate which only proves the lingering barbarism of the white.



WTH HUTTON



WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham, whose life affords a fine example of success resulting from sagacity, integrity, and perseverance, was born at Derby on the 30th of September 1723. He was the third child of parents in very poor circumstances, his father, William Hutton, being a journeyman woolcomber,

who had married Anne Ward, the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood of Derby, and a woman deserving of a better fate. Her husband was one of those men who would shine in humble life, and attain universal esteem, if not afflicted with habits of reckless intemperance and extravagance. Able in his profession, acute in his reasoning powers, possessed of a good memory, eloquent in his language, and with not a little acquired knowledge, all these advantages were rendered practically useless to himself or his family, in consequence of a pernicious taste for the low indulgences of the beer and gin-shop. Of the evils of this besetting vice he was fully aware. While mourning his

penniless condition, and the sufferings of his wife and family, he would vow to shun in future the intoxicating draught; and even go the length of inscribing his resolution in his pocket-book in the following words:—"O Lord, by thy assistance I will not enter into a public-house on this side of Easter." Alas for all such resolutions! they vanished at the first temptation; and were all forgotten precisely at the time they ought to have been remembered. Repeated failures in his desire to do well, seem to have at last robbed him of all self-respect. He became a habitual sot, and the fate of his wife and children was such as is always endured where a drunkard is the head of a family. With a wailing infant on her knee, in a house without fire or any other comfort, sat the broken-hearted woman, endeavouring to amuse away the hunger of the children who hung about her. And when a morsel of food was procured, she suffered them, with a tear, to take her share amongst them.

In the midst of such scenes—rags, misery, and almost famine—the subject of our memoir passed the first eight years of his existence. Although numbering the third in the family, he was somewhat larger and stronger in person than his seniors, but much less interesting in general appearance. Possessing no personal qualities to recommend him to the special affection of his parents, they gladly allowed him to visit and remain for some time with a couple of maiden aunts at Swithland, where, if he was not treated with marked consideration, he had at least the satisfaction of receiving what he prized more highly—a sufficiency of food. From these aunts he endured almost daily insults, being cuffed, kicked, and buffeted, besides being told of his ugliness; but all this only schooled him to a life of patient endurance, and invoked that spirit of self-dependence of which he afterwards gave so brilliant an example.

Returning to the parental home, he underwent the old usage, which was a variety of suffering on what he had lately experienced. While leading this worse than dog-life, however, he had the good fortune—rare for the child of a habitual dram-drinker—to be sent to school, where he learned to read, though at the expense of a vast amount of distress; for his teacher was a severe disciplinarian, and scrupled not to beat his head against the wall, to tear his hair, and commit other atrocities customary among schoolmasters in those and much later times. The result of his chastisements was an intense hatred of learning, which fortunately he outlived. Not so much because he was doing little good at school, but because his powers of labour came into demand to help the general earnings, he was recalled, and put to a regular employment. This was a step which had for some time engaged the serious attention of both father and mother. The father was glad of any means for relieving him of the obligation to support his family; and what means more feasible than that of compelling his boy to go to work, although still an infant

in years and stature? The mother, in her distressed condition, tattered and worn down with a complication of woes, was thankful that she could look to one of her children for a contribution to the family resources, and eagerly planned the nature of his employment. Winding quills for the weaver was schemed, but died away. Stripping tobacco for the grocer, in which fourpence a-week was to be earned, was proposed; but it also was dropped: and finally, the idea of despatching him to the silk-mill at Derby, an establishment just begun, was struck out, and settled on. It was at the same time resolved to send Thomas, an elder brother, along with him. On being exhibited to one of the clerks, William was objected to as too young; but the objection was overruled, and he was admitted as "a hand" in an establishment already numbering three hundred active workers.

At first it was feared that he would be incapable of attending at the post which had been assigned to him. His legs were too short, and he could not reach the engine. Luckily, one of the superintendents contrived a remedy, which was the fixing of a pair of high pattens to his feet; and these appendages he continued to use for twelve months, at the end of which time he had attained a sufficient length of limb. His employment was but a new variety of suffering. Factories, a hundred years ago, were not conducted with that regard to the comfort of the employed which they now for the greater part are. There was much petty tyranny exercised; and to not a little of this young Hutton was exposed. The cane was flourished freely as an instrument of coercion; and the language and general conduct of all was most revolting. Distressing as were the scenes enacting around him, he had to endure them for a space of seven years; and these seven years he afterwards spoke of as the most miserable period of his existence. In the memoirs of his life, written by himself, and from which we draw these and other particulars, he records two little incidents connected with his labours in the silk-mill, which present a lively idea of the sensations he experienced. "The Christmas holidays of 1731," he observes, "were attended with snow, followed by a sharp frost. A thaw came on in the afternoon of the 27th, but in the night the ground was again caught by a frost, which glazed the streets. I did not awake the next morning till daylight seemed to appear. I rose in tears, for fear of punishment, and went to my father's bedside to ask what was o'clock. 'He believed six.' I darted out in agonies, and from the bottom of Full Street to the top of Silk-mill Lane, not two hundred yards, I fell nine times! Observing no lights in the mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection of the snow had deceived me. Returning, it struck two. As I now went with care, I fell but twice." Again he relates, "in pouring some bobbins out of one box into another, the cogs of an engine caught the box in my hand. The works in all the five rooms began to thunder, crack, and break to pieces: a uni-

versal cry of 'Stop mills' ensued. All the violent powers of nature operated within me. With the strength of a madman I wrenched the box from the wheel; but, alas! the mischief was done. I durst not show my face, nor retreat to dinner, till every soul was gone. Pity in distress was not found within those walls."

In 1733, when he was ten years of age, he lost his mother; her death having been caused, like that of many poor women, by unsuitable bodily toil, shortly after giving birth to an infant. His father now gave up housekeeping—sold off the wreck of his furniture—spent the money in worthless debauchery, and took lodgings for himself and three children in the house of a widow, who had four children of her own. In this new home the fate of our young hero was not improved. His mother gone, his father at the alehouse, nearly without clothes, scanty fare, and the drudgeries and demoralisations of the mill; all rendered his life forlorn and wretched. On one occasion he fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next, and then dined only on flour and water boiled into hasty pudding. Sometimes he anticipated a slight alleviation in his sufferings by the possibility of his father introducing a stepmother; but this event does not appear to have occurred, and the remainder of his term at the mill was spent, while he lived in lodgings, with other members of the family.

The long-looked-for year of emancipation from the thralldom of the mill at last arrived. He had been bound for seven years, and it was now the seventh. It became therefore requisite to point out some other mode of future life, which could be conveniently embraced. This it was difficult to do. William had received little or no education, and what trade of a superior kind could he expect to follow? His taste pointed to the profession of a gardener; but this his father objected to. He next, in desperation, proposed to be a stocking-weaver with his uncle George Hutton in Nottingham. Here again his father demurred; but William felt the necessity for decision, and on the expiry of his time at the mill, in 1738, he went to Nottingham, and entered himself in the employment of his uncle.

This change did not prove a happy one. "I had just finished one seven years' servitude," he states, "and was entering on another. In the former, I was welcome to the food I ate, provided I could get it; but now that it was more plentiful, I was to be grudged every meal I tasted. My aunt kept a constant eye upon the food and the feeder. This curb galled my mouth to that degree, that to this day I do not eat at another's table without fear. The impressions received in early life are astonishing.

"I was too young to have any concern in the terms of servitude, and my father too poor to lend assistance. A burden was therefore laid upon me, which I afterwards found intolerable—that my over-work, without knowing whether I should get any, must find me clothes.

“My task was to earn five shillings and tenpence a-week. The first week I could reach this sum I was to be gratified with sixpence; but ever after, should I fall short, or go beyond it, the loss or profit was to be my own. I found it was the general practice of apprentices to be under the mark.”

William's elder brother, Thomas, soon followed him to Nottingham, and was likewise bound apprentice to his uncle, no efforts having been made by his father to procure him any other trade. Thus the two brothers, who had been for seven years companions at the silk-mill of Derby, were now again companions at the stocking-frame in Nottingham. The trade was one which neither of them liked; they had only consented to follow it out of necessity, and because they could find no other into which admission was so easy. Possessing no affection for his daily labour, and unsupported by any cheering influences around him, William produced no more work than his allotted task; yet he made shift to earn enough to purchase a good suit of clothes, the first of the kind he had ever worn; and this seemed like a gleam of prosperity in his career.

Matters went on satisfactorily for some time. William's uncle treated him kindly, and his situation was in all respects more comfortable than it had ever been before, when, one day in the year 1741, an unhappy quarrel arose, on account of William having absented himself without leave during the week of the races. This was, no doubt, a serious offence. A disallowed absence from labour is, at all times, a breach of contract, and therefore to be condemned; and when the absence is caused by so contemptible, not to say so vicious an amusement as the spectacle of horse-racing, it cannot be passed over without severe reprehension. Reared as our hero had been in ignorance, he was not unconscious of having committed an error, and, under a considerate master, his convictions might have been turned to good account. Unfortunately George Hutton, the uncle, was but a commonplace person, and had no idea of punishment except through hard labour and the cudgel. Accordingly, when the truant apprentice made his appearance on Saturday morning, his sullen and indignant relative told him that, if he did not perform his accustomed task that day, he should be thrashed at night. “Idleness,” says Hutton, in narrating what followed, “which had hovered over me five days, did not choose to leave me the sixth. Night came: I wanted one hour's work. I hoped my former conduct would atone for the present; but my uncle had passed his word, and did not wish to break it. ‘You have not done the task I ordered.’ I was silent. ‘Was it in your power to have done it?’ Still silent. He repeated again, ‘Could you have done it?’ As I ever detested lying, I could not think of covering myself, even from a rising storm, by so mean a subterfuge. I therefore answered in a low meek voice, ‘*I could.*’ This fatal word, innocent in itself, and founded upon truth,

proved my destruction. 'Then,' says he, 'I'll make you.' He immediately brought a birch broom handle of white hazel, and, holding it by the small end, repeated his blows till I thought he would have broken me to pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and everything mild around us. The sound of the roar and the stick penetrated the air to a great distance. The neighbourhood turned out to inquire the cause, when, after some investigation, it was said to be 'only Hutton thrashing one of his lads.' I was drawing towards eighteen, held some rank among my acquaintance, and made a small figure in dress; therefore, though I was greatly hurt in body, I was much more hurt in mind by this flogging. The next day, July 12, 1741, I went to Meeting in the morning as usual. My uncle seemed sorry for what had passed, and inclined to make matters up. At noon he sent me for some fruit, and asked me to partake of it. I thanked him with a sullen 'No.' My wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries. Standing by the palisades of the house in a gloomy posture, a female acquaintance passed by, and turning, with a pointed sneer said, 'You were beaten last night.' The remark stung me to the quick: I would rather she had broken my head."

The idea of running away had on former occasions been suggested to him by an ill-conditioned fellow-apprentice called Roper, and he now determined to put it in practice. Accordingly, one morning he left his uncle's house, which he trusted never more to enter. What follows may be related in his own words. "Figure to yourself a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes, also a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book, a new Bible, value three shillings, one shirt, a pair of stockings, a sun-dial, my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket, a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations. I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance, and took what I thought an everlasting farewell of Nottingham. I carried neither a light heart nor a light load; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an outcast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose. At ten o'clock I arrived at Derby. The inhabitants were gone to bed, as if retreating from my society. I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were at rest; but before I was aware,

I perceived the door open, and heard his foot not three yards from me. I retreated with precipitation. How ill calculated are we to judge of events! I was running from the only hand that could have saved me. Adjoining the town is a field called Abbey-barns, the scene of my childish amusements. Here I took up my abode upon the cold grass, in a damp place, after a day's fatigue, with the sky over my head, and the bags by my side. The place was full of cattle. The full breath of the cows half asleep, the jingling of the chains at the horses' feet, and a mind agitated, were ill calculated to afford me rest. I rose at four, July 13, starved, sore, and stiff, deposited my bags under the fourth tree, covering them with leaves, while I waited upon Warburgh's bridge for my brother Samuel, who I knew would go to the silk-mill before five. I told him that I had differed with my uncle, had left him, and intended to go to Ireland; that he must remember me to my father, whom I should probably see no more. I had all the discourse to myself, for my brother did not utter one word. I arrived at Burton the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and spent nothing. I was an economist from my cradle, and the character never forsook me. I ever had an inclination to examine fresh places. Leaving my bags at a public-house, I took a view of the town, and, breaking into my first shilling, I spent one penny as a recompense for the care of them. Arriving the same evening within the precincts of Lichfield, I approached a barn, where I intended to lodge; but finding the door shut, I opened my parcels in the fields, dressed, hid my bags near a hedge, and went to take a view of the city for about two hours, though very sore-footed. Returning to the spot about nine, I undressed, bagged up my things in decent order, and prepared for rest: but, alas! I had a bed to seek. About a stone's cast from the place stood another barn, which perhaps might furnish me with a lodging. I thought it needless to take the bags while I examined the place, as my stay would be very short. The second barn yielding no relief, I returned in about ten minutes. But what was my surprise when I perceived the bags were gone! Terror seized me. I clamoured after the rascal, but might as well have been silent, for thieves seldom come at a call. Running, raving, and lamenting about the fields and roads, employed some time. I was too much immersed in distress to find relief in tears: they refused to flow. I described the bags, and told the affair to all I met. I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but redress from none. I saw my hearers dwindle with the twilight, and at eleven o'clock found myself in the open street, left to tell my mournful tale to the silent night. It is not easy to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing; a stranger to the world, and the world to me; no employ, nor likely to procure any; no food to eat, or place to rest: all the little property I had upon earth taken from me; nay, even hope, that last and constant friend of

the unfortunate, forsook me. I was in a more wretched condition than he who has nothing to lose. I sought repose in the street upon a butcher's block."

With the morning light the young runaway rose from his hard couch, and recommenced his inquiries for his clothes, but without avail. A gentleman to whom he addressed himself informed him that it was market-day at Walsall, a village some miles off, and that possibly he might find something to do there. Setting out, he reached Walsall with blistered feet and a heavy heart. He applied for employment to a man who sold stockings in the market, and was told that there were no stocking-frames at Walsall, but that there were some at Birmingham, and that he might probably find work there. Acting on this information, he set out for Birmingham, which he reached that afternoon. The appearance of this busy and populous town greatly surprised him. The people seemed to possess a vivacity he had never before beheld. He felt as if he had hitherto been among dreamers, but now saw men wide awake. The gait of the men bespoke an alacrity of intellect, and on all sides were symptoms of life and industry. The bustling air of the place, however, only served to increase the young traveller's dejection; he seemed the only idle being in the throng. Having ascertained that there were three stocking-makers in Birmingham, to these he applied in turn. The first bade him go about his business, as he would have nothing to do with a runaway apprentice; the second gave him a penny to get rid of him; and though the third entered into conversation with him, and asked some questions about his acquaintances in Derby, he allowed him to depart.

"It was now about seven o'clock," he writes, "in the evening, Tuesday, July 14, 1741. I sat down to rest upon the north side of the Old Cross, near Philip Street; the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, I should be overseer. I sat under that roof, a silent, oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind agent comfort me with the distant prospect?"

"About ten yards from me, near the corner of Philip Street, I perceived two men in aprons eye me with some attention. They approached near. 'You seem,' says one, 'by your melancholy situation and dusty shoes, a forlorn traveller, without money and without friends.' I assured him it was exactly my case. 'If you choose to accept of a pint of ale, it is at your service. I know what it is myself to be a distressed traveller.' 'I shall receive any favour with thankfulness.' They took me to the Bell, in Philip Street, and gave me what bread, cheese, and beer I chose. They also procured a lodging for me in the neighbourhood, where I slept for three-halfpence."

Next day the idler still hung about Birmingham, regaling his eyes with the sights in the streets, and living on cherries, which

were a halfpenny a pound. On the next, however, he set out for Coventry, in hopes of finding employment there. In this, too, he was disappointed; either no work was to be had, or none would be given to a runaway apprentice, as every one to whom he applied saw him to be. On Friday the 17th he left Coventry, and, after passing through several of the villages in the neighbourhood, reached Hinckley about four in the afternoon. Here he applied to one Millward, a stocking-maker, who knew his family at Derby. "He set up," he says, "the same objection that others had done, and I made the same unsuccessful reply. He set me to work till night, about two hours, in which time I earned twopence. He then asked me into the house, entered into conversation with me, told me he was certain I was a runaway apprentice, and begged I would inform him ingenuously. I replied with tears that I was, and that an unhappy difference with my uncle was the cause of my leaving his service. He said if I would set out on my return in the morning, I should be welcome to a bed that night. I told him that I had no objection to the service of my uncle, but that I could not submit to any punishment; and if I were not received upon equitable terms, I would immediately return to my own liberty."

Next morning he took Millward's advice, and set out on his return. He reached Derby at nine in the evening, with eightpence in his pocket out of the two shillings which he had taken with him from Nottingham, having thus spent precisely one shilling and fourpence in the course of his week's rambles. His principal fare had been raw turnips and cherries.

Contrary to expectation, the returned prodigal was received with a degree of kindness by his father, who chanced to be in one of his happier moods. It was agreed that his uncle should be sent for to arrange the terms of surrender, if that were possible. Next day, Sunday, George Hutton arrived, and seemed by no means implacable; for he felt in some measure self-accused. It was finally agreed that young William should return to his duties; and he did so; but although forgiven by others, he could not forgive himself. He had lost self-approbation, lost time and money, and the effects of his unhappy conduct hung about him for years.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the remainder of his apprenticeship to his uncle. His taste for books and reading, indeed, seems first to have been developed about this period; and he also devoted himself enthusiastically to music, becoming a performer on several instruments. His term of apprenticeship having expired in the end of 1744, he continued at the stocking trade as a journeyman with his uncle; depressed, however, by the growing conviction, not only that the stocking trade was one which did not suit him, but also that it was one by which it would be difficult to earn a subsistence. As he did not relish the thought of being a journeyman for life, he asked his uncle to

permit him to set a frame in his work-room, and work on his own account—which would make him a master on a small scale. His uncle at first consented, but afterwards drew back, which Hutton thought rather ungenerous, as the plan proposed was a common one in Nottingham. Nevertheless, as he did not like to leave his uncle, he continued to work as a journeyman under him till the month of September 1746, when his uncle's death set him at liberty, or rather cast him adrift, for he had now both a new home and new employment to seek.

After their uncle's death, William Hutton and his brother Thomas went to reside with their sister Catherine, who, in 1743, had married William Perkins, a tailor at Swithland, but had separated from him shortly afterwards, in consequence of an unfortunate disagreement, and taken a house in Nottingham. While the sister laboured hard at the spinning-wheel, the two brothers continued their trade as stocking-makers. Trade was very dull. "The stocking-frame being my own," says William Hutton, "and trade being dead, the hosiers would not employ me. They could scarcely employ their own frames. I was advised to try Leicester, and took with me half a dozen pairs of stockings to sell. I visited several warehouses; but, alas! all proved blank. They would neither employ me, nor give for my goods anything near prime cost. As I stood like a culprit before a gentleman of the name of Bennet, I was so affected that I burst into tears, to think that I should have served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread."

The greater number of young men, placed in the deplorable circumstances to which Hutton now found himself reduced, would probably lose heart altogether, and sink still lower in condition. Many, indeed, would not scruple to seek relief from others, by begging or otherwise. But William Hutton, uninstructed and unrefined as he was, appears to have possessed a nobility of mind which shrunk from everything that was either mean or dishonourable. Friendless, and almost penniless, he was still a friend to himself. He resolved to battle manfully with his fate, and the battle was not in vain.

SELF-RELIANCE—MIDDLE LIFE.

Reduced to the brink of despair, in consequence of the failure of the trade to which he had been reared, young Hutton bethought himself of trying an entirely new profession; one which has more than once rescued the industrious and deserving from abject penury. This was to deal in books. He began in an exceedingly humble way. For some time he had been in the habit of amusing his leisure hours by reading, and also attempting a little literary composition, his taste, like that of most other inexperienced young men, taking a turn towards versification. These recreations led to the patching and binding of any old volume or pamphlet which fell in his way. His first bold attempt at renovation was on

three volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine. "I fastened them together," he says, "in a most cobbled style; but they afforded me a treat. I could only procure books of small value, and these in worn-out bindings. I learned to patch; procured paste, varnish, &c. and brought them into tolerable order; erected shelves, and arranged them in the best manner I was able. If I purchased shabby books, it is no wonder that I dealt with a shabby bookseller, who kept his whole working apparatus in his shop. It is no wonder, too, if, by repeated visits, I became acquainted with this bookseller, and often saw him at work; but it is a wonder and a fact, that I never saw him perform one act but I could perform it myself—so strong was the desire to attain the art. I made no secret of my progress, and the bookseller rather encouraged me; and that for two reasons—I bought such rubbish as nobody else would, and he had often an opportunity of selling me a cast-off tool for a shilling not worth a penny. As I was below every degree of opposition, a rivalry was out of the question.

"The bookseller at length offered me a worn-down press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I considered the nature of its construction; bought it, and paid the two shillings. I then asked him to favour me with a hammer and a pin, which he brought with half a conquering smile and half a sneer. I drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He said in anger, 'If I had known, you should not have had it.' However, I could see he consoled himself with the idea that all must return to him in the end. This proved for forty-two years my best binding press.

"A bookbinder fostered by the stocking-frame was such a novelty, that many people gave me a book to bind; that is, among my friends and their acquaintance; and I perceived two advantages attended my work: I chiefly served those who were not judges; consequently, that work passed with them which would not with a master; and, coming from the hands of a stockinger, it carried a merit, because no stockinger could produce its equal."

Having thus begun the business of a bookbinder, he endeavoured to rely on it altogether for subsistence, but finding that he had leisure time on his hands, he filled up the intervals with labour at the stocking-frame; and between the two he managed to support himself in a frugal way. Persevering in this manner, his prospects gradually brightened. Bookbinding became more plentiful, and he resolved to abandon the stocking trade for ever: in this resolution his sister cordially supported him. There was, however, a difficulty in the way. Hitherto he had only used the wretched tools and the materials which his friend the bookseller had been willing to sell him; and many things were wanting which could be had only in London. To the metropolis, there-

fore, he made up his mind to go, for the purpose of procuring proper tools, and arranging a correspondence for future supplies. Yet where was the money to come from to meet this great enterprise? His sister, who appears to have been the only relative for whom he could entertain an affection, came forward at this juncture. She raised for him three guineas, which for security she sewed in the collar of his shirt, and putting eleven shillings in his pocket, bade him good speed on his journey.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Nottingham to London was dangerous as well as toilsome. The roads were everywhere haunted by highwaymen, one or more of whom Hutton had no doubt he should encounter, and he kept the eleven shillings given him by his sister ready to be handed to the first who should waylay him. Fortunately, no such misadventure occurred on the journey, which being performed on foot, occupied three long and painful days. An extract from his diary, descriptive of what he endured and saw on the excursion, cannot but be acceptable. "On Monday morning at three, April 8 [1749], I set out. Not being used to walk, my feet were blistered with the first ten miles. I must not, however, sink under the fatigue, but endeavour to proceed as if all were well, for much depended on this journey. Aided by resolution, I marched on. Stopping at Leicester, I unfortunately left my knife, and did not discover the loss till I had proceeded eleven miles. I grieved, because it was the only keepsake I had of my worthy friend Mr Webb. In the evening I stopped at Brixworth, having walked fifty-one miles; and my whole expense for the day was fivepence.

"The next day, Tuesday the 9th, I rested at Dunstable. Passing over Finchley Common, on the third day, I overtook a carter, who told me I might be well accommodated at the Horns, in St John Street, Smithfield, by making use of his name; but it happened, in the eagerness of talking, and the sound of his noisy cart, that he forgot to tell his name, and I to ask it.

"I arrived at the Horns at five, described my director, whom they could not recollect: however, I was admitted an inmate. I ordered a mutton-chop and porter; but, alas, I was jaded; I had fasted too long; my appetite was gone, and the chop nearly useless.

"This meal, if it might be called a meal, was the only one during my stay, and, I think, the only time I ever ate under a roof. I did not know one soul in London, therefore could have no invitations. Nature is supported with a little, which was well for me, because I had but little to give her. If a man has any money, he will see stalls enough in London which will supply him with something to eat, and it rests with him to lay out his money to the best advantage. If he cannot afford butter, he must eat his bread without. This will tend to keep up an appetite, which always gives a relish to food, though mean; and the scantiness will add to that relish.

“The next morning I breakfasted in Smithfield upon firmity, at a wheelbarrow. Sometimes I had a halfpenny-worth of soup, and another of bread; at other times bread and cheese. I only ate to live.

“If a man goes to receive money, it may take him a long time to transact his business; if to pay money, it will take him less; and if he has but a little to pay, still less. My errand fell under the third class. I only wanted three alphabets of letters, a set of figures, and some ornamental tools for gilding books; with leather and boards for binding.

“I wished to see a number of curiosities; but my shallow pocket forbade. One penny, to see Bedlam, was all I could spare. Here I met with a variety of curious anecdotes; for I found conversation with a multitude of characters. All the public buildings fell under my eye, and were attentively examined; nor was I wanting in my inquiries. Pass where I would, I never was out of the way of entertainment.

“Though I had walked 125 miles to London, I was upon my feet all the three days I was there. I spent half a day in viewing the west end of the town, the squares, the park, the beautiful building for the fireworks erected in the green park, to celebrate the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. I could not forbear mentioning at night to my landlord at the Horns the curiosities I had seen, which greatly surprised him. He replied, ‘I like such a traveller as you. The strangers that come here cannot stir a foot without me, which plagues me to that degree I had rather be without their custom. But you, of yourself, find out more curiosities than they can see, or I can show them.’

“On Saturday evening, April 13, I set out with four shillings for Nottingham, and stopped at St Alban’s. Rising the next morning, April 14, I proceeded on my journey. This was a melancholy day: I fell lame, owing to the sinews of my leg being overstrained with hard labour. I was far from home, wholly among strangers, with only the remnant of four shillings. The idea occasioned tears!

“I stopped at Newport Pagnel. My landlord told me my shoes were not fit for travelling: however, I had no others, and, like my blistered feet, I must try to bear them. The next day, Monday the 15th, I slept at Market Harborough, and on the 16th called at Leicester. The landlady had carefully secured my knife, with a view to return it, should I ever come that way. I reached Nottingham in the afternoon, having walked forty miles.

“I had been out nearly nine days; three in going, which cost three and eightpence; three in London, which cost about the same; and three returning, nearly the same. Out of the whole eleven shillings, I brought fourpence back.

“London surprised me; so did the people; for the few with whom I formed a connexion deceived me, by promising what they

never performed. This journey furnished vast matter for detail among my friends."

Now prepared for setting up as a bookbinder on a regular plan, the important question arose—where should he commence operations? London first occurred, but this was very properly abandoned. It was finally determined that he should fix on some market-town within a stage of Nottingham, and open shop there on the market-days, till he was somewhat better prepared to begin the world at Birmingham.

After some hesitation, he observes, "I fixed upon Southwell as the first step of elevation. It was fourteen miles distant, and the town as despicable as the road to it. I went over at Michaelmas, took a shop at the rate of twenty shillings a-year, sent a few boards for shelves, a few tools, and about two hundredweight of trash, which might be dignified with the name of books, and worth perhaps a year's rent of my shop. I was my own joiner, put up the shelves and their furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place;" as may be evidenced by the following advertisement:—"William Hutton sells all kinds of Bibles, common prayers, school-books, and books in all arts and sciences, both new and second-hand; all sorts of stationery wares, as sealing-wax, wafers, quills, pens, and paper of all sorts; ink, slates, pencils, cards, letter-cases, letter-files, maps and pictures, books of account of all sizes; gilds and letters gentlemen's libraries; binds books in all varieties of bindings at the lowest prices; and takes in subscriptions for the monthly magazines."

It was a desperate effort, and required desperate means. The weather was rainy; but every Saturday morning, he continues, "I set out at five o'clock, carried a burden of from three to thirty pounds weight, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister. Nothing short of a surprising resolution and rigid economy could have carried me through this scene."

Besides this resolution and economy, Hutton also exercised a reasonable degree of self-restraint. Eschewing mean temptations, and seeking counsel from his sister, he avoided with becoming tact the imprudent step of marrying before he was in a fit situation to encounter the obligations of matrimony. For such self-denial he takes occasion to congratulate himself; for it tended greatly to promote his subsequent advancement in life.

After the experience and small successes of a year at Southwell, he thought of attempting a removal to Birmingham, and for this purpose, in February 1750, went thither to make up his mind on the subject. His account of the journey affords a

graphic picture of the state of the roads in this part of England nearly a century ago.

“Wishing to take Swithland in my return to Nottingham, to visit my two aunts, I was directed through Tamworth, where I spent one penny; then through a few villages, with blind roads, to Charnwood Forest; over which were five miles of uncultivated waste, without any road. To all this I was a stranger.

“Passing through a village in the dusk of the evening, I determined to stop at the next public-house; but, to my surprise, I instantly found myself upon the forest. It began to rain; it was dark; I was in no road; nor was any dwelling near. I was among hills, rocks, and precipices, and so bewildered, I could not retreat. I wandered slowly, for fear of destruction, and hallooed with all my powers; but met with no return. I was about two hours in this cruel state, when I thought the indistinct form of a roof appeared against the sky. My vociferations at length were answered by a gruff voice from within the building, and I was admitted. I was now in a small room, totally dark, except a glow of fire which would barely have roasted a potato, had it been deposited in the centre. In this dismal abode I heard two female voices, one that of an old aunt, the other of a young wife.

“We all sat close to this handful of fire, and, becoming familiarised by conversation, I found my host agreeable. He apologised for not having treated me at first with more civility; he pitied my case, but had not conveniences for accommodation.

“Hints were now given for retiring to rest. ‘I will thank you,’ said I, ‘for something to eat; I have had nothing since morning, when at Birmingham.’ ‘We should have asked you, but we have nothing in the house.’ ‘I shall be satisfied with anything.’ ‘We have no eatables whatever, except some pease porridge, which is rather thin, and we are ashamed to offer.’ ‘It will be acceptable to a hungry man.’

“While supper was *warming*, for *hot* it could not be, a light was necessary; but, alas! the premises afforded no candle. To supply its place, a leaf was torn from a shattered book, twisted round, kindled, and shook in the hand, to improve the blaze.

“By another lighted leaf we marched up to bed. I could perceive the whole premises consisted of two rooms—house and chamber. In the latter was one bed, and two pair of bedsteads. The husband, wife, aunt, and two children, occupied the first; and the bedstead whose head butted against their bedside was appropriated for me. But now another difficulty arose. There were no bedclothes to cover me. Upon diligent inquiry, nothing could be procured but the wife’s petticoat; and I could learn that she robbed her own bed to supply mine. I heard the rain patter upon the thatch during the night, and rejoiced it did not patter upon me.

“By the light of the next morning I had a view of all the family faces. The wife was young, handsome, ragged, and good-

natured. The whole household, I apprehend, could have cast a willing eye upon breakfast; but there seemed a small embarrassment in the expectants. The wife, however, went to her next neighbour's, about a mile, and in an hour returned with a jug of skimmed milk and a piece of a loaf, perhaps two pounds, both of which, I have reason to think, were begged; for money, I believe, was as scarce as candle. Having no fire, we ate it cold, and with a relish.

“My host went with me half a mile, to bring me into something like a track, when I gave him a shake of the hand, a sixpence, and my sincere good wishes. We parted upon the most friendly terms. I had seen poverty in various shapes, but this was the most complete. I had also seen various degrees of idleness, but none surpassed this. Having returned to Nottingham, I gave warning to quit at Southwell, and prepared for a total change of life.”

Proceeding to Birmingham, he with some trouble succeeded in finding a small shop likely to suit him. It was the lesser half of the shop of Mrs Dix, No. 6, Bull Street, and for this he agreed to pay a rent of one shilling a-week. Here he commenced business on the 25th of May 1750, his stock in trade being considerably increased by the purchase of a lot of old books, the refuse of a library, from Mr Rudsdall, a dissenting clergyman. The acquisition, small as it was, could not be conveniently paid for in money, and was effected by a note of hand on the following easy terms:—“I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudsdall one pound seven shillings when I am able.” The debt was in time justly liquidated, but in the meantime the young and aspiring bookseller had much to encounter. In Birmingham, his abilities were tried by a higher standard than in Southwell, and redoubled exertions were necessary. Melancholy thoughts often came over his naturally buoyant mind; and tears shed in secret may be said to have moistened his humble fare. From such feelings of despondency, he always recovered by an appeal to moral and religious considerations, and by forming new and still more ardent resolutions. On looking round his establishment, he was consoled with observing that he was increasing in the possession of worldly goods, and occasionally a bright golden guinea was added to his treasures. As time wore on, his circumstances improved. His trade was evidently supporting him; and, by dint of extreme frugality—living at the rate of five shillings a-week, including food, rent, washing, and lodging—he found, at the end of a year, that he had saved twenty pounds. At the same time he made a few respectable acquaintances in the town, and now his life became more agreeable. This glimpse of prosperity, however, was for some time shaded by the persecution of the parish overseers, who were afraid that he might become burdensome to the parish, and wished to remove him; which, as the poor-laws then stood, they might have effected.

One of Hutton's first acquaintances in Birmingham was Mr Grace, a hosier in the High Street, one of the persons to whom he applied for work in 1741, when he visited Birmingham as a runaway apprentice. After being a year settled in Birmingham, he was again brought into connexion with Mr Grace, by wishing to take a shop next door to him. The rent was large—eight pounds—and frightened him; but at last he ventured on taking the premises, to which he removed, and where he pursued business in a more elevated style, and with more success. In 1752, he says, "I had a smiling trade, to which I closely attended; and a happy set of acquaintances, whose society gave me pleasure. As I hired out books, the fair sex did not neglect the shop. Some of them were so obliging as to show an inclination to share with me the troubles of the world. Placed at ease, I again addressed the muses, and, as I thought, properly applied my talent, and with better success than five years before. Some of my productions crept into the magazines and other periodical papers. Attention enabled me to abstract a small sum from trade, and I frequently amused myself with marshalling in battalia fifty bright guineas, a sight I had not been accustomed to."

Mr Hutton, now a rising stationer, with a house of his own, began to feel the inconveniences of housekeeping. Twice he engaged a female servant; but one proved to be of intemperate habits, and the other was a dreadful sloven in cookery; and now he considered himself warranted in looking out for a helpmate. He had not far to seek. Mr Grace, his next-door neighbour, being a widower, had lately received his niece, Miss Sarah Cock, from Aston, near Derby, to keep his house, and with this young lady an intimacy sprang up. "I saw her," he says, "the night she arrived, and thought her a little neat delicate creature, and rather handsome. It was impossible, situated as we were, to avoid an intercourse. Without my having the least idea of courtship, she seemed to dislike me, which caused a shyness on my side, and kept us at a distance. The intercourse continued; for, as I had no housekeeper, I dined with Mr Grace at a fixed price." Matters went on in this way for three years, during which Mr Hutton's prospects were continually brightening. "I never courted her," he says, "nor she me; yet we, by the close union with which we were cemented, were travelling towards the temple of Hymen without conversing upon the subject. Such are the happy effects of reciprocal love." At first Mr Grace opposed the match, on the selfish ground that it would deprive him of his housekeeper: at length, however, he came to lend it his favour. Justice compels us to add, that on the part of the wooer there was also something like sordidness in seeking the match. On the 21st of March 1755, he observes, "Mr Grace and I went to Aston to treat with the parents of Miss Cock. As I ever detested being a beggar, I wished to have, in

the first instance, as much as they chose to give, for I knew I should never ask afterwards. I answered faithfully whatever questions were asked, and showed the progressive state of my circumstances, which was now an accumulation of two hundred pounds. They offered one hundred. I replied, 'It is rather too little.' 'You cannot,' said her mother with mildness, for she was one of the best women that ever lived, 'desire more than we can give.' Struck with this reasonable reply, I could not call in one word to object." Accordingly, after a little delay, the young couple were married, "a change," says Hutton, "which I never wished to unchange."

From the date of his marriage Mr Hutton's property grew rapidly. In 1756 he took the hint given him by a friend who was a papermaker, and added a paper warehouse to his shop; a step which was the means of making his fortune. "I perceived," he says, "more profit would arise from the new trade than the old; that blank paper would speak in fairer language than printed; that one could only furnish the head, but the other would furnish the pocket; and that the fat kine would, in time, devour the lean. These larger profits, however, could only arise from larger returns, and these would demand a larger capital.

"Few men," he continues, "can bear prosperity. It requires a considerable share of knowledge to know when we are well; for it often happens that he who is well, in attempting to be better, becomes worse. It requires resolution to *keep* well. If there was a profit to the *seller*, I concluded there must be one to the *maker*. I wished to have both. Upon this erroneous principle I longed for a paper mill. I procured all the intelligence I could relative to the fabrication of paper; engaged an artist to make me a model of a mill; attended to business, and nursed my children; while the year ran round. This mill mania continued for three years. I pursued the scheme, till lost in a labyrinth; and was at last glad to sell the concern to Mr Honeyborn for eighty guineas, for which I took his bond, bearing interest. Upon examining my accounts, I found I had lost in cash *two hundred and twenty-nine pounds!* Add to this the loss of three years of the prime part of my life, when trade was prosperous, and at a time when I had no opponent: I considered myself a sufferer of at least L.1000. I was so provoked at my folly, that I followed up my business with redoubled spirit, cast up stock every quarter, and could not rest till I had brought my affairs into a successful line. The first quarter after the sale, which was from Midsummer to Michaelmas, I augmented my fortune twenty-nine pounds."

These losses had no permanent effect on Mr Hutton's fortunes. Year after year the profits of his business increased; and, notwithstanding the growing expenses of his family, he always contrived to have a large balance of the yearly income over the expenditure. Part of his profits he invested in land, purchasing

small farms in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. His first speculation of this kind he thus details:—"Ever since I was eight years old, I had shown a fondness for land; often made inquiries about it, and wished to call some my own. This ardent desire after dirt never forsook me; but the want of money had hitherto prevented me from gratifying my wish. Nothing makes a man poorer, except gaming. And to buy land without money, is often followed with ruin. My trade could spare none. Yet this did not expel the desire.

"A papermaker at Alfrick, in Worcestershire, with whom I dealt, told me that a small farm adjoining his own was for sale. He wanted land, and urged me to purchase. I gave him a commission to buy it for L.250, agreed to let it to him for L.20 per annum, and I borrowed all the money to pay for it. Thus I ventured, and with success, upon a most hazardous undertaking."

Having once begun purchasing land, it became a passion with him: fortunately, however, his bargains were generally well-considered and profitable. "The more attention," he writes in the year 1769, "a man pays to any undertaking, the more he is likely to succeed. The purchase of land was a delight, a study, and a profit. We saved this year L.479."

On one piece of land which he purchased at Bennett's Hill, about two miles from town, he erected a house, where he afterwards resided the greater part of every year. And so may be said to close the second chapter in his life.

PUBLIC LIFE—BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

From the period at which we are now arrived, Mr Hutton's life for nearly thirty years ran on in an even and prosperous tenor, diversified by few incidents other than those which happen in the life of most successful citizens. His first step to public life was in 1768, when he was chosen one of the overseers of the poor—a situation in which his active and benevolent mind found congenial exercise. In 1772 he was chosen one of the commissioners of the Court of Requests in Birmingham—a court established for the recovery of small debts, and the settlement of disputes among the poorer classes, the commissioners or judges being men chosen for their temper and practical sagacity. This was precisely the proper element for such a man as Hutton, and he engaged in the duties of commissioner with the utmost relish. "The Court of Requests," he says, "soon became my favourite amusement. I paid a constant attendance, and quickly took the lead. Responsibility, I knew, must follow; for, standing in the front, I was obliged to take it on myself, which excited caution. I had every party to watch, that fraud might not creep in.

"The management of the court engrossed nearly two days in a week of my time, including the trouble it gave me at my own house. I attended the court nineteen years. During this time

more than a hundred thousand causes passed through my hands! a number, possibly, beyond what ever passed the decision of any other man. I have had 250 in one day. Though I endeavoured after right, it cannot be supposed, in so large a number, they were all without error."

In the year 1787 he published a volume entitled "The Court of Requests," containing a collection of decisions on a variety of cases which came before him in his public capacity;* and these decisions are fitted to raise the highest ideas of his acuteness and talent as a judge. As a specimen, we may quote his report of one case, in which "the stewards of a sick-club sued a member for the arrears of his weekly contribution. He pleaded nonage.

"*Court.*—Are you married?

"*Defendant.*—Yes.

"*Court.*—And so you are, at the same time, a husband and an infant! Was it honest in you to enter this club, and, if attacked by sickness, to draw money from the box, and yet, to prevent paying what was their due, shelter yourself under childhood?

"*Defendant.*—I have never received anything from the club, consequently I owe nothing to it.

"*Court.*—So much the better that you never had occasion to demand from the box; but every member, though he enjoys a series of health, receives a constant benefit from it; for the very idea of a support in the day of affliction, yields to the mind a daily satisfaction. Health may be better enjoyed when there is a treasure laid up for sickness. Your not receiving is no argument why you should not pay. You continually held a claim in reversion. As we cannot precisely determine a man's age by looking in his face, we have a right to demand a certificate of yours."

The next court-day he produced one from the church register.

"*Court.*—This proof does not come up to the point. What age were you when you were baptised?

"*Defendant.*—I cannot tell.

"*Court.*—A man arrives at maturity twenty-one years after the day of his birth, not his baptism. We generally suppose a child may be a month older than the date of the register. But in cases where one party wishes to defraud another, it becomes necessary to draw the line with precision. If we strictly adhere to a register, it follows, those children who are not baptised till three or four years old, will not be of age till four or five-and-twenty; nay, we have known instances of people being baptised at forty, which would give them a license to do what they often do without—

* This volume forms one of the publications in a series of cheap reprints; and is better fitted than almost any other book we know for disciplining the popular mind both in notions of justice and in right reasoning and logic, while at the same time it is entertaining as a collection of anecdotes.—*Ed.*

cheat the world till threescore. As you cannot ascertain your exact age, we shall set aside your childish plea, and do you the honour of treating you as a man—an honour you would gladly accept in any place but this."

Mr Hutton, however, had become an author previous to the publication of his "Court of Requests;" for in 1782 was published his "History of Birmingham," a work which has been much admired, and procured him the honour of being elected a member of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. We now pass on to the year 1791. "This year," he writes, "began prosperously, as many had done before it. Trade was extended, and successful. I had for twelve years desisted from buying land, and kept my money in business, so that I had been able to draw out a considerable sum to improve my houses, and to buy furniture, a carriage, &c. without feeling it. My family loved me. I enjoyed the amusements of the pen, the court, and had no pressure upon the mind but the declining health of her I loved. But a calamity awaited me I little suspected."

The calamity here alluded to was the celebrated Birmingham riots of 1791, in which Mr Hutton was one of the principal sufferers. It is necessary to give a brief account of these riots, which he always regarded as constituting an era in his life.

About the year 1790-91, party spirit ran very high in this country, principally in consequence of the public excitement relative to the French Revolution, then just begun, and as yet bloodless. In almost all the large towns of Great Britain there were two parties, one approving of the French Revolution as a triumph of popular principles, the other condemning it as a step to anarchy and irreligion. The former consisted for the most part of dissenters from the Church of England, then suffering under certain civil disabilities, which have since been removed; the latter, on the other hand, consisted principally of adherents of that church. Between the two there sprang up feelings of personal rancour and hostility, which were displayed in a very unseemly manner on all occasions.

In no town did this party spirit run so high as in Birmingham, not only because the dissenters of that town were very numerous, but also because a theological controversy had for several years been going on in it between the celebrated Dr Priestley, then minister of a Unitarian chapel there, and the town clergy. So strong and bitter was sectarian feeling in this town, that clergymen of the Church of England, when asked to funerals, refused to go in the same coach with dissenting ministers. The great majority of the working-classes belonged to what was called "the Church and King party," and disliked the dissenters. Still, the display of feeling was confined to mere words, or acts of incivility; and it was not till the month of July 1791 that any breach of the public peace occurred. The immediate occasion of the terrible riots which happened in the middle of that month,

was a dinner held in one of the hotels by a number of gentlemen, to express their sympathy with the French Revolution, and their admiration of its leaders. Similar meetings were held on the same day—the 14th of July—in other towns of the empire. Foreseeing the possibility of a riot, some of the gentlemen who had intended to be present at the dinner in Birmingham absented themselves; and the rest, to the number of eighty-one, broke up at a very early hour—between five and six in the afternoon—after drinking a number of political toasts. By the time the dinner was over, however, a mob of idle men and lads had gathered at the door of the inn, who, from groaning and hissing, and shouting “Church and King,” took to throwing stones against the windows. Increasing in number, and growing furious with the exercise, they rushed from the inn to Dr Priestley’s meeting-house, burst open the doors, demolished the pews, and set the building on fire. They then proceeded to the Old Meeting, and treated it in a similar manner. Meeting with no resistance from the authorities, they next marched out to a place called Fairhill, at a little distance from town, where Dr Priestley resided. Dr Priestley had barely time to escape with his life, when the mob arrived, entered his house, demolished his furniture, and set it on fire—destroying, in the conflagration, books, philosophical instruments, and manuscripts, which had been the labour of many years. Having accomplished all this mischief without molestation, the mob dispersed about three o’clock in the morning.

Mr Hutton, ignorant of the riot, slept that night at his house at Bennett’s Hill, about two miles out of town. “When I arose the next morning,” he says, “my servant told me what had happened. I was inclined to believe it only a report; but coming to the town, I found it a melancholy truth, and matters wore an unfavourable aspect; for one mob cannot continue long inactive, and there were two or three floating up and down, seeking whom they might devour, though I was not under the least apprehension of danger to myself. The affrighted inhabitants came in bodies to ask my opinion.” No precautions having been taken by the magistrates to quell the mob, it recommenced the work of destruction. The first victim was John Ryland, Esq. a dissenter, and a friend of Dr Priestley, but who had not, any more than the doctor, attended the obnoxious dinner. After destroying his house, the mob broke up into two, the one proceeding to Bordsley, a mile out of town, to burn the house of Mr Taylor, an influential gentleman of Birmingham; the other assembling in the New Street, and meditating an attack on Mr Hutton’s premises. About noon, writes Mr Hutton, “a person approached me in tears, and told me ‘my house was condemned to fall.’ As I had never, with design, offended any man, nor heard any allegations against my conduct, I could not credit the information. Being no man’s enemy, I could not believe I had an enemy

myself. I thought the people, who had known me forty years, esteemed me too much to injure me. But I drew from fair premises false conclusions. My fellow-sufferers had been guilty of *one* fault, but I of *two*. I was not only a dissenter, but an active commissioner in the Court of Requests. In the office of commissioner I studied the good of others, not my own. Three points I ever kept in view: to keep order, do justice tempered with lenity, and compose differences. Armed with power, I have put a period to thousands of quarrels, have softened the rugged tempers of devouring antagonists, and, without expense to themselves, sent them away friends. But the fatal rock upon which I split was, *I never could find a way to let both parties win*. Some of my friends," he continues, "advised me 'to take care of my goods, for my house must come down.' I treated the advice as ridiculous, and replied 'that was their duty, and the duty of every inhabitant, for my case was theirs. I had only the power of an individual. Besides, fifty wagons could not carry off my stock in trade, exclusive of the furniture of my house; and if they could, where must I deposit it?' I sent, however, a small quantity of paper to a neighbour, who returned it, and the whole afterwards fell a prey to rapine.

"All business was now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and their strength was added to that of their deliverers. Some gentlemen advised the insurgents assembled in New Street to disperse; when one, whom I well knew, said, 'Do not disperse; they want to sell us. If you will pull down Hutton's house I will give you two guineas to drink, for it was owing to him I lost a cause in the court.' The bargain was instantly struck, and my building fell.

"About three o'clock they approached me. I expostulated with them. 'They would have money.' I gave them all I had, even to a single halfpenny, which one of them had the meanness to take. They wanted more; 'nor would they submit to this treatment,' and began to break the windows, and attempted to seize the goods. I then borrowed all I instantly could, which I gave them, and shook a hundred hard and black hands. 'We will have some drink.' 'You shall have what you please if you will not injure me.' I was then seized by the collar on both sides, and hauled a prisoner to a neighbouring public-house, where, in half an hour, I found an ale score against me of 329 gallons."

Escaping at length from the clutches of the mob who were detaining him in the alehouse, Mr Hutton set out for his house at Bennett's Hill, which he reached about five o'clock, leaving his house in Birmingham to its fate; his son, Mr Thomas Hutton, however, remaining in town to see what he could do to save it. His efforts were ineffectual. "I learned," writes Hutton, "that after I quitted Birmingham, the mob attacked my house there three times. My son bought them off repeatedly; but in the

fourth, which began about nine at night, they laboured till eight the next morning, when they had so completely ravaged my dwelling, that I write this narrative in a house without furniture, without roof, door, chimney-piece, window, or window-frame. During this interval of eleven hours, a lighted candle was brought four times, with intent to fire the house, but, by some humane person, was kicked out. At my return, I found a large heap of shavings, chips, and fagots, covered with about three hundred-weight of coal, in an under kitchen, ready for lighting.

“The different pieces of furniture were hoisted to the upper windows, to complete their destruction; and those pieces which survived the fall, were dashed to atoms by three bludgeoners stationed below for that service.”

But Mr Hutton's losses were not yet over. On reaching his house at Bennett's Hill the previous evening, he had made several applications to his neighbours to take in part of his furniture, fearing that the rioters, not content with destroying his house and premises in town, would soon follow him to Bennett's Hill. The neighbours to whom he applied were alarmed for the consequences to themselves of protecting the property of so obnoxious a person, and refused to receive it. Mr Hutton's fears that the mob would visit Bennett's Hill were but too well founded. Still unchecked by any decisive measures on the part of the magistracy, the mob began a third day of riot; and their first object of attack was Mr Hutton's country house. “Saturday the 16th,” writes Mr Hutton, “was ushered in with fresh calamities to myself. The triumphant mob, at four in the morning, attacked my premises at Bennett's Hill, and threw out the furniture I had tried to save. It was consumed in three fires, the marks of which remain, and the house expired in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men. One female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but returning, saw the coach-house and stables unhurt, and exclaimed, with the decisive tone of an Amazon, ‘Confound the coach-house, is not that down yet? We will not do our work by halves!’ She instantly brought a lighted fagot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes.”

It was not till late next day that the riots were suppressed by the arrival of the military from London; and in the meantime several other houses had been destroyed, and much additional damage done. On Monday the 18th, Mr Hutton, who, since the morning of the 16th, had been obliged to wander like a fugitive through the country, returned to Birmingham. “My friends,” he says, “received me with joy; and though they had not fought for me, they had been assiduous in securing some of my property, which, I was told, ‘had paved half the streets in Birmingham.’”

“Seventeen of my friends offered me their own houses; sixteen of them were of the established church, which indicates that I never was a party man. Our cabinets being rifled, papers

against government were eagerly sought after; but the invidious seeker forgot that such papers are not in use among the dissenters. Instead, however, of finding treasonable papers in mine, they found one of my teeth wrapt in writing paper, and inscribed, 'This tooth was destroyed by a tough crust July 12, 1775, after a faithful service of more than fifty years. I have only thirty-one left.' The prize was proclaimed the property of a king, and was conducted into the London papers, in which the world was told 'that the antiquaries had sustained an irreparable injury; for one of the sufferers in the late riots had lost a tooth of Richard III., found in Bosworth Field, and valued at L.300.'

The amount of loss sustained by Mr Hutton during the riots he estimated at L.8243, 3s. 2d., exclusive of the loss resulting from the interruption of his business. The sum awarded to him as a compensation, in terms of an act of parliament passed after the riots, was only L.5390, 17s.; and many of the sufferers fared even worse. "It is inconceivable," he writes, "what trouble and anxiety we underwent in preparing for the trials to recover our lost property. Every obstacle of human invention was thrown in our way. I was induced to wish I had given up my claim, and lost all.

"At the trials, every insult was offered to the sufferers that the malice of an enemy could contrive. The two judges, Baron Thompson and the Lord Chief Baron Eyre, were shocked at the foul treatment; and the latter remarked, that 'he had never, in his whole life, seen so much rancour and ill-blood.'

"The verdict of some of the sufferers," he continues, "did not cover the expenses of the suit. My part of the expenses of my own trial amounted to L.884, 15s. 9d. The sum allowed was paid with as much reluctance as if the sufferers had destroyed their own property. It was two years before we received it; and I am of opinion that we never should have had it at all, but for the vigilance of Lord Aylesford and some of the county gentlemen."

The Birmingham riots seem to have made a very keen impression on Mr Hutton's mind. He never speaks of them without evident feeling. He wrote a history of them about three weeks after their occurrence, which, however, was not published till it appeared in his Life.

"The cruel treatment," he says, "I had met with, totally altered my sentiments of man. I had considered him as designed to assist and comfort his species, to reduce the rough propensities of his nature, and to endeavour after perfection, though he could not reach it. But the return I met with, for having sacrificed nearly two days a week of my time, and no small portion of my talents, to the gratuitous service of the public, during nineteen years, convinced me that the nature of the human species, like that of the brute creation, is to destroy each other. These considerations determined me to withdraw from all public busi-

ness, to spend the small remainder of existence with my little family, and amuse myself with the book and the pen."

Acting on these resolutions, this pattern of a judge retired from the service of an ungrateful public. From the same cause, Dr Priestley, a man of whom England had great reason to be proud, left his country for America, where he pursued his chemical researches unmolested till the period of his death in 1804.

OLD AGE—RETIREMENT.

The struggling youth and thoughtful man was now in the decline of years, and, desirous of retiring from all active duties, at the end of 1793 he delivered over his business to his son, Mr Thomas Hutton, reserving his estates for his own use. From that period he resided generally at Bennett's Hill, walking in every morning to Birmingham to assist his son in the shop, and returning again in the evening. His wife, who had long been ailing, was now on her deathbed. "My practice," he writes, "had long been to rise about five, relieve the nurse of the night by holding the head of my dear love in my hand, with the elbow resting on the knee. At eight I walked to business at Birmingham, where I stayed till four, when I returned. I nursed her till eight, amused myself with literary pursuits till ten, and then went to rest. January 23—I had left her as usual with the waker and my daughter, and had slept two hours. The sitter-up called me gently. I awoke in surprise. 'Don't be frightened.' 'Is she gone?' 'Yes.' She had departed at half an hour past eleven. I arose. My dear treasure, whom they were preparing to undress, was laid upon the carpet. Grief stops the pen. The scene is affecting. I am undergoing a second death. I can stop the pen, but not the tear."

Hutton's autobiography after this sad event consists of little except occasional notices of short journeys made by himself and his daughter, of purchases of land, &c. interspersed here and there with quaint humorous reflections. "My year," he writes in 1801, "runs round like a boy who beats his hoop round a circle, and with nearly the same effect, that of a little exercise. I rise at six in summer, and seven in winter; march to Birmingham, two miles and a quarter, where my son receives me with open arms. I return at four o'clock, when my daughter receives me with a smile. I then amuse myself with reading, conversation, or study, without any pressure upon the mind, except the melancholy remembrance of her I loved; for, although six years are nearly passed since I lost her, yet her dear image adheres too closely ever to be forgotten, even for one day. How different my case from his who rejoices at nothing so much as the loss of a wife, except the liberty of procuring another! I am now in my 79th year."

That same year he made a journey to the north of England to

see the famous Roman wall, which crosses the island from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea; and the results of his antiquarian researches were published in a small volume. He made the journey entirely on foot; and, judging from his own account, his appearance must have been amusing. "I was dressed," says he, "in black, a kind of religious warrant, but divested of assuming airs; and had a budget of the same colour and materials, much like a dragoon's cartridge box or postman's letter pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Wall, with its appendages, all three taken out of Gough's edition of the Britannia; also Warburton's map of the Wall, with my own remarks, &c. To this little packet I fastened with a strap an umbrella in a green case, for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired. A person of my appearance and style of travelling is so seldom seen upon the high road, that the crowds I met in my whole journey viewed me with an eye of wonder and inquiry, as if ready to cry out, 'In the name of the Father, &c. what ar't?' and I have reason to believe not a soul met me without a turn of the head, to survey the rear as well as the front."

Of this pedestrian excursion of Mr Hutton in his seventy-ninth year, his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, gives the following lively and affectionate account in a letter to a friend. We introduce it, because it will help to make the reader familiar with the quaint and happy character of the man. "Our summer excursion in 1801," she says, "was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fireside every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last.

"When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part: the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or *after* mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself.

"I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: my father informed himself at night how he could get out of the house the next morning, before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the

road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds.

“ My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace, that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, not even through a town. The only time I ever did walk with him was through the streets of Warrington; and then, of my own accord, I kept a little behind, that I might not influence his step. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and he got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour.

“ When the horse on which I rode saw my father before him, he neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder.

“ My father delivered all his money to me before we left home, reserving only a few pieces of loose coin, in case he should want on the road. I paid all bills, and he had nothing to do but walk out of an inn when he found himself sufficiently refreshed.

“ My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the Wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ullswater he saw, because they lay under his feet; but nothing could detain him from his grand object.

“ When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast, and parted, with a tear half suppressed on my father's side, and tears not to be suppressed on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned westward for Keswick. After a few days' stay there, I went back to Hest Bank, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where we had appointed to meet.

“ While I remained at Hest Bank I received two scraps of paper, torn from my father's pocket-book; the first dated from Carlisle, July 20, in which he told me he was sound in body, shoe, and stocking, and had just risen from a lodging among fleas. The second from Newcastle, July 23, when he informed me he had been at the Wall's end; that the weather was so hot he was obliged to repose under hedges; and that the country was infested with thieves. But lest I should be under any apprehensions for his personal safety, he added, they were only such as demolished his idol, the Wall, by stealing the stones of which it was composed.

“ On the fifth morning after my arrival at Hest Bank, before I was up, I heard my father hem! on the stairs. I answered by calling out ‘ Father!’ which directed him to my room, and a most joyful meeting ensued. He continued here four days, wondered at and respected by the company. We set out on our return home in the same manner as before, and reached it in safety.

“ During the whole journey I watched my father with a

jealous eye. The first symptom of fatigue I observed was at Budworth, in Cheshire, after he had lost his way, and been six hours upon his legs, first in deep sands, and then on pavement road. At Liverpool his spirits were good, but I thought his voice rather weaker. At Preston he first said he was tired; but having walked eleven miles farther to Garstang, he found himself recovered, and never after, to the best of my remembrance, uttered the least complaint. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. His appetite never forsook him. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence. Porter he drank when he could get it; ale and spirits never. He mixed his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage.

“On our return, walking through Ashton, a village in Lancashire, a dog flew at my father and bit his leg, making a wound about the size of a sixpence. I found him sitting in the inn at Newton, where we had appointed to breakfast, deploring the accident, and dreading its consequences. They were to be dreaded. The leg had yet a hundred miles to walk in extreme hot weather. I comforted my father. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘you will reap the fruit of your temperance. You have put no strong liquors or high sauces into your leg; you eat but when you are hungry, and drink but when you are thirsty, and this will enable your leg to carry you home.’ The event showed I was right. The wound was sore, and the leg round it was inflamed, as every leg under such circumstances must be; but it never was very troublesome, nor ever indulged with a plaster.

“From the time we parted at Penrith till we reached home, the weather was intensely hot. My father frequently walked with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and the perspiration was so excessive, that I have even felt his coat damp on the outside from the moisture within: his bulk visibly diminished every day. When we arrived at Wolsley bridge on our return, I was terribly alarmed at this, and thanked God he had but one day more to walk. When we had got within four days of our journey, I could no longer restrain my father. We made forced marches, and if we had had a little farther to go, the foot would fairly have knocked up the horse! The pace he went did not even fatigue his shoes. He walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings.”

Another publication besides the “Roman Wall,” and the consequence of the same excursion, appeared in 1801, entitled “Remarks on North Wales.” A rather amusing incident occurred in connexion with this publication. “The authors of the Monthly Review,” he says, “criticising my tour through North Wales, bestow upon the work some encomiums, after which they remark, ‘We believe that this veteran traveller has at length taken a longer journey, the important details of which he will not

transmit to us poor wanderers below.' This occasioned the following:—

'To the Authors of the Monthly Review.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I learnt from your Review for the last month that I was dead. I cannot say I was very sorry, though I had a great respect for the man. Your kind expressions will not be charged with insincerity, for praise is lost upon the defunct. You may as well, by these presents, bring me to life in your next, for till then, I cannot attain my former rank among the living. Your fiat musters my friends about me, some in tears; but all terminate with a smile. Others, as I walk the street, cast at me a significant glance, as if surprised to see me above ground, and uncertain whether the ghost or the body moves; but a moment determines that the ghost holds its proper place. Three verses addressed to you, inoffensive as your own remark, will probably be found in the Gentleman's Magazine.

I am, with sincere respect,

Yours, till a second death,

W. HUTTON.

From my Shades, at Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham. Aug. 13, 1807.

"In the next number the reviewers published my letter, with the following remark: 'We insert the above with much pleasure; and as we have now a contradiction of the report to which we alluded, under our venerable friend's own hand, we will engage, if he requires it, never again to state an event which we hope is yet distant, till we have, in like manner, *his own certificate for it.*'"

Although now in his eighty-fifth year, Mr Hutton was a hale old man. "At the age of eighty-two," he says, "I considered myself a young man. I could, without much fatigue, walk forty miles a day. But during the last six years I have felt a sensible decay; and, like a stone rolling down a hill, its velocity increases with the progress. I have lived to bury two generations, and among them many friends whom I loved. I do not know, nor am known by any soul living prior to my twenty-seventh year. But although I barely live myself, I may have taught others to live. I was the first who opened a circulating library in Birmingham in 1751, since which time many have started in the race. I was the first who opened a regular paper warehouse in 1756: there are now a great number. I was also the first who introduced the barrow with two wheels; there are now more than one hundred. I may, in another view, have been beneficial to man by a life of temperance and exercise, which are the grand promoters of health and longevity. Some whom I know have been induced to follow my example, and have done it with success. I was never," he says, "more than twice in London on my own concerns. The first was April 8, 1749, to make a purchase of materials for trade, to the amount of three pounds! the last April 14, 1806, fifty-seven years after, to ratify the purchase

of an estate which cost L.11,590! One laid a foundation for the other, and both answered expectation."

The year 1812 concludes Mr Hutton's remarks on his own life; he was now too feeble to use the pen. The circumstances of the last years of his life are recorded by his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, a lady known in the literary world. "My father," she says, "had lived to see himself twice in fashion in Birmingham. Till the riots, he was courted and respected. For some time after the riots he was insulted. He was now revered and admired. Two portrait-painters in Birmingham requested him to sit to them, and one of them placed his picture in the public library of the town.

"With strangers my father was never out of fashion. While he was able to walk to Birmingham, he was seated, during a great part of the day, on a bundle of paper, by the fireside of my brother's warehouse, which was facing the street door. This Mr Pratt called 'Mr Hutton's throne.' No day passed in which strangers were not observed to pass and repass several times, locking in, so as to leave no doubt that their object was to obtain a sight of the historian of Birmingham.

"In his ninetieth year, my father's strength and activity gradually diminished. He still walked to and from Birmingham; but he was a machine hard to set a-going, and, when going, not to be stopped. The end of his walk became a short run, in which he leaned forward in proportion to his velocity. In May he fell several times; but he was desirous to hide it from his family, because he feared that my brother and myself might endeavour to throw some obstacles in the way of his walking.

"On Tuesday the 5th of October, when my father wanted six days of completing his ninetieth year, he set out on his accustomed walk to Birmingham. When he had reached half-way, his strength began to fail. When he got into the streets, his helpless situation attracted the notice of numbers of people, who offered him their assistance. He was afraid he should have been overturned by their kindness, for a touch would have thrown him off his balance. He took the arm of one, and at length reached the paper warehouse, which now belonged to his grand-nephew, Samuel Hutton. He had been two hours in walking two miles and a quarter. On his return, he was lifted into his carriage by three men, and out of it by two. In both cases he was perfectly sensible, silent, passive, and helpless.

"I met my father at his gate, and, leaning upon me and a servant, he walked into the house. 'Now,' said he, bursting into tears, 'I have done with Birmingham!' Too surely did I believe him, and most sincerely did I weep with him!

"My father had always a surprising facility in recovering from fatigue. Rest was sure to succeed it immediately, and the happy consequences of rest were soon visible."

From this period Mr Hutton gradually sank, till the 20th of

September 1815, when he died at the age of ninety-two. Regarding the character of this interesting man, we shall quote the concluding observations of his daughter. "My father," she says, "has delineated his own character in the history he has written of his life. Little more remains to be said, and I hope that little will not be too much. I think the predominant feature in my father's character was the love of peace. No quarrel ever happened within the sphere of his influence, in which he did not act the part of a mediator, and endeavour to conciliate both sides; and I believe no quarrel ever happened where he was concerned, in which he did not relinquish a part of his right. The first lessons he taught his children were, that the giving up an argument was meritorious, and that having the last word was a fault. My father's love of peace made him generally silent on those inexhaustible subjects of dispute and animosity—religion and politics.

"The few lessons of good-breeding that reached my father in early life were never forgotten by him. His friend Mr Webb had said, 'Billy, never interrupt any person who is speaking.' My father was a patient hearer. He waited till his turn came; and frequently, in the clamour of a public table, his turn did not come, and what he had to say was lost. I never knew him make one of two persons speaking together. He did not begin till another had ended, and he stopped if another began.

"My father's conduct towards his children was admirable. He allowed us a greater degree of liberty than custom gives to a child; but if he saw us transgressing the bounds of order, a single word, and that a mild one, was sufficient to bring us back. He strongly inculcated the confession of an error. A fault acknowledged was not merely amended—in his estimation it almost became a virtue.

"My father was an uncommon instance of resolution and perseverance, and an example of what these can perform. Another, I might almost say every other, would have sunk under supposed inability when he was falling to the ground, and would therefore have been irrecoverably in bed, while he was still walking. My father was so tenacious of his activity and independence, that he performed every one of his accustomed actions, till it was not possible for him to do it once more. I have no doubt that he prolonged his powers and his life by these exercises.

"My father was nearly five feet six inches in height, well made, strong, and active; a little inclined to corpulence, which did not diminish till within four or five months of his death. From this period he became gradually thin. His countenance was expressive of sense, resolution, and calmness; though, when irritated or animated, he had a very keen eye. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features or make a wrinkle in his face."



ENRY IV., a monarch whose memory is cherished by the French with greater affection and enthusiasm than that of any other of their kings, and the history of whose reign connects itself in an intimate manner with that of Europe, was born at Pau, in the province of Bearn, in the south of France (now the department of the Lower Pyrenees), on the 13th of December 1553. With regard to his parentage, and the prospects with which he was born, it is necessary to be somewhat particular.

In the year 1512, the ancient little kingdom of Navarre, situated on the south-eastern corner of the Bay of Biscay, between France and Spain, was divided into two parts by the fraud and violence of the Spanish king, Ferdinand. The largest portion

of it, that lying south of the Pyrenees, and which alone, at the present day, retains the name of Navarre, he annexed to Spain, leaving the smaller portion lying north of the Pyrenees to the legitimate sovereign, Catherine de Foix, the wife of Jean d'Albret, a French noble. The kingdom of Navarre thus reduced, was inherited by her son, Henry d'Albret, who formed a matrimonial alliance with Margaret, the favourite sister of Francis I., king of France. The only issue of this marriage was a daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, a lady of great beauty, and possessed of extraordinary spirit and strength of character. When of age, the heiress of Navarre married Antony de Bourbon, a relation of the royal family of France, a frank and courageous soldier, but not distinguished by any uncommon abilities. The old king of Navarre, Henry d'Albret, looked anxiously for the fruit of this union, praying that God would send him a grandson to inherit his honours, and to avenge the family wrongs upon Spain. It appeared as if he would be disappointed, for two sons, to whom his daughter gave birth successively, died in infancy. At length, however, the long-desired grandson came into the world in our hero, Henry IV.

Some curious particulars are related respecting Henry's birth. The old king being desirous that the heir of Navarre should be born within the dominions to which he was to succeed, his daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, in compliance with his wishes, traversed the whole of France, and arrived at Pau only a few days before her son was born. As the time approached, her father made her promise that, in the hour of trial, she would sing him a song, in order, as he said, that the child she was to bring him might neither weep nor make wry faces. The princess had fortitude enough, in the midst of her pains, to keep her word, and sang a song in Bearnois, her own country language. As soon as Henry entered the chamber, the child came into the world without crying; and his grandfather immediately carried him to his own apartment, and there rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlic, and made him suck some wine out of a gold cup, with the notion that it would make his constitution strong and vigorous.

By his grandfather's directions the young prince was removed to the castle of Coarasse, situated among rocks and mountains, that he might be brought up in the same hardy manner as the children of the peasants of Bearn. He was accustomed to run bare-headed and bare-footed among the hills, to climb up and down the rocks, to wrestle and run with the boys of his own age, and to live on the common fare of the peasants—brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic—such being his grandfather's notion of the proper physical education for a prince who had to reconquer the kingdom of his ancestors. Before Henry was two years old, however, his grandfather died, and Antony de Bourbon, in the right of his wife, Jeanne d'Albret, succeeded to the title of king of Navarre.

While Henry was still a boy, acquiring a robust constitution among the mountains of Bearn, some important movements took place in France, which greatly affected his future life. At this period—the latter part of the sixteenth century—almost every country in Europe was less or more agitated by religious distractions. The doctrines of the Reformation propagated by Luther, Calvin, and others, between the years 1520 and 1530, had already overthrown the ancient religious institutions of England and Scotland, and things seemed to have a similar tendency in France. In this latter country, the Protestants, locally known by the name of Huguenots, were very numerous; they had at their head many noble families, including the Prince of Condé, Admiral de Coligny, and the house of Navarre; and aspired to effect changes in the religion of the state similar to those which had been successfully achieved in the British islands. Against this reforming party the influence of the church, the royal family, and the most powerful nobles, among whom the house of Guise stood conspicuous, was brought to bear. It is exceedingly difficult for us in the present age of mutual forbearance and toleration, to estimate the precise temper and tendencies of the parties to which we refer. On the one side there seems to have been a disposition to maintain and enforce the continuance of the ancient form of faith, to the extent of a universal uniformity, at whatever sacrifice of life. On the other, there appears to have been an equally resolute determination not only to hold by the modes of faith newly adopted, but to propagate them unreservedly, although perishing in the struggle. As calm reason was not a feature of the age, and as mutual concessions would have been considered temporising and sinful, the whole question resolved itself into one of *force*—the law of the strongest over the weakest—a curious and melancholy instance of the manner in which the religion of peace and good-will may be perverted to purposes of aggression and bloodshed.

The mutual animosity of the contending parties was precipitated into an open war by the death of Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots) in December 1560. The crown was now assumed by Charles IX., the brother of Francis; but as Charles was only a boy of twelve years of age, the government was in reality conducted by his mother, Catherine of Medicis, a crafty and unscrupulous bigot. Aided and counselled by the Duke of Guise, Marshal Saint André, and, strange to say, the king of Navarre, who deserted his cause on the occasion, Catherine now commenced a war of extermination of the Protestants. Battles were fought, towns besieged, and scenes of cruelty and bloodshed occurred such as are never heard of except in those wars in which religious bigotry plays a principal part. One of the towns possessed by the Huguenots was Rouen, in Normandy. It was besieged by a Catholic army commanded by the king of Navarre: the town was taken, but at the expense of

the king of Navarre's life. Having received a musket-ball in the shoulder, he desired to be removed to St Maur, near Paris; but died on the way, on the 17th of November 1562. His death was speedily followed by that of Marshal Saint André, who was killed at the battle of Dreux on the 19th of December 1562; and the Duke of Guise, who was shot by an assassin while commanding at the siege of Orleans in February 1563. The loss of these three leaders, the last in particular, was a heavy blow to the Catholic party; and the queen-regent was glad to come to terms with the Huguenots. The result was the edict of Amboise, dated 19th March 1563, by which, with certain restrictions, which gave great dissatisfaction to Calvin, Beza, and other eminent reformed ministers, the free exercise of their religion was secured to the Protestants. Thus, for a time at least, peace was restored to the country.

Meanwhile the young Prince of Navarre and his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, were residing in Bearn, where the latter fully carried out the intentions of her deceased father with regard to the education of his grandson. Delighting to see him excel the young Basque peasants in their exercises of strength and agility, she employed herself in adding to those bodily accomplishments such mental training as his years fitted him to receive. Professing her attachment to Protestantism even more openly now in her widowhood, than when her husband was alive, she endeavoured to fill the mind of the young prince with her own religious ideas and feelings. She had secured as his preceptor La Gaucherie, a learned man, and a strict Protestant. This judicious person made it his aim to instruct his pupil not so much by the ordinary methods of grammar, as by hints and conversations. It was his practice also to make the boy commit to memory any fine passage which inculcated a noble or kingly sentiment; such, for instance, as the following:—

Over their subjects princes bear the rule
But God, more mighty, governs kings themselves.

After a few years' attendance on the young prince, La Gaucherie died, and was succeeded as tutor by Florent Chretien, a man of distinguished abilities, and an equally zealous Protestant as his predecessor. Henry's studies under this master were of a kind suitable to his years and prospects. He wrote a translation, we are told, of the Commentaries of Cæsar, and read with avidity the Lives of Plutarch, a book which is celebrated as having kindled the enthusiasm of many heroic minds

As was foreseen, the war between the Catholics and the Huguenots again broke out. It began in September 1567, and continued till March 1568, when a treaty was agreed to, somewhat favourable to the Protestants. Again cause for dissension was unhappily found, and a still more fierce war broke out in the winter of 1568-9. The town of Rochelle, on the west coast of France,

was chosen as the head-quarters of the Protestants. Hither most of the leading Huguenots came, bringing supplies of men and money; among others the queen of Navarre, who offered her son, now arrived at an age when he was capable of bearing arms, as a gift to the Protestant cause. Condé and Coligny immediately acknowledged the prince as the natural chief of the Huguenots; but as he was too young to assume the command, they continued to act as generals-in-chief.

In this horrible civil war the Prince of Condé was killed in a desperate battle, in which the Protestants were defeated. Coligny, with the remains of the army, retreated to Cognac. In order to prevent the murmurs which might arise among the Huguenot chiefs if he assumed the place of commander-in-chief, he resolved that the Prince of Navarre should be formally proclaimed leader of the Protestants. By his desire the queen of Navarre left Rochelle, and appearing before the assembled army, accompanied by her son, then in his sixteenth year, and his cousin Henry, son of the deceased Condé, she delivered a touching address to the soldiers, and concluded by asking them to accept as their future leaders the two young princes. Amid the acclamations of the whole army, the officers, with Coligny at their head, swore to be faithful to the Prince of Bearn, who, on the other hand, took an oath of fidelity to the Protestant cause. In the meantime, however, the real direction of affairs remained in the hands of the great Coligny, whose responsibilities were increased by the death of his brother and adviser, D'Andelot.

A second battle which Coligny hazarded at Montcontour, in Poitou, was equally unfortunate for the Protestants as that already fought. During this battle, Henry of Navarre, and his cousin, the young Prince of Condé, were stationed on an eminence, under the protection of Louis of Nassau, with four thousand men, the admiral being fearful of exposing them to the enemy. At one point of the battle, when the Protestants were giving way, the prince, whose impetuosity could hardly be restrained, was eager that they should leave their post, and advance to assist their friends. The movement would probably have saved the day; but Louis of Nassau would not disobey the orders which he had received from the admiral. "We lose our advantage, then," said the prince, "and the battle in consequence."

The fortunes of the Protestants were now at their lowest ebb; and had the Catholic generals vigorously pursued their advantage, their triumph might have been complete. As it was, nothing effectual was done on either side, and on the 15th of August 1570, a peace was concluded at St Germain-en-Laye, the terms of which were, amnesty to the Protestants for past offences, liberty of worship in two towns of every province in France, the restoration of all confiscated property, and admissibility to the principal offices of state.

The long-harassed Huguenots were now, to all appearance, in a position which promised undisturbed tranquillity. Appearances, however, were deceitful; and from the dreadful event which ensued, there is every reason to believe that the peace of St Germain-en-Laye was concluded with the treacherous purpose of throwing the Protestants off their guard, in order to procure their extermination by a way much shorter and more effectual than that of open battle. At all events, it was not long after the peace was concluded, before the diabolical scheme of exterminating the Protestants of France by a general massacre, was agreed upon between the king, the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, and a few of the more bigoted Catholics about the court. With whom this horrible plot originated, cannot now be ascertained, but it appears probable that it was with Catherine de Medicis.

The confederates in this dreadful scheme kept it a profound secret, doing their best to ripen matters for its full execution. For this purpose, the king and queen-mother behaved with the utmost appearance of cordiality to the Protestant leaders, as if differences of religion were completely forgotten. And in order, as it were, to betoken the friendly union of the two parties, a matrimonial alliance was proposed between Henry of Navarre and the king's sister Margaret. Deceived by the duplicity of the queen-mother, the Protestant leaders consented to the marriage, and flocked to Paris from all parts of the country to witness its celebration. The marriage was delayed by the death of Jeanne d'Albret, the bridegroom's mother, but took place on the 18th of August 1572—the ceremony being performed publicly in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame.

For four days after the marriage, all Paris was occupied with festivities and amusements; and it appears to have been during these that the precise method of putting the long-projected massacre in execution was resolved upon. The plan was as follows: The Admiral de Coligny was to be first assassinated—the assassination being so conducted that the Guises should appear to be the guilty parties; in this case the Huguenots would seek to take revenge, the city would be in an uproar, the Parisians would take part with the Guises, and, with the help of troops, it would be easy to manage the turmoil so as to secure the deaths of all such persons as it was desirable should not survive. "I consent," said the king, "to the admiral's death; but let there not remain one Huguenot to reproach me with it afterwards."

On Friday the 22d of August 1572, the Admiral de Coligny, returning from the Louvre, was attacked and wounded, but not mortally. No time was now to be lost, as the alarmed Protestants were beginning to quit Paris. Accordingly, while pretending the utmost horror at the crime which had been committed, and their resolution to punish it, the king and the queen-mother were consulting what ought to be done. The following

was the plan resolved upon on Saturday evening: To-morrow, Sunday, the 24th of August, was the feast of St Bartholomew, and with the earliest dawn of that day was to be commenced a general massacre of the Protestants, with the exception of the king of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and one or two others; the first victim to be Admiral de Coligny. The signal was to be the ringing of the great bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois. No sooner was the massacre resolved upon, than all the necessary arrangements were made for carrying it into effect.

On Sunday morning, as early as two o'clock, the appointed signal was made, and the massacre commenced. As had been agreed on, Admiral de Coligny, already wounded, was the first person attacked. The Duke of Guise, with a number of attendants, rushed to his house; the doors were broken open, and two men entering the chamber of the admiral, who had been awakened by the noise, despatched him with many wounds. His body was thrown out at the window, that Guise and his companions might be convinced that the work was done. The duke wiped the blood from the dead man's face, the better to recognise him, and then ordered his head to be cut off. Meanwhile, in all parts of the city the work of blood was proceeding. The bells of all the churches were ringing in answer to that of St Germain l'Auxerrois, and the whole population was aroused. Musket and pistol-shots were heard in every direction; sometimes in continuous discharges, as if companies of soldiers were firing upon a crowd. Lights were placed in the windows of the houses in which Catholics resided; and these so illumined the streets, that the fugitive Huguenots had no chance of escaping. Bands of murderers paraded the streets, with their right sleeves tucked up, and white crosses in their hats, butchering such Huguenots as they met, and breaking into every house in which a Huguenot was known or suspected to lodge. Priests carrying crucifixes were seen among the assassins, urging them on with fanatical exclamations, while Guise and other leaders rode along the streets, superintending the massacre, and ordering the mob not to spare their blows. The city resounded with howlings and cries, heard through the rattle of the firearms and the yellings of the populace, now drunk with blood. When daylight came, awful sights presented themselves—streets strewed with corpses, which men were busy dragging away to the river, walls and doors all besprent with blood, headless bodies hanging out at windows, and crowds of wretches swaggering along the streets on the hunt for Huguenots.

For a whole week the massacre was continued, slackening, however, after the first three days—partly because most of the Huguenots had by that time been killed, partly because an order was then issued to desist. By the most moderate computation, upwards of sixty thousand persons were butchered, including those who were put to death in the provinces to which the mas-

sacre extended; and among those sixty thousand were upwards of seven hundred of rank and distinction among the Huguenots. Some remarkable escapes were made during the massacre; and one of these we must relate, for the purpose of introducing to our readers a man whose name it is impossible to separate from that of Henry IV. One of the Protestant lords who had looked with most suspicion on the pretended reconciliation of the king and his mother with the Huguenot party, after the peace of St Germain-en-Laye, was Francis de Bethune, Baron de Rosny, a man of sagacity and influence. When the queen of Navarre, the admiral, and the rest of the Huguenots went to court at the solicitations of the king, the Baron de Rosny, although disapproving of the step, accompanied them, and took with him his second son, Maximilian, for the purpose of presenting him to Henry of Navarre, in whose service, as the chief of the reformed party, he wished him to spend his life. The boy was about eleven years of age, having been born on the 13th of December 1560, exactly seven years after the prince whose friend and counsellor he was to be. While the preparations for Henry's marriage were in progress, young Maximilian de Bethune was employed in prosecuting his studies under the best masters in Paris, occasionally mingling in the society of the court, where, as an intelligent boy, he was taken favourable notice of by the warm-hearted prince. His father, in the meantime, was becoming more and more dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs; he frequently said, that if the nuptials of the prince were celebrated in Paris, "the bridal favours would be crimson." His warnings were disregarded; and, unwilling to seem more timid than the rest, he remained in Paris until the attempt was made to assassinate the admiral, when, with several others, he retired to the country. His son Maximilian was left in town, lodging with his tutor and a *valet-de-chambre* in a quarter remote from the court, and near the colleges. He thus describes what happened to him on the night of St Bartholomew:—"I was in bed, and awakened from sleep three hours after midnight by the sound of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My tutor, St Julian, with my valet-de-chambre, went hastily out to know the cause; and I never afterwards heard of these two men, who without doubt were amongst the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter pale, and in the utmost agitation; he was of the reformed religion, and having learned what the matter was, had consented to go to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied, though the great distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's

gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill, kill; massacre the Huguenots!' The blood which I saw shed before my eyes doubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book which I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a still greater danger awaited me. The porter twice refused me admission, and I continued standing in the middle of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, when it came into my head to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny, and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time and brought me food." At the end of three days the poor boy, known afterwards as the famous Duke of Sully, minister and bosom friend of Henry IV., was released.

Henry of Navarre and his cousin the Prince of Condé were sleeping at the Louvre on the night of the massacre. They were awakened by a number of soldiers about two hours before day, and conveyed into the king's presence, passing over the dead bodies of many of their friends. "The king," says Sully, "received them with a countenance and eyes in which fury was visibly painted; he ordered them with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar to him, to quit a religion which had been only taken up, he said, to serve as a cloak to their rebellion. He told them, in a fierce and angry tone, 'that he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his subjects; that they, by their example, should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and cease to be enemies to the image of his mother.' He ended by declaring that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals guilty of treason against divine and human majesty. The manner in which these words were pronounced not suffering the princes to doubt their sincerity, they yielded to necessity, and performed what was required of them. Henry was even obliged to send an edict into his dominions; by which the exercise of any religion except that of Rome was forbidden."

Such was the massacre of St Bartholomew, a deed which has been execrated, we believe, by every historian, whether Catholic or Protestant, and which men of all religious persuasions cannot fail to look back upon with loathing and detestation.

REIGN OF HENRY III.—CIVIL WARS IN FRANCE—ACCESSION OF HENRY IV.

After the massacre of St Bartholomew, our hero was detained a prisoner at the court of France, along with his cousin the Prince of Condé. The French court was at this period the most profligate in Europe; all kinds of criminality were openly practised, under the name of pleasure; and it was part of the horrible policy of the queen-mother to maintain her power by surrounding those whose rivalry she feared by temptations likely to enervate and demoralise them. From this ordeal our hero did not escape altogether uninjured; many of the blemishes and calamities of his after-life are to be traced to faults contracted at this period; but, upon the whole, he passed the trial with honour, for his mind was too noble and masculine to be affected otherwise than with disgust by the fetid atmosphere which it breathed.

In the meantime the court was following up the massacre of St Bartholomew, by laying siege to such towns as were still in the hands of the Huguenots, and repressing every Huguenot symptom in the rest of the kingdom. These measures were interrupted by the death of Charles IX. on the 30th of May 1574, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was succeeded by his brother Henry, Duke of Anjou, who had gone to Poland several months before to assume the crown of that country, which had been voted him by the diet; but on receiving the news of his brother's death he hastened to France, and was proclaimed king, with the title of Henry III. One of his first acts was to set the king of Navarre and the Prince of Conde at liberty. The latter immediately placed himself at the head of an army raised in Germany for the Huguenots, and which acted in co-operation with a force under Marshal Damville, second son of the late constable, who had assumed arms not on account of religion, for he was a Catholic, but for political purposes. The king of Navarre still remained at court, but watching for a fit opportunity to make his escape, and begin the career to which duty called him.

The court of Henry III. was a scene of perpetual strife and discord. In the king himself, now become a luxurious and effeminate weakling, no one could recognise the once promising Duke of Anjou, the leader of the Catholic armies, and the conqueror of the Huguenots. Between him and his brother, the Duke of Alençon, now known by the title of *Monsieur*, there existed a profound antipathy, fostered by their mother Catherine for reasons of her own. This antipathy afforded to our hero an

opportunity of showing the generosity of his character. The king falling ill, and conceiving that he was poisoned by his brother, gave orders to the king of Navarre to procure his assassination; but although the death of *Monsieur* would have made him next heir to the crown, Henry exhibited the utmost horror at the proposal, and prevailed on the king to abandon it. The mutual jealousy of the two brothers, however, still continued, and, afraid of the king's vengeance, the Duke of Alençon made his escape from court, and joined the mixed party of the Huguenots and Catholics, who had taken arms against the government. Extraordinary precautions were now used by the court for securing the king of Navarre; but at length, early in the year 1576, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the spies who surrounded him, and proceeding to Tours, he publicly renounced the Catholic religion, declared his adherence to it during the last four years to have been compulsory, and announced himself once more the lawful chief of the Huguenots. The opposition to the court having now become formidable, and the king finding himself unable to carry on the war, a treaty was concluded in May 1576, containing numerous concessions to the reformed party.

Thus ended the fifth of the civil wars in which religious differences had involved France. Every one foresaw that the peace would be transient; the spirit of contention was too bitter to allow its long continuance. Scarcely was the treaty concluded, when the Protestants had reason to complain of the violation of its provisions. The Catholics, on their side, were eager for a renewal of the war; and it was about this time that the famous Catholic association, known in history by the name of *the League*, took its rise. The idea of a general association among the Catholic nobles for the thorough extirpation of the Protestants, had been several times entertained already; but the present seemed a more fit occasion than any that had yet occurred. The king, dividing his time between devotion and sensuality, half-priest and half-coquette in his manners, sleeping, as we are told, with gloves made of a peculiar kind of skin on his hands, to keep them white, and wearing cosmetic paste on his face, was not a man to put down such an association, although, with the instinct of a monarch, he might dislike it. Accordingly, the League was formed; its original members being the Duke of Guise, his brothers the Duke of Mayenne and the Cardinal of Guise, and his cousins the Duc d'Aumale and the Marquis d'Elbœuf. They were soon joined by other Catholics of influence, and the party became powerful. The objects they had in view, and the manner in which they hoped to accomplish them, are thus stated in a paper which was to be submitted to the pope for his approbation. "The Protestants having demanded the assembling of the states, let them be convoked at Blois, a town quite open. The chief of our party will take care to effect the election of deputies inviolably attached to the ancient religion and to the sovereign

pontiff. Should any one oppose the resolutions which we shall cause to be taken in the states, if a prince of the blood, he shall be declared incapable of succeeding to the crown; if of any other quality, he shall be punished with death; or, if he cannot be laid hold of, a price shall be set on his head. The states will make a general profession of faith; order the publication of the decrees of the council of Trent; place France under the immediate authority of the pope; confirm the ordinances made for the destruction of heresy; and revoke all contrary edicts. A time will be allowed for the Calvinists to return to the church, and during that interval preparations can be made for destroying the more obstinate." Such were the purposes of the League; and accordingly, in the assembly of states held at Blois in December 1576, they carried all before them. It was resolved to renew the war against the Huguenots; and the king, to preserve the appearance of being such, was forced to declare himself chief of the League. An unsuccessful attempt was also made to detach the king of Navarre from the Protestant party, and bring him back to the bosom of the Catholic church.

We must hurry over the following eight years, the events of which it would be tiresome to narrate; nor are they of much consequence in the history of our hero. The war against the Huguenots resolved upon by the League was continued, with occasional intervals of tranquillity, to the year 1580, when a circumstance occurred which brought it to a conclusion. This was the offer of the sovereignty of the Netherlands to *Monsieur*, the French king's brother, who had been selected by the Dutch as a prince of powerful connexions, and likely, therefore, to assist them in their struggle against Philip II. of Spain, whose authority they had thrown off. The proposal being agreeable to the French court, was accepted; the war in Flanders became the engrossing topic of interest; and as it was desirable to enlist Protestants as well as Catholics in the expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands, a peace, which promised to be more lasting than former ones, was agreed to between the court and the Huguenots. "This peace," says Perefice, "caused almost as much mischief to the state as all the preceding wars. The two courts of the two kings, and the two kings themselves, rioted in pleasures; with this difference always, that our Henry slept not so soundly in his pleasures, but that he paid some attention to business, being roused by the rebukes of the ministers of religion, and the reproaches of the old Huguenot captains, who used great liberties with him; while, on the other hand, Henry III. sank more and more in indolence and effeminacy, so that his subjects only knew of his being still in the world by the perpetual imposition of new taxes to replenish the purses of his favourites."

The expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands was a failure. Returning in disgrace to France, after having betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Dutch, he died at the Chateau-

Thierry on the 10th of June 1584. This was an event of considerable importance to France and to our hero. The king was childless; and, by Monsieur's death, the king of Navarre became next heir in blood to the French throne. He had a formidable competitor, however, in the person of the Duke of Guise, a man of bold and enterprising views. Urged by some of his friends to begin a movement in France during the absence of Monsieur in the Netherlands, "No, no," replied the duke, "I will do nothing openly so long as the king has a brother; but if ever I see the last of the Valois on the throne, I intend to go to work so vigorously, that if I do not get all the cake, I shall at least get a good piece of it." Now that the last of the Valois was upon the throne, he redeemed his promise, and began to plot and intrigue for the succession. The claims of the king of Navarre occasioned him little fear. It was not likely, he thought, that a man whose title in blood was so remote, whose means were so insignificant, and who professed the Protestant religion, would be able to obtain the throne when opposed by the head of the Guises, the champion of the League, and the hope of all the Catholics of France. The king of Navarre, on his part, was not idle; residing at Guienne himself, he had trusty friends in Paris, from whom he received intelligence of what was passing there. His wife Margaret, for whom he had never entertained any affection, treating her always, as one of his biographers says, rather as the king's sister than as his own wife, and whom he permitted to live where and how she chose, was so far his friend, that it is probable she would have acquainted him with any movement hostile to his interests which might come to her knowledge. But the friend on whose services he especially relied was young Bethune—now, by the death of his father, Baron de Rosny—who, at the prince's request, had gone to reside in Paris, to watch and report the motions of the court party—a duty which his marriage with a young wife did not prevent him from discharging with success and punctuality.

In the year 1585 the League burst forth, if we may use that expression, with a more threatening aspect than it had yet been able to assume. The Duke of Guise, concealing his own ambitious views, had gained round the king of Navarre's uncle, the cardinal de Bourbon, a man of sixty years of age, by holding out hopes of the succession to *him*; and the cardinal had in consequence become the head of the League. Henry III., whose own inclinations were in favour of the succession of the king of Navarre, had made an attempt to persuade him to abandon the Protestant faith, and so remove the principal obstacle in the way; and as a report of the conference held with the king of Navarre for this purpose had been published by the Protestants, exhibiting the prince's firmness, the result had been to strengthen the influence of the League still more. Priests went about the country, inflaming the people with descriptions of the awful consequences

which would arise if the king of Navarre were to occupy the throne of France. An immense increase of force was also given to the League by a treaty which was concluded between Philip II. of Spain and the cardinal de Bourbon; the Spanish monarch agreeing to supply the League with money; and the cardinal, on the other hand, promising, when he should be king, the enforcement of the decrees of the council of Trent in France, and the expulsion of all heretics from the kingdom. And, as if nothing were to be wanting to complete the triumph of the League, Pope Gregory XIII., who had all along refused to give his sanction to the association, died on the 10th of April 1585; and his successor, Sixtus V., fully made up for his indifference. Besides ratifying the League, and giving it his papal blessing, the new pontiff assisted it by fulminating terrible bulls of excommunication against the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, declaring them heretics and apostates, and absolving their subjects from all obedience to them.

Entangled in the meshes of so many parties and intrigues, the poor king of France knew not what to do. Although personally inclined to the king of Navarre, in preference to the Duke of Guise, he had felt himself compelled by his mother and the Guises, in whose hands he was a mere puppet, to consent to an edict by which all the Huguenots were required either to go to mass, or to leave the kingdom within six months. When the news of this famous edict, known by the name of the Edict of July, was brought to the king of Navarre, it is said that he fell into a profound reverie, with his chin leaning on his hand, and that, when he removed his hand, his mustaches and beard on that side had grown white. Shortly after the passing of this edict, however, Henry III., ashamed of his weakness, made an attempt to throw off the influence of the Guises, and act for himself; but in this he signally failed.

Never had our hero greater need of that strength of mind with which he was gifted than at the present conjuncture. To the delight of his friends, he rose with the crisis, as if every new difficulty in his circumstances called forth a corresponding faculty in his nature. He brought into play those higher forces of genius which so frequently upset the calculations of what appears to be common sense. Two proceedings of his at this period were the astonishment of Europe. The first was the publication of an apology or declaration, drawn up at his instance by a gentleman named Plessis-Mornay, wherein he replied to the calumnies of the League, explained those points of his conduct which had been the subjects of attack, and challenged the Duke of Guise, as chief of the League, to decide their quarrel by private combat, one to one, two to two, ten to ten, or as the king might appoint. This challenge, appealing as it did to the chivalrous spirit of the age, produced a wonderful effect, although, as might have been anticipated, it was not accepted. The other proceeding referred

to was of an equally uncommon character. Through certain friends in Rome, bold enough to incur risks in his behalf, he caused placards to be posted up in the streets of this papal city, and at the very gates of the papal palace, in which he and the Prince of Condé appealed the pope's sentence of excommunication to the Court of Peers of France; gave the lie to all who charged them with heresy, and offered to prove the contrary in a general council; and finally threatened the pope with bad consequences to himself and his successors, should he persist in meddling with their affairs. This action, which to some might have appeared a mere piece of theatrical daring, had an evident effect on Sixtus V.—himself a man of ability and resolute purpose—and he was heard to declare, that of all the monarchs in Christendom, there were only two to whom he would communicate the grand schemes he was revolving in his mind—Henry, king of Navarre, and Elizabeth, queen of England; but that, unfortunately, they were heretics.

The war between the Huguenots on the one side, and the League, in alliance with the French king, on the other, was carried on, with several intermissions, to the conclusion of the year 1587. It was with extreme reluctance, however, that Henry III. engaged in it; every day he saw the power of the League increasing, and his own authority diminishing. There had sprung up in Paris a faction called the *Sixteen*, because its affairs were managed by sixteen members, one for each division of Paris—a faction which pushed the doctrines of the League to an extreme length, and was ready to have recourse to the most desperate measures for preserving the supremacy of the Catholic religion. This formidable society had long wrought in secret, but it had become now incorporated with the League, whose counsels it directed. Gladly would the French monarch have formed an alliance with his cousin of Navarre, for the purpose of crushing these enemies to his person and government; but the refusal of the king of Navarre to change his religion, was an insuperable obstacle. In the winter of 1586-7, the queen-mother held many conferences with Henry, in which every means was tried to detach him from his party, and induce him to turn Catholic; but all without success. Henry mingled in the fêtes and balls which accompanied the queen-mother wherever she went, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures of her court as much as she desired; but whenever she attempted to extort a compromise from him, he was on his guard. Once, when she complained of his obstinacy, and said she sighed for nothing so much as peace—"Madame," he replied, "I am not the cause of it; it is not I who hinders you from sleeping in your bed, it is you that prevents me from resting in mine. The trouble you give yourself pleases and nourishes you: quiet is the greatest enemy of your life." To the Duke de Nevers, who taunted him with the small authority he possessed over his party, saying that he could

not even lay a tax on Rochelle if he wanted money—"Monsieur," he said, "I can do what I please at Rochelle, because I never please to do but what I ought."

All negotiations having failed, hostilities recommenced, and after some months occupied in various military enterprises on both sides, the king's army, under Joyeuse, met that of the Huguenots at Coutras, in Perigord, on the 20th of October 1587, when our hero obtained a great victory, and earned golden opinions by his skill, his generosity, and his personal courage. In this battle, the loss of the Catholics amounted to 3000 men, including many persons of distinction, among whom was Joyeuse himself; the loss of the Huguenots, on the other hand, was trifling, and their booty great. This advantage, however, was counterbalanced by the total defeat of a German army of 40,000 men, which had entered France to assist the Protestants. Thus, at the beginning of the year 1588, the prospects of our hero were, if brighter than they had been two years before, still far from encouraging. Dim and vague forebodings attended the opening of this year in France. Astrologers had already named it the "year of marvels;" foreseeing, they said, that such a number of astonishing events would happen in it, such confusion both in the elements of nature and in human society, that, if not the end of the world, it would certainly be its climacteric. These predictions were so far verified; indeed it did not require astrology to make them. The first event of note, in connexion with our history, was the death of the Prince of Condé on the 5th of March, under strong suspicion of having been poisoned by his wife. The death of this prince was deeply bewailed by the Protestants: when the event was announced to Henry, he gave expression to his grief in loud cries, and exclaimed that he had lost his right arm. The loss, however, which the Protestants sustained by the death of the Prince of Condé, was to be more than compensated by what befell their opponents.

The king had become a mere cipher in Paris: the League, the Guises, and the Sixteen, were all powerful. The Duke of Guise was the idol of the populace; wherever he appeared, he was received with cheers and acclamations; while the poor monarch was the subject of lampoons and jests. It was privately debated, among the most ardent members of the League, whether he ought not to be dethroned; and a scheme was formed by the Guises for seizing his person. Henry, being informed of his danger, resolved to be beforehand with his enemies; and ordering about six thousand troops, for the most part Swiss mercenaries, to enter Paris, he distributed them through the various quarters of the city, so as to overawe the League. The consequence was a terrible riot. The Parisians, instigated by the leaders of the Sixteen, rose in a mass, barricaded the streets, attacked and defeated the soldiers, murdered a number of the Swiss, and wre-

pared to storm the Louvre. Henry, thus besieged in his own palace, fled to Chartres, leaving the League masters of Paris. A negotiation ensued between the monarch and his subjects, which terminated in an accommodation; Henry agreeing to overlook the past, to convene the States-General, in order to secure the succession of a Catholic prince to the throne, and to adopt measures for the extermination of the Protestants. The appearance of reconciliation, however, was hollow; the insults which he had suffered at the hands of the Guises and the League rankled in the heart of the king; and enraged beyond endurance by the haughty conduct of the Duke of Guise and his brother the cardinal at the States-General, which, in conformity with his promise, he had convened at Blois in the month of October, he caused them both to be assassinated, being unable, he said, to deal with such powerful criminals by the ordinary modes of justice. This event, which happened in the end of December 1588, produced a terrible sensation among the Catholics of France, who adored the Guises, and regarded them as the champions of the true faith. When the Duke of Parma heard of it, he said, "Guise made a show of doing too much, while in reality he did too little; he ought to have remembered, that whoever draws his sword against his prince, ought that instant to throw away the scabbard." Even the Huguenots, who benefited by the event, were shocked by it, saying that it too much resembled a St Bartholomew. The king of Navarre expressed his admiration of the great talents of his deceased rivals, and his horror at the mode of their punishment; though at the same time he could not but confess that their deaths had removed a formidable obstacle from his path.

The assassination of the Guises might have proved a death-blow to the League, had the king been possessed of sufficient audacity to follow it up by a course of vengeance against his other enemies. But Henry was overwhelmed by the consequences of his own act, and occupied himself not in following it up, but in defending it. The difficulty of his position was increased by the death of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, which happened on the 5th of January 1589, not many days after the assassination of the Guises. Had she survived, her spirit might have carried her son through the crisis; but, left to his own resources, he was helpless as a child. The League, awestruck at first by the loss of their leaders, began now to display their fury in the most violent manner. The name of Henry III. was publicly execrated in the streets—his arms were pulled down from the faces of buildings and broken in pieces, his statues shattered, his portraits spit upon and torn. Young women and children marched in processions through the streets, carrying lighted tapers, which they suddenly extinguished, to denote that the race of the Valois should in like manner become extinct. Confessors would not grant absolution, unless the penitent renounced Henry as their

sovereign; and the duty of assassinating bad kings was inculcated from almost every pulpit. The Duke of Mayenne, brother of the murdered Guises, was called to Paris, and formally invested with the dignity of "Lieutenant-general of the state and crown of France"—a title the conferring of which on a subject was equivalent to declaring the throne vacant. It was left to be determined afterwards whether the Duke of Mayenne should assume the title of king. And, as if all these insults and misfortunes were not enough, the unhappy monarch learned that he had been excommunicated by Pope Sixtus V. for the murder of the Guises.

Rejected by the great majority of his subjects, without strength, without wisdom, without hope, Henry III. had no alternative but to throw himself into the arms of the king of Navarre, and implore his protection and assistance. A treaty was accordingly agreed to between the two princes, in which it was arranged that the Huguenots should act in concert with the king against the League, in return for which the king of Navarre was to be acknowledged the lawful heir to the crown. Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, the king of Navarre set out for the town of Plessis les Tours, to have an interview with his royal ally. "Still assailed," says Sully, "by some remains of distrust, which he could not repress, he stopped near a mill about two leagues from the castle, and would know the opinion of each of the gentlemen that composed his train upon the step he was going to take. Turning to me, the king said, 'What are your thoughts of the matter?' I answered, in few words, that it was true the step he was taking was not without danger, because the troops of the king of France were superior to his, but that I looked upon the present as one of those conjunctures in which something ought to be left to chance. 'Let us go on,' said the prince, after pausing a few moments; 'my resolution is fixed.'"

The alliance with the king against the League proved fortunate for our hero. After many interviews, during which the king of Navarre's frankness and confidence gained the affection of the French monarch, as much as his courage and wisdom elevated his hopes, it was resolved that the allied Huguenot and royalist armies should lay siege to Paris, and, by gaining possession of it, crush, as a historian expresses it, the principal head of the hydra. Operations had already commenced; the king of France was in quarters at St Cloud, the king of Navarre at Meudon, and the League was beginning to tremble for the result of so powerful a conjunction of forces, when an event occurred which completely altered the state of affairs. This was the death of Henry III. by the hand of James Clement, a fanatical Dominican monk, who had been stirred up, by means of pretended revelations from Heaven, to commit the crime. After communicating his design to the Duke of Mayenne, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duchess de Montpensier, and others of the Sixteen, he procured

access to his victim at St Cloud, and stabbed him with a knife in the belly. The assassin was immediately cut down by the gentlemen present, and the king conveyed to bed, where he died on the following morning, the 2d of August 1589, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The king of Navarre had hurried to St Cloud on receiving the information of Clement's attempt, and the dying monarch had embraced him, declared him his successor, and urged him to become a Catholic, without which, he said, he would never be able to reign over the kingdom of France.

The present was a critical moment in the life of our hero, and much depended on how he should improve it. "It was not," says Sully, "the event of a paltry negotiation, the success of a battle, or the possession of a small kingdom such as Navarre, that employed his thoughts, but the greatest monarchy in Europe. But how many obstacles had he to surmount, how many labours to endure, ere he could hope to obtain it! All that he had hitherto done, was nothing in comparison to what remained to do. How crush a party so powerful, and in such high credit, that it had given fears to a prince established on the throne, and almost obliged him to descend from it? The king of Navarre was convinced that this was one of those moments on the good or bad use of which his destiny depended. Without suffering himself to be dazzled with the view of a throne, or oppressed by difficulties and useless grief, he calmly began to give orders for keeping every one at his duty, and preventing mutinies. After adopting precautions, so as to secure the troops in his favour, he applied himself to gain all the foreign powers on whose assistance he thought he might depend, and wrote or sent deputies to Germany, England, Flanders, Switzerland, and the republic of Venice, to inform them of the new event, and the claim which it gave him to the crown of France."

These efforts were so far successful. Of the support of the Huguenots, Henry was of course secure; he had long been the hope of their party, and the prospect of his being king was to them peculiarly gratifying. Being, however, a minority of the nation, they would have been too weak alone to plant him on the throne; it was therefore with particular pleasure that Henry learnt that the late king's army, consisting almost entirely of Catholics, was willing to acknowledge him as their sovereign. There remained, however, the Catholic nobility, and the mass of the French people. Of the former there were a number in the camp, who, being determined enemies to the League, were willing to accept Henry as their king if he would abandon his Protestant opinions, and become Catholic. They represented to him that if he were to take this step, it was absolutely certain that all the Catholics of France, except a few attached to the League by personal considerations, would declare themselves on his side; while the Huguenots, though they might complain, would be obliged to submit. In short, let him but proclaim himself a Catholic,

and the crown of France would be his, with hardly a struggle to obtain it. Henry saw the force of this reasoning; indeed many of the Huguenots themselves were persuaded that it was impossible for any but a Catholic to be king of France under the existing circumstances, and contented themselves with the hope that, even under such a prince, supposing him not to be a bigot, Protestantism would be tolerated. It was contrary, however, to Henry's disposition to purchase an advantage by such a meanness as that which was proposed to him. All that he could promise was, that he would respect to the utmost the established rights of the Catholic faith in France, and that he would take the subject of his own change of creed into his earnest consideration. Some of the Catholic nobles, not satisfied with these concessions, withdrew; the majority, however, influenced probably by hatred to the League, and by the example of the Catholic soldiers, took the oath of allegiance to him on the 4th of August 1589. From that period he is known in history by the name of *Henri Quatre*—Henry the Fourth—of France.

We have thus traced the history of our hero from his birth, till, at the age of thirty-six years, he found himself, by an extraordinary series of events, called to a throne to which, according to the natural course of things, he could hardly have hoped to succeed. His life subsequently to this period divides itself into two parts. The first, extending from 1589 to 1598, is a period of struggle, during which all his energies were occupied in maintaining himself in the throne, and resisting and crushing those who sought to hurl him from it. The narrative of these eight or nine years consists of a series of battles and sieges undertaken against the League, interspersed with negotiations with foreign powers, and declarations of war against them. The second, extending from 1598 to Henry's death in 1610, is the period of his reign over France, properly so called—the period during which, all his enemies being conquered, and peace restored, he employed himself in the true work of government, and developed his great ideas for the glory of France, and the good of Europe in general.

THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION—HENRY ABJURES PROTESTANTISM.

The death of Henry III. had caused the most lively demonstrations of joy in Paris. It was proposed by some of the chiefs of the League to proclaim the Duke of Mayenne his successor; but as public opinion seemed to be scarcely ripe for such a proposition, the old cardinal de Bourbon, then a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, was declared king of France, under the designation of Charles X.—an appointment which, while it left all the real authority in the hands of the Duke of Mayenne, would not prevent him from assuming the royal title also, when the proper time for doing so arrived. The two parties, therefore, who were

now contending for the mastery of France, were the League, consisting of all the most resolute Catholics of France, whether nobles or commons, with the Duke of Mayenne at their head; and a mixed party of Huguenots, and what may be termed moderate Catholics, with the king of Navarre, now Henry IV., at their head. There could not be a greater contrast between any two men than there was between the leaders of these two parties. Not to speak of the inherent powers of their minds, the appearance and personal habits of the two men were strikingly different. The Duke of Mayenne was a large, corpulent, and clumsy man, of dignified demeanour, but slow in all his movements, and requiring an immense quantity both of food and sleep. The king of Navarre, again, was all vivacity and activity: during a campaign, or when pressed by business, he allowed himself no more than a quarter of an hour at table, and two or three hours of sleep were sufficient to re-invigorate him after the greatest fatigues. It was a prognostication of the shrewd and candid Pope Sixtus V., that the Bearnese, as he called Henry, was sure to win, seeing that the time he lay in bed was not longer than that occupied by the Duke of Mayenne in taking his dinner.

As Paris was the stronghold of the League, Henry resolved to attack it; and after several months spent in preparations and military operations in other parts of the kingdom, especially in Normandy, he commenced his march to the capital. The Duke of Mayenne had gone out to oppose him, and after several preliminary engagements, the two armies met and fought a great battle on the plain of Ivry, on the 14th of March 1590. Writers have vied with each other in the description of this celebrated battle, and the bravery and generosity which our hero displayed in it; but no description equals that given by Mr Macaulay, in those spirit-stirring verses in which he supposes a Huguenot soldier to pour out his feelings:—

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the king!"
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah! the foes are coming. Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across St Andre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!"

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van;
 "Remember St Bartholomew," was passed from man to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go.
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?"

The battle of Ivry was followed up by the siege of Paris, which was commanded by the Duke de Nemours, Mayenne having gone to join his forces with those of the Duke of Parma, who had orders from his sovereign, the king of Spain, to co-operate with the League against Henry. The siege was conducted in the most horrible of all forms, that of blockade. Commenced in May, it lasted four months, during which the citizens endured the most dreadful sufferings from famine. Horses, dogs, asses, cats, birds, and even rats, were ravenously eaten. The Duchess of Montpensier refused gold and jewellery to the value of 2000 crowns for a favourite dog, saying she would reserve it for herself when her stores were exhausted. Upwards of 13,000 persons are calculated to have died of hunger during the blockade; and the numbers would have been greater but for the generosity of Henry, who, with a tenderness of heart unusual in great military heroes, and even hostile to his own interests at the time, permitted provisions to be smuggled into the city, and opened a free passage for such of the starving inhabitants as chose to depart. "I am their father and their king," he said, "and I cannot bear the thought of their sufferings." At length, just as the garrison was on the point of surrendering, Henry was compelled to raise the siege by a clever manœuvre of the Duke of Parma, who, hearing of the distress of the Parisians, had come to their assistance. This took place in September 1590.

For three years the war continued, and France was desolated by the sword of civil and religious strife. In vain was battle after battle fought, town after town besieged, truce after truce concluded. The radical impediment to a lasting peace still remained—the king of France professed a form of faith differing from that of the great majority of his subjects. So long as this was the case, there was no hope of a reconciliation; Henry must either become a Catholic, or relinquish his struggle for the crown. Ever since the death of Henry III., he had been meditating on this subject; he had listened to theological arguments and controversies, permitted himself to be instructed by

Catholic priests, and weighed all that was said on both sides; but he had shown a decided reluctance to come to a final declaration. At length, however, in July 1593, he announced his intention of making a public profession of the Catholic faith. Accordingly, on the 25th of that month, he entered the church of St Dennis, where Renauld de Jamblançai, archbishop of Bourges, and a number of the Catholic clergy, were assembled. "Who are you?" asked the archbishop. "I am the king," was the reply. "What is your request?" "To be received into the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church." "Do you desire this?" said the prelate. "I do," replied the king. Then kneeling down, he pronounced these words, "I protest and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to live and die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; to protect and defend it against all its enemies at the hazard of my blood and life, renouncing all heresies contrary to it." He then placed a copy of the same confession in writing into the archbishop's hands, who gave him absolution, while a *Te Deum* was sung.

This act of Henry's life has naturally become the subject of much discussion among historians, some giving it their approval, and others their condemnation. The following are Sully's remarks on the king's abjuration:—"I should betray the cause of truth, if I suffered it even to be suspected that policy, the threats of the Catholics, the fatigue of labour, the desire of rest, and of freeing himself from the tyranny of foreigners, or even the good of the people, had entirely influenced the king's resolution. As far as I am able to judge of the heart of this prince, which I believe I know better than any other person, it was indeed these considerations which first hinted to him the necessity of his conversion; but in the end, he became convinced in his own mind that the Catholic religion was the safest." By whatever casuistry Henry attained this conviction, we can have no hesitation in saying that his abjuration of Protestantism has all the appearance of having been done for the sake of being made undisputed king of France. Now, as there was no absolute necessity for his attaining this honour, as he might have enjoyed all reasonable happiness as sovereign of his small kingdom of Navarre, we can by no means approve of what was so clearly a sacrifice of conscience to worldly distinction.

The only vestige of excuse for his abjuration, was the hope which he perhaps entertained of securing the Protestants generally from oppression; and if this were the case, it must be allowed his aim was accomplished. The announcement of his change of religion almost immediately put an end to the civil war; all parties seemed less or more pleased; and his coronation was formally celebrated at Chartres on the 27th of February 1594. By this event Navarre became attached to the French monarchy, from which it has never since been dissevered. The house of Valois had also terminated, and been succeeded by that

of Bourbon. Before the end of 1595, Henry was acknowledged by the pope and every other power as the lawful sovereign of France.

Still, Henry's anxieties were not yet over. Since his profession of the Catholic faith, two unsuccessful attempts had been made upon his life, one by a waterman named Barriere, the other by John Chatel, a student in the college of the Jesuits; both of whom had paid the penalty of their crime. In consequence of these attempts, it was judged expedient to expel the Jesuits from the kingdom, their hostility to Henry's government being so well known, that it was deemed unsafe to have them for subjects, and their number not yet being so great as to render their expulsion impossible. All that remained to be done, was to inflict such chastisement upon Spain as would put a stop to her interference. Before the end of the year 1597, this also was effectually accomplished; and the beginning of the following year witnessed the ratification of two treaties memorable in the history of France. The one was the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which ample liberty of conscience, the privilege, with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the Protestants; the other the Peace of Vervins, dated the 2d of May 1598, by which the war with Spain was very advantageously concluded.

FRANCE UNDER HENRY IV.—HIS GREAT POLITICAL DESIGNS.

Enjoying now a profound peace both internally and externally, France called upon her sovereign to display his genius, not for war, but for the grander occupation of government. Trained from his boyhood in the camp, the hero of more than a hundred fights and two hundred sieges, how would he act in the cabinet, how would he fulfil the duties of a statesman? As we have already said, Henry, in this new capacity, more than answered the highest expectations that could have been formed of him; and the history of the last twelve years of his life, during which he was employed almost exclusively in the affairs of government, entitles him to be regarded as one of the greatest sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne.

In the first place, Henry was possessed of that indispensable qualification of a great statesman, a generous heart—an earnest and yearning desire for the good of his species. His philanthropy was almost chivalrous; and, like his temperament, it was hopeful and sanguine. His love of France was no mere pretence or delusion; it was an intense glowing passion. Witness his memorable prayer before beginning a great battle:—"O Lord; if this day thou meanest to punish me for my sins, I bow my head to the stroke of thy justice; spare not the guilty; but, Lord, by thy holy mercy, have pity on this poor realm, and strike not the

flock for the faults of the shepherd." Every one has heard of his famous saying, that if God granted him the ordinary term of human life, he hoped to see France in such a condition that "every peasant in it should be able to have a fowl in the pot upon Sundays."

These philanthropic aspirations were resolutely followed up by a course of laborious efforts to realise them. Immediately after the peace of Vervins, Henry disbanded a great part of his forces, and strove, by introducing a strict system of economy into the administration of the revenues, as well as by setting an example of frugality to his subjects, especially the proprietors of land, to remedy the evils which war had produced, alleviate the distress of the people, and give an impulse to commerce and manufactures. Surrounding himself with the ablest men in the kingdom, both Catholics and Protestants, he was continually occupied with some scheme or other for the advantage of the country. Eventually, however, the Baron de Rosny, better known by the title of Duke of Sully, which he conferred on him, became his sole confidant; and with him all his designs were discussed and matured. Without Sully for a minister, Henry would have been a grand but visionary genius; without Henry for a master, Sully's sagacity would have never been employed on such high objects. Henry inspired Sully, and Sully instructed Henry.

The great object of Sully and Henry's joint efforts was a thorough reform in the revenue. Henry on his accession to the throne found the finances in a deplorable state—the people groaning under a load of taxes, and yet the royal exchequer almost empty. How was he to proceed? The state debts were so large (amounting to 330 millions of livres), and there were so many demands for outlay, that it seemed necessary to impose new taxes, while at the same time the country had been so impoverished by the war, that the people were unable to pay the taxes already imposed. Sully devoted his best energies to the settlement of this question. In the first place, with a noble pity for the wretchedness of the people, he remitted above twenty millions of livres which they still owed the king: the loss was serious; but, by submitting to it, the king gave his subjects time to breathe again. After this he made a laborious and searching investigation, in order to discover where the cause of the national misery lay. The amount of revenue annually paid into the royal treasury was thirty millions; but "I was strongly persuaded," he says, that "it could not be the raising of this sum from so rich and large a kingdom as France which reduced it to the condition I saw it in; and that the sums made up of extortions and false expenses must certainly infinitely exceed those which were brought into his majesty's coffers. I took the pen, and resolved to make this immense calculation. I found with horror, that for these thirty millions that were given to his majesty, there were drawn from the purses of the subjects, I almost blush to say it, 150 millions.

After this I was no longer ignorant whence the misery of the people proceeded. I then applied my cares to the authors of this oppression, who were the governors and other officers of the army, as well as the civil magistrates and officers of the revenue; who all, even to the meanest, abused in an enormous manner the authority their employments gave them over the people; and I caused an *arrêt* of council to be drawn up, by which they were forbidden, under great penalties, to exact anything from the people, under any title whatever, without a warrant in form, beyond what they were obliged to on account of their share of the tallies and other subsidies settled by the king."

This vigorous measure drew down upon Sully a storm of abuse from all those who were engaged in the collection of the revenues; but perseverance, and the co-operation of the king in his views, accomplished his object. The hungry courtiers, cut out by this and other economical reforms of Sully from their usual sources of income, fell upon methods to make up for the loss. One of these was to prevail upon the king to grant them monopolies in particular departments of trade. "When this trick was once found out," says Sully, "there was nothing that promised profit which did not get into the brain of one or other of those who thought they had a right to some favour from the king: interest gave every man invention, and the kingdom began to swarm with petty monopolies, which, though singly of little consequence, yet all together were very detrimental to the public." Sully's earnest and frequent representations to the king put a stop to this vicious practice. The following is an account of what occurred in one instance in which the king had granted such a monopoly. The Count de Soissons petitioned the king for a grant of fifteenpence, as duty on every bale of goods exported—a toll which he assured the king would not amount to more than 30,000 livres a-year. The king, in Sully's absence, granted it; but, entertaining doubts of the propriety of what he had done, wrote to ask Sully's advice. Sully, on calculating, found that the toll given to the count would amount to no less than 300,000 crowns; besides which he was convinced it would be the ruin of the hemp and linen trade in Brittany, Normandy, and Picardy. The difficulty now was, how to recall the grant; but Sully's ingenuity suggested a way to effect it without compromising the king. This gave mortal offence to De Soissons, who not only abused Sully himself, but sent the Marchioness de Verneuil, who had also petitioned for a similar monopoly, to abuse him too. "Truly," said the Marchioness to Sully, "the king will be a fool to take your advice and offend so many great people. On whom, pray, would you have the king to confer favours, if not on his cousins and his friends?" "What you say," replied Sully, "would be reasonable enough if his majesty took the money all out of his own purse; but to make a new levy on the merchants, artisans, labourers, and

country people, will never do; it is by them that the king and all of us are supported, and it is enough that they provide for a master, without having to maintain his cousins and his friends."

By methods like these, the efficacy of which did not suffer much from one or two more questionable measures which the false political economy of Sully's time did not permit him to see the folly of—by methods like these, persevered in for a number of years, prosperity was restored to France. "Both foreign and domestic payments were regularly made," says Sully, "without any hardship to the people, though the king still continued to lay out very large sums in rebuilding, furnishing, and adorning his palaces; repairing the old fortifications and raising new ones; and erecting many other public works." The following account of the mode by which Henry digested and arranged the huge mass of miscellaneous business which occupied him, will give an idea of the extent and variety of his schemes for the improvement of France, as well as of the zeal with which he prosecuted them.

When Sully became his minister, he made him procure "a great desk or cabinet, contrived full of drawers and holes, each with a lock and key, and all lined with crimson satin." In this cabinet were to be deposited all kinds of views, memorials, charts, and papers having "any relation, either near or distant, to the revenue, to war, to artillery, to the navy, to commerce, to diplomacy, to money, to mines, to the church;" in short, to any department of state affairs. A separate compartment in the great cabinet was to be allotted to each subject; and the arrangement was to be such, that all the contents of a compartment could be seen at a single glance. In the finance compartment "was a collection of regulations, memorials of operations, accounts of changes made or to be made, of sums to be received or paid; a quantity almost incalculable of views, memoirs, abstracts, and summaries more or less compendious." In the military compartment, "besides the accounts, lists, and memoirs, which were to show the present state of the forces, there were all the regulations and papers of state, books treating of the arrangement of armies, plans, charts, geographical and hydrographical, both of France and of different parts of the world." (An extension of this military compartment, to contain articles too bulky to be placed in the cabinet, suggested the idea of a museum of "models of whatever was most curious in machinery relating to war, arts, trades, and all sorts of occupations—a silent school, in which all who aspired to perfection in such occupations might improve themselves without trouble.") Among the papers in the ecclesiastical compartment, "the most curious were a list of all the benefices in the kingdom, with the qualifications which they required; and a view of all the ecclesiastical orders, secular and regular, from the highest prelate to the lowest clergyman, with the distinction of natives and foreigners, of both religions. This work was to be

imitated in another relating to the temporal order, in which the king was to see, to a single man, the number of gentlemen throughout the kingdom, divided into classes, and specified according to the differences of title and estate." A large part of the cabinet was set aside expressly to contain projects and schemes of all sorts. In the schemes for the discipline of the army, methods were laid down suitable not only for times of war, but also for times of peace, and calculated to "preserve the persons of the trader, manufacturer, shepherd, and husbandman from the violence of the soldiers. These four professions, by which the state may truly be said to be supported, were to be completely secured, by another regulation, from all the outrages of the nobility." The general scope of the propositions with regard to the clergy, was to "engage all of them to make such use as the canons require of revenues which, properly speaking, are not their own; to forbid them to hold joint livings of the yearly value of six hundred livres, or to hold any single one producing more than ten thousand livres; and, upon the whole, to acquit themselves worthily of their employments, and to consider it as their first duty to set a good example."

We need not proceed farther in the detail of Henry's plans of internal reform. Suffice it to say, that although the actual execution fell far short of the grandeur of the intentions, partly because they may have been too sanguine, partly because their author was cut off in the midst of his labours, yet the reforms which he effected in the condition of France were such as to entitle him to the fond veneration with which Frenchmen have ever regarded him.

The grandest of Henry's schemes was his proposal to unite all the states of Europe into one vast Christian republic. The following is an outline of this extraordinary scheme.

Struck with the deplorable condition of Europe, divided into a number of nations, all selfishly occupied with their own interests, and incessantly carrying on wars with each other for the slightest reasons and the meanest purposes, thus retarding the progress of general civilisation, Henry's design was to procure the erection of one immense European commonwealth, to consist of fifteen states, some of which, according to circumstances, were to be monarchical, and others republican. The size of the different states was to be rendered as uniform as possible, and each was to send representatives to a general congress. While the local affairs of each state were to be administered by its own government, all questions of intercommunication, commerce, and mutual wrong, were to be referred to the central representative body. So far, Henry's plan was little else than a foreshadowing, on a grander scale, of the constitution which now binds the various free and independent states of North America in a harmonious union. What follows is interestingly characteristic of the barbarous policy of the period. To put down all quarrels about

religion, Henry proposed that in every state where circumstances had conclusively established one form of faith as the national one, that form and no other should be tolerated. In Roman Catholic countries, there were to be none but Catholics; in Protestant countries, none but Protestants. The minority, however, were not to be exterminated, but only sent out of the country into a state where their form of religion was generally professed. Finally, all pagans and Mahomedans were to be driven out of Europe into Asia.

To carry this vast project into execution, Henry of course proposed to employ force. The force necessary was to be contributed by the various states, and to amount to 270,000 infantry, 50,000 cavalry, 200 cannons, and 120 ships of war, manned and equipped. It was about the year 1601 that the scheme assumed a distinct shape in Henry's mind; and the first person to whom he communicated it was Sully; and even from him he had concealed it long, from feelings of shame, lest it should seem ridiculous. Sully paid no attention to it at first, treating the idea of a "system by which all Europe might be regulated and governed as one great family" as a mere conversational flourish. The king dropped the subject at that time; but, renewing it shortly after, Sully perceived that he was in earnest. Conceiving the scheme to be chimerical, he stated as strongly as possible the objections to it, but was surprised to hear them all discussed and answered by the king in a manner which showed that he had anticipated them. The result was, that, after studying the subject in all its bearings, Sully became convinced that the scheme was no mere confused aspiration, but a solid and feasible project; for that, "however disproportionate the means might appear to the effect, a course of years, during which everything should as much as possible be made subservient to the great object in view, would surmount many difficulties." The first step was to secure the co-operation of one or two of the most powerful princes of Europe; the agreement of one or two such would be equivalent almost to success. The sovereigns whose co-operation Henry principally desired were those of England, Sweden, and Denmark; it does not appear, however, that he ever broached the subject distinctly, except to Elizabeth of England and her successor James. From the latter, to whom the scheme was expounded by Sully in a personal interview in 1603, he exacted an oath that he would not divulge it. After hearing the scheme described, James protested that he would not for any consideration have remained ignorant of it, and was eager to proceed immediately to put it into execution. It was proposed to break the matter by degrees to the rest of Europe, as opinion ripened, and the progress of affairs rendered the favourable reception of the scheme more likely; and as a specific course of action, leading directly to the point aimed at, the powers of Europe were in the meantime to be cunningly inveigled into a conjunct war upon Austria. The house of Austria

once humbled, and its territories dismembered, the plan might be safely published to the world, and little would remain to be done. It is almost needless pronouncing any opinion on this design of Henry IV. It was the dream of a great, benevolently-disposed, but ill-instructed mind. The mutual jealousies and respective selfishnesses of the existing states were far too uncompromising to admit of so easy a mode of union. Even in the present advanced age, the project would be hopeless; certainly any proposal to render religious belief uniform by compulsion, would be as mad as it would be useless. And yet the idea of a European international confederacy to settle differences, is one of the things that we can venture to say is not altogether chimerical, and may at some future period of greater enlightenment be carried into effect. Perfect freedom in commercial and personal intercourse among nations seems to all appearance to be the means, under Providence, by which this great object is to be satisfactorily accomplished.

DEATH OF HENRY IV.—HIS CHARACTER.

The history of Henry IV. during the twelve years in which he was maturing the scheme which we have just described, contains few incidents deserving special notice. In the year 1600 he was divorced from his wife Margaret, and contracted a second marriage with Mary de Medicis, daughter of the late Grand-duke of Tuscany, by whom he had a son (Louis XIII.), who succeeded him on the throne.

In the year 1610, Henry was full of enthusiasm regarding his great political scheme, the time for developing which had now, he thought, almost arrived. Extensive military preparations were in progress, which Sully imagined had reference to it. In the midst of these, however, Henry was cut off by the hand of an assassin. The occasion selected for striking the blow was the coronation of the queen—a ceremony which had been long delayed, but which was at length fixed for the 13th of May 1610. The king, according to Sully, had a presentiment that the ceremony would be fatal to him, founded on an astrological prediction that he should die in a coach during some great festivity. He often exclaimed, "O that detestable coronation; it will be the cause of my death," and even endeavoured to obtain the queen's consent to have it postponed. The queen, however, refused, saying it was very hard that she should be the only queen of France who had never been crowned. The ceremony was therefore performed on the day appointed: the festivities were to last for several days. Next day, the 14th of May 1610, the king set out from the Louvre about four o'clock in the afternoon, to visit Sully, who was lying at the arsenal indisposed. He was seated in the back part of the coach, and, as the day was fine, the curtains were drawn up, that he might see the preparations making in

the city for the queen's public entry, which was to take place on the 16th. The Duke of Epernon sat on his right; the Duke of Montbazon and the Marquis de la Force on his left; and there were several other gentlemen in other parts of the coach. He was attended by a smaller body of guards than usual. When the coach was turning out of the Rue Saint Honoré into the Rue Feronnerie, the entrance to which was very narrow, owing to a number of small shops being erected against the wall of the churchyard of St Innocent, it was stopped by two carts, one loaded with wine, the other with hay, which were blocking up the street. While the coach stopped, the attendants, with the exception of two, went on before; one of these two advanced to clear the way, the other stooped to fasten his garter. At that instant a wild-faced red-haired man in a cloak, who had followed the coach from the Louvre, approached the side where the king sat, as if endeavouring to push his way, like other passengers, between the coach and the shops. Suddenly putting one foot on a spoke of the wheel, he drew a knife, and struck the king, who was reading a letter, between the second and third rib, a little above the heart. "I am wounded," cried the king, as the assassin, perceiving that the stroke had not been effectual, repeated it. The second blow went directly to the heart; the blood gushed from the wound and from his mouth, and death was almost instantaneous. A third blow which the assassin aimed at his victim was received by the Duke of Epernon in the sleeve.

The assassin's name was Francis Ravallac, a native of Angoumois, who had been a solicitor in the courts of law. Whether the crime was prompted solely by his own imagination, or whether he was the instrument of any deep-laid conspiracy, was never clearly ascertained, though the latter was the general supposition. His punishment was that accorded by the savage spirit of the times to regicides. After undergoing the most horrible tortures, during which he confessed nothing of importance, he was taken in a tumbril to the Place de Greve on the 27th of May, and there, in the terms of his sentence, the flesh was torn with red-hot pincers from his breasts, arms, thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand, holding the knife with which he committed the crime, was scorched and burnt with flaming brimstone; on the places where the flesh had been torn by the pincers, were poured melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch with wax and brimstone melted together; after which he was torn in pieces by four horses, and his limbs burnt to ashes. The performance of that part of his sentence which consisted in his being torn by the horses occupied an hour, and was only ended by the mob rushing up and cutting the body with knives.

Henry IV. was of middling stature, well-formed, and of a strong constitution. The surgeons who examined his body believed that he might have lived, in the natural course of things, for thirty years longer. His forehead was broad, his eyes quick

and animated, his nose aquiline, his complexion ruddy, and his expression sweet and majestic. His hair, which was short, thick, and of a light-brown shade, had begun to grizzle when he was thirty-five years of age: "it was," he said, "the wind of adversity constantly blowing in his face that had done it." He was remarkable for the keenness of his sight and hearing. His character, with which our readers must be already somewhat familiar, we shall sum up in the words of Sully. "He loved all his subjects as a father, and the whole state as the head of a family. There were no conditions, employments, or professions, to which his reflections did not extend, and that with such clearness and penetration, that the changes he projected could not be overthrown by the death of their author. His was a mind in which the ideas of what is great, uncommon, and beautiful, seemed to rise of themselves; hence it was that he looked upon adversity as a transitory evil, and prosperity as his natural state." His great fault, says the same authority, was his propensity to all kinds of pleasure. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of his character was his Fatalism, his belief in Destiny—a peculiarity in which he resembles Napoleon. In conversation he had no rival; and of his *bons-mots*, his jests, and his profound sayings on all subjects, there is a sufficient number still extant to form a volume. Once, on being solicited to do something which he thought unjust, "I have," he said, "but two eyes and two feet; in what respect, then, should I be different from the rest of my subjects, if I wanted strength and justice in my disposition?" To a person asking him to pardon his nephew, who had committed an assassination, "I am sorry," he replied, "that I cannot grant your request; it becomes you well to act the uncle, and it becomes me well to act the king. I excuse your petition; do you excuse my refusal." "If faith," he said, "were lost in all the world besides, it should still be found in the mouths of kings." When pressed by public affairs, and forced to absent himself from public worship, he excused his absence by saying, "When I labour for the public good, it seems to me that it is only to forsake God for the sake of God." An eminent physician having changed his religion, and become a Catholic, the king said jestingly to Sully, with whom he often argued on the subject, but without any effect on his calm and strong mind, "Don't you see how ill your religion is; the doctors have given it over?" To ability of all sorts, military, civil, or literary, he was a zealous patron. In speaking of his enemies he was candid and generous, and of libels against himself, he was sufficiently magnanimous never to take any notice.

Such was *Henri Quatre*, a name which one never hears mentioned in France without respect, and whose remembrance is preserved by numerous pictures, dramas, and public monuments; and one can only lament that a man so universally beloved, and whose life promised so many benefits to his country, should have perished ingloriously by the mean blow of an assassin.

PRINCE LEE BOO.



ON the 10th of August 1783, the *Antelope*, a packet of three hundred tons burden, in the service of the East India Company, and under the command of Captain Henry Wilson, suffered shipwreck on the Pelew Islands, one of the numerous groups which stud the Pacific, and the nearest of any importance to the East India Islands. At that time the Polynesians had had but little intercourse with white men, and were of course ignorant of many of those virtues and vices which have since so materially altered their character. Our countrymen, however, met with the most kindly treat-

ment, and in turn presented the natives with articles and implements calculated to assist them in the operations of their primitive mode of life. During their stay, which continued till the 12th of November, the crew were busy in constructing a small schooner, for the purpose of conveying them to Macao, in China; an effort which was ultimately crowned with success.

One of the most interesting and important personages met with by Captain Wilson during his stay, was Abba Thulle, king of Cooroora and of several of the adjoining islets. Uniformly humane, and attentive to the wants of the unfortunate crew, this individual, in his intercourse with them, soon perceived their superiority in warlike preparation, in mechanical skill, in their power of turning almost every object to use, and, above all, in the obedience, regularity, and order with which each attended to his respective duties. He used to say that, though his subjects looked up to him with respect, and regarded him as not only superior in rank, but in knowledge, yet that, after being

with the English, and contemplating their ingenuity, he had often felt his own insignificance, in seeing the lowest of them exercise talents that he had ever been a stranger to. Impressed with this conviction, he resolved to intrust one of his sons to Captain Wilson's care, that the youth might have the advantage of improving himself by accompanying the English, and of learning many things that might at his return greatly benefit his own country. This announcement was too important not to be cordially welcomed by Captain Wilson, and the result was, that the king's second son, Prince Lee Boo, then in his nineteenth year, was, on the departure of the schooner, handed over with due ceremony, "to be instructed in all things that he ought to know, and to be made an *English* man." To the brief history of this amiable and promising youth we devote the following pages, premising, that our account is chiefly abridged from "Keate's Pelew Islands," a volume compiled from the journals and communications of Captain Wilson and his brother officers.

VOYAGE FROM PELEW TO CHINA.

After an affectionate parting, the crew and their new charge left Pelew on the 12th of November 1783. Lee Boo, the first night he slept on board, ordered Boyam, his servant (a Malay, who acted also as his interpreter), to bring his mat upon deck; apparently annoyed by the restraint and confinement of a cabin. He was the next morning much surprised at not seeing land. Captain Wilson now clothed him in a shirt, waistcoat, and a pair of trousers: he appeared to feel himself uneasy in wearing the two first articles, and soon took them off and folded them up, using them only as a pillow; but, being impressed with an idea of the indelicacy of having no clothing, he never appeared without his trousers. As the vessel, proceeding northward, advanced into a climate gradually growing colder, he in a little time felt less inconvenience in putting on again his jacket and shirt; to which, when he had been a little time accustomed, his new-taught sense of propriety was so great, that he would never change his dress, or any part of it, in the presence of another person, always retiring for that purpose to some dark corner where no one could see him.

As they approached the Chinese coast, Lee Boo appeared quite delighted at the sight of land and the number of boats on the water. Before Captain Wilson went on shore, the prince, on seeing the large Portuguese ships at anchor in the Typa, appeared to be greatly astonished, exclaiming, as he looked at them, "Clow, clow, muc clow!" that is, Large, large, very large! Here he gave our people an early opportunity of seeing the natural benevolence of his mind. Some of the Chinese boats, that are rowed by poor Tartar women, with their little children tied to their backs, and who live in families on the water, surrounded

the vessel to petition for fragments of victuals; and the young prince, on noticing their supplications, gave them oranges, and such other things as he had, being particularly attentive to offer them those edibles which he liked best himself.

On landing at Macao, Lee Boo was introduced to the former acquaintances of Captain Wilson: among others to a Mr M'Intyre, and to a Portuguese gentleman of some distinction, to whose residence he was first taken. This being the first house our young traveller had ever seen, he was apparently lost in silent admiration. What struck most his imagination at first, was the upright walls and the flat ceilings; he seemed as if puzzling himself to comprehend how they could be formed; and the decorations of the rooms were also no small subject of astonishment. When he was introduced to the ladies of the family, his deportment was so easy and polite, that it was exceeded only by his abundant good-nature. So far from being embarrassed, he permitted the company to examine his hands, which were tattooed, and appeared pleased with the attention shown him. When he retired with Captain Wilson, his behaviour left on the mind of every one present the impression, that however great the surprise might be which the scenes of a new world had awakened in him, it could hardly be exceeded by that which his own amiable manners and native polish would excite in others.

Mr M'Intyre next conducted them to his own house, where they were introduced into a hall lighted up, with a table in the middle covered for supper, and a sideboard handsomely decorated. Here a new scene burst at once on Lee Boo's mind: he was all eye, all admiration. The vessels of glass appeared to be the objects which rivetted most his attention. Mr M'Intyre showed him whatever he conceived would amuse him; but everything that surrounded him was attracting; his eye was like his mind, lost and bewildered. It was in truth to him a scene of magic, a fairy tale. Amongst the things that solicited his notice, was a large mirror at the upper end of the hall, which reflected almost his whole person. Here Lee Boo stood in perfect amazement at seeing himself: he laughed, he drew back, and returned to look again, quite absorbed in wonder. He made an effort to look behind, as if conceiving somebody was there, but found the glass fixed close to the wall. Mr M'Intyre observing the idea that had crossed him, ordered a small glass to be brought into the room, wherein having viewed his face, he looked behind, to discover the person who looked at him, totally unable to make out how all this was produced.

After passing an evening, which had been rendered pleasant and cheerful from the hospitality of their host and the simplicity of Lee Boo, our people retired for the night. Whether the prince passed it in sleep, or in reflecting on the occurrences of the day, is uncertain; but it is more than probable they were the next

morning recollected by him in that confused manner in which we recall the traces of a dream.

Soon after the crew came on shore, some of them went to purchase such things as they were in want of, in doing which they did not forget Lee Boo, who was a favourite with them all. They bought him some little trinkets, which they thought would, from their novelty, please him. Amongst them was a string of large glass beads, the first sight of which almost threw him into an ecstasy: he hugged them with a transport that could not be exceeded by the interested possessor of a string of pearls of equal magnitude. His imagination told him he had in his hands all the wealth the world could afford him. He ran with eagerness to Captain Wilson, to show him his riches, and, enraptured with the idea that his family should share them with him, he, in the utmost agitation, intreated Captain Wilson would immediately get him a Chinese vessel, to carry his treasures to Pelew, and deliver them to the king, that he might distribute them as he thought best, and thereby see what a country the English had conveyed him to; adding, that the people who carried them should tell the king that Lee Boo would soon send him other presents. He also told Captain Wilson that if the people faithfully executed their charge, he would (independent of what Abba Thulle would give them) present them at their return with one or two beads, as a reward for their fidelity.

Whilst Lee Boo remained at Macao, he had frequent opportunities of seeing people of different nations; and also was shown three Englishwomen, who, having lost their husbands in India, had been sent from Madras thither, and were waiting there to return to Europe, to whom the "new man," as he was called, gave the preference to any other of the fair sex he had seen.

Having no quadrupeds at Pelew, the two dogs left there were the only kind he had seen; on which account the sheep, goats, and other cattle which he met with whilst at Macao, were viewed with wonder. The Newfoundland dog which had been given to his uncle in Pelew, being called Sailor, he applied the word sailor to every animal that had four legs. Seeing some horses in a stable, he called them "clow sailor;" that is, "large sailor;" but the next day, observing a man pass the house on horseback, he was himself so wonderfully astonished, that he wanted every one to go and see the strange sight. He went afterwards to the stables where the horses were; he felt, he stroked them, and was inquisitive to know what their food was, having found, by offering them some oranges he had in his pocket, that they would not eat them. He was easily persuaded to get on one of their backs; and when he was informed what a noble, docile, and useful animal it was, he with much earnestness besought the captain to get one sent to his uncle, to whom he said he was sure it would be of great service.

Anxious to obtain a vessel bound for England, Captain Wilson left Macao for Canton, taking his wondering charge along with him. At Canton, the number of houses, the variety of shops, and the multitude of artificers, greatly astonished him. Being at the Company's table at the factory, the vessels of glass, of various shapes and sizes, particularly the glass chandeliers, attracted his notice. When, on looking round, he surveyed the number of attendants standing behind the gentlemen's chairs, he observed to Captain Wilson that the king, his father, lived in a manner very different, having only a little fish, a yam, or a cocoa-nut, which he ate from off a leaf, and drank out of the shell of the nut; and when his meal was finished, wiped his mouth and his fingers with a bit of cocoa-nut husk; whereas the company present ate a bit of one thing and then a bit of another, the servants always supplying them with a different plate, and different sorts of vessels to drink out of. He seemed from the first to relish tea; coffee he disliked the smell of, and therefore refused it, at the same time telling Captain Wilson he would drink it if he ordered him. On their arrival at Macao, one of the seamen being much intoxicated, Lee Boo expressed great concern, thinking him very ill, and applied to Mr Sharp, the surgeon, to go and see him. Being told nothing material ailed him, that it was only the effect of a liquor that common people were apt to indulge in, and that he would soon be well, he appeared satisfied; but would never after even taste spirits, if any were offered him, saying "it was not drink fit for gentlemen." As to his eating and drinking, he was in both temperate to a degree.

Whilst at Canton, several gentlemen, who had been at Madagascar and other places where the throwing of the spear is practised, and who themselves were in some degree skilled in the art, having expressed a wish to see the prince perform this exercise, they assembled at the hall of the factory for that purpose. Lee Boo did not at first point his spear to any particular object, but only shook and poised it, as is usually done before the weapon is thrown from the hand: this they were also able to do; but, proposing to aim at some particular point, they fixed this point to be a gauze cage which hung up in the hall, and which had a bird painted in the middle. Lee Boo took up his spear with great apparent indifference, and, levelling at the little bird, struck it through the head, astonishing all his competitors, who, at the great distance from whence they flung, with much difficulty even hit the cage.

He was greatly pleased with the stone buildings and spacious rooms in the houses at Canton; but the flat ceilings still continued to excite his wonder: he often compared them with the sloping thatched roofs at Pelew, and said, by the time he went back he should have learnt how it was done, and would then tell the people there in what manner they ought to build. The

benefiting his country by whatever he saw, seemed to be the point to which all his observations were directed.

Being at the house of Mr Freeman, one of the supercargoes, amongst the things brought in for tea was a sugar-dish of blue glass, which much struck Lee Boo's fancy. The joy with which he viewed it, induced that gentleman, after tea, to carry him into another room, where there were two barrels of the same kind of blue glass (which held about two quarts each) placed on brackets: his eye was again caught by the same alluring colour; he looked at them eagerly, then went away, and returned to them with new delight. The gentleman observing the pleasure they gave him, told him he would make him a present of them, and that he should carry them to Pelew. This threw him into such a transport of joy, he could hardly contain himself. He declared them to be a great treasure; and that, when he returned, his father Abba Thulle should have them. He wished his relations at Pelew could but see them, as he was sure they would be lost in astonishment.

A passage to England having been obtained in the *Morse*, East Indiaman, Captain Wilson and Lee Boo bade adieu to their hospitable friends at Canton about the end of December 1783.

VOYAGE FROM CANTON TO ENGLAND.

The homeward voyage of the *Morse* was prosperous and pleasant, and Lee Boo received every kindness and attention from the commander, Captain Elliot. On the other hand, he was so courteous and amiable, that every one was ready to render him any service in their power; and thus the tedium of their long voyage was greatly alleviated. Lee Boo was extremely desirous of knowing the name and country of every ship he met at sea, and would repeat what he was told over and over, till he had fixed it well in his memory; and, as each inquiry was gratified, he made a knot on his line; but these knots now having greatly multiplied, he was obliged to repeat them over every day to refresh his memory, and often to recur to Captain Wilson or others when he had forgot what any particular knot referred to. The officers in the *Morse*, with whom only he associated, when they saw him thus busied with his line, used to say he was reading his journal. He frequently asked after all the people of the *Oroolong*, who had gone aboard different ships at China, particularly after the captain's son and Mr Sharp.

He had not been long on the voyage, before he solicited Captain Wilson to get him a book, and point out to him the letters, that he might, when he knew them, be instructed in reading. All convenient opportunities were allotted to gratify this wish of his young pupil, who discovered great readiness in comprehending every information given him.

On arriving at St Helena, he was much struck with the soldiers and cannon on the fortifications; and the coming in soon after of four English men-of-war, afforded him a sight highly delighting, particularly those which had two tier of guns. It was explained to him that these ships were intended only for fighting, and that the other vessels which he then saw in the bay were destined for commerce, to transport and exchange from one country to another its produce and manufactures. Captain Buller, the commander of his majesty's ship *Chaser*, had the goodness to take him on board his own and another ship, to let him see the men exercised at the great guns and small arms, which exceedingly impressed his imagination.

On being carried to see a school, he expressed a wish that he could learn as the boys did, feeling his own deficiency in knowledge.

He desired to ride on horseback into the country, which he was permitted to do: he sat well, and galloped, showed no fear of falling, and appeared highly pleased both with the novelty and pleasure of the exercise.

Visiting the Company's garden, he noticed some shady walks formed with bamboos arching overhead on lattice-work. He was struck with the refreshing coolness they afforded, and observed that his own countrymen were ignorant of the advantages they might enjoy, saying that on this island they had but little wood, yet applied it to a good purpose; that at Pelew they had great abundance, and knew not how to use it; adding, that when he went back he would speak to the king, tell him how defective they were, and have men employed to make such bowers as he had seen. Such were the dawns of a mind that felt its own darkness, and had the good sense to catch at every ray of light that might lead it forward to information and improvement!

Before the *Morse* quitted St Helena the *Lascelles* arrived, by which occurrence Lee Boo had an interview with his first friend, Mr Sharp. He had a sight of him from a window, and ran out with the utmost impatience to take him by the hand; happy, after so long a separation, to meet him again, and evincing by his ardour the grateful sentiments he retained of the attention that gentleman had shown him.

As he drew near the British Channel, the number of vessels that he observed pursuing their different courses increasing so much, he was obliged to give up the keeping of his journal; but was still very inquisitive to know whither they were sailing. When the *Morse* got to the Isle of Wight, Captain Wilson, his brother, the prince, with several other passengers, quitted her, and coming in a boat between the Needles, arrived safely at Portsmouth on the 14th of July 1784. On landing, the number and size of the men-of-war in harbour, the variety of houses, and the ramparts, were all objects of attraction: he seemed so totally ab-

sorbed in silent surprise, that he had no leisure to ask any questions. The officer of the *Morse* charged with the despatches setting off immediately for London, Captain Wilson, impatient to see his family, accompanied him, leaving his young traveller under the care of his brother, to follow him by a coach, which was to set off in the evening. As soon as he reached town, he was conveyed to the captain's house at Rotherhithe, where he was not a little happy to rejoin his adopted father, and in being introduced to his family.

Though part of his journey had been passed during the night, yet, with returning day, his eyes had full employment on every side; and when he had got to what was now to be for some time his destined home, he arrived in all the natural glow of his youthful spirits. Whatever he had observed in silence was now eagerly disclosed. He described all the circumstances of his journey; said it was very pleasant; that he had been put into a little house, which was run away with by horses; that he slept, but still was going on; and whilst he went one way, the fields, houses, and trees all went another; everything, from the quickness of travelling, appearing to him to be in motion.

At the hour of rest, he was shown by Mr M. Wilson up to his chamber, where for the first time he saw a four-post bed. He could scarcely conceive what it meant. He jumped in, and jumped out again; felt and pulled aside the curtains; got into bed, and then got out a second time to admire its exterior form. At length, having become acquainted with its use and convenience, he laid himself down to sleep, saying "that in England there was a house for everything."

HIS CONDUCT IN ENGLAND.

"It was not, I believe, more than a week after his arrival," continues the narrative of Mr Kcate, "when I was invited by my late valued friend Robert Rashleigh, Esq. to dinner, where Captain Wilson and his young charge were expected. Lee Boo then possessed but very little English, yet, between words and action, made himself tolerably understood, and seemed to comprehend the greater part of what was said to him, especially having the captain by him to explain whatever he did not clearly comprehend. He was dressed as an Englishman, excepting that he wore his hair in the fashion of his own country; appeared to be between nineteen and twenty years of age; was of middle stature; and had a countenance so strongly marked with sensibility and good-humour, that it instantly prejudiced every one in his favour; and this countenance was enlivened by eyes so quick and intelligent, that they might really be said to announce his thoughts and conceptions without the aid of language.

“Though the accounts I had previously received of this ‘new man,’ as he was called at Macao, had greatly raised my expectations, yet, when I had been a little time in his company, I was perfectly astonished at the ease and gentleness of his manners: he was lively and pleasant, and had a politeness without form or restraint, which appeared to be the result of natural good-breeding. As I chanced to sit near him at table, I paid him a great deal of attention, which he seemed to be very sensible of. Many questions were of course put to Captain Wilson by the company concerning this personage, and the country he had brought him from, which no European had ever visited before. He obligingly entered on many particular circumstances which were highly interesting, spoke of the battles in which his people had assisted the king of Pelew, and of the peculiar manner the natives had of tying up their hair when going to war. Lee Boo, who fully understood what his friend was explaining, very obligingly, and unasked, untied his own, and threw it into the form Captain Wilson had been describing. I might tire the reader were I to enumerate the trivial occurrences of a few hours, rendered only of consequence from the singularity of this young man’s situation; suffice it to say, there was in all his deportment such affability and propriety of behaviour, that when he took leave of the company, there was hardly any one present who did not feel a satisfaction in having had an interview with him.

“I went to Rotherhithe a few days after to see Captain Wilson; Lee Boo was reading at a window; he recollected me instantly, and flew with eagerness to the door to meet me, looked on me as a friend, and ever after attached himself to me, appearing to be happy whenever we met together. In this visit I had a good deal of conversation with him, and we mutually managed to be pretty well understood by each other. He seemed to be pleased with everything about him; said, ‘All fine country, fine street, fine coach, and house upon house up to sky,’ putting alternately one hand above another, by which I found (the habitations in Pelew being all on the ground) that every separate storey of our buildings he at that time considered as a distinct house.

“He was introduced to several of the directors of the India Company, taken to visit many of the captain’s friends, and gradually shown most of the public buildings in the different quarters of the town; but his prudent conductor had the caution to avoid taking him to any places of public entertainment, lest he might accidentally, in those heated resorts, catch the small-pox—a disease which he purposed to inoculate the young prince with, as soon as he had acquired enough of our language to be reasoned into the necessity of submitting to the operation; judging, and surely not without good reason, that, by giving him so offensive and troublesome a distemper, without first explaining its nature,

and preparing his mind to yield to it, it might weaken that unbounded confidence which this youth placed in his adopted father.

“After he had been a while settled, and a little habituated to the manners of this country, he was sent every day to an academy at Rotherhithe, to be instructed in reading and writing, which he was himself eager to attain, and most assiduous in learning. His whole deportment, whilst there, was so engaging, that it not only gained him the esteem of the gentleman under whose tuition he was placed, but also the affection of his young companions. In the hours of recess, when he returned to the captain’s house, he amused the whole family by his vivacity, noticing every particularity he saw in any of his schoolfellows, with great good-humour mimicking their different manners, sometimes saying he would have a school of his own when he returned to Pelew, and should be thought very wise when he taught the great people their letters.

“He always addressed Mr Wilson by the appellation of captain; but never would call Mrs Wilson (to whom he behaved with the warmest affection) by any other name than that of mother, looking on that as a mark of the greatest respect. Being often told he should say Mrs Wilson, his constant reply was, ‘No, no—mother, mother.’

“Captain Wilson, when invited to dine with his particular friends, was generally accompanied by Lee Boo; on which occasions there was so much ease and politeness in his behaviour, as if he had been always habituated to good company. He adapted himself very readily to whatever he saw were the customs of the country, and fully confirmed me in an opinion which I have ever entertained, that good manners is the natural result of natural good sense.

“Wherever this young man went, nothing escaped his observation: he had an ardent desire of information, and thankfully received it, always expressing a wish to know by what means effects which he noticed were produced. I was one day in company with him, where a young lady sat down to the harpsichord, to see how he was affected with music. He appeared greatly surprised that the instrument could throw out so much sound. It was opened, to let him see its interior construction; he pored over it with great attention, watching how the jacks were moved, and seemed far more disposed to puzzle out the means which produced the sounds, than to attend to the music that was playing. He was afterwards requested to give us a Pelew song: he did not wait for those repeated intreaties which singers usually require, but obligingly began one as soon as asked: the tones, however, were so harsh and discordant, and his breast seemed to labour with so much exertion, that his whole countenance was changed by it, and every one’s ears stunned with the horrid notes. From this sample of Pelew singing, it is not to be

wondered that a chorus of such performers had the effect of making our countrymen at Oroolong fly to their arms; it might, in truth, have alarmed a whole garrison; though, when he had been some time here, he readily learned two or three English songs, in which his voice appeared by no means inharmonious.

“Lee Boo’s temper was very mild and compassionate, discovering, in various instances, that he had brought from his father’s territories that spirit of philanthropy which was found to reign there; yet he at all times governed it by discretion and judgment. If he saw the young asking relief, he would rebuke them with what little English he was master of, telling them it was a shame to beg when they were able to work; but the intreaties of old age he could never withstand, saying, ‘Must give poor old man—old man no able to work.’

“I am perfectly convinced that Captain Wilson, from the confidence which the king had reposed in him, would have held himself inviolably bound to protect and serve this young creature to the utmost extent of his abilities; but, independent of what he felt was due to the noble character of Abba Thulle, there was so much gentleness and so much gratitude lodged in Lee Boo’s heart, that not only the captain, but every member of his family, viewed him with the warmest sentiments of disinterested affection. Mr H. Wilson, the captain’s son, being a youth of a very amiable character, and a few years younger than Lee Boo, they had, during their voyage to and stay in China, become mutually attached to each other; and meeting again under the father’s roof, their friendship was still more cemented. The young prince looked on him as a brother, and, in his leisure hours from the academy, was happy to find in him a companion to converse with, to exercise the throwing of the spear, or to partake in any innocent recreation.

“Boyam, the Malay whom the king had sent to attend on his son, proving an unprincipled, dishonest fellow, Lee Boo was so disgusted with his conduct, that he intreated Captain Wilson to send him back to Sumatra, which he had learned was the Malay’s own country; and Tom Rose, a man of tried fidelity, and who had picked up a great deal of the Pelew language, being at this time in England, was engaged to supply his place; an exchange which gave great satisfaction to all parties.

“Captain Wilson being now and then incommoded with severe headaches, which were sometimes relieved by lying down on the bed, on these occasions the feelings of Lee Boo were ever alarmed. He appeared always unhappy, would creep up softly to his protector’s chamber, and sit silently by his bedside for a long time together without moving, peeping gently from time to time between the curtains to see if he slept or lay easy.

“As the anecdotes of this singular youth are but scanty, being all unfortunately limited to a very short period, I would unwillingly, in this place, withhold one where his own heart described itself. The captain having been all the morning in London, after dinner asked his son if he had been at some place he had, before he went to town, directed him to call at with a particular message. The fact was, the two young friends had been amusing themselves with throwing the spear, and the business had been totally forgotten. Captain Wilson was hurt at the neglect, and told his son it was very idle and careless; this being spoken in an impatient tone of voice, which Lee Boo conceiving was a mark of anger in the father, slipped unobserved out of the parlour. The matter was instantly forgotten, and something else talked of; when, Lee Boo being missed, Harry Wilson was sent to look after him, who, finding him in a back room quite dejected, desired him to return to the family. Lee Boo took his young friend by the hand, and on entering the parlour, went up to the father, and laying hold of his hand, joined it with that of his son, and pressing them together, dropped over both those tears of sensibility which his affectionate heart could not on the occasion suppress.

“Captain Wilson and the young prince dining with me early after his arrival, I was asking how he was affected by painting. On mentioning the subject, Dr Carmichael Smyth, whom I had requested to meet this stranger, wished me to bring a miniature of myself, that we might all thereby observe if it struck him: he took it in his hand, and instantly darting his eyes towards me, called out, ‘Misser Keate—very nice, very good.’ The captain then asking him if he understood what it signified, he replied, ‘Lee Boo understand well; that Misser Keate die, this Misser Keate live.’ A treatise on the utility and intent of portrait-painting could not have better defined the art than this little sentence. Mrs Wilson desiring Lee Boo, who was on the opposite side of the table, to send her some cherries, perceiving that he was going to take them up with his fingers, jocosely noticed it to him; he instantly resorted to a spoon; but, sensible that he had discovered a little unpoliteness, his countenance was in a moment suffused with a blush that visibly forced itself through his dark complexion. A lady who was of the party being incommoded by the violent heat of the day, was nearly fainting, and obliged to leave the room. This amiable youth seemed much distressed at the accident, and seeing her appear again when we were summoned to tea, his inquiries and particular attention to her as strongly marked his tenderness as it did his good-breeding.

“He was fond of riding in a coach beyond any other conveyance, because, he said, people could be carried where they wanted to go, and at the same time sit and converse together. He seemed particularly pleased at going to church, and though

he could not comprehend the service, yet he perfectly understood the intent of it, and always behaved there with remarkable propriety and attention.

“Captain Wilson kept him from going abroad, except to visit friends, for the reason already assigned, as also from another prudential consideration, that his mind might be tranquil, nor too much drawn off from the great object in view, the attaining the language, which would enable him to comprehend fully every purposed information, and to enjoy better whatever he should then be shown. The river, the shipping, and the bridges, he was forcibly struck with; and he was several times taken to see the Guards exercised and marched in St James’s Park; a sight which gratified him much—everything that was military greatly engaging his attention. To a young creature situated as he was, and whose eye and mind were ever in quest of information, circumstances perpetually occurred that at the time interested those who were about him, but which at present would be trespassing too much on the reader to mention.

“I went to see him the morning after Lumardi’s first ascent in the balloon, not doubting but that I should have found him to the greatest degree astonished at an exhibition which had excited so much curiosity even amongst ourselves; but, to my great surprise, it did not appear to have engaged him in the least. He said he thought it a very foolish thing to ride in the air like a bird, when a man could travel so much more pleasantly on horseback or in a coach. He was either not aware of the difficulty or hazard of the enterprise, or it is not improbable that a man flying up through the clouds, suspended at a balloon, might have been ranked by him as a common occurrence in a country which was perpetually spreading before him so many subjects of surprise.

“Whenever he had opportunities of seeing gardens, he was an attentive observer of the plants and fruit trees, would ask many questions about them, and say, when he returned home, he would take seeds of such as would live and flourish in Pelew; talked frequently of the things he should then persuade the king to alter or adopt; and appeared, in viewing most objects, to consider how far they might be rendered useful to his own country.

“He was now proceeding with hasty strides in gaining the English language, and advancing so rapidly with his pen, that he would probably in a short time have written a very fine hand, when he was overtaken with that very disease which with so much caution had been guarded against. On the 16th of December he felt himself much indisposed, and in a day or two after, an eruption appeared all over him. Captain Wilson called to inform me of his uneasiness, and was then going to Dr Carmichael Smyth, to request he would see him, apprehending that it might be the small-pox.”

HIS DEATH.

“Dr Smyth, with whose professional abilities were united every accomplishment of the scholar and the gentleman, and whose friendship I feel a pride in acknowledging myself long possessed of, desired me to go with him to Rotherhithe. When he descended from Lee Boo’s chamber (where he rather wished me not to go), he told the family that there was not a doubt with respect to the disease, and was sorry to add (what he thought it right to prepare them for) that the appearances were such as almost totally precluded the hope of a favourable termination, but that he had ordered whatever the present moment required. Captain Wilson earnestly solicited the continuance, if possible, of his visits, and was assured that, however inconvenient the distance, he would daily attend the issue of the distemper.

“When I went the second day, I found Mr Sharp there, a gentleman often mentioned in the foregoing narrative, who, hearing of his young friend’s illness, had come to assist Captain Wilson, nor ever stirred from the house till poor Lee Boo had yielded to his fate.

“The captain having never had the small-pox himself, was now precluded going into Lee Boo’s room, who, informed of the cause, acquiesced in being deprived of seeing him, still continuing to be full of inquiries after his health, fearing he might catch the disease; but though Captain Wilson complied with the request of his family in not going into the chamber, yet he never absented himself from the house; and Mr Sharp constantly took care that every direction was duly attended to, and from him I received the account of our unfortunate young stranger during his illness, which he bore with great firmness of mind, never refusing to take anything that was ordered for him, when told that Dr Smyth (to whose opinion he paid the greatest deference) desired it. Mrs Wilson happening to have some indisposition at this time, which confined her to her bed, Lee Boo, on hearing of it, became impatient, saying, ‘What! mother ill? Lee Boo get up to see her;’ which he did, and would go to her apartment, to be satisfied how she really was.

“On the Thursday before his death, walking across the room, he looked at himself in the glass (his face being then much swelled and disfigured); he shook his head, and turned away, as if disgusted at his own appearance, and told Mr Sharp that ‘his father and mother much grieve, for they knew he was very sick.’ This he repeated several times. At night, growing worse, he appeared to think himself in danger; he took Mr Sharp by the hand, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on him, with earnestness said, ‘Good friend, when you go to Pelew, tell Abba Thulle that Lee Boo take much drink to make small-pox go away, but he die; that the captain and mother’ (meaning Mrs Wilson)

‘very kind—all English very good men: was much sorry he could not speak to the king the number of fine things the English had got.’ Then he reckoned what had been given him as presents, which he wished Mr Sharp would distribute, when he went back, among the chiefs; and requested that very particular care might be taken of the blue glass barrels on pedestals, which he directed should be given to the king.

“Poor Tom Rose, who stood at the foot of his young master’s bed, was shedding tears at hearing all this, which Lee Boo observing, rebuked him for his weakness, asking, ‘Why should he be crying so because Lee Boo die?’

“Whatever he felt, his spirit was above complaining; and Mrs Wilson’s chamber being adjoining to his own, he often called out to inquire if she were better, always adding, lest she might suffer any disquietude on his account, ‘Lee Boo do well, mother.’ The small-pox, which had been out eight or nine days, not rising, he began to feel himself sink, and told Mr Sharp he was going away. His mind, however, remained perfectly clear and calm to the last, though what he suffered in the latter part of his existence was severe indeed. The strength of his constitution struggled long and hard against the venom of his distemper, till exhausted nature yielded in the contest.

“Captain Wilson noticed to the India House the unfortunate death of this young man, and received orders to conduct everything with proper decency respecting his funeral. He was interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, the captain and his brother attending. All the young people of the academy joined in this testimony of regard; and the concourse of people at the church was so great, that it appeared as if the whole parish had assembled to join in seeing the last ceremonies paid to one who was so much beloved by all who had known him.

“The India Company soon after ordered a tomb to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription, which I have transcribed from it:—

‘To the memory of Prince Lee Boo, a native of the Pelew or Palos Islands, and son to Abba Thulle, rupack or king of the island Cooroora, who departed this life on the 27th of December 1784, aged 20 years: this stone is inscribed by the Honourable United East India Company as a testimony of esteem for the humane and kind treatment afforded by his father to the crew of their ship, the Antelope, Captain Wilson, which was wrecked off that island in the night of the 9th of August 1783.

Stop, reader, stop! let nature claim a tear—
A prince of mine, Lee Boo, lies buried here.’

“Among the little property which he left behind, beside what he had particularly requested Mr Sharp to convey to his father and friends, there were found, after his death, the stones or seeds

of most of the fruits he had tasted in England, carefully and separately put up. And when one considers that his stay with us was but five months and twelve days, we find that in the midst of the wild field of novelty that encompassed him, he had not been neglectful of that which, before his departure from Pelew, had been probably pointed out to him as a principal matter of attention." Indeed, in all his movements and acquirements, one idea seemed to be predominant—namely, that of conveying to his native islands not only the manners and customs, the arts and manufactures of the English, but specimens of the natural produce and peculiarities of their country. It is true that many things which at first appeared to him important and valuable, would, as he became better informed, present themselves in their true light; but this does not render the less worthy of our admiration his early zeal and industry.

From these trifling anecdotes of this amiable youth, cut off in the moment that his character began to blossom, what hopes might not have been entertained of the future fruit such a plant would have produced! He had both ardour and talents for improvement, and every gentle quality of the heart to make himself beloved; so that, as far as the dim sight of mortals is permitted to penetrate, he might, had his days been lengthened, have carried back to his own country—not the vices of a new world, but those solid advantages which his own good sense would have suggested as likely to become most useful to it.







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