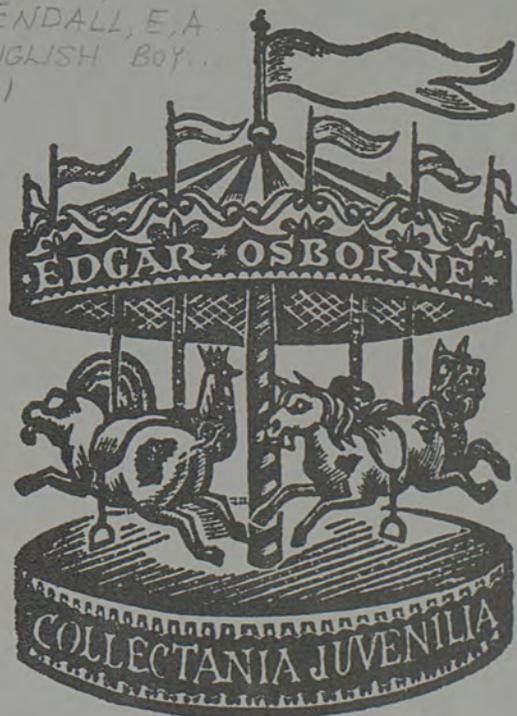
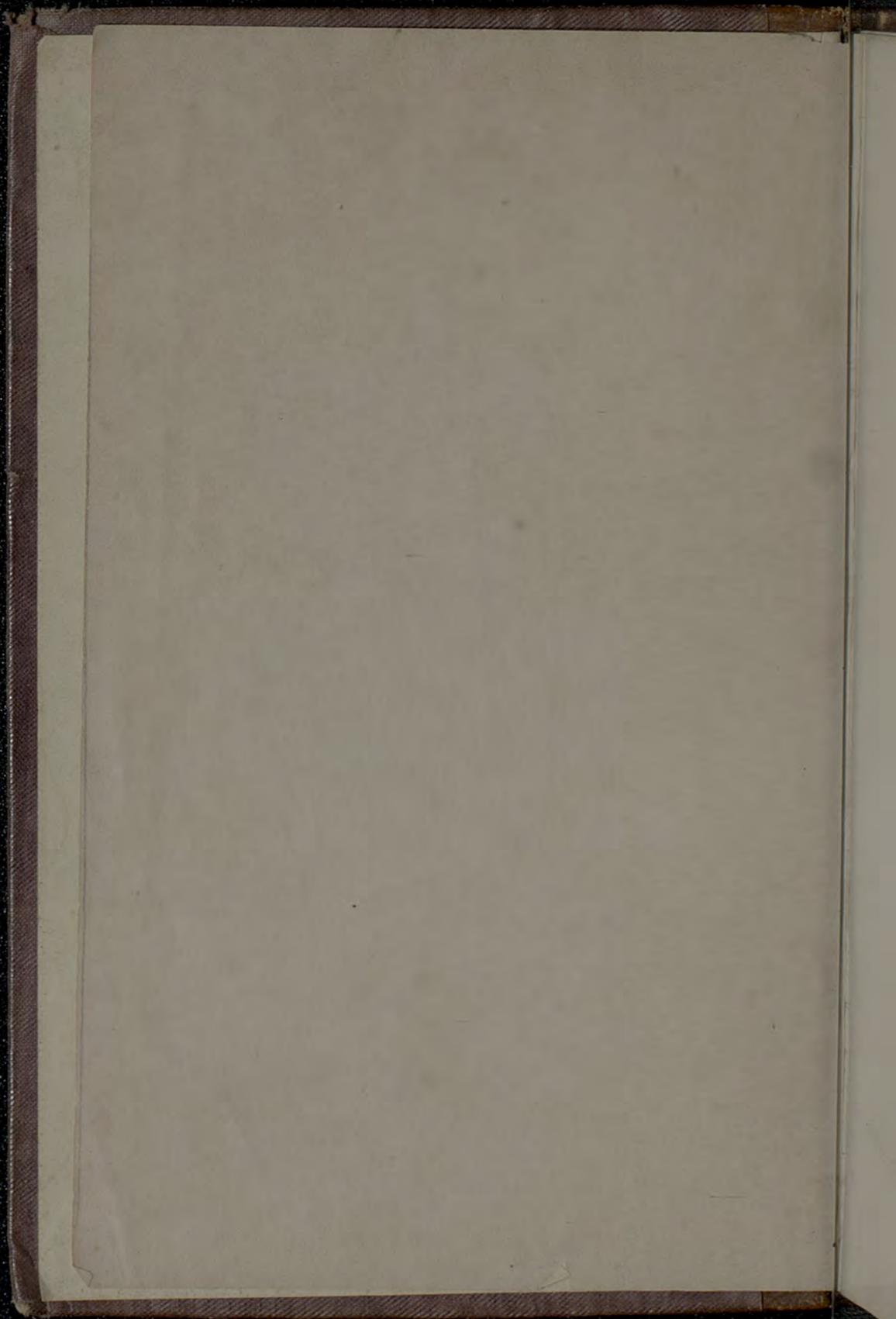


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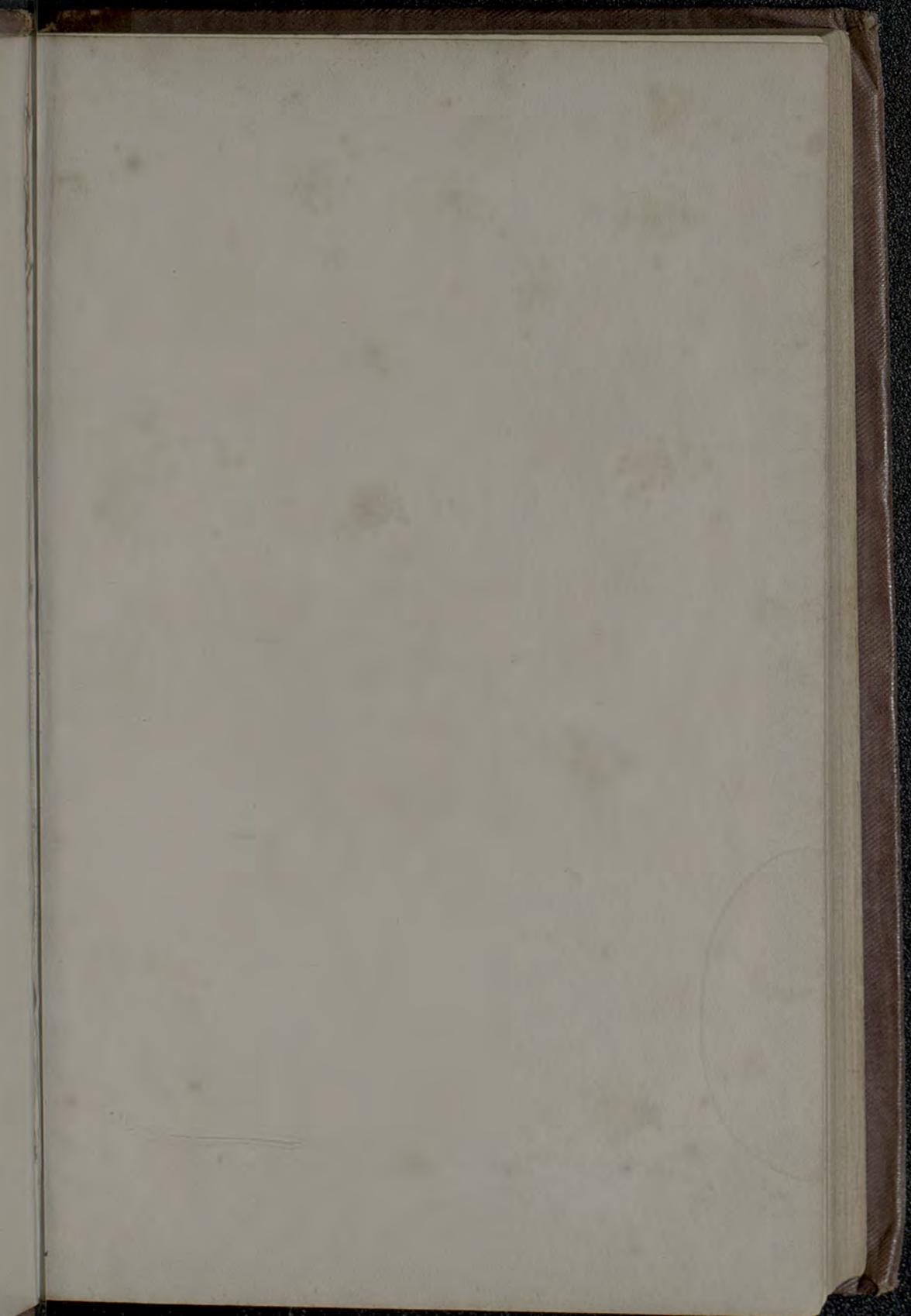
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THE ENGLISH BOY

AT

THE CAPE.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.





— He caught hold of the child, from the arms
of his transported father— and immediately
swam his horse to the shore.

VOL. I. page 246

LONDON.
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER & CO. AVE MARIA LANE.
1835.

THE
ENGLISH BOY

AT
THE CAPE:

AN ANGLO-AFRICAN STORY.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF KEEPER'S TRAVELS.

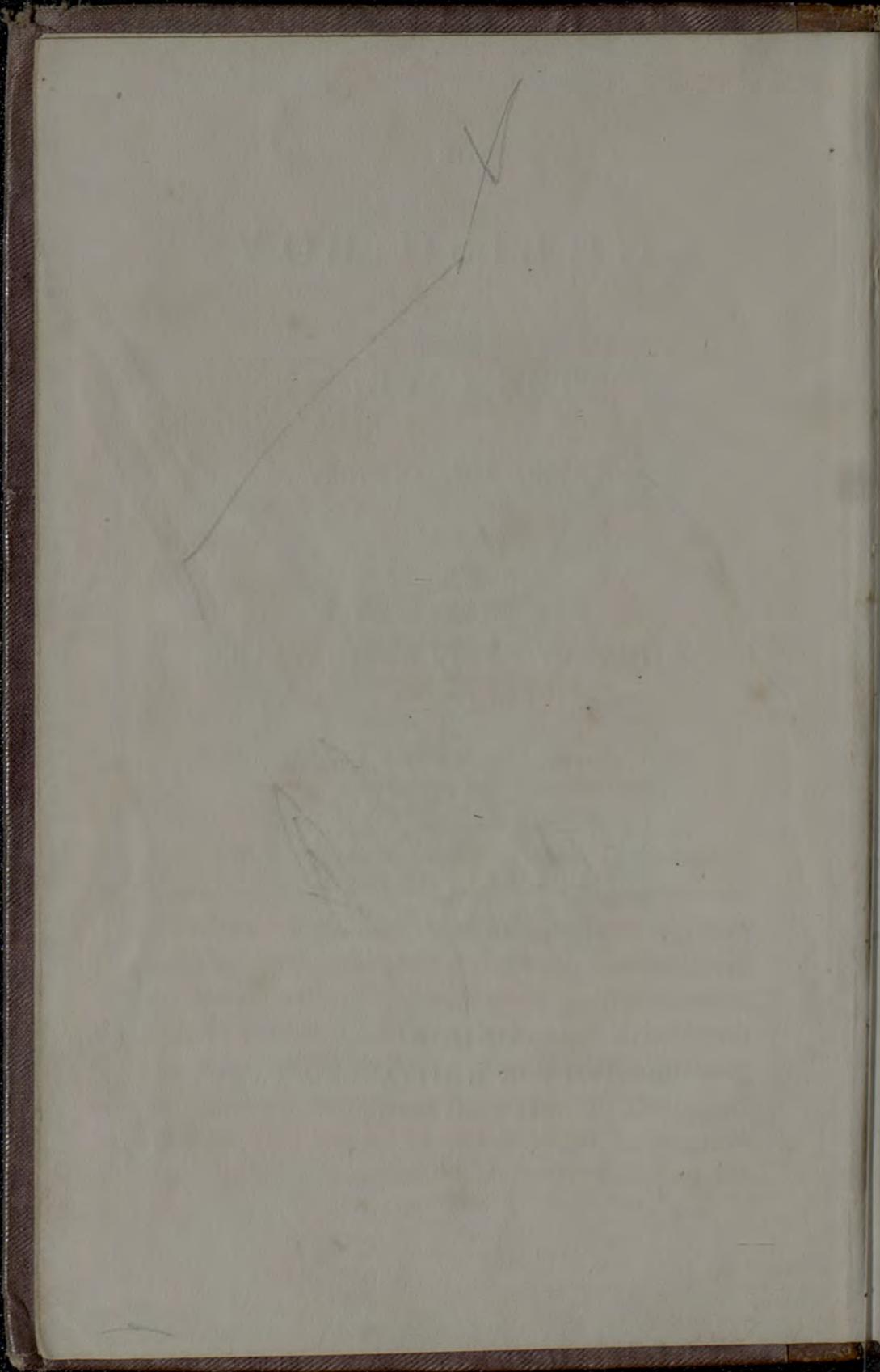
"The world my country, and my friend mankind!"

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1835.



THE
ENGLISH BOY
AT
THE CAPE.

CHAPTER I.

—— The charities
Of home and neighbourhood. ANON.

“WIDOW DOVEDALE,” said Margaret Laleham, one evening, to her husband — “Widow Dovedale has received a letter, at last, from Martha!” Her husband, it is to be understood, was at this moment sitting upon one side of the peat fire, the hearth-stone snowy white, and the hobs glowing with red-lead. He had been returned about half an hour from market at Sheffield, a distance of eight miles, which he had ridden through a heavy and incessant rain. The rain

had begun in the morning, and, by the time of his journey homeward, the Derbyshire hills, lost in the dark and vapoury sky, had poured down torrents of water, which were still swelling with the continued showers. In two or three hollows of the road, the streams, under ordinary circumstances insignificant, had become so deep, and were so widely spread, that the worthy farmer had been well nigh obliged to swim his horse across them; and upon the moors, so intense was the gloom, that more than once he had alighted from the bewildered and half-trembling beast that carried him, in order to assure himself, even by feeling the ground with his hands, that he was still on his right road. Exposed to these inclemencies of the weather, it was with greater satisfaction even than usual, as well to his horse as to himself, that at length he saw the light of the candle which Margaret had not failed to place in an upper window of the farm-house, and that of the fire, which she kept purposely blazing in the kitchen, begin to make themselves visible, though still at a considerable distance from the hill-side, from which they shone; and great, indeed, was the alteration he experienced when released from his wet and heavy horse-coat and boots, and lightly, drily, and warmly clad, in the change which Margaret had hung by the

fire, against his coming; he was now seated before a cheerful fire, fresh heaped at the sound of his entrance at the gate; with the special addition of two armfuls of dried furze, to enliven every thing else with the luxury of a bright and crackling flame. Here, at this time, sat our new friend, John Laleham; his feet upon the morsel of carpet which Margaret had spread over the white hearth-stones, and his eyes gladdened at once with the golden fire and the vermilion hobs. Upon the snowy, though coarse table-cloth, smoked a basin of pottage, which Margaret had lost no time in setting before him; and with which, in her affectionate zeal to warm and cheer the husband of her heart, and also in the exercise of her prerogative and skill of housewifery and doctorship,—to make him comfortable to the whole extent of comfort, and to prevent his taking cold,—she almost obliged him to scald his throat, by eating it up, as she said, immediately! No excuse, that it was too hot, answered the smallest purpose. “Nonsense!” said she, “you must eat it directly; it will do you good;” and if he still loitered, she had another argument, in the shape of complaint: “I have taken so much pains,” she added, “to keep it hot against you came, and now you are letting it grow cold!” She spoke to him as she

would have spoken to a child, and from the sheer impulse of good will.

Laleham, in the meantime, at the end of a day's absence, in a dreary season, and in return for all those thousand kindly cares, in which nothing was forgotten or delayed, and in which every thing was embraced, that a warm and generous heart, the best good sense, and the liveliest personal activity (the whole of which were Margaret's), could devise or execute; Laleham, in return for all these benefits, received from his wife within doors, had little to communicate, that could gratify her, from without. The evening, moreover, and the farmer's return from market, had nothing in either, to distinguish them, in any great degree, from others. The market at Sheffield had been dull; but that, for a length of time past, had been usual. Rainy days and rainy nights, and darksome moors, and watery low-grounds, during a Derbyshire winter, were as well usual; and the consoling fire-side—the anxious cares of Margaret, in whom every thing was industry, content, frugality, and delicacy, tenderness and cheerfulness—all this was so remote from being *unusual*, that Laleham, now, as in many former instances, was in the very act of questioning his heart within him, whether, in reality, it duly felt the many blessings which it

enjoyed daily, in the midst of whatever sorrows; and whether, more especially, it duly felt, and outwardly manifested, all the gratitude which justly belonged to its faithful companion—the zealous and amiable Margaret?

The farmer, in truth (and as was likewise the frequent case with him), was rather inwardly thinking of his wife's merits, than outwardly expressing his acknowledgments of them, at the very instant when the latter, to whom the day had brought at least one event of a pleasing kind, and the vivacity of whose character made her not slow to speak of it, addressed him as we have related; for she had scarcely finished her first arrangements for her husband's comfort, and she was still stirring about the kitchen, when she began the communication, by saying, nearly in the words already recited,—“John, Widow Dove-dale has had a letter, at last, from Martha!”

“Then, the poor old woman,” replied John, “is overjoyed, I am quite sure; for she has been crying about Martha these twelve months, and it is only last Sunday she told me that she was certain her daughter was dead, and all belonging to her; and that she should never see any of them again, except in heaven. And then she cried worse than ever, and said, she wished she were there herself, to meet her daughter!”

“Oh, but she is quite satisfied, now,” interrupted Margaret; “and there is nothing but good news.”

“And you are delighted yourself also, my dear Margaret,” returned Laleham, “for you were always fond of Martha?”

“Yes,” said Margaret, “I loved her at school, and I have loved her ever since; and I know that she loves me.”

“Perhaps so, Margaret,” replied John; “and yet the friendships of childhood are not always lasting!”

“Oh, but Martha and I have been always friends; and you know how she cried, and cried, for weeks together, when she was to go to Africa. And besides, she has not forgotten me in her letter to her mother; and she says, that she has written twice before to her mother, and to me, and to nobody else; and that sometimes she is upbraiding both of us with forsaking her, because neither of us have ever written to her; but sometimes, also, thinking, that we have surely written, and that our letters must have been lost. I know, that if I had received any letter from her, I should hardly have been a day without answering it, and no more would her mother neither. But she is a good girl; and so she is not in a hurry to think unkindly of those that

love her, but has written again; and, thank God, she is quite happy! I wish, John," continued Margaret, after a short interruption of her eager flow of words,—“I wish, John, that we were happy, too! And so we should be, if it were not for these cruel times, that will not let us;—that is, they will not let us be happy, when we are in the midst of trouble, and when we think about what is to become of ourselves, and of our poor children.”

“And how are Martha’s children,” said Laleham? “and how many has she? and what sort of a country is it? and how goes on the farming?”

“Oh the farming is excellent: she says that the wheat is of such a beautiful colour; no smut, no rust! She has but two children still, and they are so hearty; and Tom is quite well, and grows fat!”

“She has written a long letter, then,” said Laleham?

“Oh yes, a very long letter! It had a long way, you know, to come; and postage, as she says, is dear; and, besides, she does not know when she shall be able to write again: so, she has filled a large sheet, close and from top to bottom; though she has not crossed her lines—till it is a chance whether any of them can be read—as the fine ladies do!”

“And what does she say about Cape Town?”

“Oh, she says nothing about Cape Town, except that it is seven hundred miles from where she is; and that, as her letters have been sent there, across the country, she does not know how, on their way to England, she thinks that is the reason that either her letters have never reached us, or ours never reached her. She says, that there is no travelling to it from Graham’s Town, which is in her part of the country, unless by the Dutch waggons; and that the Dutchmen put ten or twelve (or, I do not know whether it is not sixteen!) oxen to their waggons, and are months upon the road; and make up their minds to live comfortably, and move slowly, all the way. So she sent her former letters by the Dutchmen to Cape Town, thinking that they would reach us the soonest that way, and also to save postage (for there is no want of a post, or of Hottentot postmen, who go even to the Missionary stations, beyond the settlements), and so, perhaps, they were lost; but, this time, she has sent by a ship, from Algoa Bay, which is closer to her own place.”

“Aye, I remember,” said Laleham, “that Tom and she went to Algoa Bay; and they say that spot is far enough to the eastward of Cape Town?”

“Oh yes!” continued Margaret; “upon the other side of the country, and almost out of reach of the Dutchmen. But they are close by the wild people they call Caffres; and she says that the Caffres are such harmless people, now that they have left off fighting with the settlers, which is because they are not so ill-used as they once were; and that they are such fine, noble-looking men, and say such sensible things; though they are sad beggars for everything that comes from England. And she has seen Hinsa, the greatest of all their kings; and the other kings call themselves dogs, in comparison with the family of Hinsa; and yet they are all savages, or almost savages, together, and rub themselves over with red clay. And Hinsa rides upon an ox, and wears large ivory rings upon his arms, and above his ankles; and all the people wear cloaks or robes of skins, and quantities of beads, beautifully coloured, and so put on that they look very handsome. And the men are the finest figures in the world, with black skins, but long black hair. And they dance and sing a great deal, and make verses; and almost everything that they say has some prettiness in it. And they believe in dreams, and ghosts, and witches, charms, omens, and evil spirits, just like other ignorant people; but they speak with sublimity of God, and they

make sacrifices of oxen. And Caffre is not their real name, but they are so called by the Arab traders and Arab missionaries along the coast, because they are heathens or unbelievers; that is, because they do not believe in Mohammed."

"Well, Margaret," exclaimed Laleham, "Martha has learned a great deal about the Caffres; and you have a good memory, as usual!"

"Yes," continued Margaret; "and she says that the Caffres, now that they are at peace, often come near the farms, and sell their cattle, and the beautiful baskets that they make (only think, John, *baskets*,) to hold milk; and one day, she says, one of the Caffres found little Jemmy strayed away in the woods, and almost starved; and the Caffre fed the dear child, and brought him home to her in his arms. So, you see, the Caffres are good people."

"They seem so, indeed, Margaret," answered Laleham.

"And very fond of their children," resumed Margaret; "and so are the Hottentots. Indeed, she says, that people think the savages are even more attached to their children than those like ourselves; for their affections are strong, and they have fewer things to divert their thoughts. She says, that a Caffre chief, who, long before,

had lost his son in the wars, was invited into a house at Graham's Town, to hear a young lady play upon a piano-forte; and that, after she had played a very short time, he rose, and said, 'That is enough; it puts me in mind of my boy; I must go home and cry!¹' And, then, the Hottentots are quite another sort of people;—a very little people, not at all like the Caffres; their skin is yellow, like faded ash-leaves; and their country is all to the west, and the Caffres are all to the east; and the Hottentots cannot talk without making a clicking or clucking noise in their throats. Martha says, that they talk like cherry-clacks."

"As to that, Margaret," said Laleham, "you know that we have *little people* in England also, that can talk like *cherry-clacks*; though they are more apt to be red and white (God bless them!) than of the colour of faded ash-leaves."

"Ah now, John, you are laughing," cried Margaret; "but it is all true; for Martha would not write what is not true;—and her letter is such a pretty letter!"

¹ Precisely the same story, with the same words of the dejected father, is told of a North American Indian chief, with Quebec for the place of occurrence; and both are to be found in books of American and African travellers respectively. It is often amusing to observe how incidents and descriptions are borrowed by one traveller from another!

“It has pleased you very much,” said Lalaham.

“Oh yes!” exulted Margaret; “for I have read it three times over, and kissed almost every word of it. It has made me so happy—and yet I hardly know why! But, you see, poor old Biddy Dovedale liked me to read it to her; she brought it here, through all the rain, as soon as Harry came with it; and he made haste from market on purpose. So, I set the kettle to boil, and gave her some tea, and read the letter to her, before and after, and all the while we were drinking it, to please her, as well as myself; and she was not long gone when you came in. And she thanked me, you cannot tell how often. And she took the letter home with her, when Harry came to fetch her, with the umbrella and a lantern. And she said she would put it under her pillow; and that then she should be sure to dream of her daughter, and of her daughter’s husband, and of little Jemmy and Sukey!”

CHAPTER II.

——The world is wide. LISLE BOWLES.

“BUT have they not some sad dry times at the Cape, and don't the Caffres sometimes steal their cattle?” said Laleham to his wife, with a seriousness which meant more than the mere indulgence of gossip, and which was of kin to a certain absence of mind that he had betrayed during some parts of his wife's quick and earnest story-telling;—“Have they not,” he repeated, “some sad dry times at the Cape, when the grass is *burnt red* upon the ground, and the wheat dried in the blade; as well as other troubles and misfortunes?”

“Oh, those things are only now and then, John,” answered Margaret rapidly; “and there will be troubles every where, as Martha says; but she says, too, that they have nothing to complain of, taking one year with another.”

“ And have they not wild beasts, Margaret, as well as wild Caffres ? ”

“ Oh yes ; but they are not afraid of them,” answered, again, Margaret, with vivacity. “ Sometimes they hear the hyenas (laughing, they say, like demons) round the house at nights ; but they never mind that ; and Martha says, that if by chance a *lion* were to look in at the kitchen door, she should not be afraid of him, now, but would take a stick, and drive him away. And oh ! she tells such a funny story about a wild elephant (they have no tame ones at the Cape), that stepped over their garden-fence one night, and trod down the peas and beans, and filled up the ditch, by setting one of his great heavy feet upon the bank ; and that was all ! But (to leave off joking) Martha says, that all the dread of wild beasts at the Cape is nonsense ; for that, though there are such things in the country, it is very difficult to get a sight of them. Those who hunt them are obliged to go a great way from the settlements, and to use all their skill, to seek them out, and to get near to them.”

“ And yet, Margaret, I fancy, that *now and then*, as you say, there are such matters as accidental and unlucky meetings ? ”

“ Yes, the *hunters* have their disasters : that is true. Martha has sent her mother a story of

that kind, from which, among other things, it appears, that a lion can play with a man, as a cat plays with a mouse, and yet not always with so fatal an ending. She says, that she has lately heard of a Hottentot, who, a very short time ago, went out, from one of the Missionary Stations, with a party of his own people, to hunt elephants; but who unfortunately fell in with a whole family of lions; and she says, too, that when travellers talk of *troops* of lions, we are always to understand *families*; that is, the old ones and their young ones; for lions never hunt in packs, like wolves, nor live together, like sheep and deer. The father of the brood advanced to meet the Hottentots, who, dismounting, began tying their horses together, with the design of making them a rampart between themselves and the lion, behind which they might take deliberate aim at him with their guns. But the motions of the lion were too quick for their purpose. He leaped upon the hind quarters of one of the horses, which immediately plunged, and in this manner knocked down the Hottentot in question; and then all the other horses, and their riders, fled from the lion and the man. The Hottentot scrambled upon his feet, and was trying to follow, when the lion, with one pat of his paw, struck him on the nape

of his neck, pulled him backward a second time to the ground, then setting the same paw upon his breast, lay himself down with his whole weight upon him. The Hottentot, scarcely able to breathe, made the strongest effort that he could, to move from beneath the body of the beast; upon which the lion seized one of his arms between his teeth, and wounded the flesh, from the elbow to the hand, but without breaking a bone: for it seemed as if he were neither hungry nor highly enraged, though his temper was certainly a little stirred. The Hottentot, writhing with agony, tried to raise his head; but upon this, the lion opened his mouth as if to bite at it, but only caught hold of his large hat. The next moment, the lion set his paw upon the bleeding arm, and, having done so, licked it; more, I am afraid, for the sake of the blood, than as a cure. Desisting, again, from this, he fixed his flaming eyes upon the eyes of the Hottentot, as if about immediately to devour him; and, next, turned his head away, and took no notice of him. The Hottentot, quite ready to avail himself of anything like a permission to depart, now attempted to rise; but he no sooner did this, than the capricious conqueror caught him by his teeth in the thigh, and inflicted terrible wounds. That done, however, scarcely

another moment passed, before, letting go his hold, he walked quietly and carelessly away ; and, after all, the Hottentot was not so much hurt, but that he was able to walk straight after his companions, and to overtake them ! They put him upon a horse, and brought him to the Mission, where, in the hands of an English surgeon, his wounds, within a reasonable time, were healed."

"Excellently told, Margaret," said John ; "and I see that you mean to make a very light affair of a man's being touzled in this manner by a lion, so that the lion does but let him go at last."

"No ; but you are to remember that they went to the lion, it was not the lion that came to them ; and, as I have read in the book at school—

'What ! shall they seek the lion *in his den*,
And hunt him *there*, and harm him *there*?'—

Besides, the lion was the more merciful and the least rapacious of the two. The Hottentots would have killed the lion if they could, and carried away his skin ; but the lion, when he had the man, that was preparing to shoot him, wholly in his power, spared his life, and left him almost as well as he found him !"

"Well said, Margaret," returned Laleham ; "and, as they say that the jackal is the lion's *provider*, so you shall be the lion's *advocate* ; but

in truth, I suppose it is from occasional incidents like these, that the lion has obtained the established character of *generous*. We have never heard of stories like this as to the *tiger*, and I believe that for that and several other reasons, the lion is but improperly classed, along with the tiger, among the *cat* kind. Finally, however, we may see, in your story of the Lion and the Hottentot, how much easier it is for the strong to be generous, than for the weak! The trembling hunters, who wanted to fire at the lion from behind their horses, would have killed him if they could, because they were feeble and afraid; but the hardy lion, after scaring away the chief part of his enemies, and keeping the remaining one in his power, by the sole exertion of a single paw could afford, in the end, to let the terrified man depart where he pleased; purely because of the man's insignificance, at the moment, as an enemy, and of the lion's overwhelming strength. But, my dearest Margaret," continued Laleham, "you seem pretty well reconciled, now, to Africa; though, when Martha was to go, you reckoned it so frightful a place, that I thought you would have cried your eyes out at its very name!"

"Oh yes" returned Margaret (though dropping somewhat of her late ardour of expression, and assuming an air of comparative indifference),

“Oh yes, I like Africa very well, now: for Martha has made me like it, and she seems so happy in it; and you know she is there, and has tried it, and therefore ought to know best. What signifies, my dear John, my opinion of it, at a time when I knew nothing about it?”

“I think—” said Laleham; but here he paused.

“What do you think, John?” said Margaret, plainly unwilling that her husband should arrest his speech at its first words—“I think;” and plainly anxious to discover that his present thoughts were like her own.

“I think,” repeated Laleham; and again, after a second pause, he repeated the words, “I think;” and, then, though slowly, and with hesitation, he ultimately proceeded:—“I think that we, too, should be happy, if we were where your friend Martha is?”

“Oh John,” exclaimed Margaret, overjoyed, “oh John,” I am sure we should;—I am sure we should;—I am sure we should be happy; and that is just what, all this while, I have been wanting to tell you!”

“It is a long time, my dear Margaret,” returned Laleham, “since I wished to say the same to you; but I was afraid that you would never hear of such a proposal. You took on so bitterly when Martha went away, and you fan-

ried such frightful things of Africa ; and besides, I believed that you would never forgive me, if I were once to think of flying from under the wing of our good landlord, and my father's landlord, and my grandfather's landlord ; and of turning our backs upon the old farm ; and of taking you and the children out of the reach of my lady ; and of carrying you across the ocean, into a distant land, and, as it were, into another world, where you would see so many things that would be strange to you, and so few that you had ever seen before !”

“ Oh but I am reconciled to it all now,” said Margaret, gravely ;—“ now that Martha,” she added, in a subdued tone, “ now that Martha speaks so well of it.” But, as she spoke, the tears came into her eyes, and, for the next minute, she was silent. Then, wiping away the tears, she approached her husband, and seating herself on his knee, and looking in his face, she intended calmly to display her resolution. Instead of this, however, she burst immediately into fresh tears ; and it was not till after she had long sobbed upon his shoulder, that she added, “ It is hard to part, to be sure, with the country in which we were born, and with the roof that has sheltered us, and with good friends ; but, John,—my dearest John,—you and the children are every thing

to me,—what is all the world to me beside? and is it not the same with you? and, wherever we are together, there we shall be happy! Shan't you?—I am sure that I shall!”

“Well, then, my girl,” said Laleham, “we will think more about it; for things, as you know, are bad enough with us here, and without a sign of mending; and we farmers, at market, often talk of emigration, and of our chances in some English colony. We hear much, too, of Cape wheat; and we say, that if English wheat will grow at the Cape, and grow better there than at home, why may not English wheat-growers grow there too, and grow rich, or, at least, comfortable? People give us their different notions of the cause, or causes of the distress, and of the pretended cures; but I am afraid that there is no national cure for us, within the limits of the four seas; and that many of us must go and seek our fortunes upon other shores, and happy is it, that they are not *foreign* shores; but shores upon which we shall meet again with English tongues, and English hearts, and English laws! So that, Margaret,—nay, don't cry, girl!—it's only moving out of one part of our country into another, and we shall have the English crown, and the English flag, for our protection, as well there as here! We shall still see the red-cross flying!”

It was late when this momentous conversation (momentous to all within Laleham's humble doors, and fearfully and anxiously protracted, upon the side of both the speakers!) had reached thus far; and, now, both Margaret and William resolved and re-resolved, and purposed and re-purposed, to say nothing more upon the subject until the morning. But, when the heart is full, how difficult to keep the tongue at rest! The nerves of both were agitated; and the busy mind found something, again and again, to say, upon a theme which broke up all their old ideas; which changed their views of all things round them; and which invested with new colours and new objects, every forward scene: so that day-break had arrived, and it was now an hour since they had heard their eldest boy creep softly down the stairs, to go to his day's work, before they had ceased, the one or the other, to add this remark or that, upon the assumed merits of their project. Margaret, in the warmth with which she lent herself to its adoption, recollected and recited new sentences from Martha's letter;—betrayed that Martha herself had recommended the removal;—and had kindly joined to the recommendation, that if her friend, and her husband, and her children, would but come, and would but plant themselves near to her own

frame house¹, she would herself give a home to Charley (Margaret's youngest boy, and her own godson), and even to his sister Peggy, till all should be quite comfortably settled !

Upon that hospitable offer, as well as upon other encouraging particulars, real or imaginary, Margaret still fondly dwelt; declaring, too, in one of her frequent and also pleasing forms of expression, her positive belief, that if she and her husband were but once at the Cape, they should be 'as happy as two doves;' though, by degrees, as her spirits fell into gradual exhaustion, some slight misgivings, as to the event of the undertaking, stole unwelcome upon her mind:—
“And yet,” said she, “is it not something awful, John, to quit our home, and our country, and the dry land; and to trust ourselves upon the sea, and to seek our food and our raiment in a country so many thousand miles away, and for the most part among strangers; and where, if we were to die, and if Martha were to die, and our blessed little children were to be left, there might be none to think about us, and none to give them a bit of bread?”

¹ A house built with hewn timber and boards, and perhaps painted white; as distinguishable from a log house, or house built of trunks of trees, still covered with the bark.

“ Not so awful, Margaret,” replied her husband, whose turn it now was to sustain the prudence of the venture; “ not so awful, except as that what you have not beholden, may seem, for a moment, to your mind, not to have existence. In removing from England to Africa, we shall only remove, as I have said before, from one English territory to another: among the people there, we shall find tender bosoms, as at home: and, as to the sea that rolls between us and them, thousands pass and repass it safely, every day. We shall still, dear Margaret, live upon the same earth; and, what is more, under the same heaven!”

“ Oh yes,” returned Margaret, reassured; “ all that is true, and that is enough: and, as you know the man says, upon the desolate island—and *we* are not going to a desolate island, love, *are* we?—but, as the man upon the desolate island says—

“ ‘ There is mercy in every place;
And mercy (encouraging thought!)
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot!’ ”

CHAPTER III.

—————Thou think'st, perchance,
 That skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
 Marshall'd each rose that to the eye of June,
 Spreads its peculiar crimson ;—do not err ;
 The loveliest still is wanting—the fresh rose
 Of innocence! * * * * *

Want alas !
 Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
 In many a tattered fold, yet still those limbs
 Are shapely ; their rude locks start from their brow,
 Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
 Sits sweet Simplicity. * * * * *

Tip thou their crook with steel,
 And braid their hat with rushes, * * * * *
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence,
 That graces what it guards. MASON.

MARGARET, without any pretension which could properly be called above the station in which she had been born, and in which she had remained, was yet a beautiful and most favourable specimen of human nature, under whatever aspect she was viewed. Other, and in certain

points, very different female characters, and personal appearances, are estimable and admirable, not less than Margaret's; for beauty, inward as well as outward, is of various kinds. But Margaret's were at least among those which it is delightful, for the mental, as for the corporeal eye to look upon; and in the contemplation of which we are so often tempted to exclaim, "How lovely is the world we live in!"

Margaret's figure was somewhat slender, of the middle height, and with small hands and feet. Her hair was, perhaps, auburn; her eyes of a blue grey, or, perhaps, a blue; her complexion fair, and her skin clear and delicate. Her lips and cheeks possessed their "natural ruby," and her teeth their natural ivory. But, if this description should be thought to refer, rather to what Margaret was, a few years before the period of life at which our history has had its commencement, than to this latter date, when, to be exact, she was in her nine-and-twentieth year, and with three children about her, of whom the eldest was eleven years old (besides a fourth, a little daughter, which had lately died an infant);—why, let the reader qualify our description accordingly, as his own imagination may direct.

In very truth, so little is it aimed at, here, to dwell upon the external characteristics of Mar-

garet, concerning whom, after all, it is but intended to suggest, that she was what is called "delicate and pretty;" that, by possibility, nothing would have been said upon the subject, except for its assistance of the reader's idea of what are so much more essential to our picture,—the characteristics of her heart and mind. There is an external and internal agreement, each dependent upon the other, in the whole composition of persons and things, from which results what is called their physiognomy; and it is the general physiognomy of Margaret which alone we seek to convey; always remembering, at the same time, that by the term physiognomy we are not, as too frequently happens, to understand the face alone, but the whole person, air, and even voice; or everything that is capable of impressing our senses, and of inducing us to think favourably or unfavourably of the thing or person in whom they are found. It is not that any one description of figure, or any one description of mind or temper, engrosses to itself all beauty, or all faults; for beauty, as it has been already said above, and faults, as it is equally obvious to say here, are both of them of very various descriptions: but that with one kind of external beauty there will always sojourn an appropriate

internal beauty, and so onward with all others; and thus it was that Margaret, with a certain outward figure, had a certain inward character, not adorned with every perfection, but remarkably adorned with many. Other women, even in a similar rank of life, might easily be found, more wise, more witty, more informed, and, perhaps, even more entirely estimable, than Margaret; and as to artificial acquirements, these, in her case, were, in a great degree, wholly out of the question; but, with all Margaret's acknowledged deficiencies, there was so much, in her whole general demeanour and daily life, deserving of a strong regard, that she, and such as she (including either sex), might always, by the pleasing contemplation they afford, induce us warmly to cry out, "How lovely is the world we live in;—how worthy, the creature of the Creator!" Let other pens, or let other occasions, present the limnings of females more exalted in the scale of civil society,—in that of laboured cultivation,—or even that of native qualities;—but be it ours, and be it our present task, to pick up a gentle weed of the human family,—a wild flower in human botany,—born in the natural soil, sprung of a wholesome seed; and, if exteriorly aided at all, aided by little

more than the general luminary of the skies, of which the beams fell upon the fruitful juices of a kindly root!

Margaret was the daughter of a deceased tradesman, of moderate circumstances, in the town of Derby; and, at the time of her marriage, had been two years a complete orphan, both as to father and to mother. Yet Margaret's mother had lived long enough deeply to imbue the mind, and firmly to train the habits of her daughter, in full conformity with the tenor of a thousand invaluable maxims of everyday life, not exclusive of virtuous principles, and worthy feelings, such as ever after seemed inwrought in the very nature of Margaret; and which, looking, in this manner, at their parental source, and considering the powerful and the inestimable influence which, uniformly and permanently, they exercised upon the comfort, happiness, and welfare of herself, her husband, and her children,—nay, also, of her friends and neighbours;—might, without risk, be said more than to have justified her husband's choice, even if that had had no other motive than obedience to the honest proverb which is afloat, That a man should marry the daughter of a good mother!

But Margaret, it is to be avowed, had received, in her bringing up, advantages conjoined

with those that have been thus far mentioned; for, after the affliction of her mother's death, she had been much indebted to the well-directed regard of a fast friend, and former mistress of her mother,—Lady Willoughby, the wife of the worthy baronet of that name, to whom, and to the baronet, we have heard John Laleham making respectful allusions;—to the one, as his own landlord, and his paternal landlord, and hereditary friend and patron: to the other, as the patroness, and, as it were, the guardian of Margaret and her children. Lady Willoughby, in point of fact, was Margaret's godmother, and even bore the same relation to two of Margaret's children; and, in short, the hereditary connection, as well of Margaret as of her husband, with the family of the Willoughbys, was one of those charming ties, so beautiful and so beneficial in all their appearances and consequences, which belong (for, even still, they linger,) to rural life in England, as in other countries of the ancient world, but which the ravages of commercial society are so fast wearing away;—ties of landlord and tenant, and of tenant and landlord;—ties of master and servant;—ties of servant and master;—by which all are held together, as of one great household, the peasant and the lord, the rich man and his poorer neighbour;—ties which know

no distinction but of externals; which warmly recognise a common nature, and which establish, upon the one side and the other, from generation to generation, a largely-acknowledged claim of perpetual and generous alliance—of reciprocal service and protection;—ties, in short, which acknowledge one comprehensive distinction, of superior and inferior in state of life, but demand, as to all the rest, a mutual respect, a mutual virtue, and the equal and reciprocal concession of what is demanded by a cheerful sense of duty! Margaret's mother had been the servant, first of Sir Richard's mother, and afterward of Sir John's wife; and John Laleham, and his father, and his grandfather, and the father of his grandfather, each in succession, had been, in youth, the servants, and in maturer age the tenants, of the father, grandfather, and elder ancestors of Sir Richard. But, as to Margaret, Lady Willoughby, during the life of her mother, had placed her, for a short time, at a school considerably superior to that which she had previously frequented; and, upon her mother's death, had taken her into her own service, in the course of which even her former notions of domestic and other proprieties had been still expanded and improved. Beautiful harmony between the rich and poor, each known by family and origin

to the other, maintained not exclusively, but with greater facility, amid the habits of rural life ; where the latter can look up to the protection of the former ; where the houses of the rich are, as it were, the second houses of the poor ; and where the children of the poor (we may say of course) fall into employment and subsistence, either the kitchen or the field, under those whose fathers knew and employed the fathers of the children ; and where, more than all, the roofs and precincts of the rich are so many schools of manners, of knowledge, and of virtue, diffusing over the cottages at least a share of the moral and intellectual advantages of the hall and castle ; binding neighbourhoods in the bonds of reciprocal esteem ; and rearing up, however qualified by occasional errors and misunderstandings, the peasant and his lord in mutual tempers of respect and kindness !

Margaret, however, even with all her partial helps of school-education, knew but little of many of those things out of her track of life, which, nevertheless, are very commonly understood ; to the extent, that her mistakes upon such subjects were not seldom so egregious, that in certain circles, and in this age of general, though superficial, and often very unprofitable knowledge, they might have drawn upon her the most

disdainful and most ignorant reproaches; and that, even among the loving friends by whom she was surrounded, and who knew the depth of her acquaintance with things to which she was better accustomed, and which more immediately concerned her, often really drew upon her a hearty, though not ill-natured laugh; and was even sometimes carried to an extent of simplicity,—that is, of ignorance of things,—such as occasioned absolute surprize. Born and bred in a town (although a country town), and heedless of what it is more than probable even a town might have enabled her to know, she had been heard, in her town-days, to display as outrageous a piece of *cockneyism* as ever distinguished the native and inhabitant of the great city of London. Having been separated from her party once, for a short time, in the woods, she gave, upon meeting it afterward, a joyous account of the pleasure with which she had seen and observed the figures and motions of certain *seals*, among the trees! The presence of *seals* in a Derbyshire coppice, and especially their leaping from branch to branch, running along the spray, and then sitting upright to crack nuts, which they lifted to their mouths with their two paws, all this was surprising to Margaret's listeners; but she insisted upon

its truth, and was eloquent in her description of the beauty of the *seals'* large round eyes. It was the large, round eyes, perhaps (with the help of some books or prints of natural history), which had mainly deceived her; or, possibly, it was only the degree, however small, of the resemblance of two words: for, as the reader will early have supposed, Margaret, by her *seals*, meant *squirrels*! But Margaret had sensible persons for her critics; such as saw much more beauty in the animation with which she described the sight she had witnessed, and the fidelity with which she had observed its natural features, than deformity in the verbal error, through which she had mistaken a name. Nor had Margaret any real reason to blush, upon the event in question, supposing her mistake compared with others, to which all persons from time to time are subject. A gentleman, now at the Chancery bar, and who, if his merits should be alone consulted, may one day sit upon its bench, has told ourselves, that in his boyhood, he experienced infinite perplexity from a passage of our own writing, because, by the word "peasant," he had understood "pheasant;" and hence a world of difficulty to his mind, in comprehending how a "pheasant" could possibly have performed the

deeds which our story had imputed to a "peasant¹!" It may be added, that the obstruction to the understanding of *things*, through the mere misconception of *words*, is so common as to have attracted the attention of all those who are concerned in addressing themselves, either to young persons, or to persons of moderate or limited education. How, in reality, can the mind comprehend what is said of a thing, if it mistakes what is the thing spoken about? For ourselves, we have the rather dwelt upon these matters for two purposes; the first, that of checking an ignorant ridicule of mistakes of words and names, by persons who, perhaps, are better acquainted with things, or more capable of observing them, than those by whom they are ridiculed; and the second, that of advising all concerned, to be eager in acquainting themselves accurately with names and words, either by inquiry or research, whenever they feel a doubt, or have reason to suspect themselves in error.

But, for what knowledge, of a general, or, as it may properly be called, of a *liberal* nature, Margaret actually possessed, she was, in the meantime, every whit the better, and every whit

¹ Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master. The able, amiable, and youthful barrister, alluded to in the text, has died since it was written.

the happier. The school-instruction she received had been purposely limited to needle-work, and to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and, of even this small circle of arts, needle-work alone was strongly adapted to her inclination. Her acquaintance with books was very little indeed; but, little as it was, it was well-directed, and beneficial to the formation of her taste, and therefore of her mental character, and consequently of her government of life. She had enjoyed the advantage of taking some of her lessons from those volumes of selections from the works of the best English writers; and, though very few and limited were the passages which, through want of attention at the time, her memory had lastingly retained, yet, in this manner, her ear had become more or less cultivated; her ideas elevated; her preferences fixed; and a discipline and stores communicated to her mind, such as neither her tutors nor herself suspected nor believed. She had tasted of sweet waters; and, therefore, by habit, without a perceptible thought, and as it might seem to others, and to herself, by instinct only, she turned from those that were bitter. And this is the value, and this the mystery, as it were, of education, good or bad. The mind is afterward led by it; that is, the will is determined by it, and it either leads the mind, or acts

without it. Among the general results, then, of Margaret's small school-learning, and slight though languid taste for it, was this: that though she was hardly anxious for any library at all, yet she had little hanging-shelves in her parlour, or what, perhaps, like others in the north of England, she called her "kitchen for company;" and that these shelves, prettily decorated with ribbons, contained none but the most elegant, or, at least, none but the most innocent of books; and besides, and of more value than the foregoing, was the further consequence, that if her education, such as it was, had left her far below the level of conversing upon equal terms with the accomplished of her sex; still more had they placed her at an immeasurable height above the vicious, and above the vulgar of feminine society, while it in no respect disqualified her for the duties of good neighbourhood among her equals in condition. Simply, it led her to select and to be selected by the individuals most estimable in that rank, a rank too of which the circle must always be very small, if it do not contain creditable examples; and it was thus that Margaret, now no longer a girl, and now a farmer's wife, was the pride and the resort of the worthiest, the wisest, and the best informed of the rustic village in

which she lived ; just as, in her school-days, she had chosen, and had been the choice, of her kindred spirits at her school. Among these was Martha Dovedale, known to the reader as Martha Hoyland, her friendship for whom she had long since extended to Martha's mother ; while Martha's mother, in her turn, loved and venerated the old school-friend of her daughter. Between each of these there was the community of good minds, and pure tastes, and innocency of life. The benefits, too, of all Margaret's virtues and acquirements were enjoyed also by her neighbours in general, by her husband, by her children, and by herself. Partial, broken, and imperfect, as the latter commonly were, they often floated, like sunny insects, upon the surface of her fancy ; and, amid all her family and household tasks, presented to her inward eye the snatches of some pleasing picture, or shadows of enlivening recollections ; though mixed, in that same mind of Margaret, with very humble and very trivial images, thoughts, anticipations, and hopes and fears, of daily earthly things ; of caps and ribbons temptingly offered at her farmhouse door, and of the newest make and pattern ; of patterns of new gowns ; of plans of alteration and new fitting ; of children's shoes and stockings ; of village feasts and wakes ; of by-gone dances,

christenings, and weddings; and of friends altered in their manner, or growing old, or dead, or absent! Especially, Margaret's cultivation, limited as it might be, influenced her selection of new songs (for youth and industry, in solitude at least, must always *sing*); and Margaret bought, either of the hawker, or at market, no song, nor did her ear relish a tune, but such as had a certain gentility in unison with her accustomed feeling. She held a charm which saved her from all vulgar contact!

CHAPTER IV.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too ;

* * * * *

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records—promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles ;

* * * * *

And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an Angel-light ! WORDSWORTH.

It has seemed to us commendable to delineate with some minuteness the character of our Margaret, as affording a picture neither without pleasure nor instruction ; for the objects which the world presents, are, by their sight only, either pleasing or displeasing ;—and, whether they please us or displease us, they both please or displease, and in any case instruct us, only in proportion as we look at them with close and ana-

lysing eye. Taking it for granted, then, that the image of Margaret has pleased the glance of the spectator, we assume that a steadier look has increased his pleasure; and, at the same time, that it has added to his instruction. We did not undertake our story, to hurry from the beginning to the end, and to pause at nothing, and to think of nothing, all the way we went along; but contrariwise, to dwell enough upon all its parts, and all its actors, to feel and to understand them; and there is nothing to be either felt or understood, unless, for a certain space, at least, we fix upon it our attention. Again, a human character is always among those things upon which a human understanding will dwell, alike with interest and with advantage. Another human creature is but ourselves in another body. It thinks and feels as we do; and all that it says or does is something which we ought, ourselves, either to imitate or to avoid. An interesting writer, explaining the pleasure with which he read the works of one who has written the most largely and the most incessantly concerning himself, remarks, "When he talks of *himself*, he talks of *me*."

We have a satisfaction, also, in that which, to certain readers, may seem a deficiency of our painting; namely, that, after all, it represents a

nobody; a young and half-taught female;—the daughter of a townsman;—the wife of a farmer;—the mistress of a small farmhouse;—the mother of three children;—a human creature, of a sort of which there are thousands, or rather millions upon millions! It is the consideration of the millions that delights us. We are not speaking of a rarity, but of a thing common. It is not that there are Margarets every where; by no means; but that, though they are not everywhere, they still are many! It delights us to think how much there is to delineate, and how much to admire, as well as to condemn, in each individual of the myriads that make up the generations of mankind, and who pass, as it were, for ciphers, only because they are commonly overlooked and lost in the great human crowd! It is this very circumstance which, while it honours themselves, is the glory of their Creator; the glory of having created these myriads of admirable creatures, who are unseen, or are unthought of, only by reason that they are myriads!

Our Margaret was an ordinary individual; a woman only a little above, or a little below, the thousands round about her; and yet, how much was there not, that, truly, pleasurably, and profitably, might be said of Margaret? Alas! the general history of a million of ordinary indivi-

duals may be told in a single line, and the history may be but meagrely instructive! A moment after, the particular or minute history of a single ordinary individual may be made to fill a folio, and every page the matter of a volume of instruction!

It is admirable to think with this minuteness of all the creatures of the universe; and it is thus only that we can enrapture ourselves with what, at last, is but a narrow and momentary glimpse of that which the universe as a total, is! Regard, for an instant, yonder map. It exhibits, upon what we call something of a considerable scale, a portion of the earth's surface remote from the spot where we were born, and includes only a few provinces and kingdoms and empires, scattered over the extremities of that continent there, and of many of which provinces, kingdoms, and empires, almost the names are new to us; to us, the small and careless cultivators of the science of the map! But look still closer into the few square inches which comprise the limits, not of that empire, nor of that kingdom; but of that province, that district, the partition of a province! It is black with the crowded names of villages and towns. And has the geographer been so exact, and so complete, as to have laid down every town and village? No; in

the spaces between each, there are other villages and towns in actual existence, for the names of which there was no room, even upon that capacious map; and this, to say nothing, after all, of the hamlets, the single mansions, the farm-houses, the cottages, the huts, the cabins! And in all these (discoverable, or not discoverable upon the map), there are townspeople, and villagers, and families, and parents, and children, and infants, and youth, and aged; in all these, then, there are beating hearts, and beautiful faces, and flowing locks, and silver hair, and the sprightly, and the joyous, and the weeping, and the sick, and the dying, and the dead;—and virtuous purposes, and fond affections, and devoted bosoms, and tender watchings, and grateful lips, and dutiful sacrifices, and pious resignations, and laughter, and mourning, and dance, and song, and festive sports, and earnest labour, and luxury, and want, and hope, and fear, and rage, and gentleness, and patience, and disappointment, and hate, and love, and strength, and weakness, and virtue, and vice, and innocence, and guilt, and whatever else can make up the sum and substance of humanity! And of all these men, and of all their conditions, figures, occupations, pains, enjoyments, we have had no thought before to-day, and shall never

think to-morrow ! And what, again, are the whole of these, to other myriads of the species ? And what is the species man, to the thousands of so many other species, animate and inanimate, covering, along with men, that division of our map ? And what are all these together, to all the species of all creatures upon the globe ?

But if still, and still again, we pass from the swarms of men, and from all the swarms of other creatures,—

“ An ant’s republic, or a realm of bees ;”—

if, from an ant-hive, or from a horde of insects upon a leaf, we stretch our thoughts to the stars, to the worlds and earths around us—to worlds doubtless covered with animate and inanimate creatures, though with copies, perhaps, of none that, human or inhuman, have ever met our eyes—what a world, what an enchantment, what an innumerable multitude, what an inexhaustible variety ; what beauty, goodness, power ; what an engaging distribution of colours ; what a mechanical contrivance of bodies ; what enjoyments, how many struggles, what feelings, what imaginations, what wonders, what myriads upon myriads, and how worthy of study and appreciation every unit of these myriads ! Such, for a glimpse only, is the vast, vast universe !

While we would paint, however, in their just proportions, and in their actual beauty, even humbler creatures than our Margaret; and while we leave, with content, the blazoning of more extraordinary persons, or of the few of exalted station, to employ ourselves, for awhile, upon the portrait of an undistinguished country woman; there is an error from which, upon this, as upon all similar occasions, we are anxious, in justice to ourselves, as in equal justice to the reader, to keep, to the limit of all our ability, wholly free. It is the error, not only of exaggerating the importance, or overcolouring the merits of the subject of our pencil; but that of intentionally confining the pencil to its beauties, and of leaving undisclosed its blemishes. The difference, always, between reality and romance, consists in this; that whatever is real is mixed, while, in romance, whether to applaud or to reprove, whether to lament or to rejoice, the mixture is concealed, and something wholly good, or wholly bad, is put forth in its place. Moreover (to acquaint the reader with one of our own secrets), it is not entirely easy, in writing, any more than in speech, to escape, under this head, from even unintentional defect: for, as the mind of man is without room for more than one thought at a time, and as, for its ease, it prefers a simple

thought to a mixed one; so there is a difficulty, both in conveying to another, and in making that other comprehend, a mixed description of any kind, where good and evil are to range together, and yet (a further mixture of the thought) in different proportions; in such manner as that an object may really have some evil in it, and yet be very good; or some good, and yet be very evil. It is easy, upon the other hand (and therefore it is common), to describe, and to apprehend, without the exercise of this discrimination; and hence the errors that are so often found, both in those that teach, and in those that listen to, romance. That we, upon our part, and in spite of our knowledge of our danger, shall be found blameless in the very matter before us, is more than we venture to assert; but, even if we should fail in giving to mankind all the benefit of our designed impartiality, at least we beseech our readers to be upon their guard, and not to allow of any romantic dream of entire perfection in the character, any more than in the person, or in the attainments, of the estimable Margaret! It is our wish to tell the truth of all things; and, among the rest, of Margaret!

Margaret, as we have said, began the world as no more than a country girl, or a girl of a country town, transplanted to a farm-house,

and remarkable but for a light and lively step, fair skin, and laughing eyes;—

“ A dancing shape, an image gay ;”

a kind and cheerful heart ; manners amiable and innocent, and especially a rapidity and grace with which she was seen to move toward anything useful, soothing, or obliging. As to the inward woman, Margaret, as we have said, had, in all that remains to be described, a greater or less resemblance to thousands of the ordinary female world ; and like every other human creature, she possessed her imperfections. With respect to some, however, of the latter, they were the consequence of even perfections in an opposite path ; and examples, perhaps, of the impossibility, and at least the exceeding difficulty, that all persons should be all things !

Margaret might have profited much more by her school-reading but for two adverse circumstances, such as, at first sight, it may seem hard to reconcile. Understanding the phrase in that innocent way which belongs to all that has relation to Margaret, and to matters of the kind before us, she was, it must be confessed, the very giddiest of all giddy girls. To fix her attention upon a book was nearly impracticable, and without attention nothing can be learned !

There are children whose early minds get into habits of deep thinking; and who, while they are thinking of something else than what they should be about, are necessarily absent from the immediate duties of the moment. But thinking, or at least deep thinking, was neither the virtue nor the vice of Margaret. The heroine of our chapter was none of those whose "minds straggle from their fingers;" but, with her, as the contrary misfortune, the fingers were apt to straggle from the mind! It was Margaret's fingers that usually engaged all her disposition to activity; and, in short, the school-girl Margaret was at once thoughtless, giddy, frolicsome, and industrious! None loved play like Margaret; and none sewed so neatly and so quickly. For ever at needlework or at play, the endless performances of Margaret, of the former kind, were executed almost with the rapidity of lightning, and with a strength and neatness to which it would require a more learned pen than ours to render justice! Margaret was rich in dolls, and in doll's dresses. No garment was deficient in the wardrobe of any one of them; and, as to changes of raiment, each particular doll of Margaret might have vied with any Eastern favourite! To make up, with the nicest care, all these sets of mimic clothing, and to dress and undress her dolls; these were

among Margaret's prominent delights. It was this that amused her among those playfellows whose taste, in these respects, was in any sort as lively as her own; and this, too, that amused her by herself, almost without chance of weariness. Sometimes the dolls took each other's dresses; sometimes they had grotesque disguises; and then, Margaret, after condemning the painted faces to submit to the caprice, would seat herself opposite to them, and metamorphose them, and laugh at them, for a half an hour together; or, otherwise, rise up, and sing and dance round them, for very mirth and rapture:—and this was Margaret's paradise! It would have required a thorough Hindoo education, to persuade Margaret to think, with any tolerable composure, of that custom of Hindoo girls, who, at twelve years old, carry, in procession their dolls to an appointed stream or pond, to cast them into it, and thenceforward to renounce such childish toys; for Margaret, when she married, bore with her the dear dolls to her husband's house, and long cherished them in her drawers, and made them dresses as the fashions, or as her own fancies, changed. Her mother had always laughed at her upon the subject of her dolls, and told her that she was a silly child, and would never be a woman!

She grew up, in a thousand ways, the same giddy, busy, cheerful, industrious thing which she had been at school; her manners often childish—always innocent; her heart prone to laughter,—singing,—dancing. But it was not, in the meantime, the needle only that employed her industry. She was a cook, as well as a sempstress; and, from her earliest years, at home, and beneath the eye of her excellent mother, she had learned all that could make her the most skilful, the most cleanly, and the most economical of housewives on that point. It is not, indeed, without some dread of scorn, that, in the nineteenth century, we venture to put things of this latter kind into a work of polite literature; so that, by way of fortifying ourselves against possible sneers, we take the opportunity to mention, that, to this day, in Germany (so much the “father-land” of Englishmen!) the daughters of respectable families, in the several towns, pay money to take lessons of cookery in the kitchens of the hotels and inns. We cannot say, in the meantime, that the state of English manners seems to us to warrant a literal imitation of the practice, but only that its spirit is doubtless good; and for this, if for no other reason, we may stand, perhaps, excused, for celebrating Margaret’s cookery!

But the brightest crown of all Margaret’s

glory (for we drop, upon this occasion, her more interior merit), consisted really in her house-keeping, and in everything that belonged to exterior comfort, and to neat and agreeable appearance. In house and clothes and person, her cleanliness might have satisfied a Brahmin; and there was handed down by her, in words and deeds (even here the precious legacies of her mother), this most golden of all rules, that what is the least seen should be the most regarded; because the seen may force itself upon attention and remedy, while the unseen may be forgotten or neglected! With Margaret, for herself, and her children, the cleanliness, and even the goodness, of an undergarment, were always more important than what concerned the upper; and this was to take slatternliness by the roots, and to throw it out of doors. "Don't so much mind," said she, "how you look; as think of how you are!" While, to the ruddy wench, in a blue cotton, that helped her in the business of the day, full often did she repeat (what, she said, had been the maxim of her mother): "Never mind, my dear, how dirty may be the middle of the room; but pray clean out the corners! Sweep the dirt, girl, into the middle of the room; I shall never be angry at finding it *there*. Leave as much of it as you like in the

middle of the room ; but pray clean out the corners !”

In every concern, indeed, of daily life, whether to nurse the sick, or feed or clothe the hearty, Margaret was zealous, skilful, cleanly (as we have said), almost beyond example ; and especially so as bred and born and living in the north of England, where by far too much of the Ancient British outward impurity is still extant ; where pale faces and foul air dishonour the mountain home ; where windows are not made to open ; and where the application of water to floors, clothes, and skin, so fearfully omitted by the Scottish neighbours, begins to show itself but too apparently avoided, to the eye that travels from the southward ;—where, in reality, there are persons to be found, who, agreeing in practice with the Arabs of the Desert, and practising what only the desert can plead apology for, rub their hands and faces with sand, instead of wetting them with water ; and this for the year through ! But Margaret, besides her cleanliness, was careful, frugal, cheerful, contented, happy, and of unimpeachable integrity ; and was commonly spoken of, in the village, and in all its neighbourhood, as an estate to her husband, not upon account of the eggs, and hens, and chickens, and such small stock, which she was able to send

to Derby market; but because of her daily zeal and capability,—her prevention of loss and waste,—and, more than the whole of these, because of the unburdened heart which her virtues perpetuated in his breast, and which sent him forth, into the fields, and into the market-place, happy in his labour, contented in his station, and frank, and cheerful, and at ease, with those whom he conversed with, or whom he met.

Of so much influence and value, even in the plainest paths of life, is an estimable girl, or more estimable woman; and such girl at first, and woman after, was our heroine Margaret.

CHAPTER V.

——— Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper, or the Morn ;
 In Nature's fairest forms ;

——— the candid blush
 Of him who strives with Fortune to be just ?

* * * * *

Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate ; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene ?

AKENSIDE.

THOUGH we purpose, in the pages that immediately follow, to speak rather of Margaret's husband, and of the great and grave event of the breaking up the family home, and the search after better fortune in a distant part of the world, than to add much to our past account of Margaret herself; yet there are remaining circumstances to be mentioned, either instructive or amusing

(as we esteem them), and without permitting ourselves to sketch which, we should not feel satisfied with the picture we have painted;—a picture, by the way, which the reader will do us the justice still to recollect, that we offer all along as an individual portrait, and not as a general image of the sex; and which, while we certainly hold it up as something pleasant to look at, we as certainly do not propose, either as the most admirable of female pictures, or as more than one, among many thousand individual likenesses, such as the copyist of human characters might easily produce.

We have said, that Margaret, in her school-days, had a strong passion for the dressing of dolls; we have remarked upon Margaret's general taste and disposition to put everything about her into some degree of dress and ornament; features under which we ought not to have omitted to remember the flowers in her windows, and in the little garden of the farm-house: and we have given no reason for thinking that, among the rest of her inclinations, she was at all indifferent upon the point of dressing and ornamenting her own person; an object, in truth, toward which she never omitted to direct a reasonable share of all her taste, her industry, and skill; and in the pursuit of which, as of other things,

her life, as it ought to be, was continually moved and stirred with pain and pleasure,—with unsatisfied longings,—with disappointed hopes,—with cheerful expectations, and with delighted attainments! There was a time, indeed, when the highest aspirations of Margaret's youthful heart were centred in the single ambition of becoming the mistress of a silk frock; and often and often had it happened, as the lingering years went on, that she sunk, first into despondency, and next into resignation, proclaiming to herself, that to "walk in silk attire" was a fate never intended for poor Margaret! But the resignation, like the despondency, had only its hour; and, that past, Margaret's little mind was again busy, to devise, by the performance of what task, or by what arrangement of all her scanty means, or by what sacrifice of other wishes, she could arrive, at length, at the possession of a silk frock! Many were the nights that she had fallen asleep, pondering upon the scheme. Repeatedly, the colour had been fixed upon, in accordance with the fashion of the day; and repeatedly, the whole had been cut out, and put together again, with improvements upon even the taste discovered by her most tasteful neighbours, and upon the advice obtained, as a friend, from the most renowned dress-maker in Derby! Still, the silk dress

seemed as far off as ever; and still Margaret, from time to time, relapsed into despondency, and into resignation. "No!" said she, "it was never intended that Margaret Langthorpe should be seen in a silk frock!" But Margaret was no prophetess, and had far less skill in unriddling fate, than in hemming a skirt, or in contriving a sleeve! It happened, that toward the approach of one of her birth-days, Lady Willoughby, whom we have already called her godmother, had employed her upon a large stock of needle-work; and that upon her actual birth-day, the whole being then finished, and finished with Margaret's usual fidelity and dispatch, she took her with her, on a drive to Derby; and that there, the price having been partly earned by Margaret's needle, and the large remainder made a free and applauding gift, she bought her silk of her own choice (giving her only the best and newest in the shop to choose from), and then carried her to the very dress-maker before alluded to, for measuring and completion! Must we talk of Margaret's ecstasy? Must we recount the days and nights of feverish anxiety that followed, while the most barbarous of dress-makers delayed to send home the dress? But even *barbarousness* comes to an end! The frock arrived at last; and, after the removal of

a few blunders and misfittings upon the spot, and after Margaret, with her own scissars, and needle, and fingers, had herself corrected what remained of the proverbial stupidity and tastelessness of dress-makers, the frock was finally set in its best figure and folds upon a chair in the middle of Margaret's bed-chamber. It was now dark, and bed-time. The candle was shifted upon twenty different sides, till it threw, at last, the best of lights upon the frock. Margaret was alone. She surveyed the dress in every direction, and finished by dancing exultingly around it, in all the fulness of her joy!

For our part, we care not who is the he or she, among all the multitude of our wiser readers, that refuses to clap the hands in sympathy with Margaret's pleasure; or, who fancies him or herself too clever not to disdain joys so frivolous, or expressions of joy so childish; or, who can find apology for either, in nothing but the humble birth and circumstances of Margaret, and in the atmosphere of a garret in a country dwelling! We know that there is not a princess upon any of the thrones of the earth, that has not felt and expressed the sensations of joy in a corresponding manner; though it may have cost something richer and more extraordinary than a silk frock, to work so powerfully upon so illustrious person-

ages! We know that there is not a child (and children differ from their fathers but as they are younger) that has not leaped and danced at the hearing of good news, or at the sight of what it loved, or at the acquirement of what it wished. We know that it is natural to the species to express all the emotions of the mind by means of the feet, as much as by any other members. We know that noise, and motion, and gay objects of sight, are the elements in which the happy heart rejoices. We dance before every thing that we would honour, or toward which we would express admiration;—whether seen or unseen, whether animate or inanimate. Such is even the primitive usage of religion; and the choirs of our churches were anciently so called, as being the places set apart for dancing. These natural expressions of joy (as of other emotions) may be even of the rudest stamp; for, as to joy, all that the heart essentially demands is noise, motion, bustle, and the quick passing and re-passing of objects before the eye. Once, when Frederick the Great was returning from a victory, the people, by the way side, enthusiastic with the feeling of rejoicing, followed each other in leaps in and out of the ponds, each shouting at the same time, and each splashing his neighbour to the utmost; while others, unable to throw them-

selves amid the tumult and sparkling of the waters, scrambled up the trees, and down again, still to find outward shape for the riotous feeling of rapture which shook their hearts and limbs; and there are parts, at least, of the North of England, where, upon the birth of a child, and after the fashion of the Prussian merry-makers, the congratulations of the gossips (feasted, as these latter are, with prepared and melted compounds of butter and sugar) are expressed by their leaping after each other throughout a row of washing-tubs of water, so as to complete successive circles; and each, at every leap, endeavouring to splash, as much as possible, the neighbour behind, as well as that before. In the same parts of England, too, the celebration of a wedding includes the furious riding, and firing of guns from their horses, as they gallop, by the friends of the bride and bridegroom; all to express or affect delight, and to indulge and dissipate, if sincere, the joyous emotions of the heart, running through every muscle, and impatient and at war with quietude. But the whole of this is as natural as rude, and unites our Northern English with the great human family; while, as to the marriage rejoicings, the very same are practised, at this day, by the Tartar nations, upon the plains of Asia; and their use in England serves to help our justification of the

pride with which we may contemplate our brotherhood with them of the herds and tents, and our descent from common Scythian ancestors. As to Margaret's dance, also, we happen to know, that when a lady (not exactly, under every view, a princess, but the wife of Jerome Buonaparte) received, in Baltimore, in Maryland, from Napoleon, the sum of eighty thousand dollars, after a long denial of family acknowledgment of any kind from the ruler of the French (and of which sum she immediately afterwards presented, as a debt due, the larger part to her father); her first emotions led her to dance, in company with some female friends and cousins, upon the uneven surface of the thrice welcome money-bags: our story, as to these particulars, comes from one of the friends and cousins, the partners in the dance. In truth, such things, all of them, are natural to the species. The natural man, in his joys, is a gay, singing, shouting, leaping, dancing creature. The nearer is man to nature, the more he is as picturesque as the landscape which surrounds him. All his emotions, all his circumstances and situations, have their expression. If his age has the stillness of evening, so also has his infancy the sprightliness of morning, and his manhood the glory of noon. Man is naturally what our Italian Opera purports to represent, however ill

our Italian Opera may often play its part. His speech is a continual song, intoned according to the movements of his mind; and his walk a perpetual dance, quick, or slow, or subdued, according to the feelings of his heart. Man, in nature, is in all things picturesque. His speech is song; his march a dance; his language poetry; his pen a pencil.

The regard to ornamental dress, too, how universal, and how in harmony with the behests of nature! What patterns of ornament in all Nature's works; what profusion of ornament in all the works of God! And the passion, how general with the species, whether male or female, and whether civilized or savage! Dress is felt, upon the one hand, to exalt the wearer; and upon the other, to yield delight, and to infer respect, to the beholder. It is recorded of Confucius, the civilized philosopher of one of the greatest seats of ancient civilization—the realm of China—and recorded as a precept inculcated by practice—that being sick, and being to be honoured with a complimentary visit from the emperor, and finding himself unable to bear the putting on of the ceremonious or state dress in which alone it was his etiquette to be seen by his sovereign, he ordered the dress to be laid over him upon his bed; as much as possible, thereby, to fulfil the

punctilio of the occasion; and the spirit (at least) of this example of Confucius is felt and acted upon by all mankind. In another instance, when the children of the town in which Confucius lived were to pass, in annual procession, with the idol peculiar to their age; that patron, by eminence, of all the laws of reason, judged it insufficient to place himself at the open door of his house, to await the coming, and, so far, to render honour to the children and their idol, unless he also attired himself in the dress appropriate to his rank, and to the celebration of the particular custom or solemnity. In point of fact, among ourselves, it is the feeling of respect and honour to God, that has begun and made perpetual the practice of dressing upon Sundays, and for attendance at church; and though, amid the infirmities of human nature, room has been found for the small philosophers, as well as for nobler censors, to condemn the error of those whose thoughts are thence idly, vainly, enviously, maliciously, or arrogantly employed upon the dress of others and themselves; never will any sound director of human usages desire to change an observance so united, in origin, with the most natural, the most reverential, and the most beneficial feelings of the human heart; and so practically subservi-

ent, in the great whole, to the purposes it has in view! With references of, perhaps, inferior, but yet great moment, Addison has counselled the male sex to dress a little above their condition, rather than below it, though certainly not without regard to prudence and to honesty in the expenditure; and a similar practice must be as proper for the female. It may be observed, that a pleasure in dress is always a refined pleasure. Dress belongs to the fine arts; it cannot be ate nor drank; like other objects of art, it may be indulged in ruinously; but, where a choice is to be made, it will never be the partiality of the glutton, nor of the drunkard, nor of the reckless of any other sort. In reality, it accompanies and encourages the care of the immediate person, that other duty to ourselves and to others; it is the common neglect of the sensual, and a neglect that is the common and distinctive signal of their peculiar vices; while a due attention to dress, governed by circumstances and by means, is the everyday distinction of the refined, the sober, the honest, the industrious, and even the frugal; from the richest to the poorest.

We are persuaded, then, that no injury has been done to the good name of Margaret, by any thing which we have thus reduced into history, concerning her desire for a silk dress,

or her rapture upon obtaining it. There lurks in our minds, however, an apprehension that we may have worse fortune with that which, notwithstanding, we are equally resolved to communicate; namely, that Margaret, to counterbalance, in some degree, her good qualities, had a certain waywardness of temper that did not fail, from time to time, to show itself. We have said a waywardness; because the vice of which we are to complain was not the indulgence of any of those frightful kinds of temper, of which there are so many examples in other persons; and because we think its particular description may well be named (what we have named it) wayward or capricious. There was nothing violent about Margaret, nor any thing peculiarly heated, and still less, was there any thing either revengeful or morose. She resented little; she could bear with the warmth of others; she never gave blow for blow; nor could any evil word provoke her to speak evil. She inflicted no wounds, therefore, upon others, to fester after they were given, or which it could take time to cure. Like those clouds of the sky, which gather and then depart, leaving, to fill their place, no more than the celestial blue, and of which the recent darkness has no relic, except in memory, itself as trackless as the air, and

almost as capable of parting with its impressions; like those clouds which send forth no bolts to bring tree or tower to the ground, nor even torrents to swell the rivers, nor even gusts to uproot the flowers, or to break the rose-stalks;—like clouds so transient, and so comparatively harmless, were the darkest of Margaret's tempers; and so little did they leave behind them to require forgiveness, and so difficult almost, was it, when the sun was again shining, and the sky blue, and the air bland, to persist even in remembering that they had been! Margaret was none of those, who, from a certain ignorance and littleness, are perpetually imagining that they have received offence; Margaret was none of those, who, from a certain self-conceit, and self-importance, are perpetually finding offence from what they call deficiencies of attention, or omissions of things due to them; neither was Margaret of that sort to think more of what the world kept from her, than of what it gave! Least of all, as we have intimated, was Margaret one of those hideous persons, whom, from day to day, we observe prowling and scowling like tigers, or prowling and laughing like hyenas, and telling us that "revenge is sweet;" forgetful, it might appear, that we all of us know the sweetness of which they speak, to

be a sweetness to which no palates are sensible, save those of hyenas and of tigers ! But less, still less than this, was Margaret capable of that moroseness of temper (the seeming temper of the hog), which only grunts, in answer to kind words; which can find delight in any act injurious, or omit to perform, even at great pains, the smallest deed that can promise either benefit or pleasure ! In opposition, indeed, to any character of the last kind, her life was conformed to rules which, in appropriate words, she had learned from the printed poems of a neighbouring gentleman, himself well-known for practising all he preached :—

“ Do injury to none ; but daily strive,
That others may from you some good derive ;”

while, as to the lightness of her resentment, her example was the illustration of another passage of the same moral pages :—

“ If anger or dislike disturb your peace,
Quick let resentment in your bosom cease ;
The flint will by collision render fire,
But to its native coldness soon retire ¹.”

But what, then, was the fault of Margaret ? It was, that she too often yielded to an ine-

¹ Rhyme and Reason ; an anonymous collection of poems, privately printed.

quality of temper, invited, as far as could be discovered, by no external cause;—a fitfulness, in short, of sullen temper, which she put on, and put off, as she thought proper; and which she required all to submit to while it lasted, or at least to pardon as soon it was passed. Those fits, as we have said, were but the overcastings of black clouds, which blow away without the visitations of either fire or water; but which throw a dreariness upon all beneath them, and chill the air, and silence the birds, and take their gold from the leaves, and their crimson from the flowers;—and there is this inconvenience in such fits, that as they are provoked by nothing which has been done, they can be guarded against by nothing which can be provided; and are to be borne with under a sense of unqualified injustice, and even forgiven with the same arbitrariness, and without a why or a wherefore! They are no excessive corrections of a fault, which, though severe, might yet have the show of reason; nor are they attendant upon any denial of peculiar wishes, which, however unreasonable, might supply a rule of behaviour; but they have an origin wholly within the person of the offender, while their effects are at least shared by every thing without! They are, however, but shared; for those that sulk,

upon whatever account, have certainly a part, and a very large part, of the pain which they create! Meantime, in such inflictions as those that came from Margaret, the sufferers around resemble the unfortunate steersman upon some squally lake; who, while he is guiltless of all faults of seamanship, and keeps his eye steady, and his helm true, and knows how to shift his canvass, and to clear the ropes, and to trim his boat, and to change his tack; is yet upset and foundered at the sole caprice of an inconstant element, of which the seat and the control are neither in himself, nor in his vessel, nor in the water which receives his keel!

But Margaret had an invariable method of terminating these affairs, which, though we greatly fear that all (and especially the readers of her own sex) will not look upon it so charitably, not to say so praisingly, as ourselves; we yet, in our pursuit of faithful portraiture, go on to speak of. As the external signs of the fit's commencing were often sudden, so also, to the outward spectator, those of its dispersion might seem equally abrupt; but doubtless, as a storm in the heavens, so a storm in the mind, has its preparations (though often unobserved), both for coming and for departure. Suddenly, however, as to all common sight, and just as, some-

times, the sun irradiates the sky; Margaret, after her cloud had lasted an hour, or much longer, would put away, with great notableness, some needle-work over which she had lowered, or close some more active employment; and determine, now, as resolutely, that everthing should be cheerful, as before she had made everything gloomy! To effect that purpose, nevertheless, therewere two things wanting: her own demeanour and her husband's; and, perhaps, the one was not less important than the other, to all the features of the scene.

No previous effort of John Laleham's should have been able to procure a smile, or, perhaps, even a reply; but now, it would be the pleasure, nevertheless, of one of the "whole sex of queens," both to smile herself, and to have every one smile besides; to talk herself, and to have every one else talk besides. Putting away her needle-work, or otherwise disengaging herself; and either choosing or contriving that epoch as a tacit excuse for the perseverance of the past, or occasion of change for the present; she would now (but not, as yet, with any relaxation of countenance) approach her husband, resolved to batter down all those entrenchments of displeasure which she had given him reason to build up:—"Why, John," she would say,

“what is the matter with you? What makes you look so serious? Are you not well? Why do you not speak?” But here, if John either persisted in his silence, or else replied, by saying, “Margaret, you know very well what is the matter with me,”—here was the moment of difficulty, and even the impassable barrier, for almost any other temper than Margaret’s. “No, I don’t know what is the matter,” would Margaret say; “what do you look so serious for? Do *I* look serious?” for she would have put wholly aside the recollection of her own late serious looks, and therefore her husband must do the same! But, getting no further thus, her next resource would be an unequivocal surrender: “Come, John, what is the use of being angry with *me*? You know I have a bad temper: I always had. My father and mother always said so. I have refused to eat, through bad temper, till my mother has almost caught me when I was falling out of my chair from faintness! Come, now, John, forgive me; why should not we be friends? What is the use of being angry with me? Come, laugh! Don’t you see that *I* am laughing? Why don’t *you* laugh? Now, you *shall* laugh. I won’t leave you till you laugh. Why, what nonsense it is to be angry with *me*! You know I am but a silly

girl, and have a very bad temper. Why don't you laugh?"

Her husband, resolved upon supporting his dignity, and inwardly arguing upon the injustice and the tyranny of Margaret's being ill-humoured just as long as she pleased, and then requiring it to be forgotten just when she pleased to be good-humoured; and yet already subdued, and quite willing to laugh and forgive, except for mere appearance sake;—her husband would now, perhaps, attempt to leave the room; and this, because separation which, sometimes, is the best means of shortening a quarrel, is also, sometimes, the best means of prolonging one¹! But no! Margaret, with the same "little strong embrace" which the poet ascribes to children, would so hold him, and entangle him, and brave every expression of resentment, that it was impossible for him to escape. "You see," she would add, "that it is impossible for you to go, until I please; and you shall not go until you laugh! Come! you know that you will be miserable till you forgive me; why don't you forgive me? La! what is the use of being angry with *me*?"

¹ "D'honnêtes gens qui se rapprochent," says a living historian, and state minister of France, "sont bientôt rassurés:" that is, "Worthy persons, that meet each other, are soon restored to friendship."

Why, you know I am a foolish girl, and have a very bad temper! Come, laugh! You shall laugh! Why don't you laugh?"—and all with her own laughing face so close, and in front of her husband's face, that in the end, the forced frown subsided, in spite of himself, and he had no power to escape laughing. But it is impossible to laugh and be angry at the same time; and equally impossible is it to give way to laughter, and then return to anger! Laughter, too, once drawn out, the whole majesty of wrath is irrecoverable. With John Laleham, at least, it was impossible, at the same moment, to have laughter in the face, and anger in the heart; and thus Margaret's point was gained; and immediately upon this, the whole house was lighted up with cheerfulness. Margaret was busy to please; and every thing found itself restored to pleasure, even the dog and cat! Some little share of variation, in the forms of these changes from dull to bright in Margaret's days, occurred, perhaps, as she insensibly grew older; but all that was essential to their nature remained continually the same.

We might have allowed ourselves, had not our chapter already become long, to offer some remarks upon the foregoing, for the benefit of young readers, upon the very important topic of

temper. As it is, we must leave the picture to speak for itself; and, if there was anything in Margaret's case which admits of apology, or which can be thought to have pleaded justly for its pardon, at least we recommend that none should presume to imitate, rather than to struggle against the repetition of her waywardness, who are not prepared to follow it with what was winning, and entirely unaffected and artless in her acknowledgment of it; nor who cannot count upon a heart as kind as that of John Laleham, not only to bear with and forgive her fault, but also to meet her at that moment of repentance, which if thrown away, would have been succeeded by fresh and worse ill-humour, to the ultimate great injury of her character: for so favourable to virtue is mercy, and so nipping to the buds of a returning spring of goodness, are such as turn toward them the wintry frowns of unforgiveness, whence they so easily wither, and never offer to smile again, upon the saddened and now rugged and only thorny spray! The penitent can scarcely be too soon forgiven, nor yet too freely; for delay excites either angry, or else desponding feelings; and deadens, hardens, and corrupts the heart. It teaches it to lose either its hope, or else its solicitude for forgiveness; and to become, therefore, either dejected,

or else independent and indifferent¹. In Margaret, we present this temper of which we have spoken, as the shaded part of a lightsome picture; and with a presumption upon the knowledge of our readers, that all persons must be loved, not because they are perfect, but because they make

¹ There is an interval during which the desire of forgiveness by the penitent is a craving of the soul, the sensation of which is an acknowledgment of dependence upon those of whom it is asked, and a pledge, to a certain extent at least, of amendment in the future. But to spurn the supplications of penitence, or not to yield to them sufficiently soon, is to provoke, in the mind of the offender, a revolution of one or other of three melancholy kinds. It breaks the heart of the tender, it hardens that of the rough, and deadens that of the sensitive. It robs the first of the strength which should give it life as well as will to pursue better conduct; it teaches the second to grow callous to the pain of having displeased us, to grow independent of our smiles, and to set up for the dispenser of its own happiness, instead of winning it from the good-will of others,—one of the richest sources of virtue, and that which is the most beneficial to the surrounding world; and it takes from the third the elasticity, the inborn sensibility, which makes the return from error to goodness at once so easy and so needful to the unspoiled and uncorrupted guilty!

For the following grouping, in the meantime, of two practical authorities upon the value of lenience in our discipline, both of beast and man, we are indebted to the pen of an amiable writer, whose interesting, if not very conclusive work, has happened to fall in our way while we are reading the proof-sheet of these pages:—"In educating the ox for the plough, Mr. Cobbett very sensibly recommends, that 'all violence and rough usage should be avoided.' 'If he be stubborn, there

approaches to perfection. Margaret, as, perhaps, has here been shown, had many of those approaches; and it was only through them that, in spite of her defects, she was considered—what her name signifies—a pearl¹!

should be no blows, and no loud scolding. Stop; pat him; pat the other ox; and he will presently move on again. If he lie down, let him lie till he is tired; and, when he chooses to get up, treat him very gently, as if he had been doing every thing that was right. By these means, a young ox will in a few days be broke to his labour. With gentle treatment he is always of the same temper; always of the same aptitude to labour.—Is not this judicious advice applicable also to much higher beings than oxen? On the same principle, an experienced cavalry officer told me, that he did not fear the most vicious horse, [that is, the most bad-tempered,] and would soon cure it. I asked him as to his means? His answer was, ‘Always by mild and gentle treatment and forbearing means. If you whip them, you make them bad tempered and continuedly vicious; but steady kindness, occasional humouring, as far as was safe, with a hard run now and then, to let their spirit exhaust itself, constituted always the most successful system.’”—*Sacred History of the World, &c. &c.* By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L.—Vol. I. Letter XIII. note.

¹ Marguerite, Fr. “a pearl.” It signifies primarily a “Daisy.”

CHAPTER VI.

Sure, pity 'twere, that hearts that know no guile
Should ever feel the pang of ruth or wrong !

LISLE BOWLES.

WE have been so garrulous upon the subject of Margaret, and upon several inquiries into which we digressed, that our preceding chapter, after promising to include an account of Margaret's husband, and of the motives in detail of the proposed exile of himself, and of his wife and children, from their native land, to acquire and cultivate new lands in Africa;—the chapter closed without at all entering upon the latter points, and without adding to our previous account of the Derbyshire farmer, except that a single trait was given, such, perhaps, as will not have failed to fix the imagination of the reader, and even, in part, sufficiently to depict him to his view. If we now superadd the reflection, that his very choice of Margaret for a wife must show, to a certain extent at least, what

manner of man he was;—if we recall the circumstance, that from his youth, till the time of his marriage, and of his settlement upon the farm, he had been the faithful and intelligent husbandry servant of his late father's landlord;—and if we describe him, further, as having been upright and industrious in his calling, and in his dealings with the world, we shall very nearly have said all that is needful about the history of John Laleham, up to the rainy winter's night on which we brought him from market, across the neighbouring hills and deep and rising floods. He was well-looking, and his age was now near forty. He had fewer of the elements of external refinement than his wife. He had passed at plough the corresponding portion of time to that which she had passed at school; so that, as may be well believed, he knew still less of book-learning than herself, and had less general notion of the ornamental parts of culture. But he possessed a sound understanding and lively disposition, along with a warm heart and gentle affections, and was equally sober and cheerful. It followed that, whether at home or abroad, he was everywhere spoken of as a good neighbour, and a worthy man.

The farm which Laleham tenanted of Sir Richard Willoughby was, as we have before

intimated, the same as that which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had tenanted before him, under the ancestors of Sir Richard; and Laleham's family, though they had never grown rich upon the soil, had hitherto subsisted from it, and preserved, and even, in a small degree, increased, their very moderate capital. But John had entered upon it in new times, and such as when farming improvements were effected only by expensive operations, such as might often fill the pockets of those that were capable of them, and greatly magnify the wealth and prosperity of the country at large; but which left the small farmer, like himself, either overpowered by the competition, or ruined by his attempts to keep pace with the enterprise of his richer neighbours. It was this which lay at the bottom of the growing misfortunes of Laleham and his family. There was, here, one of the thousand illustrations, that the prosperity of a country as a whole, and the accumulation of wealth in particular coffers, must often be the impoverishment of the greater part of a people, and the breaking down of all little properties, either of the gentle or the simple, to be swallowed up in greater; and to go on increasing, day by day, the source of the whole evil, and the growing disparity of personal conditions. In a country

thus advancing (for the country, as a country, is advancing, though the body of its people are declining), there will still be rich and poor; but the rich (that is, *some* rich,) are daily becoming more rich, and the poor more poor. It is said that money makes money; and it is a truth obviously equal, that poverty makes poverty. If it is easy to make money with money, it is proportionably difficult to make money without money. In a great and thriving country, the rich, (that is, the active rich,) without any fault of theirs, but by the necessary effect of their activity and riches, are daily impoverishing and paralyzing the poor. They beat them out of every market; because, not only can they produce what the poor cannot produce, but they can produce better things, and at smaller cost; and, when we say, that in such a country as what we speak of, and of which England itself is so prominent and striking an example; when we say, that in such a country, the rich are daily growing more rich, and the poor more poor, this is a truth which must be received along with another, —that the rich also (that is, the inactive rich) are growing poor. The abstract tendency of the circumstances to which we refer to is, take everything from all men except *one*, and to give everything to that *one*; just as, of a pack of

wolves, the strongest might eat the weakest, till, weaker after weaker, there should remain, at last, only a single wolf. There are many reasons why human society can never arrive at so extreme a point; but, in the meantime, there is a constant tendency to it; and such as impoverishes to-day, the very man whom it enriched yesterday. The riches (however changeable and fleeting) will generally pass to those whose capital is the most actively employed; and the poverty to such as are comparatively sitting still, to be eaten away by the enterprising: and, in such a way as this, both Laleham, who was poor, and his landlord, who was to be classed among the rich, were each daily sinking, in the comparison with the rising sort around them. The difference was only thus,—that a little, taken from Sir Richard, still left him, for the present, the possessor of much; while a little, taken from Laleham, left him but very little indeed! It is the want of acknowledgment, or want of attention to this obvious principle of political economy, (the science so much pressed, both upon the old and young, at the present day¹;) that the enriching of a country

¹ Political economy may be defined as the assemblage of natural laws, which govern political society; or, as the natural or necessary political effects upon human society, from natural or necessary causes. The science of political economy is the knowledge or science of these things.

in the total, must always be the proportionate (or, at the best, the comparative) impoverishing of the greater part of its people; it is this want of attention to the thing itself, or else the neglect of its acknowledgment after it has been given, that forms the root of much of the particular popular delusion of the hour among us: for, as to popular delusion of some sort, that must exist at all times. The great body of the people of England, labourers, husbandmen, traders, capitalists, and landholders, are hourly growing poorer than they were, as well positively as comparatively; and from that fact, with respect to which there is no deception, the multitude infer, that the institutions of the country are defective, and that they must be overthrown. But the wealth of the country has grown up under the institutions. The prosperity which is looked back to subsisted under those institutions; and, if those institutions have really a fault, it consists in this, that by their absolute effect,—by their maintenance of law and order,—by their encouragement of industry,—by their protection of property,—they have nursed into existence that enormous wealth, which, belonging to the whole country, or being the basis upon which the whole country is called wealthy, but which is necessarily in the hands of individuals;—that enormous wealth of

the people collectively, is now impoverishing the greater number;—is necessarily attracting to itself all other wealth;—is enabling its possessor to beat down the poor man;—to work better than he, to work cheaper than he, and to offer to every customer better commodities at smaller charges!

It is always in a poor country, whatever may be its political institutions, and whatever the merits of its political rulers; it is always in a poor country that there will be the least poverty;—the least inequality of condition, and the least absolute want; for, as to a bad government or bad rulers, their chief general mischief will be, to keep the whole country poor; and this, upon our principle, is, in reality, to keep the greater part of the people rich, as well comparatively as positively; because it prevents the accumulation of those capitals, which though, no doubt, they give their share of employment and subsistence to the poor, are hourly making those very poor still more in number, and still poorer in condition! So deep, so immeasurably deep, are the foundations of the asserted sufferings of England; so superficial, so entirely upon the surface, lies the better condition of newer and poorer countries; and so supremely idle are the opinions which ascribe a cause, or expect a change, from any political circumstances whatever! A rich country

will always abound in poor, and a poor country abound in rich; for, by a poor or a rich country, we do not here mean, nor is there here usually meant, a country of which the soil is either barren or fruitful, or that is either poor or rich in any other natural or artificial resource, the great common stock, or only real national wealth, available to all; but a country in which a greater or less number of individuals have or have not accumulated those capitals by the means of which the poor man, without being oppressed in any *moral* sense of the word, is beaten down, and trodden under foot, by all his wealthier fellow-countrymen! A thousand things, beneficial to the poor, result to them from their living in a wealthy country, commonly so called, and can reach them nowhere else; yet, if the goods of the world are the only things important, so fearful, after all, is the balance of consequences against them,—that is, against the majority of the individuals of a wealthy people;—that, extravagant as, at first sight, may seem the idea, the benefit of that majority would be consulted,—not by massacreing the rich man,—not by seizing upon his property,—but by banishing him and his property together,—as Athens banished the richest of her people,—not the richest in money, but richest in virtue and in estimation!

It is, indeed, upon this very principle, though differently reduced to practice, that the poor man does well to emigrate ;—that is, voluntarily to banish himself from that rich country, whence it would be impracticable, or, at least, would be unjust, compulsorily to banish the rich man ! If we cannot, or ought not, to banish the rich man and his property, we can, at least, leave both behind us ; and, when a country becomes rich, that is, when it greatly abounds in wealthy persons, it is no longer the place for those comparatively poor ; that is, if the poor cannot be content with their inevitable poverty. To them, it is a new and a poor country—that is, a country rich in itself, but where few or none of the inhabitants are rich—that, by the nature of things, and not from any peculiar or artificial circumstances, offers universally the asylum of its bosom. It is principles like the foregoing which illustrate the sentiments of the author of the “Deserted Village.” It is principles like these which show us the reason, why “states,”—

“ Though very poor, may still be very blest ;”

and which also enable us to understand, that not only in Goldsmith’s instances of parks and hounds, and that not only his man of “pride,” but equally, if not more so, every other man of “wealth”—

“ Takes up a space which many poor supplied.”

Every great accumulation and employment of wealth, whether as to land, or trade, or commerce, or manufactures, or any other practice of art, and every improvement in all human pursuits, give fresh advantages to the few, and increase, or even create, the disadvantages of the many. All that is usually called national prosperity; that is, all that enhances the wealth or the capabilities of a given part of the nation; lowers, either instantly or progressively, and either directly or indirectly, the condition of the whole remainder! But nations, fortunate and well governed, will inevitably grow rich, that is, will have many rich among their people; manifold blessings spring out of those riches; the rich cannot and ought not to be banished;—let the adventurous poor therefore depart! Enough will remain behind. The adventurers will even enjoy, upon distant shores, blessings reflected from the fields and cities and towns and seaports of the rich country of their birth! It is thus that rich, civilized and over populous countries, or countries in which there are multitudes groaning beneath poverty, should always be sending colonists to those of an opposite class; there to find that relief and prosperity abroad, which they have no power to confer upon them at home. England, for at least half a century

past, has been making strides in national prosperity that fix the attention of every eye; and this, as to causes, is the only new circumstance in her situation. Arts have flourished with her, and her trade and manufactures have increased beyond description. No more, even, than twenty years ago, two thirds of her population were employed in agriculture, and only one third in trade and manufactures. At present, it is but a third that is employed in agriculture, and two thirds in trade and manufactures; and it is from trade and manufactures that we expect higher wages, greater profits, and in all respects more national prosperity. The apparent national prosperity has, in no respect, deceived us; we are a richer and a greater people than we ever were before; and, exactly in this twenty or this fifty years, along with the strides of our trade and manufactures, and along with all the sunshine of our national prosperity, have increased the numbers of our poor, and have the poverty, the famine, and the shivering cold of our poor, been increased and rendered permanent! Another twenty years will carry still higher the sum of all our national prosperity; and, in the same twenty years, the numbers of our poor will again be proportionably increased, and all the sufferings of the poor redoubled: thousands, instead of

of hundreds, will at that time find no work; and thousands upon thousands will perform work without the return of reasonable food. It is not that there will not be, then, in England, a larger number of wealthy persons than even at present, and a larger number of those in easy circumstances, and of those that are sufficiently rewarded for their industry; but, that, as upon the one hand, the whole number of our people will be increased, so, upon the other, will be the proportionate number of our poor;—a public condition breeding a fiercer spirit of discontent than even that existing now; and making still more loud than now, the cries of misery and pain. How many, therefore, of our countrymen may not be so circumstanced, as to say, wisely, like John Laleham:—

“Fly to the desert, fly with me!”

And when we speak of the individual members of a community growing poor, just in proportion, and through the actual process by which a whole community becomes rich;—that is, comes to have many rich among it, let us explain ourselves by means of a familiar example. Suppose that, to a hundred boys, there were given, in equal divisions, a thousand counters; that is, ten counters to each boy. Now, of these hundred boys, none of whom had more than ten

counters each, it might happen to be spoken, that they were but a poor set; and yet, in this poor set, none would be poorer than his neighbour, and every one would be so far rich, that he is the possessor of ten counters. But suppose next, a game or a traffic introduced among these boys, through the gains of which, upon one side, and the losses of which upon the other, fifty boys lost all their counters, twenty-five lost half, and the remaining twenty-five pocketed all that was lost; and that thus one boy became the possessor of five hundred counters, while the remaining hundred and twenty-five gainings or winnings were divided among the other twenty-four gainers or winners. In this case, though the community of the hundred boys continued just as wealthy as before; that is, in the possession of a thousand counters, yet it will be obvious that the change must have produced many poor members of the community. But, carry the change further, and suppose that the gainers or winners, making active use of their gainings or winnings, set the losers to work, to make more counters, for the profit of the winners; and suppose that, by the effect of this profit, the whole community raises its capital, from a thousand counters to a thousand million counters; while the greater part of all this capital still centres in few

hands, and the greater part of all the hundred boys never get back, by the effect of all their industry, even the ten counters each which they originally lost; and suppose that, all this while, those who grow rich are by their very riches enabled to grow richer still, and are adding, in this manner, to the collective capital of the whole community;—is it not made plain, in this manner, that the wealth or riches of a community prove nothing for the riches of individuals, and may even be the means of their impoverishment? Call the traffic or the game of industry a lottery; and, if the greater part adventure all their means, and draw out blanks, or but small prizes, and if the few win the bulk of the whole capital; or suppose again, that a portion of the losers, like bees, work, abroad or at home, for further means, and again adventure them, and again lose them, and again enrich the winners: what must be the state of the multitude at large, within the limits of a rich community, and where riches produce riches, and draw all other riches incessantly to themselves? and is it not in a poor country—a country rich in the gifts of nature, or one giving to each boy his ten counters and no more, that the poor man will be comparatively the richest, and the most likely to retain that with which he has been originally endowed? Our purpose is to show,

that in what is commonly called a *rich* country, the poor, without any fault of the state, or of individuals, must necessarily be the most numerous, and the most poor; and that, in reality, and very oppositely to ordinary doctrine, it is in a poor country, commonly so called, and however governed, that the poor—that is, the comparatively poor—should be the fewest, and their condition the least needy. In a *rich* country, it is, no doubt, a mitigation of the evil of its riches, that the rich expend their money among the poor; but, under our present aspect, it is a mitigation, and nothing beyond, because the expenditure of the rich, whatever its amount, will never be sufficient to give back to the poor their original capital and independence. In a *rich* country, the bulk of the people must be without capital, and work only for others; so that no question remains, but only the amount of wages. In a *rich* country, first the bulk of the capitalists are turned into mere labourers, and then the labourers into paupers; for the capitalists depress the capitalists, and the labourers the labourers; and this with no fault any where, and by the sole effect of their reciprocal presence, and of their standing in each other's way. In all, there is nothing but the finger of nature, to produce the evil, or to point the remedy; and nothing to justify either

public or private reproach with respect to one country, or extraordinary praise as to another. In the progressive settlement and civilization of all the countries of the world, the property (be it land or any thing else) which, while in a savage state, the people enjoyed in common, or with equality (like the boys with their ten counters of the thousand for each boy), becomes parcelled out and exclusively enjoyed by particular individuals; so that, in the end, nothing remains, in the shape of capital (as land, money, or other commodity) for the greater part of the people; who, in these new circumstances, have no choice remaining to them, but either to be the workmen or other servants of the rest, or to begin again the original walk of society, by proceeding upon new lands or other unappropriated gifts of nature, and parcelling out these once more, as those they left have been more early parcelled. Our present thoughts are less directed to decayed labourers than to decayed capitalists; or, otherwise, it must be plain, that as there is a limit to all the land or other capital which can be divided among a part of a people, so, also, there is a limit to all the service or labour which can be used or paid for by another part of a people; and therefore, in the end, as from the excess of capitalists, if they remain

upon the original spot, many of that class must sink into servants or labourers; so also, in the same circumstances, from the excess of labourers, many of these latter must sink into paupers, or persons for whom there is no sufficient employment left, or none which can sufficiently reward them. But, for both these evils, the natural resource, as we have seen, is emigration; and not either an immoral repining or reproachfulness against things naturally inevitable, or an indolent or pusillanimous submission to sufferings from which there are the natural means of escaping, if men will bestir themselves as they ought, instead of sitting groaning, complaining, and perhaps reviling,—while fixed and motionless, in what an old writer on the subject describes as the smoke of their chimney-corners!

The great difficulty, in the meantime, in the British Islands, consists in the obstacle presented by the necessary sea-voyage; but of this, enough at present. We have shown, under general aspects, the causes of the poverty universally prevalent in civilized countries, however naturally rich, however rich in wealthy individuals, and however virtuously and wisely governed; and prevalent just in the degree of their civilization, their wealth, and their good government. We have shown, also,

the natural mitigation, supplied by nature for the natural evil. As to its entire removal, that must never be expected: "The poor shall never cease out of the land."

Our narrative left Margaret and her husband fixed in their design to exchange the greensward hills and vales of Derbyshire for the hot sands and partial waters of the African Cape; and when, at a later hour than usual, they awoke in the morning, they were still in the same mind, and even felt a gaiety of spirits, and buoyancy of heart, derived from the resolution in which they had concurred, and from the visions of deliverance from present care, and prospects of future welfare, which now played before their fancy. We have suggested, in general, though not in particular terms, the sources of the misfortunes which were around them, and which no skill, nor industry, nor worth, nor prudence, had been able to ward off. Ploughing the same fields his family had ploughed before him, and holding them under a landlord not less moderate nor kind than his father had found the father of his landlord; still, England was no longer the same England, or at least the slender means which had once permitted the profitable cultivation of the farm, were no longer of the same efficiency. Agricultural improve-

ment had called for greater agricultural capital ; and prosperous trade had raised up vast and idle capitals, sufficient to buy out every where the lowlier husbandman, or else to shame him, and to beggar him, in the produce of his acres. Laleham's capital had wasted ; and, though Sir Richard Willoughby, as we have said, was a moderate and indulgent landlord, yet he, too, was grown poorer than his fathers, and was left in no condition, either to go wholly without his rent, or, still less, to continue to prop, as for some time he had done, the failing profits of Laleham, by loans from his own funds. In truth, Laleham was only one of many among his tenants, in an equal degree the victims of the times, and only one in the wide circle of general impoverishment ; for, if the tenant cannot pay his rent, the landlord must be deficient in his income, and the tradesman in his customers, and the manufacturer in his employers, and the merchant in consumers. It was thus that, at their breakfast, (still unwavering in their plan,) one of the first considerations upon which they entered was that of making known their wishes at the manor-house ; so that Sir Richard might be induced to take back his lease, and perhaps the live and dead stock, and gathered and growing crops upon the farm, in satisfaction for his rent ;

an arrangement which they promised themselves would leave them at least the wreck of their former capital, with which to begin the world anew, upon the flowery banks of the Great Fish-river, so praised by Martha Hoyland. Upon this ran all their thoughts and conversation; and upon these plans their hopes were too elevated, their anxieties too trembling, and their emotions altogether too strong, to permit concealment from their children; but, with every blessing, they almost involuntarily added some promise of escape from privation now endured, or of happiness and luxury to come, founded upon a speedy removal from the village were they were, to the teeming soil and glowing landscapes of a southern region. The project, too, once breathed in the young ears, question upon question (as will be believed) followed incessant after each other; and the children, hearing their parents talk of the change only as matter of delight, were as much delighted with it themselves. They sung about Africa and the Cape, and Martha Hoyland's husband's farm; and danced to the music of their song, first upon the kitchen floor, and next into the farmyard. In short, the news seemed likely to spread so fast abroad, that, to be foremost with it at the manor-house, as well as to indulge their own impatience, it was

soon agreed that Margaret, upon her own favourite Dobbin, and charged with a present of chickens and butter, should make the best of her way to Lady Willoughby, to tell her ladyship the whole story, and to wait, with throbbing heart, to hear what she would say to it! It was by no means forgotten, either, by Margaret, to call at Widow Dovedale's, and borrow Martha's letter, the contents of which the good Lady Willoughby would herself be charmed to hear; and which, at once, would open the subject of her embassy, plead its excuse, and, as Margaret ventured to promise herself, lead to the happiest answer! John Laleham was quite content to entrust the negotiation to Margaret, and built, indeed, his best expectations upon the favour with which he knew whatever came from her would be listened to by Lady Willoughby; while Lady Willoughby, upon the other hand, was what he thought his happiest means of approach to his great arbiter, Sir Richard. He went into his barns, and into his fields, and counted the hours till Margaret should return!

Charles and Peggy, in the meantime (the two youngest surviving children of the family, and to whom we have lately alluded), had gone, hand in hand, to the dame's school in the village, where both of them but narrowly escaped the

rod, through their incessant whispering chatter about Africa and lions, and Martha Hoyland's farm, and the sea-voyage, the whole of which had been so unguardedly spoken of in their presence. Peggy was only five years old, but Charles was seven; and John, the remaining child, and him that we sent out to work at an early hour in the morning, was in his eleventh year;—particulars by means of which, added to what has gone before, the reader is made acquainted with all the members composing the little family.

CHAPTER VII.

Lo! I am Hope, whom weary wights confess
The soothest sprite that sings on life's long wilderness.

LISLE BOWLES.

THE ride to the manor-house was not productive of the entire satisfaction wished for. Lady Willoughby read Martha Hoyland's letter, and was thoroughly pleased to find that the situation and prospects of the young woman, and her husband and family, were so good as there appeared; and also learned with pleasure and confidence whatever Martha described as encouraging in a removal to the colony. She was well acquainted, too, with the difficulties in which Margaret's husband was placed, and she was ready with assurances of her belief, that Sir Richard would enter into any arrangement that might release Laleham from his farm, and promise benefit to himself and wife and children. Lady Willoughby

was also friendly to schemes of emigration, where the parties knew, somewhat distinctly, what they were about, and the general probability was in favour of success; and she admitted that, in the present case, it was a considerable advantage, both to have Martha's account beforehand, with express reference, too, to a particular spot, and also to be able to reckon upon going directly to her hospitable roof, and finding an old and valued friend at once, in the heart of a strange country. Still, her ladyship's general kindness and good sense, and especially her sincere and long regard for Margaret, induced her to dwell, at much length, and with unalterable firmness, upon the gravity of the undertaking thought of, the sorrows of a parting with all at home, and the possibility of a failure abroad. She brought to Margaret's recollection, that in the event of her quitting England, with her husband and her children, in the manner proposed, there were, besides the risk of success in farming, upon a soil, and under a climate, and with a market, or with no market,—with all of which they had, at present, no practical acquaintance; besides this, and besides the risks of the voyage, there was the risk of health to all the family: “And suppose,” said she, “my good child, either that your husband should fail in that country too, or that

he should die, what is to become of you, and your three children; for the Hoylands, at last, are still but poor, though kind and friendly? In short," she added, "I have always had my prejudices against the colony at the Cape, as one of the least inviting for English adventure; and though, in this letter of Martha's, as well as in other accounts, it appears certain, that a part of the English emigrants thither have prospered, yet I believe that there are a multitude of melancholy examples of the other kind." Margaret listened to all these well-intentioned remarks with downcast eyes, and with rather a dispirited countenance; but her own impressions were so sanguine, and her heart was so fully set upon the undertaking, that every now and then she brought out an eager expression of confidence, an answer to all obstacles, and a set-off of earnest hopes against every form of fear. Martha had vouched for the climate, and for the case of failing in Cape-farming, she could vouch, herself, for her husband's industry and skill: and she relied upon the uniform health and strength of all the party, for a triumphant struggle against African heats and dews. Besides, many, as Martha had set forth, owed their death or failure in Africa only to habits of drunkenness which they had either carried with them from England, or

acquired at the Cape, through the cheapness of ardent spirits, and through the double mischief of indulging in them under such a sun. But, in this, or some other way, Margaret had wherewithal to plead against every objection which it was possible for Lady Willoughby to advance. In the end, her ladyship, half convinced, and half indulgent to Margaret's obvious and earnest inclination, proposed, as a sort of middle course, that Laleham should give up his farm, and go to the Cape, or rather to Algoa Bay, where, at any rate, he might visit the Hoylands, and see how things really were; but that he should go alone, and leave her and the children to follow after, if he finally resolved upon staying there, and when he should be actually settled upon a farm. Margaret, in the meantime, with her children, could remove from the farm-house into a smaller one in the village, where, being under the eye of her godmother, and as industrious as usual with her needle, she would be sure to want for nothing; and where even the weekly wages of her eldest boy would help to "keep out the wolf."

Against counsels so prudent and so tender as were these last, Margaret could oppose nothing with her tongue, and the sole rebellion left was in her heart. They stripped, indeed, the scheme of all its glitter, or threw, at least, a heavy shadow

upon all its front-ground, and left the light only upon the distant hills and streams. It changed romance into reality. It robbed her of the sea-voyage with her husband; it even separated her from his side; it robbed her of the speedy meeting with Martha Hoyland; and it took away from her the whole mental vision in which she had indulged herself, of an almost equally speedy establishment in the African farm-house,—the long bench beneath the verandah,—the jasmins and blooming aloes and Cape-roses, profuse upon every side; and the melons, with their creeping stalks, and wide-spread leaves, and golden fruits, wandering over rods of garden-ground! But she could only thank her ladyship for every word that she had said; for the encouragement of all their hopes from Sir Richard; for her ladyship's friendly cautions; for her more than friendly proposals as to herself and children; and for even the degree of approbation with which she had listened to the darling African undertaking. Lady Willoughby put two bottles of wine into her basket, in place of the chickens and the butter.

Margaret returned less gaily than she went, and her story even saddened the bosom of her husband; though, as to all the graver points of the question, Lady Willoughby's reception had been favourable. It was impossible, upon the

part of either, to say anything against the prudence of her ladyship's method of arranging their proceedings; and this latter would have been all that they could desire, if human affairs were not at the mercy of sentiment and feeling, as well as of sound judgment. But thus it is when we are advised, or when we advise others! The immediate parties are swayed by a thousand feelings of the heart, and dreams of the imagination, no grain of which is counted for anything on the lips of an adviser! What wonder, then, that advice is useful; what wonder that it is so often cast aside? The advised is seldom of opinion that the adviser enters truly into his case!

But Margaret, on her way home, had seen many parts of the project under different aspects from those which they had presented to her before the damp thrown upon them by Lady Willoughby. While she reckoned upon a departure all together, the idea of death or danger to any, had never entered into her mind; or, perhaps, it had satisfied her heart, to think, obscurely, dimly, and as if she did not think at all, that everything would, at any rate, be well, if all lived, or if all died together;—if all that little nest, that little household, that world of her's, and by itself, floated and prospered, or sunk and perished;—so that it sunk or floated together, and

left no eyes to weep over the desolation of another, and no survivor to remember the limbs that were torn away ! But, now, if her husband were to go alone, she fancied dangers at every step. He would perish when no longer in her sight. The winds would be louder where she was not. He would be rash where she could not warn him. He would fall when she knew it not. She would only know it when it was too late. And she would have brought this upon him herself ! And she would have brought everything upon herself also ! She would have brought her husband to his grave, and made herself a widow, and her children orphans ! Martha's letter might have misled her ! She was herself the spring of the African scheme ! Such were the vague and almost viewless images which now held their march before her ; and such the wavering doubts, and faint misgivings, of her mind, attendant only upon the thought of separation. Some tears had descended from her eyes, before she reached the farmyard-gate.

Cooled, in this manner, as to her notions of a settlement at the Cape, it might have happened, that had the pressure of misfortune been less heavy, or less often renewed, Margaret would finally have become the fixed opponent of its execution ; but Laleham did justice to Lady Willoughby's plan, and expressed himself deter-

mined, both to visit Africa, and to follow her ladyship's recommendations. He fixed his terms with Sir Richard, declared his intentions to his neighbours, and gathered together what belonged to the small property which was still his own, and which he designed, after due caution, to employ upon some Cape farm. Margaret, reassured by the spectacle of her husband's determination, and content with the sober chances and reasonable prospects which now rose again to the surface, after the first plunge of her fairy views had seemed to bury all for ever;—Margaret, reassured as to the African adventure, and relieved from the weight of care which had long clouded, more or less, her home in Derbyshire, began again to look forward with pleasure to the commencement of the enterprise; and, yielding to her husband's description of what he was to undertake—simply, a summer-voyage of discovery, of which Africa was the bourne, and from which, very likely, as he said, he might himself return, to carry her, and Peggy, and John, to Martha Hoyland's, instead of sending for them by themselves;—Margaret, reconciled and reassured, went cheerfully to work in every shape of preparation, and only loved to reckon the several periods of time;—first, when her husband would reach Algoa Bay;—second, when he would

return;—and third, when the whole family should meet together again, at Martha Hoyland's! And Margaret, like her husband, looked forward, not merely to relief from present annoyance, but to great improvement of condition. They built castles: they thought of wide grants of land, of large herds of cattle, and of vast breadths of wheat, "*white* for the harvest;" and gave themselves up, in short, to all that was promised them by the enchantress, Hope! They were not irrational persons; but it is impossible for the imagination to dwell upon the beautiful side of a picture, without exaggerating its beauty!

And we have said that Laleham spoke of it as very likely, that, before finally settling at the Cape, he should come back to England, to fetch his wife, and the two children, John and Peggy. But what, then, was to become of the third;—of little Charles, who was just seven years old? Charles was the godson of Martha Hoyland and her husband. Martha had left him when he was two years old. Charles had always been her favourite. She could talk for ever of the colour of his blue eyes, the locks of his curly head, and the plumpness of his rosy cheeks. In her letter, she had continued thus to speak of him, and even to insist, still more than upon anything else, upon his coming to her, and remaining with her,

if Margaret and her husband came to Africa, and till they should be quite settled. Charles, too, remembered something of Martha,—either what he had seen, or what he had heard; and, without a thought of where she was living, or how far distant, or what time it would take to reach her, he seized and retained with avidity the prospect which his mother, upon the scheme of departure, had once opened to him—that he should go and see his godmother, Martha Hoyland. Of this, for some time after, he talked daily, continually inquiring when he was to go,—how he was to travel,—what Martha would say to him,—what he was to say to her,—what she would give him to eat,—where he was to sleep,—whether she had got a pony ready for him, and a host of similar particulars. But all this prattle suggested, at length, to Laleham, and made it a thing imaginable to Margaret, that Charles should really go with him,—with him alone,—consigned to the care of Martha, her old and darling friend, and other self; and that, even in the event of his temporary return, Charles should still stay with the Hoylands till all were fixed in Africa. Even Lady Willoughby, when consulted upon the point, raised no objection. She believed that Charles would be well taken care of by Martha; and she easily saw, that to

dispose of him in that way would lessen the cares of Margaret during her husband's absence. The wages of the elder boy would be needful, and his regular employment, and steady attention to his duty, would leave Margaret but little anxiety about his management; whereas Charles could be of little or no service now, and was growing old enough to be troublesome and violent with his mother, and might even get into mischief, and mischievous habits, in the village, through want of sufficient control. Lady Willoughby encouraged, therefore, his departure with his father; and Margaret, wholly forgetful, for the time, of the dangers of the seas, and of every danger whatever, and even brought into the persuasion that a voyage to Africa, and residence there, was but an excursion and cheerful sojourn, sung some of her prettiest ballads while she made his shirts and marked his stockings for the occasion.

So shifting, so changeable, so fluctuating, like the very winds and waters, are the moods and fancies of the human mind;—full of terrors at one instant, and full of confidence the next, according to the almost insensible impressions which it receives! Alas! so little do we know of the chain of events—so much at a loss are we for the consequences of any occurrence, that, let what will happen, it is nearly doubtful to us, whether to

laugh or to cry. Happy! that we are so capable of imagining pleasing prospects, and of believing in their reality.

Charles, in the meantime, jumped for joy, for a quarter of an hour together, upon being finally assured that he should accompany his father, and stay at Martha Hoyland's; and neither did any threats of sea-sickness, blustering winds, or mountain waves; of a rocking ship, a tedious voyage, or burning suns, or maddening tempests, shake his courage, or lessen his impatience for the appointed hour.

“But, father,” said his elder brother John, upon the evening of the day when his mother made the first communication to Lady Willoughby, and when the talk of the house, and of all the neighbours, was of the sudden voyage to Africa; “I wonder why there should be any need for people to go abroad, to find fresh land to make farms of, while there are still so many millions of acres of land at home, which have never been ploughed, and yet might be made to produce crops? We know that there are many thousands on the wastes round about ourselves; and I have heard that there are fifteen millions, in the whole, in all Great Britain and Ireland? Now, what a number of new farms

might be made upon fifteen millions of acres of land!"

"My good John," replied his father, "you know very well what a difference there is among the lands that we already plough; and how many of them there are, which, though they produce crops of some condition or other, scarcely pay back the money laid out upon them. It is not, as you very well know, how much land we can measure over with our feet, but into how much we can put the plough with any chance of getting something for our trouble; and, again, how much is not poor, hungry land, that will swallow up every thing we can lay out upon it, and give us nothing in return? In every country, besides good land and fertile land, there is a great deal of bad or poor land; and I am afraid that a great part of the fifteen millions of acres which you talk of, is of this last description. But, besides the natural quality of the soil, you have heard, often enough, that much depends upon where land is; how near to a market, and what can be had for its manure. Now, omitting the mention of Ireland, where the greater part of all this fine fifteen millions of acres must be looked for; and where, no doubt, much good land is prevented from being cultivated, only by the

frightful disorder and vicious habits of a large proportion of the people—as well as much that is cultivated, used in the most ignorant and profitless manner;—still, in England, where no more than three millions and a half of the whole are pretended to be found;—in England, where there is no want of capital, nor industry, nor enterprise, to set about whatever can promise advantage, there is great reason to believe, that all the lands which, either from quality or situation, can be cultivated to a profit, are already under cultivation; and, at least, that as I have said before, much of what is really cultivated, is very poor, and pays but little. Now, then, people may go abroad, and settle in new colonies, not because there is no land unoccupied at home; but, because, in those colonies, they can find good lands, and good situations; or pick out, and lay first hands, upon good lands and situations, in the same manner as such lands and situations have already been laid hold of in old countries, leaving but the worse for those that are still in want of more. It must be more profitable, John, and answer better for the public interests, as well as private, that people should be spending their time in the working of rich lands abroad, than of poor lands at home. The produce will be greater, and, therefore, the na-

tional wealth the larger; and the farmers will have greater profits, that is, greater superfluity, and will be able to lay out so much the more, in favour of every other branch of industry, as well as of their own; that is, they will be able to buy more cloths, more tea, sugar, and coffee; more trinkets; more books; and more of anything else for which they have an inclination, than if they had spent the same time upon a less fruitful soil. And this is among the uses of colonies, (which we otherwise call plantations,) to a mother-country, that their people become buyers in the markets at home, out of the profits of their industry abroad; whether or not they are also sellers of other articles in the same markets, the peculiar produce of the colonial soil and industry, and the source of further profits to the people at home. It is, in a great degree, by means of these possessions abroad, that the British Islands have already become so highly enriched; that their towns and cities have become so large and so magnificent; their villages so beautiful; their arts so extraordinarily improved; their trade so widely extended; their fields so highly cultivated; the whole country so highly ornamented, and the knowledge and refinement of the people carried up to what they are—be the room for improvement what it may. You have heard, and talked,

and asked many questions, about the vastness of London, the grandeur of its buildings, the breadth of its streets, the bustle of its sea-port, the multitude of its ships, the splendour of its court, the number and costliness of its churches, the number and greatness of its institutions of science, of learning, and for purposes of charity and universal beneficence; the gaiety of its theatres and fashions, the verdure and stately foliage of its royal parks and gardens; the thickness of its suburbs; the freedom of its adjacent villages; and of the swarms of its inhabitants, crowding every house, and nook, and avenue, and spreading, for miles, in every direction, from the banks, and even surface, of its majestic, bright, and laden river: but, when you hear or think of all this, as describing London, you must recollect, that the great city then in question is the metropolis, not of the territory of England only, nor only of Great Britain, nor of Great Britain and Ireland together; but of a kingdom whose territories stretch into the four quarters of the world, and from all of which, by the great thoroughfares of the ocean, traffic and business of all kinds, produce and knowledge of all kinds, discoveries and merchandise of all kinds, and people of each territory, and of all nations, are daily, hourly, pouring!—It was once said of the kingdom of

Spain and the Indies, in reference to its eastern territory at home, and western territory in America, that it was a dominion upon which the sun never set; but, without comparing the two kingdoms in any other aspect, the monarchy of England lies, not both in the east and west alone, but in the north and south also. Such, then, is the mighty and extended empire to which we belong; of such an empire is London the metropolis or capital; and so important a part of that empire, and of the origin and sustentation of the greatness of its actual metropolis or capital, are its colonies or plantations, and its foreign settlements! But I have wandered, John, a little, from the simple answer to your question, by taking in the public motives, as well as private, for the formation of external colonies; among which is to be reckoned the greater profit derivable from cultivating such fruitful and well-situated lands as may be selected in new countries, than from resorting to the refuse of the inferior and ill-situated lands still unreclaimed at home."

"Father," said John, "I see, now, that to go abroad, in search of good land, leaving the bad land at home untouched, is, so far, no more, in reality, than to go from one part of England to another, in the same manner, and for the same purpose! I like to hear you tell of how great a

kingdom England is, and what a wonderful place is London! I am glad to think that we are going to such good land in Africa; but, before we go, I hope I shall see London!"

"So you shall, my boy," said Laleham; "and yet, whenever you do see it, you will be greatly disappointed. It sounds better than it looks, and its real greatness is matter for thought, more than for the eye. You can never see more than a very small part of it and its people at one time; you can never bring to your actual sight a thousandth or a ten thousandth part of the great whole of which I have been speaking; so that the greatness of London, like that of so many other great objects, natural and artificial, is matter for reflection, not for sight, or for sight but of the mind's eye; and, hence, must be the constant disappointment of such as compare what they can at any one time *see* of London, with what they can always at one time *think* of it! The real greatness of things must almost always be found in our knowledge and reflections concerning them; and not in the peep which we can take at them with our two eyes, even if assisted by a magnifying-glass! If any one were first to describe to you the planet Jupiter, (little as we know of it,) and then point it out to you in the heavens, the object itself would greatly

fall off from the conception which you had formed of it; because your mental eye sees the vastness of its dimensions, the still vaster ones of its orbit, and all the wonders of its surface, its motions, and its duration; but, your bodily eye, in the meantime, sees nothing but a shining speck! However, you shall see London; and, in the meantime, let me remind you of a private reason for people's going after good land abroad, such as you have followed the plough quite long enough to understand, and which is reason enough for you and I to do so. The high cultivation at present practised in England requires the possession or command of considerable sums of money. As there are in England persons who possess or command those sums; and as, by laying out those sums, proportionably great profits are obtained; so, those rich or powerful persons can afford to pay high rents. But, poor people, like you and I, as we cannot bring on to our farms those capitals which would promise us great profits, so also we cannot afford to pay high rents; for, if we pay the same rents which are paid by those who have the means of making great profits, and are without, at the same time, the means of turning the lands we rent to the same account, it is plain that we cannot get so rich as richer people, and it may

happen, that we, the poor, should be totally ruined, where they, the rich, would have increased in riches. It must be time, then, in these cases, for the poor farmer to leave these lands to the rich one, who, by the very reason of his riches, or of his means to cultivate the land to the best advantage, can afford to pay those rents which the poor farmer could never get back from the land. The poor man, in all countries, like the back-woodsman in North America, (and especially if he is not content to be a servant,) must throw his axe upon his shoulder, and push further into the wilderness, leaving his richer follower to reap the profits of the clearing. He can afford no competition. He must mix with poor men like himself; he cannot stay upon lands which have become too valuable for that imperfect husbandry which is all of which his means are capable. But, by going upon colonial lands, out of England, we not only get a farm free, or at small purchase, or small rent; but we get a good farm, and a farm which does not require even that capital (much less that rent) which the farms of the old country need. We get farms which want little or no manure; which are often luxuriant in their produce; and which, even if their crops are of comparatively small value, are managed at comparatively small expense. They are more within our means; and

hence a poor man, even as a small capitalist, may live in a colony, while he could not live at home. This is why we are going to the Cape, John; and, there, we shall be happy!"

It was thus that, sometimes Laleham, and sometimes Margaret, explained to their son John the causes of the great family event, and the grounds of future expectation. But they had many occasions for talking with their friends and neighbours also, upon the same anxious subject. Many came to condole and bid farewell, and many also, from wonder and amazement at the strange occurrence, and to indulge their eyes with the sight of a man who was removing himself and his family from Derbyshire to Africa; and still more at the little blue-eyed Charley—who was thus to begin life with a voyage to the world's end! Among the most frequent, and it may be added, the most grieved, and the most affectionate and friendly of all these gossips, was Laleham's ancient schoolmaster, Wilfrid Norton, for some of whose bookish and speculative excursions and digressions, in the following chapter, the reader must prepare himself. All of them wound round, however, to Laleham and Margaret's unshaken expression of belief, that at the Cape they should be happy!

CHAPTER VIII.

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home,
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

PRINGLE.

AND the day drew very near, when Charles and his father were to leave Cherryburn, on their hasty journey to the port at which they were to embark for Africa. Not Lady Willoughby only, but Sir Richard also, manifested, in various ways, their kindness upon the occasion, toward the son of an old line of family tenants, and once faithful labourer upon the old demesne; and every step, while it was assisted by the liberality, and even by the bounty, of both these patrons, was

also taken in consistence with their ideas. Warmly anxious for the welfare of Laleham, and his wife and children, they continued doubtful of the wisdom of the choice of the Cape for the scene of the migration; but they yielded to the fixed inclination of the parties, were a little reconciled to it by the reported success of the Hoylands, and judged that at least Laleham would have the advantage of the experience of these latter upon the spot, and could but return if he became convinced of any mistake in the calculation.

“You will leave us, I dare say,” said Wilfrid Norton, at one of the “more last evenings” which were spent at the farm-house, in converse upon the approaching separation; “you will leave us, I dare say, honest John Laleham, with your best wishes, as we shall send ours with you! You will not forget the old country, I’ll be bound, when you are far away from us, and are enjoying the pleasures of the new; and I mean this, after you shall have moved all your family away, and taken mistress there, and the two other young ones, and all your kith and kin! You won’t forget your old neighbours, I say; nor the old hill, nor the old bridge under its brow; nor the Royal Oak, nor Johnny Barnes;—and I almost think, John, that you will remember the old school-house awhile, where you were

sitting when I came first to Cherryburn; and that's a few years ago, John? Isn't it, my boy?"

"No!" said Laleham, "I shan't forget my old neighbours, Master Wilfrid, nor the old place, nor yet the old school-house, where many's the good lesson I have had from you, Master Wilfrid, that I fancy I am all the better for!"

"Nor the gallery in the old church, neither, John; where you, and the other lads, and the lasses, have been at psalm-singing so many moonlight winters' nights, when the good Parson has been so pleased with us all, and sometimes helped us out too? Ah! John; the Parson's a good man; and he told me, the other day, how sorry he was to see an old parishioner, like you, selling up; and how much he thought about your dear wife and children; and how much he prayed it might be all for the best!"

"Thank him! thank him! Master Wilfrid!" returned Laleham; "why it is something to have those who have known us think a little about us, to be sure! It's very sweet, Master Wilfrid," added Laleham, drawing his hand across his eyes, and turning away his face. "But the Parson is a good man," continued he, and we know it, Master Wilfrid; we all of us know it!—And, by the way, tell us what is the

meaning of that word, *parson*; for I see that you don't scruple to call our Parson by that name, though some people seem to use it disrespectfully, and though what we call our genteel people, or our 'quality,' seem to prefer talking of a 'Clergyman,' or a 'Minister?'"

"A *parson*," replied Norton, "is both a 'clergyman' and a 'minister,' but in a special and limited sense. I know that there is a pretended explanation of the word *parson*, incessantly repeated by all our grave authorities, and given upon the faith of some eminently learned writer¹, whom, however, I take the liberty of thinking to be upon this point mistaken. It is the opinion of the great scholar to whom I refer, that 'though we write *parson* differently, yet it is but *person*;' that is, 'the individual set apart for the service of such a church; and it is in Latin,' he adds, '*persona* and *personatus* is a *personage*;' as if he might mean to derive '*parsonage*,' too, from 'personage!' But the whole of this, as I apprehend, is exceedingly far-fetched, though no more than a fair specimen of a very great part of what passes among us all for learning, and is supported by the proudest names. That the word 'parson' may have been ignorantly

¹ "The learned Selden."

rendered into Latin by the word 'persona,' is highly probable, because that would be no more than of a piece with all the rest; but the true interpretation desired lies, I believe, as usual, much nearer to our doors, and is far more congenial with matters of ordinary understanding. The word *parson*, I believe, is only one of the many misspelt and corrupted words of the French, or Norman French, which remain among us, as monuments of the Norman Conquest, and of the long interval of time, during which the language of the Conqueror was the language of every thing in England pertaining to Church and State; and, indeed, of every thing else, excepting the concerns of rustic life. As to a Latin derivation of the word, it ought to be remembered, as a general rule, that we have few Latin derivatives in the English language, except as coming to us through the French; and, speaking of the French, and remembering how much the latinity of the Romish Church was common to France as well as England, how could it have happened that England should have derived *parson* from 'persona,' and yet France never employ the word 'personne' for 'parson?' But the root of the word *parson* is, in my view, in the Greek, whence so much of our whole ecclesiastical language is derived; and has come to us, as usual, through the

French. A *parson* (as I shall tell you) is a 'prêtre paroissien,' a parish-priest, in contradistinction with a 'clergyman' or 'minister' of any other description; and, perhaps, especially in contradistinction with the *prêtre diocésain*, or diocesan priest, or bishop. But, supposing that we originally learned of the Frenchmen or Normans to call the priest or minister of a parish (*prêtre de paroisse*), 'le prêtre paroissien,' we should have speedily afterward learned, of the same people, to call him, more shortly, 'le paroissien' (a denomination which, in another mode than his own, might seem to give aid to Selden's delusion, as if the 'paroissien' were the sole parishioner, or as Selden has it, the *prime* or sole *person* in the parish!); and then, shorter still, 'le par's'en,' or 'the parson.' Words frequently used, commonly find themselves contracted in length; and, among the modes of verbal contraction, none is more common, than that of retaining the beginning and ending of a word, and dropping the intermediate portion. So that, in my view, no clergyman is really a *parson*, unless he is the priest of a parish; or, a *parson* is a clergyman who enjoys a *parish* priesthood, and no other; that is, a bishop, or *diocésain*, or *diocesan priest*, is not, in that capacity, a *parson*; and you may observe that in the book of com-

mon prayer, only the term 'minister' is that most generally employed, and this, because the actual 'minister,' or ministrant of the service, may be no *parson*, but a chaplain, or other clergyman, or, perhaps, no clergyman at all. At this very time, we see every Roman Catholic clergyman in Ireland, who is appointed to a parish, describing himself as 'P. P.:' that is, 'parish priest,' in French, '*prêtre paroissien*,' though in France itself, this title has come to be exchanged for that of '*curé*,' or one having a 'cure or *care* of souls,' which, singly under the spiritual view, is another name for a *parish*. For, as is well known, the French word '*curé*' does not answer to our modern word, 'curate;' but has the same general sense, of 'parish priest,' in which it occurs in the English liturgy, in the prayer for 'our bishops and *curates*, and all congregations committed to their charge.'

"But, as you have a curiosity concerning some of these things, I may take the opportunity of adding, that so largely is our English language embued with the French, and especially with the Norman French of the era of the Conquest; that, as I have been assured by a Norman Frenchman of scholastic turn, if an ordinary Englishman were to pass through the *country* parts of Normandy, so as to compare

the *ancient* Norman with the *modern* English, he could scarcely fail to understand every word that he should hear. And (as, indeed, it ought to have been expected,) it might seem, that the modern or Parisian French, has receded from the Norman dialect, while the modern or English has preserved it! He gave me, as an example, the country-Norman *pouquette*, which is the English *pocket*. The modern French, in the mean time, is *poche*, for which the Norman must be *pouque*; and it is from these two words that we receive *poke* and *pouch*. As to the ancient diffusion of Norman French over every thing English, except that which even under the Conquest retained its rusticity, and what is a further proof, that our Latin derivatives have usually come to us through the French, it may be observed; not only that the *flesh* of almost all the animals we eat, changes names from the British and Anglo-Saxon to the Norman French, as it passes from the fields and farms to the town and table; but that our very words *meat* and *butcher* are French, and have taken the places of *flesh* and *flesher*, which latter, however, are still used in the northern parts of our island. In this manner, instead of 'flesh,' we say 'meat,' which is French; and, instead of the 'flesh' of a sheep or an ox, 'beef' and 'mutton,' which are

French. In Flanders, to this day, the people talk of 'swine's flesh,' and not of 'pork,' which latter is French. I think it somewhat remarkable, in the meantime, that we seem never to have adopted the French word '*chien*,' from the Latin '*canis*,' instead of 'dog;' and this, though almost all the terms of the chase, and the term '*chace*' itself, is French. Our word 'dog' is Gothic or Teutonic, and equally so our word 'hound,' and this latter word, by origin, considers the dog as a hunter; but yet 'hound,' in the time even of the Frenchified Chaucer, was an appropriate name for a small dog,—even a lady's favourite; for it is by this name that the poet speaks of the little dogs of that amiable as well as accomplished lady, Madame Eglentine, the Prioress:

'Of smalè *houndès* hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede;
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerdè smert ¹.'

"It is possible, indeed, that these '*smalè houndès*,' were of the kind which we now call the Italian greyhound; but we know that we may always call a dog a 'hound,' and a hound a 'dog:'"

¹ That is, "if people struck it with a stick."

“Thanks, Master Wilfrid; thanks,” said Lalaham, warmly; “but we know of old that you can always teach us something! It will be a long time before I can learn any thing of you again; but here is *young* John, whom you must take up for a while, instead of the old one.”

“I have said the more upon the latter part of my subject,” resumed Mr. Norton, “because of a passage upon a very important subject, occurring in this Journal of Travels, by Bishop Heber, which I have in my pocket, and with the whole of which I entirely agree, excepting that it raises a question as to what that ‘*English* language’ is, of which it speaks; a question which we may the more patiently examine, because we can never speak historically of the ‘English language,’ without calling to our recollection some interesting particular or other of English history at large:—‘I am, on the whole,’ says Bishop Heber, ‘more and more confirmed in the opinion which Horsley has expressed in one of his Sermons, that a theological argument, clearly stated, *in terms derived from the English language exclusively*, will generally be both intelligible and interesting to the lower classes. They do not want acuteness, or power of attending; it is their *vocabulary* only which is confined; and if we address them in such

words as they understand, we may tell them what truths we please, and reason with them as subtilely as we can.'—Now, I admit the entire truth, and also insist upon the utility of disseminating these united opinions of Heber and Horsley, in reference equally to sermons for what are sometimes called country congregations, and to such books as are more especially written for youth; for, to youth, as well as to any others, may be applied all that can be said about acuteness and power of attending, and of their sole need of *words* which they understand. But, I know not what to make, either of the phrase 'terms *derived* from the English language,' or of an injunction which should merely require, in both the instances I have mentioned, the use of words or a vocabulary confined to the '*English* language,' only! Which is the English language? What language subsists, in any part of England, which is not wholly a mixture of foreign languages, and particularly French? If there be any, (that is, if there be any where in England a language which is purely Anglo-Saxon), it is what by far the greater part of the English people, young and old, by no means understand; and moreover that Anglo-Saxon itself is a compound of foreign languages, and among others, French! But the Anglo-Saxon

was at one time familiar; and if this is what is to be called the 'English,' it is certain that either the terms of that language, or the derivations from them, form the basis of all the present English language. But we are to use the derivations from that language exclusively! Now, in spite of all the variety of local dialects in England, we have a general English language, which, in one manner or other, is universally spoken, written, or printed; and which, however they may pronounce it, all Englishmen, even of the most moderate education or opportunities, universally understand. But what is the description of that language? If, in speaking of 'terms derived from the English language exclusively,' Bishop Heber meant only to exclude Latin and Greek derivatives, brought direct and recently into the English language, then I perfectly agree with him. But if, from this '*English* language,' we are to exclude words derived to us from the French, and from the Greek and Latin, through the French, in that case, it would be easy to show; both that no such exclusion is necessary, because, at present, the English language most generally understood is loaded with them, and that, if the exclusion were adopted, we should not be able to make ourselves understood at all, so usual and indispensable have become

our actual French derivatives, as well as words which, however written or pronounced, we employ in common with the French, and derive from a mutual source ! I have stated, that the very words 'butcher' and 'butcher's meat' are French ; and so, also, are the words 'surgeon,' 'apothecary,' 'physician,' 'cooper,' 'carpenter,' 'tailor,' and almost the greater part of our vocabulary. What I wish, therefore, to establish, is, that a language composed of English derivatives exclusively, but, in more general terms, the language generally understood, at the time of speaking or writing, by the persons, young or old, or for purposes sacred or profane ; is that which it is always our duty and our wisdom to employ. We are to exclude strange terms, or any which are strange to the persons that are to hear them ; because the end of speaking and writing is to make ourselves understood ; but, as to what terms, under that rule, we are either to exclude or introduce, this must depend upon our knowledge of the parties to whom we write or speak. With respect to books for the young, not only we put into their hands the English writings of Steele, Addison, Johnson, which were never written for the young exclusively ; but if they do not already understand the terms employed by those writers, we make it a part of their edu-

cation that they should become acquainted with them."

Margaret, as we have seen, had been early acquainted with these selections from the best and most learned English writers; but she here confessed that she had never before imagined the English language to be so largely made up, not of *English*, but of French originals.

"I cannot tell," added Mr. Norton, "at what date Bishop Heber would have said that his 'English language' was spoken or written in England; but this I know, that if he did not go further back than Chaucer, we had, in Chaucer's time, an abundance of words, not only French by derivation, but immediately in their French form, as well spoken as written. Take, for example, our old 'Avril,' for 'April,' and 'avise' for 'advise.' But the truth is, that the English and French, though in different degrees, are equally mixtures of the German and Gaulish races; that the words of both are mixed in both their languages; and that there never was a time, either before the Norman Conquest, or before the Roman, that the intercourse of Britain and Gaul was not lively, and that the natives of these islands were not adopting more and more of the vocabulary of what we now call France."

"You say, before the conquest of the Romans, Master Wilfrid?"

“Yes; when the coasts of France were wholly, or almost wholly Gallic, then these islands were wholly or almost wholly Gallic likewise. Our British Gauls were what we now call Welsh and Cornishmen, and Scottish Highlanders, and the more ancient Irish; and depend upon it, it was the trouble which the British Gauls gave to the Romans, after the latter had become masters of Continental Gaul, that led to the invasion under Julius Cæsar. Cæsar did not come to Britain, so much to add to the Roman territory, or to try his strength with the naked and painted Britons, as they are too indiscriminately described; as to check a powerful, or at least a troublesome maritime people, and procure repose for the seas and shores of Spain, Italy, and Gaul!”

“Britain, you think, was always powerful, and to be feared, upon its adjacent seas?”

“I believe it, ever since there was civilisation in so western a part of the globe. Charlemagne shed tears, when, nearly a thousand years later, he saw, with his own eyes, the beginnings of Norman or Norwegian piracy, upon the coasts of the Mediterranean; and I doubt not, but that in the days of Cæsar, the Britons, besides mixing in Gallic politics on shore, gave the Romans annoyance also by their maritime strength, and even piracy.”

“You talk of the Gaulish, or Gallic, or Celtic nations, as anciently spreading over a far wider surface of the world than any thing that I have ever read of?” said the identical Johnny Barnes of whom Mr. Norton had lately spoken, and who had since entered the kitchen; and who was well known in the village, and especially at the Royal Oak, for the possession of two or three odd volumes of the Universal History, and for his frequent citations from their pages.

“The Gaulish or Celtic nations,” returned Mr. Norton, “were certainly spread from Ireland in the west, to Carthage and Syria in the east; Greece excluded, and Phœnicia included; but how much further, I do not at present say. Of the community of race even yet subsisting to this extent, and in this direction, an illustration presented itself during our late wars, when certain Welshmen, serving under Sir Sydney Smith, at St. Jean d’Acre, found themselves able to converse with many of the Syrian soldiers, employed, like themselves, in defending that fortress against the French; a fact, for my authority for which, I can appeal to the lips of the gallant Admiral himself. During the same war too, Sir Thomas Ussher, among some of the many daring enterprises of that distinguished British officer, had often occasion to know, that

the Irish part of his crews could talk with those Gauls or Celts, whom we now call Basques, of the Bay of Biscay. In truth, the whole of Spain and Portugal, (the ancient Celt-Iberia, or Iberian Gaul, or Gaul beyond the Ebro, or 'Black River,' or watered by that stream); both Spain and Portugal have monuments, in language and other circumstances, of their share in this Gaulish apportionment of the great Celtic region. The entire country of Portugal, once called Lusitania, has its modern name from its sea-port, now called Oporto, or 'the Port,' from the Roman denomination *Portus Gallicus*, or Gallic or Gaulish Port. Oporto, from this very origin, has sometimes been called *Calle*, *Portus Cale*, and *Port of Cale*; and hence too, the whole country Portugal, as well as Portugal, and its people, *Portucals*, and *Portugals*; or, the country and people of *Port of Cale*, or *Port of Gale* or *Gael* (?) "the Gaulish port." A learned Spaniard of our day¹, (a native of Biscay), though his pretence, that the Biscayan language, which he calls *Euscaran*, and those who spoke it, *Euscaldunes*, (and which he never seems to suspect as the same with what every body knows as Celtic,) is the primitive language of

¹ Don Juan Bautista de Erro, author of two works, respectively entitled, *El Mundo Primitivo*, and *El Alfabeto de la Lengua Primitiva*.

mankind, may justly be esteemed idle; yet assists us to speak with confidence of the high antiquity, the wide extension, and the eastern origin of that language, by the proofs which he adduces, that in the state we find it, and though now the language of barbarians, must have come down to them from the mouths of learned and polished generations. We might even be allowed, perhaps, to ask, whether or not there can be any relationship between the words Celtic or Gallic, and Euscaldune and Caledon and Gaelic?"

"What you say may be very true, Master Wilfrid," remarked Johnny Barnes; "but it is more than I ever found in all my 'Universal History.'"

"Many things, Johnny," replied Mr. Norton, "have come to be known to us western people, (who, at last, are but school-boys in a vast variety of knowledge,) since the time of the excellent authors of your 'Universal History;' and, for my part, I am given to gleaning and bringing together all those particulars which tend to unite the histories of nations, and to join times with times; as also of those which serve to show the unity of human nature. In very much of what you hear and read, you find a parcel of separate statements, without the smallest

assistance to join them with each other. But *generalization*, as the learned call it, is one of the only roads to wisdom or real knowledge; and we ought to generalize our facts, (where they are really general,) not less than our conclusions. Lord Bacon has well said, that we lead to error, both when we describe things as general which are only particular, and things as particular, when they are absolutely general; and yet, (as for example, of countries and their people,) how many things do we not still daily find related as peculiar; or without the smallest intimation, or smallest apparent perception, in those who tell them, that they are merely examples of what, more or less, is to be seen all over the world, or has existed in all time?"

"You raised my ideas, just now, of the antiquity of the maritime power of these Islands!"

"Their situation must always make them powerful, step by step along with the civilization of themselves and the adjacent countries. In Cæsar's days, even if they had nothing at sea beyond canoes of wicker and hides, like the Norway yawls at present in use upon the northern coasts of Ireland, there was also a wide range of seas and shores where such vessels were to be dreaded. But the British Islands are essentially, because geographically, maritime in trade and

strength; and such, unless their civilization should come to an end, or fail to keep pace with that of the countries of their northern hemisphere, they must for ever remain!"

"You have no fears, then, for their maritime overthrow?"

"None, by any power whatever!"

"We are natives of a great country," said Laleham, with a sigh; "and, as you were saying, I shall never forget it!"

"That is, my friend, you will never cease to love it, revere it; to prize it; and to glory in it?"

"Never!"

"What is the name of the ship you sail in?"

"The Albion."

"Aye! why, that is a good name for a ship which is to take on board so filial a son of his country; for, as the song tells us,—

"Our country is our ship, d'ye see;
And a gallant vessel too;
And of his station proud is he,
Who's of the ALBION'S crew!"

"And yet," said Laleham, "I believe that there are those who pretend that the love of country is idle?"

"There are those, also, I believe, who pretend that all love is idle!"

"But they say, that a country is only what

the little girl described the whole world to be—mere ‘dirt and water;’—a piece of land that grows beef and bread, and has a few springs at which we may slake our thirst; and that all other countries are the same; or, at least, that any other country than our own, which will afford us the same accommodations, is equally entitled to our love!”

“Persons who talk thus,” said Mr. Norton, “are dull and narrow-minded. They think of but little that belongs to human nature, and that little the most vulgar. Even if bread, and beef, and water, or even if every article of food and bodily accommodation, were every thing that humanity needed or could enjoy, would it be nothing that our native country gave us these things first; that it raised us up from infancy; that it gave us even our first day’s sustenance and shelter; that, even if we did not rise in it to manhood, it gave us our original being, nourished us, and set us forward, and has been the only source, the fountain—of all that we can ever be able to do or to enjoy elsewhere? But the love of country is indispensable to the heart of a good man, both from sentiment and reason!”

“And why from sentiment?”

“Love, in all things, is of one kind. We do and ought to love, in a greater or less degree,

whatever we are acquainted with, and is not disagreeable to us; and we do and ought to love whatever has been kind to us, and has done us service. But we are acquainted with our *country*, and our first acquaintance with it, is with its kindness to us. Before we had even sense to know it, it gave us, as I have said,—it gave us life, and food, and shelter.”

“But these things, we will say, are past.”—

“And past services demand our gratitude; that is, our love. But, if we go on, suppose that we have grown old enough to look abroad upon our country; to see its surface and its skies; to know its seasons and its fruits; to behold its hills and rivers; to be warmed day after day by its suns; to be shaded, day after day, by its trees; to witness its people and their works; all these, unless our nature is vile, will please us at first, and will be remembered by us while we have memory! And the memory, too, unless, also, our nature is vile, will be a loving memory; because, as I have said, it belongs to our proper nature to be pleased with what is kind and beneficial to us, and to love whatever is pleasing! But all this belongs to sentiment only; or, at least, it should be our sentiment, exclusive of all reasoning.”

“Yet, may we not shake away the early sen-

timent ;—throw aside these native recollections ?”

“That is, may we not be ungrateful !”

“But may we not change our country ?”

“When we speak of our country, we mean our *native* country ; and that, I need not tell you, can by no possibility be changed. We are *born* once for all !”

“But may we not leave our native country ?”

“Assuredly ; as we can also leave our father and our mother, and our brothers, and our sisters ; but leaving can easily consist with loving, as the poet has so beautifully said, and in a manner that is equally applicable to countries and to persons :—

“Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain !”

“But may we not renounce our country ? May we not exchange it, and devote ourselves to another ; either because we fancy that our native country ill-uses us, or because, for any reason, we prefer that other ?”

“This is,” replied Mr. Norton, “may we not renounce our love, our duty, to our country ;—for we have agreed that, in reality, we can no more change our country, than we can change

our father or our mother? I have acknowledged that we may *leave* our native country, as we may also leave our father or our mother; but, to talk of *renouncing* our country, is the same as to talk of renouncing either of the latter. In plain terms, it is your only question, may we not cease to feel and to act, or make profession of feeling and acting, contrarily to what nature inspires into us, and demands of us; that is, unnaturally; and that is,—immorally?"

"In plain terms, may we not renounce our allegiance to our native country, and give it to another?"

"No; because nature, no more than law, will be any party to the dissolution of the old compact, or to the framing of the new. We can even take no share in such a matter ourselves, unless either we have lying tongues, or worthless hearts. We must say what is inconsistent with our feelings, or feel what is inconsistent with our nature. A country, neither by nature nor by law, ever throws off the protection which it owes to its virtuous offspring; and the virtuous offspring, neither by nature nor *lawful law*, can ever throw off its duty to its country. If the children of a country are 'kind and natural' to the country, they can never cease to love it; and so long as they love it, they must owe it every service, all obedi-

ence, and every protection; because the end of love is all these things. As soon as we have said or felt that we love anything to which we can owe a duty, that duty has become due. A modern legislator¹, in reference to the international rights of men, very justly said, that 'he who renounces his native country, has no country whatever;'—no country from which he can legally claim protection against the power of another country. In politics, he is a vagabond upon the face of a globe upon no point of which has he a home. His proper home he has affected to renounce; and of no other home is he entitled, before the world, to be acknowledged the possessor."

Such were the opinions upon this subject, thus far advanced by Mr. Norton, and which found a congenial soil in the bosom of John Laleham. The conversation was shortly afterward interrupted, or Mr. Norton would probably have carried his exposition further, and more fully explained what he had now said; but as to the matter of sentiment only, he was fond of resting the love of country upon the general basis of an affectionate and grateful heart, and of maintaining it to be only a portion, and, at the same time, an inseparable portion, of all that flows out of

¹ Napoleon Buonaparte.

that general principle of attachment to external things, which is the pillar and the ornament of everything valuable to human life. He was used to cite, as corroborative of his doctrine, the characteristics which, by the writer of an old song, have been ascribed to his "model" of an honest man :

—“ Dear to him his wife, his home,
His *country*, and his king.”

Laleham's departure took place at last. A cold sweat was upon the brow of Margaret, when he imprinted it with his latest kiss; and her knees shook, and a thrill went through her body, and her cheeks were a deathly white. Serious thoughts were in the breast of each, but it was no time to speak them. Even Charles's courage nearly failed him. He was willing, and yet unwilling, to quit his mother. The tears stood in his eyes, and he was mute. Margaret and her husband were both acting a part. Neither deceived the other, but both enabled both to continue the disguise. They pretended to feel nothing, to think of nothing; to have no thoughts but of the most trivial things, or of the things belonging to the voyage and to the household; and to separate as if Laleham were only going to the next village, and was to return at the next

hour. Charles copied their mimicry, for he was a character in the piece, and Mr. Norton, too, was an actor; but John, and Peggy, and ruddy Dolly, the servant-girl, were spectators of the tragedy, and could cry as loud as nature bade them. They disturbed the serenity of the scene, as they disturbed its stillness, and made it a difficulty to every one of the performers to keep up the show. The only remedy of the latter was in haste. Margaret unlocked the arms of little Charles from her neck, sooner and with more resolution than she might otherwise have been able. She kissed him yet once more, and resigned him, to be placed in the chaise-cart at the garden-gate. Laleham imprinted that latest kiss. He stepped into the cart, laid his hand upon the reins, and lifted the whip; and, at that moment, Charles found his tongue, and cried out one "Good bye, mother!" John, and Peggy, and Margaret, and Mr. Norton, gave their hands, and Dolly was neither forgotten nor neglected. A couple of farming-men, and many a neighbour, with their children, standing upon either side of the road, completed the group. The wheels moved. Margaret and the rest watched them till they descended the hill, and till Charles and his father turned back, for a moment, their faces, and gave, in the light of

the setting sun, the parting looks; and, then, John ran after them from the gate, to bid another farewell at the bridge. But Margaret returned into the house, to sit down, as it were confounded, upon the first chair that offered, and to burst, at length, into one disburdening flood of salt and holy and ungovernable tears: "Oh! why," said she, "did they part at sunset, and when the long melancholy shadows lay so thick upon the ground?"

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CHAPTER IX.

'Tis with my feet, not with my heart, ye part!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE adventurers (the father and his boy) were to meet the night-coach on its way to Liverpool, where lay the vessel that was to carry them to Africa. The farmer had not taken a final leave of his wife and home till the latest hour that the coach permitted; so, that, when at length upon the road, a degree of anxiety lest he should find himself too late, served, for the moment, to divert to a certain degree, his mind, from the pangs of the separation to which every turn of the wheels was now giving a wider and more fixed reality. With Charles the inward thoughts were varied; mixed with the astounding circumstances of leaving his mother, his sister, and his brother, and the only portion of all the

heaven and the earth with which he was yet acquainted, there were the inviting prospects of new scenes and new adventures before his mental eyes; and there still sat by his side his father to be his guide, and to be his protector in all the untried world which he was going forth to see. The last glories of the evening sun, the swift motion of the chaise-cart, the pricking ears and whisking tail of Dobbin, the golden bay of whose neck and sides now glanced more richly in the sunset; the rapid passage of hills and trees, and farms, and village-spires, as each seemed to run by the side of his way; even these began soon to fix his attention upon the changing present, without calling upon the future to fill his imagination: the home behind was almost as much forgotten, as the promised seas and land that he believed to be before him: his tears dried upon his cheeks before he thought that he had ceased to shed them: he gazed, and, as it were, thought of nothing; but, like his father, he was dumb. His heart was full; but an unbroken silence enabled him to abstain from lamentation, and to appear tranquil. Very different was it with Laleham, when, after reaching the stage-house a quarter of an hour before the arrival of the coach, and after taking his seat, with Charles, upon the roof of the latter, he had

not only to resign himself and his child to the direction and the force of all things but himself; to the soundness of the vehicle, to the strength of the horses, to the skill and vigilance of the driver, to the ship which he was seeking, to the winds and to the waves; and to the disposal of of an invisible Heaven! The darkness of the night, too, had a new influence upon Charles; and united with the novelty of his ride upon the coach, to over-awe and confound him. He pressed closely to his father, and was silent; or, if, at intervals, either at the stopping of the coach, or at the appearance of the midnight-lamps, in the towns through which it passed, he asked a question about what he saw, or what he had left, or where he was going; his father was almost too thoughtful to hear him, and himself too busied with fresh thoughts, to care for a reply.

The night, in the meantime, was brilliantly clear. There was no moon, but the whole heaven glittered with stars in all their varied lustres. The evening-star travelled over the zenith, and went down to the western horizon. The pole-star maintained its never-changing place. The constellations moved around it; but, what chiefly attracted the eyes of Charles, and most diverted

him from his sorrows and his hopes of good, and did not even escape his father, and almost startled the horses; were the shooting-stars (so called) which at this season of the year filled the blue vault with almost incessant streams of bursting and then fading light: "Charley," said Laleham, "look, boy, at that pole-star! We are going where we shall no longer behold it; other meteors, other stars, will shine in our new heaven; but of the pole-star we shall be able to see nothing but the direction in which it is placed, and in which we shall know it to be nightly shining upon your mother, and your sister, and your brother!"

A partial change of the plan of the voyage, as originally approved of by Lady Willoughby, had been made, but still with her ladyship's approbation; for, without the concurrence, however extorted, of that friend of her mother, and of her own childhood and entire life, in all the details of the undertaking, Margaret, at least, would have felt very little satisfaction in the prospect opening to her view. A passage, for Laleham and his son, had been secured on board the Nautilus, which ship was a trader to the East Indies, and would touch at Cape Town, rather than on board the Albion, bound direct to Algoa Bay, and laden

with emigrant passengers, as originally intended. By means of a particular introduction, a frugal arrangement had been made with the captain of the *Nautilus*, which, at the same time, secured better accommodation, and, though with a moderate number of fellow-passengers, a freedom from the throng of motley company, to be expected in a ship expressly employed for emigration; and Laleham was assured of the ease and rapidity with which, when once arrived at Cape Town, he might thence, in a coasting vessel, proceed to Algoa Bay.

The *Nautilus* sailed from Liverpool on the day after Laleham's arrival; and, excepting the amazement of Charles, and even partial amazement of his father, and anxious thoughts, from time to time indulged in by the latter; little occurred, during all the earlier part of the voyage, to need a record in these pages. The good ship *Nautilus*, after clearing St. George's Channel, the Scilly Islands, and Cape Finisterre, might be called fairly launched upon the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean; and our narrative hastens, even, to conduct her course beyond the latitudes of the Madeira Islands, the Azores, and the Cape-de-Verds, and push it, with a prosperous breeze, toward the Equator. In this manner, there now stretched along the eastward, or along the lar-

board of the vessel's deck, though far from sight, the coast of Central Africa, where all its bays and inlets receive the radiance of the western sun.

In the midst, then, of the Tropical Atlantic, and while in the enjoyment of the fairest weather, where, and in the enjoyment of which, a ship's sails, as now the sails of the Nautilus, often remain set and changeless for a week or more in succession, the chief danger is from the arrival of calms; and when, on the contrary, as in the present instance, a favouring and delicious breeze fulfils the utmost wishes of the mariner, all that is left for those on board is to beguile the time; some with the lighter labours of the vessel, some with watching the little variety offered by the skies and sea,—the birds, the fish, molluscous insects of the sea, and an occasional float or stray branch of sea-weed; and some with thoughts of what they have left, or whither they are going;—and some with occasional converse among their fellow-adventurers of the wave.

To Laleham, the ardent longings for an African residence and agricultural life and fortunes were the sole subjects of every forward contemplation; while, to Charles, in whom the

curiosity of his age was fully rife, and with whom the name of Africa, and every idea which he could collect or fancy upon it, were the subjects of more than half his questions, and more than half his thoughts by day, and of more than half his dreams by night;—to little Charles, in an especial manner, any one who would talk to him of Africa, or to whom he could listen for news of a country the subject of his wildest imaginations; was the man at whose side he was to be found from the morning till the evening. Sometimes it was the sailors who, while lying upon a few planks of the else-burning deck, that shaded by the main or foresail, were picking old ropes, or winding yarn, would indulge him with answers to questions never to be ended; and sometimes, indeed, though far more rarely, he was close at the heels of these, when the cry, “a shark!” was heard, or when a dolphin (so denominated), or when an albacore, was caught; and when all the delightful bustle of a hook, a line, a bait, a cutting, a washing, and a cooking, supervened. But Africa—the tales of Africa—were the first enjoyment and the last.

It was only two or three of the sailors, however, that had ever sailed for an African port before; and even the captain himself was in what Charles now esteemed that most unsatisfactory

of all predicaments. "Never been in Africa!" he would cry; and turn away from those so unaccountably inexperienced, with a face, and with a sentiment, which nothing could re-illumine and recompose, but a fresh resort to such as had something African to communicate.

There was great difficulty, in the meantime, if not a total impossibility, in enabling Charles to comprehend the sort of place which the name of Africa really described. Was it a village, a town, a county, a country like England? But, at all events, he could think of it only as a single kingdom, and in every part alike. Who was the king of Africa? What language did the Africans speak? Such were among the questions which the active opening mind, but narrow experience and comprehension, of the young voyager, induced him continually to ask, but to which the answers seldom succeeded in furnishing him with any reply that he could really understand. Yet, among the few fellow-passengers on board, there was an old Lieutenant in the Navy, whose duty, from time to time, had led him to most parts of the coast of that great Continent, or great and southernmost division of the sole Continent of the Ancient World;—who was acquainted with very many of its numerous lines of feature;—and who took pleasure in observing as well as in gratify-

ing the inquisitiveness of what he called his little fellow-seaman. From that authority he received as many ideas of Africa as it was possible for him to reduce into a state of comprehensibility; and at least learned a multitude of names of African things, to which, at a subsequent time, he was able to attach the actual meanings. The kind and gallant veteran, upon his own part, often expressed his admiration of the acuteness of Charles's questions, and the readiness with which, in the more numerous instances, it was plain that he understood the answers; while if, upon other occasions, it was either apparent, or more than probable, that he connected some exceedingly erroneous image to the names of things which he had never seen, his teacher did not therefore desist from talking to him of those things by *name*, as well as by the most intelligible description that he could offer; leaving it to time, and accident, and opportunity, to supply better explanation. He was deeply, indeed, impressed (and he gave his pupil all the benefit of the impression) with the force and value of that early instinct of inquiry, and that sharpness of early intellect, which are often so pre-eminent in the state of youth, which are so well adapted to prepare it for the thoughts and business of coming years; which are so often deadened or re-

pressed, or left comparatively unemployed, when those years arrive; and which it is so desirable to indulge, to cultivate, encourage and invigorate, while the morning of human days continues shining, with all its brightness, clearness, freshness, strength, and elasticity: "Young people," said he, "very often mistake the signification of words and names which they hear or read, as also, the young and old pass by many such words and names without bestowing upon them much attention; but, if the attention is gained, and the mind, desirous of being satisfied and set at rest as to significations, adopts, either to its ease, or to its perplexity, some signification that is erroneous; still, the *attention* has been fixed, and *time* ultimately corrects the false impression. I like," added the Lieutenant, "the notion of that writer in some school-book which our schoolmaster used to have in the gun-room, who, proposing, for the use of scholars, an inquiry into the nature and elementary composition of English words, so deep, so abstruse, and so far removed from ordinary school-teaching, as hardly to promise for itself the slightest consideration from the teachers of youth; yet offers it as a subject of by-study to youth themselves, in pages preliminary to the more common matter: observing, 'I am confident that where the schoolmaster, or

schoolmistress, or governess, from the multiplicity of their avocations, shall decline the task of instilling the principles of this Essay into the minds of their pupils, there will, in every school, be some who will be made the better by voluntarily turning over these pages. Young persons have very often a spirit of inquiry, curiosity, and enterprise, which hard necessity, as riper years advance, kills in the adult¹.”

The Lieutenant displayed to Charles the form and position of the continent of Africa upon the map, and made him understand, as well as words, and as comparisons, could enable him, the vastness of its extent, and the variety of its characteristics; for, though, as he remarked, Africa, as a whole, has more uniformity of climate and production than either of the other quarters of the globe, as lying, altogether, in the hottest of

¹ Advertisement to Mylius's School Dictionary, referring to the New Guide to the English Tongue, by Edward Baldwin, Esq., which stands before the Dictionary.

In mentioning, at the same time, the Dictionary itself, it may be as useful, as it is well founded, to observe, that while the plan of that book is excellent, the execution calls loudly for revision. There seems to be no page in which the explanations, to a greater or less extent, of one or more of the words, are not either absolutely wrong, or else obscurely stated. In many instances, the chief consolation of those who look into it must be, that the error is so palpable, that young persons, least of all, are likely to pass it over uncriticised.

its parts; still, even Africa has diversities in both of these respects, in some degree from the places of its regions, more or less near to the Equator, or quite under its fires; and in other degrees from the differences of its surface: here high, there low; here an unwatered sand, and there a marsh, a meadow, or a country of green hills, and watered either by rivers or the sea. The Lieutenant described to Charles, that Africa, as usually reckoned, is twice the size of Europe, and yet with less than a third of its number of inhabitants; while America is a third larger than Africa, and yet has only seventy millions of people, while Africa has eighty¹. “But this eighty millions of people,” he added, (supposing that, or any other, the real number,) “and these ten millions of square miles of country, so far from having but one king, or one language, have great numbers of different kings and languages, different laws and forms of religion; and even greater

¹ The population of Europe (it will be remembered) is variously estimated at from two hundred and ten, to two hundred and sixty millions; while that of the whole globe is called from eight to nine hundred millions, more or less; Asia taking more than half. The British empire, in the four quarters of the globe, comprehends from twenty-four to twenty-five millions of white persons, besides Negroes and Hindoos. The superficial extent of the continent and islands of Africa is stated at 9,654,807 square miles.

differences of complexion, and of general bodily appearance, than all the world beside. Africa, as to the greater part of its lands and nations, is further remarkable," said the Lieutenant, "for being less known to all the rest of the world, and having smaller communication with the rest of the world, than any other soil; and for being, from those very causes, in some respects, perhaps, more barbarous." This was true, he added, "in ancient times; it is true still; and promises, it may seem, to continue true for ever; and thus, while America, which was utterly unknown only four hundred years ago, has, in that interval, been visited in almost every part; yet Africa, the existence of which has been known to Europe and Asia from all antiquity; which is even joined to the continent comprising both those countries, and parts of which had long since great and enlightened governments and people of their own, (particularly Egypt and Carthage;) and received foreign merchants, and warriors, and even scholars in search of learning, both by sea and land;— Africa, as to its greater portion, has always been unknown; and, though, now, a little better known than heretofore, will probably always (or, at least for ages still,) remain in great part hidden."

"But why is this?" said Charles; "and why

should Africa be less known, or be more barbarous, than Europe, Asia, or America?"

"It is more barbarous," replied the Lieutenant, "because, having so little communication with other countries, it partakes in so few of their improvements, continuing always in its errors of old date; and its communication is so little, for a single reason which you may discover upon the map. Observe that Africa is one solid mass of land, of prodigious length and breadth; but neither penetrated by great rivers, such as would enable ships to sail into its interior from its coasts, nor broken along those into such islands and peninsulas, as, in Europe, Asia, and America, enable the sea itself, with all its commerce, to ascend, from space to space, into the very hearts of either country. If, then, to this, you add, that Africa, besides its comparative denial of seas, and lakes, and rivers, wants also (and as a necessary consequence), in so many regions of its surface, even rain, and clouds, and the falling of the dew; has no vegetation; affords food neither to man, nor beast, nor bird, nor tree, nor herb; affords no water for man, or beast, or bird, so much as to drink, nor moisture to feed a plant; from these wants you will understand how difficult it is to travel, even by land, between those

divided parts of Africa that are really fertile, which are numerous and vast. And here, my little fellow-seaman," concluded the Lieutenant, "you may pick up a lesson or two, from the state of such a country as Africa, and of such a people as the Africans, to show you the value of your own country, the happiness of your own situation, and the means which you must always use, if, one year after another, you wish to make yourself wiser and better than you already are! The British Islands, precisely because they are *islands*, because they are *large islands*, because they have *fine rivers*, and because their coasts are broken into innumerable bays, and even selvaged with innumerable smaller islands, and are thus so easily visited in all their parts; enjoy much of all those advantages of trade, and wealth, and knowledge, and national strength, and public and private virtue, which it is their happy fortune to possess, and which afford (if properly employed) so great advantages to all their people. Again, and as a rule for all your life, and as a motive of gratitude to your country, and to all mankind, remember, that it is only by communicating with your fellow-creatures, by learning what they can tell you, by observing what they do, and by continually selecting, for your own example and use, the good from the bad, the true from the false, and the

beautiful from the deformed, among all the variety of which you see and hear of among all mankind;—it is only thus that you can ever retain what is already good or wise in yourself; keep falsehood, or vice, or vicious or idle habits, or ignorant conclusions, from gaining ground upon you; and add, from day to day, to your wisdom, your virtue, and your happiness. For, so largely as this does man depend upon man, for his enjoyments and his improvements; that is, his possession and preservation of all he owns, and his cultivation and increase of his stock! Remember two things, then, my young traveller, for ever! Be diligent to learn from your fellow-creatures, and be grateful for what you learn!”

Born, and hitherto only bred, in one of the smallest of villages, in a hilly and inland part of England, Charles had scarcely beheld, more than once in his life, the figure of an African; and that figure had been an African Negro. Few things, therefore, were of greater difficulty with him, than to think of any African but as a black man, with a flat nose, thick lips, white teeth, and woolly head. To change his ideas—that is, to remove the images from his mind—of all or any of these Negro traits, as making up the essence of an African, was a hard task to him, however

fully he believed (what was told him by his instructor), that Africa had natives of many different complexions, in the midst of which the Negro was to be counted but as one. "It is true," said the Lieutenant (at a second, and even at a third lesson to his pupil), "that there are African natives which are Negro or black; but there are also others which are tawny, of a great variety of shades; and also others which are white, or rather yellow;—yellow, like the Chinese, and altogether more resembling some Chinese figure which you have seen upon tea-cups, than the Negro who visited your village. I do not mean, however, that these yellow natives of Africa really much resemble, in their actual appearance, the Chinese upon your tea-cup; because the former are naked, diminutive, and savage; while the latter, as a people, are well-clothed, well grown, and highly civilized; but only that they have a natural similarity, and that so widely do they differ from the Negro! But here, again, the map will help us; for it enables me to show you, geographically, the three great and local sub-divisions of African complexions, manners, and even states of civilization. The North of Africa greatly resembles, in all respects, the Asiatic country of Arabia, which to the northward it adjoins, and from

which, more southerly, it is only separated by the narrow frith of the Red Sea, or Arabian Gulf; while the South of Africa, to which you and your father are going, contains the yellow natives (or Hottentots, or Bosjesmanns), and red or tawny natives (or Caffres), along with European colonists, and a few Negroes, as much foreigners, in those parts, as the Europeans. It is, then, only the middle parts of Africa, or Central Africa (so called), that contains the Negro natives, or those Negroes, or black men, whom you are so apt to fancy as the only Africans¹. The Arabians of the North-west of Africa are commonly called Moors², a name implying Western Arabians, or Arabians of the West, and the same with Mograbins, or Maugrabins, of whom we hear in Syria, and with the original of the ancient name of Mauritania, and of the modern Morocco. It was when, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Europeans became acquainted with the western coast of Africa, south of the river Senegal, and met, in that part of Africa, with nations of black men, that (as unused, at that time,

¹ For further accounts of Africa and its nations, and especially of Central Africa, or Nigritia, and its Negro nations; see *Burford Cottage and its Robin Redbreast*, by the author of these pages; Chapters 12, 14, &c.

² In French, Maures.

to suppose any other inhabitants of Africa than Moors, as since to think of others than Negroes) they could find no name for these but *Black Moors*, to distinguish them from the Moors Proper, who are tawny, and not black; and hence the old English appellative of *Black-a-moor*, or *Blackymoor*, to signify a Negro, and not a proper Moor."—In this manner, the Lieutenant used his efforts to undeceive Charles as to the particular kind of country, with its native and also European inhabitants, which he was to find in the part of Africa whither he was accompanying his father.

But, in proportion as Charles began to separate the distinct idea of the Cape of Good Hope, and its interior territory, from his early and vague notion of Africa in general; in the same proportion he redoubled his inquiries as to all that was to be seen in the former, especially after he had once found out, that (in his time) his naval friend had actually been on shore at the Cape, and even hunted rock-bucks, and spring-bucks, and hippopotamuses, and rhinoceroses, and lions, over its misty mountains, down its rugged, deep ravines; over its sandy deserts; and through and among the long, coarse grass, and dark and shining leaves, and gorgeous flowers, of its ever green and ever

blooming forests; and accompanied by an army of Africanders or Dutch boors, and their attendant Hottentots! The Lieutenant, in short, gave him accounts of all things; told him, again and again, about those Hottentots and Caffres with both of whom the child little imagined that he was thereafter to become so intimate, and in circumstances so piteous and so critical; told him of those Bell-birds whose notes he little thought, at this time, to hear in solitudes more than doubly solitary to his own anxious and dejected ears; those Honey-birds, to whom, as to aerial genii of the forest, he was one day to owe the means of prolonging life, and continuing his bewildered steps; and of those Ratels, as fond of honey as the Honey-birds themselves, and which Europeans vainly call a species of the badger kind. In all the catalogue, however, (uninterested as he yet was, in so many of the other names and natives), it was lions—ever lions!—that dwelt chiefly upon his imagination, and concerning which not even the Lieutenant could by any means say enough! Of lions he had read in the Bible, and in Æsop's fables; lions he had seen, with golden crowns upon their heads—nay, lions all gold themselves, from head to foot, at signs of the King's Arms; golden lions—silver lions—red lions—blue lions—black

lions—white lions—lions of all colours but their true one, had reached his ears from every mouth; and, now, when he really saw, and talked with, what seemed to him more than mortal—a man—a gentleman—who had seen a lion—hunted a lion—killed a lion—he asked and listened with a breathless impatience and avidity; and consulted, in his inquiries, all his curiosity, and (to say truth) no small number of his fears! He wished to be satisfied how strong they were—how big they were—what were their looks—what was their real colour—where they were to be found, and still more, where there was no danger of finding them;—what were their ways, their dispositions, the modes of pacifying them;—and especially whether they were very much given to eating little girls and boys, and of what size were the girls and boys they chiefly ate, and whether English, or only African?

In yielding himself to at least one branch of Charles's curiosity, the Lieutenant, late one evening, as all the passengers, with the captain, sat or lay upon the deck, the helmsman reposing like the rest, the wheel tied to its place, the faint breeze unchangeable, the moon of molten silver sailing in the deep purple of the Tropical sky, glittering every where with stars of diamond, and all reflected in the scarcely rippling ocean;

as all were thus enjoying what coolness of the evening they were able, the Lieutenant, indulging the curiosity of Charles, gave a short account of one of his lion-hunts at the Cape, sufficiently descriptive and characteristic, though without any of those circumstances, either of danger or extraordinary adventure, which more recommended many of his similar narratives to all his auditors, and to his lesser one in particular.

“ I was then young,” said the Lieutenant, “ at the sport. It was my first lion-hunt; and I was as full of curiosity and expectation as this curly-headed boy could have been; and, perhaps, half as much afraid! We had not been long, however, upon the ground we had selected, before two brownish objects began to be seen in motion, in the dark green bottom of a narrow glen, rushy, but yet firm to the foot, and partly covered with long grass. Of these, the largest was that which we approached, and which by her want of mane, and indeed by her general figure, we soon perceived to be a lioness, but of the largest dimensions, and most majestic carriage. As we advanced, she turned herself round, to front us, crouching, and with head erect; and surveying us and our dogs and weapons with a stern countenance, and glaring fiercely with her piercing eyes, wide, round, and yellow, with

small jet-black pupils; her jaws half open, and her tail swung slowly to and fro, in gathering anger. Spread before her were her massy fore-paws, upon which presently half-rising from the ground, she showed her milk-white throat and chest. At this time, she began heavily to lash the ground from side to side, with her tremendous tail, almost in regular pendulum-like vibrations; and now she opened more widely her threatening jaws, seeming, at least, to send forth, from time to time, hollow, half-suppressed roarings: but which, if she did so, were made inaudible to us by the uninterrupted rattling of loud thunder, that filled the heaven, and provoked the echoes, all the time, and added at once to the grandeur, and, perhaps, the terror, of our scene and situation! At the distance of twenty paces from her, lay the other brownish object which I have mentioned, and which we now found to be her cub; but so large as, at first, to have been mistaken by us for a second lioness. Its action was precisely the same with that of its mother. The first shot we fired at the lioness fell short, and attracted no notice from the proud indignant beast; but, being wounded by the second, she arose, and began to advance upon us, in a heavy lumbering gallop. At this moment, however, we prevailed upon our dogs to rush in upon

her, ascending the slope whence she was coming; and a volley, at the same time, being fired by our party, one or more of the shot took decided effect, and brought her rolling, head-foremost, to the bottom. At this, the dogs rushed far more boldly than before, and began biting at her hind legs, though they kept carefully away from her mouth and head. But she was quite dead, and we soon retired with her skin. She measured nine feet, from her nose to the tip of her tail. Her coat was beautifully sleek; of a rich tawny colour in all its upper part, and still darker down the spine; while, upon the jaws, throat, belly, and inside of the legs, the whole was of a pure milky white. The cub escaped."

A little petrified by parts of what he had just heard, and better pleased with the final death of the lioness, than with the escape of the cub, Charles now felt it a matter of some concern to know, whether lions, while alive, were really, at least at times, such kind and harmless, and even generous creatures, as he had partly heard and read; and here, the obliging and intelligent sea-officer, in replying to this new and urgent question, volunteered an additional topic of instruction; namely, the mutual sympathies which often discover themselves be-

tween men and beasts; that is, the equal power and disposition of beasts to feel for the pains and pleasures of men, as of men to feel or to know that beasts are in pain or feeling pleasure; and to be glad or sorry according as they see them either in pleasure or in pain.

“That the inferior animals,” said the Lieutenant, “can understand something of the joys and sorrows, respectively, of human situations and feelings, and feel joy and sorrow in their behalf, is continually made manifest by various kinds of those about us. The sympathies of the horse, the dog, the cat, and of certain birds, with the fears, the griefs, and the pleasures of their human owners and companions, come frequently under human observation; and it is reasonable to think, of many other species, that if they were equally familiar with us, and we with them, we should acknowledge the display of many more examples of the sort.

“It happened, a little time since, that an English ship of war¹, sailing from the port of Zanzibar, in Africa, to the neighbouring island of Mauritius, carried with her, in a cage, upon her deck, a large lion of the country whence she had departed; and the noble beast, in his

¹ His Majesty's ship *Ariadne*.

maritime confinement, became much attached to the sailor to whose more particular care he was consigned. Unfortunately, the same sailor, however well he behaved to the lion, so as thus to have drawn forth the shaggy captive's sympathies, was one day guilty of such a breach of discipline as to occasion his being flogged. The place of punishment was immediately opposite to the lion's cage; and no sooner did the beast hear the cries of his faithful attendant, as he suffered under the boatswain's cat, than, from the first instant, he became exceedingly enraged. When, however, he saw the blood trickling from the sailor's back, and the bloody marks incessantly multiplying upon his flesh, his fury became so violent; his roar grew so tremendous; the glare of his eyes, and the lashings of his tail, were so terrific; and his springs against the bars of his cage, and incessant action from side to side, within the limits of his prison, so threatening and appalling, that the captain, fearful he might break his bounds, and rush upon the deck, to avenge the scene he was witnessing, and satisfied that there were no other means of pacifying him; not only ordered the punishment to cease, but directed the punished man to go to him in his cage! The latter, no more than the captain, nor any of the crew, had the slightest fear that the

anger of the lion threatened the least danger to that single individual ! It was the anger of love that thus transported the lion. This was visible to all. It was a burning wrath, to see the sufferings of his beloved, that moved him. The sufferer, but the sufferer only, had no cause for fear. It was kindness to his tortured favourite, that made him madness against all besides ; and the captain, quite with the good-will and even eagerness of the sailor, sent him into the cage, in order that the lion might at once be assured of his keeper's safety, and enjoy ample opportunity to give bodily vent to his affectionate regard for the man. What followed was in strict consistence with all before. The moment that the cries and the punishment ceased, that moment the lion became comparatively calm ; but when the man approached his cage, and still more when he entered it, he had no feelings left but those of joy and tenderness ; and now the expression of the latter more particularly, toward the sailor, who, in his turn played with the lion by putting his head into his mouth, and laying down by his side, was as strong, as warm, and as beautiful to behold, as his sympathizing and friendly emotion had before been fierce and fearful. It would be superfluous, in concluding the story, to remark, that men and lions appear,

upon such an occasion, upon a footing of entire equality: that the lion was seen to feel for the man, as reasonably and as tenderly as the man could have felt for the lion; and to make manifest his feelings,—of grief, of indignation, and of compassion first,—and of joy, of pleasure, and of satisfaction afterward,—just as a man could but have done, in situations of corresponding and similar excitement.”

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CHAPTER X.

The watery plains where Neptune feeds his flocks ;
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else.

OLD PLAY.

IF it was difficult to enable Charles to understand the magnitude of the continent of Africa, which he was to reach; much more so was it to convey to him the smallest idea of the expanse of the great ocean, upon which he was now sailing! Accustomed but to the sight and knowledge of the little brooks and rivulets, and torrents, and pools, and lakes of his own native hills, even the broad estuary of the mingled Mersey and the Dee, which he had beheld at Liverpool, had filled him with amazement; and when the ship had entered St. George's Channel; when he saw the movement of its dancing waves; when he saw their white spray tossed

into the air, and glittering in the rays of the sun; when he lost sight of land; and when, more than all, there was pointed out to him, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, a shoal of grampuses, or bottled-nose whales (great fish¹, of twenty feet in length), leaping and sporting on the brine, as they worked their way toward the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and onward to the North Sea, his wonder became hourly greater, and even past description! The Lieutenant told him that this *sea*—this water²—a part only of which he then beheld, and was borne along upon, flowed over the whole globe, and constituted what might almost be called the entire matter of its surface. “Here and there,” said he, “this general water surface is interrupted (we are to confess) by continents and islands, or elevated lands, whose tops, resting upon the land below the sea, show themselves in the air above it, and afford dwelling places, and part of the food, for men and beasts, and birds, and other living creatures of the land. But all these continents and islands together; all these

¹ Grampus, or Great Fish; from *Grandus Pisces*, Latin; or, *Grand Poisson*, French.

² Primarily and substantially *water* and *sea* are terms synonymous; but, by the term *sea*, is often meant the *space* occupied by the *water*.

dwelling-places for living creatures of the land, and sources of portions of their food, make, at last (and even without critical inspection), but a small share of the surface of the globe, or leave in truth, three-fifths of all that surface one expanse of water. The dry land of all the globe composes, therefore, even in this view, but the remaining two-fifths of the whole surface."

"But what, then," said Charles, "is beneath the sea?"

"Earth," answered the Lieutenant;—"earth, though not dry land. Gravel, and sand, and clay, and rocks, the same, exactly, as those which, when left bare by the sea, or when lying high enough above it, compose the soil we tread upon, that is, the dry land; and below the sea too, that water-covered earth is figured like the dry land above; that is, it has its hills, its mountains, its valleys, and its plains; nay, even its springs, its rivers, and its volcanoes. The surface, in short, of that great part of the earth which is below the sea completely resembles that of the lesser part which is above it; and only differs, as to its productions and inhabitants, in the degree inseparable from the circumstance, that while that former is covered with water, this latter is covered with air. Whenever the earth below the sea is left dry, or exposed only to the air, it becomes

fit for the production of the plants, and nourishing of the animals of the dry land; and, in reality, there is no part of the dry land which does not display proofs of its having once been part of the bed of the ocean, so that, when you walk along the vales or meadows, or run up and down the hills, you may reasonably try to fancy to yourself the time when water filled the space of the air you breathe; when fishes sported where you now sport; and when reptiles of the water crept and burrowed in the same space, though not in the same soil, where the daisies spring under your feet, or the trees spread their branches over your head! It is likewise certain, that many, if not all parts, of the present bed of the ocean, and of the present beds of lakes and rivers, have, at other times than the present, subsisted as dry land. It is that inequality," added the Lieutenant, "of the surface of the earth below the sea (that is, its diversities of hill, plain, valley, and the rest), which makes us seamen *heave the lead*, or *take soundings*, in order to know, from place to place, and sometimes from foot to foot, the depth of the water beneath the ship, or height of the water above the land; and it is the variety of the materials of the surface (that is, clay, sand, shells, rock, and other things), and which (for the holding of our anchors, and for other

purposes) it is often of great importance for us to know, that we discover by soaping the lower end of the lead, so that some part of the bottom may stick to it."

"And will the dry land," said Charles "be covered by the sea again, and the bed of the sea grow into dry land?"

"Small changes of this sort," answered the Lieutenant; "that is, changes that are small in comparison with the vastnesses of the dry land and sea, are continually going forward, and have happened through ages upon ages; so, that, here, the high land has been washed away, and the space filled with water; and, there, the water has withdrawn, and where water once covered the surface, there is now dry land. This has happened, and is still happening, to what, in respect of men and their abodes and works, must even be called large portions of the surface of the globe; so large as, in some places, to have buried the spaces, not only of fields, but of cities, beneath the waters; and, in others, to have left dry so much of the bed of the waters, as to change into inland places, ancient maritime coasts, and towns, and cities, and sea-ports;—few, if any, of these changes, however, being really of sufficient magnitude to make any perceptible alteration in the figures of countries or their

coasts, as they can be drawn upon the map; and still less to make any great alteration in the countries or coasts themselves, considered as to the general features of the earth, or figures of the land or sea—such as we have known them, and such as they have been known to all our histories. Other and far greater changes, however, have certainly occurred in the time past; and, as to what is to happen in the time to come, it is impossible for us to say.”

“Why, the globe,” said Charles, “is a globe of water, more than a globe of land; from what you tell me, Lieutenant?”

“That the *surface* of the globe is a *surface* of water, more than a *surface* of dry land,” answered the Lieutenant, “is most assuredly true. When we have said, that the sea covers three-fifths of the globe, we have still omitted in the account, how much of the dry land (so called) is wholly, and deeply, and constantly covered with rivers, lakes, and inland seas, and partially, or with shallowness, in fens or marshes; and how much is annually covered for certain portions of the year, by periodical inundation. The surface of the entire globe being taken as something less than two hundred millions of square miles¹, and that

¹ 198,943,750 geographical square miles.

of the sea and the unknown or uninhabitable parts, at something more than one hundred and sixty millions of square miles¹, there do not remain forty millions (or, one-fifth only of the whole space²) for the dry, and known, habitable portions of the globe;—habitable, that is, for man; and this through climate, and through a surface sufficiently supplied with water, or, upon a large scale, sufficiently drained of it. But if, after these deductions, we deduct still further, all that part of this known and habitable surface which is occupied by rivers and lakes, or inland seas, how much lower, even yet, shall we not be obliged to bring down the calculation; and if, still further also, in addition to the united breadths of all these watery surfaces, we were to think of the solid contents of all the watery bodies which go to make up the substance of the globe of the earth, and the substances of all the productions of the earth; if we were to think of the depth of

¹ 160,522,026 geographical square miles.

² 38,922,180 geographical square miles; or, as it is raised by some, 41,569,796. Thus, to the sea alone we assign three-fifths of the entire surface of the globe; and to the sea, conjoined with the unknown or uninhabitable parts of the dry land, four-fifths; leaving but one-fifth part of the entire surface of the globe, for the part known (and, now, by any probability to be believed) as inhabited or habitable by man!

the greater part of the ocean, and of the bodies of water composing the rivers, lakes, and inland seas; of the springs upon the dry land; of the springs at the bottom of the sea; of the springs and rivers below the general surface of the earth, as seen in mines and caverns; of the water either suspended in the atmosphere as clouds, and fogs, and mists, or falling from the atmosphere, and lying upon the earth; as snow, rain, hail, sleet, and dews; and of the water contained in every description of natural body, animal, vegetable, and mineral; if we were to think of all these masses of water, and of their united mass—what a globe of *water*, more than a globe of *earth*, will not this planet of ours then seem to be; and of what eminent importance to the whole system of nature will not this element of water be—from observation, upon the earth,—and by reasonable supposition, throughout the universe; and how strongly shall we not come to feel the justice of that stress which all ancient wisdom laid upon the element of water! Its importance, indeed, may be judged of, at first sight, from the abundance in which we behold it; and, upon reflection, from the obvious dependence of every form of natural being upon its aid! Nothing could live; nothing could *be*, without it!”

The Lieutenant, in making these latter obser-

vations, had addressed himself rather to the elder part of those about him, than to his very young, though intelligent friend, Charles; and the latter (not yet prepared to entertain that comprehensive and profound idea of the importance of the element of water to *life*, and to the *existence of life*, which the philosophic mind of his instructor was thus calling to recollection, or submitting for consideration and belief), gave way to the expression of a sentiment much more ready for human adoption, and much more likely to be upon lips even far older than his own. He was thinking only of the great expanse of water upon the globe, and of the small comparative space within which men and beasts, and birds, insects, reptiles, and plants of the dry land, have either room to live, or general means of sustenance; and he exclaimed, "Why, what a waste of room upon the surface of the globe; and how many more living things might there not be in the world, as well as trees, and herbs, and flowers, if there were less water—if the sea were not so large!" So natural—that is, so excusable, in the absence of thought and knowledge—was the boy's remark, that it found a ready echo from a taller passenger; who said, "Aye! they may well call the wide sea, a 'watery waste.'"

"'A populous city,' rather," cried the reflec-

tive and well-informed Lieutenant: "and, here," he added, "is a point upon which my little friend and I have already had discussions. But, as it has been said, by the poet, that 'all Nature teems with *life*;' so, it is certainly not the water (considered even as *space*) which is less fruitful than the rest: nay, we may well hesitate before we venture to decide, which has the most living creatures (space for space), the water or the land¹?"

The tall passenger appearing disposed to question the Lieutenant's judgment, as to the fruitfulness of the sea, the latter defended it in some further observations: "Not to enter," he proceeded, "into other inquiries, which, nevertheless, the subject invites,—as to the great and primitive importance that, in the mighty scheme of creation, belongs to the class of aquatic or water animals;—and not again to allude to the numbers of land animals, which, as well as vegetables, either directly or indirectly, owe their sustenance, as well as their being, to the great

¹ "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.

"And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas."—*Gen. i. 20. 22.*

"For the dumb water, and without life, brought forth living things at the commandment of God, that all people might praise thy marvellous works."—*2 Esdras vi. 48.*

sea; so as to justify the language of the ancient poet, and of all antiquity,—

‘Oceanumque patrem rerum;’—

‘Ocean, the father of all things:’—let us talk only of such creatures as live absolutely in the sea! The sea, at a first glance, indeed, may seem only a ‘watery waste;’ the view may offer but a vacancy of flat sea and rounded sky; its surface may appear void of life, except where flocks of unnumbered birds descend upon it from the rocks and shores. But, look at it only for a little time, and you will see living things incessantly ascending and descending at its surface; look at it a little longer, and you will see great fish appearing and disappearing with frequency; look longer still, and shoals of smaller fish will discover themselves;—shoals that form masses of countless living creatures; shoals not to be measured; fishes of which no number can be set down! Think, then, of the innumerable species of fish, besides prodigious numbers of many species! And it is not *fishes* alone—*fishes*, commonly so called—that are inhabitants of the sea. I will say nothing of sea-insects and sea-reptiles (such as shrimps, and crabs, and lobsters, and myriads of much smaller ones); nor of shell-fish (such as scallops, oysters, and mussels); of all of which

the numbers are so great, that the very *sands of the sea* hardly afford an object for comparison. But let us speak of the *sea-mammals*, or *mammalia*, the seals and walruses inclusive¹; and the latter, what are sometimes denominated *morses*, that is, *sea-morses*, or, by the same words in another form, *sea-horses*, those marine monsters of the North²; while the *sea-cows* (otherwise called *manaties*³), fill their place between

¹ The seals and walruses are the only animals which Cuvier distinguishes as *amphibious*; though it may be difficult to know why that epithet is not equally applicable to at least the hippopotamus, or river-horse. The seal is so completely amphibious as to be hunted, sometimes in the sea, and sometimes upon the shores or land; and, with respect to its use as food, the Roman Catholic church has determined, for the guidance of its people in the north of Scotland and Ireland, that if caught upon land it is flesh; but if caught in the sea, it is *fish*.

² Sea-morses are now very commonly spoken of only as *morses*. But *morse* is the Scandinavian form of the word *horse*; a form from which we obtain the English word *mare*, and, perhaps, through the French, the word *marshal*, at present a title of office either civil or military, but originally implying only a *horsekeeper*, or *master of the horse*. The modern title of *marshal* is known to be much allied to that of *constable*; and of *constable* the ancient signification is only *keeper of the stables*.

³ Through an absurd error, Buffon, and even Cuvier, describe this marine mammal, under the name of *lamantin*; which the former and his copyists explain by *lamentant*, in English *lamenting*, and then tell us that it is so called from its doleful cries, and consequent apparent misery! The animal, upon the contrary, is one of the happiest in the world, and the name

the Tropics. The whales, (or the fish that are commonly so called,) from their great bulk, may be understood, by natural analogy, never to have been so very numerous as smaller fishes; and the slaughter to which they have been now so long exposed from human hands, has greatly thinned their natural numbers¹. But, as to the seals, in

manati, which is Spanish, merely implies that it has *hands*, or is *two-handed*; its two only *fins*, as well in situation, figure, and use, being short *arms* or *hands*. It is the Spanish word *manati*, or *handed*, which the French (dropping the second syllable, and giving to the word, in speech, and in writing, the nasal termination *n*,) have first sounded and written *mantin*, or *la mantin*; then, uniting the article with the noun, have made *la mantin*, and then changed this into *le lamantin*, to bring it so much the nearer to its supposed original, *lamentar*, "to lament!" And this, too, is no unfair specimen, both of the manner in which many words and names have been formed, in all languages; or of the mistakes in all our books, those of natural history at least as often as the rest. But there is no end to the mistakes concerning the *manati*, or *sea-cow*. It is one of the many marine animals which have been called *mermaids*; and by the Dutch colonists at the Cape of Good Hope, (and thence in the books written concerning that colony) it is confounded with the hippopotamus, or *river-horse*; for which reason, and which only, we hear of the Great *Cow River*!

¹ The question was raised, a few years ago, in the courts of law of the state of New York, as to whether the whale is a fish, and the negative attempted to be maintained by references to authorities, and examinations of witnesses, both learned and scientific. See a paper upon the subject, in the London Monthly Magazine for 1822, written by the author of these pages, and entitled, *Is the Whale a Fish?*

all their species (and especially the smaller ones), what eye shall count them? And then, as to the dolphins, which, properly described, are small species of *whales* (the whales being large *dolphins*), how innumerable are not their shoals, under the several names of porpoises, hog-fishes, sea-hogs, herring-hogs¹, sea-swine, and others!

“All the species of *seal* live either in herds, or at least in families, along the sea-coasts in their respective parts of the world; and, wherever they are, they are fond of basking in the sun, either on the beaches, rocks, or banks or floats of ice. While thus indulging themselves, however (and especially in situations where, as they have learned from experience, they are in much danger from their hunters), they use the precaution equally employed by several other species of creature;—that of engaging one of their number to keep awake, and be upon the look out, while the remainder sleep; and it has been observed, that as to the common seal, that careful sea-beast, even while thus reposing, and thus guarded, has its sleep frequently broken by its sense of danger, and therefore lifts its head at frequent intervals, and looks around, to see that

¹ A species, in the Mediterranean, is commonly called by its right name of *dolphin*; and another, belonging to the Tropical seas, is known to seamen by the name of *black-fish*.

all is safe. But this, as I have said, is wholly matter of experience; for the seal, in situations where its life is usually passed in more tranquillity, sleeps long and soundly, and is hence easily surprised."

"It does not appear, then," said the tall passenger, "that the seal is wholly guided by *instinct*?"

"No more so," replied the Lieutenant, "than any other part, more or less equally sagacious, of the entire creation. All mix the lessons of experience with the habitudes of *instinct*. But there is one part of the history of these sagacious, and warm-blooded, and warm-hearted, but often drowsy animals, which, as related by some of those who see them often, is truly singular; for it consists in the further help to safety which they find in the services of a creature quite different from themselves, not only in species, but in class; namely, the Great sea-Gull. It is affirmed by those who engage in seal-hunting upon the northern coasts of Ireland, that this bird, by its officious kindness to the seals, often disappoints them of their prey. The hunters, in the situations which seals frequent, either wait for them behind the natural rocks, if such are available, or else build up little walls or bulwarks of stone, to afford them similar hiding-places.

But the Gull, which, while skimming round and round, over the sea and shore, sees all that is going forward upon both sides of the rocks or bulwarks, and perfectly understands the object; often defeats it by first flying over the head of the hunter, and then passing, with a loud and no doubt peculiar scream, close to the seal; when, if the latter does not immediately take the alarm, he will further strike him sharply on the head! If, through that first or second effort, the seal is induced to slip into the water (only close to which he is always sleeping), then, and then only, the bird appears satisfied, as if conscious that the former has now escaped the danger! This friendly care of the seal by the Great Sea-Gull is, at the same time, the more remarkable, because the seal itself is a destroyer of some sea-birds, if not of others, catching them by the legs while they swim¹.

¹ The poet quoted in the text, and in the motto to this chapter, speaks of the sea-morses and the seals as distinct animals; and so, as to common speech and observation, do all the world beside. But, as matter of science, both these animals, along with many others, are classed under the single name of *Seal*, or *Phoca*. The length of the Seal, commonly so called, is, in the smaller species, from four feet to six; and in the larger, from six feet to eight; while that of the Sea-morse, is from fifteen to eighteen. With these differences of dimension, therefore, and with the addition also, of great differences in

“Perhaps, in this manner,” continued the Lieutenant, “I may have partly reconciled you all to my phrase, when I say, that the sea is

figure, it need not surprise us that as the latter has been called the *Sea-morse*, (or with still greater propriety, *Sea-Elephant*); the former has received the name of *Sea-Dog*, while to a third is given the name of *Sea-Lion*, and to a fourth that of *Sea-Monkey*; to a fifth, that of *Sea-Cow*, which, in reality, is the same thing as to say, *Sea-Ox*, or *Sea-Bull*; though the one signification of these three latter terms, is also involved in the name of the *Whale*, or *Whale-fish*; that is the *Bull-fish*, or *Sea-Bull*; the universal habit of mankind uniformly being, to find comparisons and names for the creatures of the water, by looking among those of the land, wherever even the remotest degree of resemblance is to be traced between the one and the other. It is hence that, besides all the above, we have the *Cat-fish* in the rivers of North America, and the *Dog-fish* (a small species of *Shark*) upon our own sea-coasts; and hence, also, that the *Porpoise*, or *Dolphin*, (as both of those names are to be translated) has been called from all antiquity, as still among ourselves, the *Sea-Hog*, or the *Sea-Pig*. Our own sailors and fishermen call it the *Herring-Hog*, from the avidity with which it follows and feeds upon the shoals of that small migratory fish; and by those of Normandy it is named *Marsouin*, or *Sea-Hog*, or *Sea-Swine*.

By the name of *Dolphin*, it is not intended, of course, to speak, in this place, of a fish of a wholly different order, in ichthyology, and in nature, to which, now and for ages, it has been commonly given; and of the beautiful and changing colours of the skin of which, when dying, we are frequently told so much! As to the naturalists, they have consented to give the name of *Dolphin* to a single variety of the *Porpoise*, but to no more; and then, again, to the *Grampuses*, but stopping

more of a 'populous city,' than of a 'watery waste;' for, to say nothing of vegetable stores, in which, however, it is not wholly wanting, to the recollection of what 'living' and 'moving' creatures have I not brought you, as subsisting either upon or within its bosom? And, then, to think of the mirth and gratifications of all these creatures! Of the wheelings, and divings, and sporting of the sea-birds! Of the dartings, the leapings, and the sporting of the fishes! Of the gambols of the whales and seals! The first frisk in the ocean like the cows and oxen in the meadows and upon the hills, and are really the sea bulls and cows. The second are the monkeys of the sea. Individuals have been seen playing such antics upon the waves, as to have introduced into our books the name and description of a creature called sea-monkey. The whale-ships,

there. For ourselves, we believe, that in the enlarged and ancient sense, it belongs to the whole order of *cetaceous* fishes; that is, to the Porpoises, Grampuses, and Whales collectively.

This latter position, nevertheless, requires explanation for its support; as does also, our very use of the terms, Pig, Hog, and Swine indifferently, as the English and other versions, and proper synonyms, of the Greek derivative *Dolphin*; and this the more especially, because of the errors, upon the subject of this name, which have been recently committed, in a work of general ingenuity and value—*Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language*; but we must defer all that here remains to remark, till another opportunity.

in the Arctic regions, occasionally witness, in fine weather, large assemblages of seals, all in mirth and frolic, and denominate such festivities, 'seals' weddings.' Then, as to the sagacity of the seals; their strong family affections; their various human resemblances; these are so obvious, that the stories related of each, and the superstitions and romances founded upon them, are endless; and hence, among other things, the solely poetical creations of their mistake for mermen and mermaids—the tritons and the nereids of classical learning, and of antique mythology. It is partly, also, perhaps, from their human resemblance, as well as from their inhabiting the two elements of water and earth, that they are made to supply, to the northern nations (what the butterfly has supplied to the southern), an emblem of the *soul*, and of another life.

“I may take the opportunity still,” added the Lieutenant, “to say, that it is in the Polar or Arctic regions, that the fruitfulness of the sea, and even its beauty, appears even more than elsewhere transcendent; and that we might be tempted to the conclusion, that if, elsewhere, it is at least equal to the dry land in these particulars, here at least it surpasses; so as to be, on the whole, still more fruitful than the latter, space

for space, and depth for depth ; or, that any forty millions of square miles of the surface of the ocean cover a depth and space more abundant in living creatures, than the forty millions of square miles of known and habitable dry land ! Here are those flocks and flights of sea-birds ; here, those shoals of herring, mackarel, pilchards, and porpoises ; here, those banks of codfish ; here, those great whales ; here, those narwhals, walruses, and those herds and nations of seals, small and great ; here, those sea-bears ; and, here, those countless swarms, and floats, and clouds of sea reptiles and insects ! And, as the scene for displaying all this life, think of the Polar seas under a brilliant sun, and without a breeze to ruffle them ; lakes of the smoothest and the brightest glass, interspersed with ice-islands, and reflecting their lofty peaks and promontories, their glittering pinnacles and columns, with their colours copying and rivalling the rainbow, or shining and gleaming like the brightest diamonds ; and all so silent, and so still, the smooth and glassy water around you, and the blue skies above you, that if, at the distance of a mile or more, a seal does but show its head above water, and sink down again, the gentle noise and the soft ripple are heard and seen in all directions round ! Observe,

that I am talking of fair weather; for, certainly, the Polar seas show very opposite things from these, upon opposite occasions!

“The fertility, and even the populousness of the waters, Lieutenant,” said the tall passenger, “have been strongly placed before us by your remarks; and not the less so for your having called to our recollection the abundance of life which swarms about them, and within them, in the Northern regions of the globe, while it is impossible for us to forget how much they produce in the warmer and the hotter parts. Master Neptune,” added the tall passenger, “has plainly a large brood to take care of, throughout his watery pastures!”

“But who is Neptune,” cried Charles, “and shall we see him as we go along; for I have often heard about Neptune and the sea?”

“Neptune,” replied the Lieutenant, “like mermen and mermaids, and tritons and nereids, is all fancy; and you will never see him, my smart boy, unless you have seen him already, and unless you see him now! He is the same with what we English sailors call Old Davy, and whom we sometimes hear of as the Old Man of the Sea; and, if we could contrive to enter into the real spirit of mythology, or ancient poetry or fable, we should understand, by either name,

not a person living *in* the sea, but *the sea itself personified*; that is, the sea, poetically imagined as a thing intelligent as well as substantial; and as having, not this *form of water*, of which we can see neither the beginning nor the end, but a *form*, either animal or human, or some other which the eye can measure. If, then, we let ourselves fancy a thing of this sort, and suppose Neptune, or Old Davy, or *the sea*, to have the figure, voice and features of a man; we next call this *sea*, or Neptune, or Old Davy, *he*, instead of *it*; and thus, if a poet should say, of *the sea*—

‘The watery plains where Neptune feeds *his* flocks;’

we must understand him to mean, *the sea* which contains and feeds *its* creatures.”

“But if, by ‘Neptune,’” said the tall passenger, we are to understand *the sea*, and if the sea composes the ‘watery plains’ in your quotation; how can the same object (whether a *person* or a *thing*) be both the ‘plains’ themselves, and the shepherd that ‘feeds his flocks’ upon them?”

“They reconcile these things in poetry,” answered the Lieutenant; “and possibly, if we were seriously to set about it, we could ourselves find

the explanation. At present," added he, (looking up to the evening star, and playing upon what the tall passenger had said of the *shepherding* of Neptune,) "the hour is come, when, as my blind friend Milton would sing—

'The star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;'

so that, perhaps, it is high time for all to turn in, and go to bed." As he spoke, he rose, and prepared to lead the way down the companion-stairs.

The day, however, either for more explanations concerning Neptune, or for treating of the *true dolphins*, never arrived. The discourses of the Lieutenant, to which Laleham, with his boy, and with all the rest, had been a pleased and grateful listener, (along with his perpetual kindness and good humour,) had greatly contributed, to this time, to enliven and cheer the voyage; but an hour most unexpectedly arrived, to rob them of his further company.

At sun-rise, on the morning after the talk which had thus placed in a very interesting view that extensive subject, Marine Zoology, or the history of the living creatures of the sea, a seaman, at the mast-head of the *Nautilus*, suddenly

called out, "A sail, a sail, a-stern ! A large ship on the weather-quarter !" It was the first vessel which the Nautilus had seen, since she rounded Cape Finisterre ; and, if for that reason only, (or even for the sake of speaking a ship at sea, under almost any circumstances,) every one on board was immediately awakened, and scarcely sooner awakened, than upon deck. But there had been rumours afloat in England, at the time of the sailing of the Nautilus, of the breaking out of a general war ; and hence, in addition to the spirit of curiosity, the expectation of news, or the hope of at least a momentary gratification of some kind or other, from the discovery of a strange sail ; there was some slight degree of anxiety, when the strange sail was announced to be a "large ship"—a ship of war :—lest it should carry an enemy's flag, and lest the Nautilus should become its prize ! With the captain, indeed, who thought more of the sure conduct of his ship, than of any chance, however possible, of gratification from speaking, or been spoken, by the ship behind him, the first resolve was to spread aloft more canvas, as what might chance to enable him to avoid a meeting. At the first cry of the seaman from the main-top, he had put himself earnestly upon the alert ; and, upon the news that the ship in the horizon was a ship

of war, both himself and the Lieutenant had hastily ascended the mast, glass in hand, to make immediate observation. But the seaman, as he slid down from his station, cried again, saying, "She has seen us a long time; her sprit and topsails are set; and she is coming full down upon us;" and the captain, and the Lieutenant were both soon convinced, that the strange sail was nothing less than a fine frigate, advancing with a strong breeze, and from which it would be impossible to avoid a visit, if she should be so inclined. The Lieutenant vexed himself that he could not instantly make out what she were, English or French; but the captain, satisfied that English or French, there was the plainest probability that he should soon be under her lee, quickly descended to the deck, leaving the Lieutenant to pursue his further examination. Bold, and yet steady seaman as the former was, he did not communicate without inward emotion, to the passengers and crew, who awaited him below, the decisive news, that the stranger was a large frigate, steering their course, and that they must soon see more of her! Even if she were English, the crew had some slight reason for alarm; for the cases were possible, that the rumoured war had been declared; that the frigate knew it; and that she might choose

to impress one or more of the hands of the *Nautilus*. All these things, in the meantime, were simple possibilities, and did not gravely distress the seamen, especially as their own number was no more than absolutely necessary for navigating the ship, and the frigate doubtless fresh from England, with all the crew she sailed with, the likelihood of her exercising the royal prerogative of impressment was small in the extreme. But the captain, while the frigate might yet prove herself an enemy, had fears for his ship and cargo; for his own consignment to a French or Spanish prison; and for the destitution of his wife and children. He had known what it was to be in a French prison; and therefore, though his passengers, who had groaned under no such experience, (could the consequence of capture have been equally present to their minds,) would have awaited the event of the morning with far less tranquillity than himself; it was now the captain, most of all, who betrayed the marks of deep, though only wavering anxiety. After repairing to his cabin, setting in order his ship's papers, whether they were to be asked for by friend or foe, and hiding away his money, he returned upon his deck; where, having first seen to the union-jack's being got ready for running up, and the ship's boat for lowering, and the painter

cleared, the oars shipped and across the thwarts, he walked up and down the deck, chiefly in silence; while a single tear stole down his cheek, as, ever and anon, he looked through his glass, from the ship's quarter, at the frigate, now in every one's gaze; and then at the trim of his own sails, observing how they caught the wind; and then directing the steersman at the helm. The Lieutenant, now planted against the taffarel, never, for a moment, took his glass from his eye; for he could not even yet determine whether the ship in sight were English or a foreigner. As she drew nearer, however, he began to persuade himself, and to endeavour to reassure the captain and all beside, with positive, and more positive, declarations that she was English. In less than half an hour he grew certain. He judged from the rake of her masts, and from the steadiness with which she kept her way: "No, captain," he repeated often; "it is only a saucy Englishman, with English lads on board, that could show us such sailing as this! Only see the style in which she does it! Only see how she comes booming over the waves, as if she were their sole mistress! And so she is, too; and every ship that carries the British flag; and always was, and always will be! Here she comes; here she comes; she will be up with us before breakfast;

and there is nothing to fear, my boys; nothing to fear, captain;—all's right;—I'll just step down, and shave, and make myself ready to show them the King's uniform, when they are overlooking us from the main-deck, and the British colours are overhanging us! All's right; huzza, my boys; it is a British ship, and there is nobody that will hurt a hair of your heads!"

Charles and his father (as may be imagined) were not among the least interested, or the least curious of the gazers upon the approaching frigate. More than half way upon their voyage of five thousand miles, from England to the Cape, their first thought, upon hearing that a ship was in sight, had been that of obtaining the means of sending a letter to poor Margaret, to comfort her, and her lonely hearth, with the news that they were thus far well. When it was known, however, that the strange sail moved on the same course with themselves, they submitted speedily to the disappointment; shared the suspense of all the rest, as to the stranger's possible influence upon their future hopes; and now rejoiced, with those around them, in the belief that it was a friend and countryman whom they saw behind, and gave themselves up to sole curiosity and expectation, as to all that was to come, and to be seen! Enjoying, by turns,

along with all the rest, the indulgence of spying out the warrior through a glass, they beheld her, as she gradually rose in the horizon, over the convex of the pathless ocean, showing now her top-gallant sails only, and next her top and lower sails, and, at length her hull; and saw her change of aspect, till, from a uniform grey figure, her canvas discovered gradually its reflection of the ascending sun. While the Lieutenant, too, was yet below, the conviction had become general, that she was in truth an English frigate; and scarcely had the gallant officer reappeared upon deck, arrayed (to Charles's mingled delight and consternation) in blue and scarlet and gold, and with sword and gold-laced hat; pronounced, firmly, that she was a ship of the King's navy; and only set himself to work at learning, through the telescope, what could be her name, and whom her commander; than the glorious barque, showing broadly her white bosom to windward of the Nautilus, and dashing from her bows the spray into which she broke every successive wave that stemmed her progress; suddenly ran up the cross of England, with its blue and white companions, and fired, at the same moment, the long expected gun, to call upon the Nautilus to ly-to, to show the colours that she carried, and to wait for the

arrival of the frigate. The moment followed soon, but not before the captain had grasped his speaking-trumpet, and was so stationed as best to hear and answer the expected interrogatories.

“Ship a-hoy!” sung out the frigate’s boatswain, syllable by syllable, through his sonorous trumpet, as early as he could possibly think himself audible on board the Nautilus; and “Aye, aye, sir,” was the captain’s reply, in an equally big voice, and giving evidence of his state of preparation to hear and reply to the coming questions of the frigate.

“What ship is that?” cried again the boatswain.

“The Nautilus of London,” answered the captain.

“Where from?” inquired the boatswain.

“From Liverpool.”

“Where are you bound to?”

“The Cape of Good Hope.”

“How many days out?” rejoined the boatswain.

“Forty-five,” answered the captain;” and, again, the boatswain put his trumpet to his mouth, and asked the hospitable question—

“Is the Nautilus in want of any thing?”

“No, sir, I thank you,” replied the captain; and now (especially to gratify the impatience of

the Lieutenant) the captain himself ventured upon the task of questioning; and began with—
“ Pray, sir, what is the name of that ship?”

“ His Majesty’s frigate L’Achille,” answered the boatswain.

“ Oh! L’Achille! L’Achille!” cried the Lieutenant, dancing with joy, but yet ashamed of his past ignorance: “ I, that thought I knew every ship in the service, and that I could tell the name of every fellow that wears an epaulette with my eyes shut; not to know the L’Achille, and to have seen my old friend Towler walking her quarter-deck all this time, and not to have known him! But the L’Achille is a Frenchman built, and she’s partly French-rigged still; and that’s what deceived me! I must speak to Towler presently, myself.”

“ What beautiful ships those Frenchmen build!” said a London merchant on board the Nautilus.

“ And what beautiful French ships our English seamen take!” said the tall passenger.

While this, however, was the by-play upon the Nautilus’s weather-quarter, and while the Lieutenant was thus, by turns, exulting and self-accusing, the captain, before inquiring the L’Achille’s longitude, seized the moment to ask another question, not yet wholly off his own

mind, and anxiously waited for by his men :—
“If you please, sir, (blowing with all his might through his friendly trumpet), is there any news from Europe? Is there any war with the Dons, or the Mounseers?”

“None at all, sir; none at all;” returned the boatswain; “poor times for a man-of-war’s man!” But, at the next instant, he cried out, by superior order, “Lower your boat, sir, and come on board the frigate, with your papers and log.”

“That’s right,” cried the Lieutenant, who had scarcely yet suffered himself to be seen by the frigate; “that’s the thing; and I’ll go with you, and say how-do-you-do to Towler.”

The boat was speedily alongside, and manned; and the Lieutenant, with the Captain, and his ship’s papers and log-book, though tolerably tossed from wave to wave as they went, made a quick passage to the frigate. During the progress of this ceremony, and with little interruption from the manning and departure of the boat, Charles had stood deaf to almost every thing that had been said, with his eyes glued upon the stately ship of war. The Nautilus was a merchantman of some four hundred tons burden, and a vessel, therefore, of really respectable size; and one upon the magnitude of which Charles had

originally looked with astonishment. But what had been his emotion now, from the time when the *L'Achille* began to near the *Nautilus*, and when several of his seniors had not omitted any single phrase of strong and glowing rapture. The height of her sides, and still more the height of her masts, beneath the view of all of which the *Nautilus* seemed to him to shrink into a cockle-shell; the tremendous spread of her main-yard; her port-holes, though most of her ports were down; the multitude of men whom he saw on board, some handing the sails, others hanging over the bulwarks, and looking carelessly at the deck and rigging of the *Nautilus* below them; and all this accompanied by the order observable in the business of the ship; the sound of the eight bells at breakfast-time, of the drums of the marines, and of the commanding voices of the officers; all these things would have fixed the attention of an older and more experienced voyager than Charles; and they did not fail, for the time, to turn Charles, as it were, into a statue. But the vision drew to its close, and a change came over it.

The Lieutenant, and the captain of the *Nautilus*, had but a few minutes gained the deck of the *L'Achille*, when the crew of the former vessel were surprised, and somewhat alarmed, to

hear orders given for lowering and manning the boat of the frigate, which, with a celerity unseen on board of a merchantman, was the next moment in readiness! Were an officer and a boat's crew coming to take any one out of the Nautilus? But, almost before there could be time for feeling such an apprehension, the spirits of all were rallied, by the sight of their old companion the Lieutenant stepping into the boat, accompanied by only a very young lad of a midshipman, who had it in charge; and while the Nautilus's men lay at their ease in their own boat, in attendance upon their captain. In a few seconds, also, the cheerful voice of the Lieutenant met their ears, crying, "God bless you, my hearties; I am sorry to part with you, but the brave captain will take me on to the Cape; so, I am just coming back to pick up my chest and bedding, and wish you good bye, and a merry and short run for the remainder of your voyage!" While he spoke, he had ascended the shipside, and was hurrying below.

The chance, which had thus offered itself to the Lieutenant, was too good a one to be neglected. Recently recovered from some severe wounds, he had been appointed to a ship on the Cape station, and having missed the King's ship which should have taken him out at free cost,

he had been fain to pay for a passage in a merchant-vessel; while a speedier conveyance was of the utmost importance to him, both for the chance of a war, and for the occasions of promotion which, even in peace, the service might afford him. But there was not a minute to lose; the whole affair of the frigate's speaking the Nautilus occupied but an incredibly short space of time; and the incident of the Lieutenant's changing his ship was but as the movement of a flash of lightning. He shook hands with Laleham and the other passengers, repeating all his blessings; gave Charles a kiss, and a book of pictures, and a silver pen, telling him to make haste and learn how to write a letter with it to his mother; and shouted out his thanks and farewells to the captain of the Nautilus, as the two boats passed each other, between the frigate and the ship; the one to carry the Lieutenant to the cabin-breakfast with his friend Towler; the other to restore to his vessel the captain of the Nautilus, with her papers and log, and with a dozen of fowls, and a dozen of wine, which had been pressed upon him in consequence of his good name from the Lieutenant; and with some pieces of canvas, a coil of rope, and some marling-spikes, which he had confessed to be acceptable aids to the ship's stores. The Lieutenant had no sooner

boarded the L'Achille, than the sails, which had been laid aback, were again filled; and, while the veteran once more waved his hat toward those whom he left, the frigate left the Nautilus behind her, just as Charles had sometimes seen a chaise and four outstrip his father's chaise-cart!

The loss of the Lieutenant's company was much felt on board the Nautilus; but for himself, as will hereafter appear, the change was probably of even more importance than it had appeared to him at the time; and the Nautilus, and her passengers and crew, impelled by favouring breezes, and cheered and occupied by new diversions, and new sights, held their way happily toward the Cape, and seemed not to promise to be very long in even overtaking the Lieutenant¹.

¹ The accident recorded in the note at p. 76, besides furnishing us with the valuable facts and observations there quoted, afforded a discovery equally surprising and delighting us; namely, that the work referred to contains a great number of pages (Letter VIII. to Letter XI.) in which the author has entered upon that subject of the *populousness of the sea*, upon which we have been touching in the foregoing chapter; and that, besides illustrating this to a much greater extent than our limits have allowed, or purpose rendered proper, he has proceeded to place that *population* under very new, and just, and pleasing aspects. We have some verbal and other criticisms, nevertheless, to offer, which, even in self-defence, we shall possibly introduce upon some future page.

CHAPTER XI.

The wind, the tempest roaring high ;
The tumult of a Tropic sky !

WORDSWORTH.

BUT the calms of the Equator were now left behind, and the ship was in the latitude of the Cape ; and only another day, it was believed, could be requisite to bring the voyage, hitherto prosperous throughout, to a swift and prosperous conclusion.

The name—"the Cape of Good Hope"—is a name forced, however, by the arbitrary though well-exercised authority of Prince Henry of Portugal alone, upon that bold promontory which, stretching toward the Southern pole, terminates, at eleven degrees to the south of the Tropic of Capricorn, the mighty continent of Africa. Vasquez da Gama, its discoverer, following the natural index of one of its inherent characters, had called it the "Cape of Storms ;" but the

great patron of maritime Portuguese adventure, in whose employ Da Gama sailed, and who considered the discovery and doubling of this distinguished Cape as offering "good hope" of the final accomplishment of his express undertaking—the discovery of a maritime passage to India;—Prince Henry gave the name of Cape of Good Hope, to that which naturally was, and still remains, the "cape of storms." It owes this primary appellation, however, more particularly to the turbulent character of the sea and sky about Point l'Agullas, the land first made; and from which, while already looking out for the three little specks that are the first appearances of the Table Mountain, vessels are fortunate if they escape in four days, being sometimes detained by them as many weeks.

To the Northern and Southern Hemispheres respectively, there appear to belong, as well separate *meteorologies*, as other separate phenomena of nature¹. The globe of the earth appears to have an atmospheric system, which, as to certain considerable particulars, at least, begins and terminates between the Arctic Pole and the Equator;

¹ The separate *botanies*, and separate *zoologies*, of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, have long since fixed the attention of the author of these pages, and formed the subjects of inquiries which he always promises himself to submit to the examination of the cultivators of natural history.

and another atmospheric system, which, in an equal manner, as to considerable particulars at least, begins and terminates between the Equator and the Antarctic Pole. In the Northern division, upon the side of Europe and America, and in the lower latitudes, we have a continuity of east, and south, and north-easterly winds, the last denominated, upon the Atlantic Ocean, *trade-winds*; and which, driven back from the sides of the American Andes, appear to constitute the winds almost as regular as those which, in the higher latitudes, blow from the west and north and south-west; so that, for example, in England, there are two hundred and twenty-five days of west or westerly winds, to one hundred and forty days of east or easterly. In the same division, upon the side of India and the Persian Gulf, are the *monsoons*, or six months' alternation of winds from the east quarter to the west. In the Atlantic, again, and upon all its shores and islands, there begins and terminates, between the Arctic Pole and the Equator, a system of atmospherical commotions, or such as constitute and are called *hurricanes* in the West Indies, and *storms* in all other parts; and which, in all parts, are to be distinguished from *thunder-storms*, of which the nature is very different, and the origin, apparently, to be better sought for in or near the

place at which they occur. Thunder and lightning, produced by local causes, frequently accompany hurricanes, but are never essential to their nature; and, among other distinctions between hurricanes and thunder-storms, it has been attempted to treat as an established fact, that all thunder-storms arise in the west, and move in an eastern direction; while all hurricanes first appear, either in the eastern or the southern quarter of the horizon, and advance in a western or north-western direction¹. It is also said, that if, in the Caribbee Islands, (as those of Dominica and Barbadoes,) during the hurricane season, thunder-clouds can be discerned in the horizon, the inhabitants have no longer any immediate apprehension of a hurricane. Hurricanes, too, are peculiar to the West Indies; for, even in the Northern Hemisphere, the Sandwich Islands, situate in the same parallels of latitude, but in the eastern division of the ocean, are free from similar visitations; and, from the same local causes, they are peculiar also to the Northern Hemisphere in the

¹ The Hebrew Scriptures, however, speak of lightning as springing from the east toward the west; and during a recent thunder-storm, which passed over London, it was remarked, though as peculiar, that the lightning was seen to come from every quarter of the heavens. The *tiffoons*, or hurricanes, or whirlwinds, of India, and the Indian Ocean, move from west to east.

west: for, though generated so near to the Equator, they never pass that boundary, but make Barbadoes the utmost limit of their southern range. In the same manner, it is not till we have stretched beyond the Equator; that is, till we have entered into the Southern Hemisphere, that we meet with the peculiar description of storm for which the coasts and latitudes of the Cape are unhappily famous, and which bear the denomination of *white squalls*. White squalls are whirlwinds of vast extension, which in the regions that we are now speaking of, frequently rage under a blue sky and resplendent sun, or, during the night, beneath a cloudless moon; and are so much the more appalling from the mixture, (so unusual to a northern eye,) of a furious and fatal tempest, with such an aspect of the heavens; and from which, too, the *white spray* of the ocean, caught up into the air by the whirlwind, glitters like the brightest silver; while upon sea the ships, and upon land the forests, are twisted, torn, and dashed into fragments, by the resistless element. These eddies of the air—these whirlwinds, which destroy woods, and fields, and fleets, are in themselves, limited, neither to any particular portion of the globe for their theatre, nor to any dimensions whatever for their size. We see them, sometimes, in minia-

ture, cross our path, and spin, for a moment, the leaves and dust which lie upon it; and greater examples of the same phenomena, moving through degrees of latitude and longitude, and consisting in dry winds, raise either the sand of the desert, or the waves of the ocean; and can inflict, either the wreck of ships, or the burial of a caravan!

It was upon one of those delicious nights, so frequent upon the soil and seas of Africa, when the moon, like a globe of silver, shone, with a thousand surrounding stars, from the depth of skies of a rich, deep purple; that suddenly, and while the passengers, and part of the crew, were enjoying, upon deck, the enchantment of the scene, the mate invited the attention of the captain to certain appearances in the horizon, saying, "Sir, don't you think they look a little squall-like?" The captain turned his head at the moment; and, well nigh before he could betray, by his altered and anxious countenance, his sense of the impending danger, gave, as it were in immediate answer to the mate, an order to "call up the hands!" "Aye, aye, Sir," was the equally quick response; and, while the mate sprang toward the fore-hatch, to execute the order he had received, the captain, almost with the swiftness of thought, had given still other orders, first to the man at the wheel, and next to

the sailors at all quarters, crying out, successively, to lower the top-gallants, strike the top-sails, clew up the main-sail, and square the yards; his own hands, and those of his mate, at the same time, not being idle, to assist each successive operation, where and how the occasion needed. The passengers, it may be believed, were not indifferent to the stir of such a moment; but though, by this time, the threatening appearances had become sensible even to them, still they beheld, or even contributed, as they were able, their own exertions for the common safety, with feelings rather of interest and pleasure, than of dismay; aware that all which was doing was no more than matter of just precaution, let the danger be as little as it might; and cheered by the continued sweetness of the moonlight, spread abroad upon the beauteous billows; and confiding in the acknowledged skill, and uniform and unremitting vigilance, of their firm and able pilots, the captain and his mate, seconded, also, by the unsurpassable activity of the cheerful and steady crew. It had required, indeed, but the lapse of a few minutes, almost entirely to alter the whole of the ship's state aloft. Masts, cordage, sails, and yards, had all submitted to the wondrous powers of human intellect and sinew; a few human hands and feet had already trimmed, and

prepared for weather, the gallant ship, which built, guided, and hung with white and swelling canvass, had so lately

——“walked the water like a thing of life;”

and which, now, stripped, and managed by the same human foresight and strength, was to baffle, nearly under bare poles, if such might be its lot, the fury of the whirlwind from above, and the raging of the waves beneath!

Captain nor mate, at present, had many words at the service of the passengers. Their eyes were fixed alternately upon the heavens, or upon the card in the binnacle, or upon the ship's masts and tackling. The crew, stationed fore and aft, and, some of them, in charge of different ropes, upon which, respectively, they kept their hands, awaited in breathless silence the further orders of the captain. The wind and the waves increased; and, altogether, the stations, the manifest anxiety, and the distressing silence of the human actors within the vessel; the violence of the wind, and the answering tumult of the ocean, though the moon still shone, and though the heavens had still the whole of all their rich and purple grandeur; progressively impaired the ease, and at length shook the hearts, of the inexperienced passengers.

Laleham and his child, fixed near the com-

panion, remained as silent as all the rest on board. Their gaze was upon a part of the horizon whence the tempest had seemed to approach them, but of which the breadth was continually increasing; which, every moment, was so much the nearer toward embracing the whole circle of the lower sky; and which, still as it spread, presented, at all points, the strange and fearful appearance of a wall of silver spray, glittering in the moon, that approached, wave by wave, the rocking ship, and was now whirled into the topmost air, and now dropped upon the resounding sea. The faces of all the passengers were pale. Charles clung to his father's knee; but asked no questions, and, indeed, uttered not a word. The wind began now to blow a tempest, and to blow, too, upon the African shore; which, though not within sight, was yet known to be but too near. The whole chance of safety consisted in the vessel's being kept out to sea. Up to the time of which we are speaking, she had faithfully answered her helm, and her bowsprit had been kept right to seaward, while all above was so close and stiff, that every hope continued warm, as far as so fierce a storm could suffer it to be indulged; but now, the waves began to head the ship, and it was not without the severest vigilance and exertion of strength, that the helms-

man kept her from swinging violently round into the wind. Alternately, her bows appeared to pitch into the depths of the abyss, or else to rise up perpendicularly toward the heavens. At the repeated shocks, of which some threw down a part of the passengers, Charles screamed, and clung closer to his father. All the timbers of the ship were straining; below decks were creaking noises; in the cabin, successive crashes had announced the destruction working there; and, among the masts and rigging, everything which could get loose, was flying and slapping in the wind. In an instant, the squall, which had now fairly reached the vessel, seized and snapped its main-topmast; which, with its twisted shrouds and other rigging, came headlong upon the deck. Two sailors were struck down by it, as it fell; and, while they were yet recovering their feet, a heavy surge broke from abaft upon the quarter deck, stove in the cabin-windows, and washed away the man at the wheel. The tiller now released, the vessel veered, and drove furiously to leeward, the waves breaking at pleasure over her sides as she went round. The spray of the surge that had done the serious damage, falling over the group of passengers, wetting them at once to their skin, took away their breath, and scarcely allowed them to keep

upon their legs. Charles, the instant that he was able, now burst into the deepest fit of crying. Tears, before, had stolen silently down his face; but, now, he put no restraint upon his agony, and they ran down in floods, accompanied now with the wildest roar, and now with interminable sobs: "Oh! father, father," he exclaimed, "why did you come on board of ship? Oh! mother, cruel mother, why did you let father and I come here to be drowned?" His father raised him into his arms, and pressed him, dripping wet, to his bosom; but there was nothing, now, that could appease him. He cried and sobbed alternately; and, in the most quiet of his moments, incessantly repeated, "Oh! father, father, we shall be drowned; we shall never see mother any more; we shall be drowned; we shall be drowned!" His teeth chattered, his whole body shook; hardly so much with the wet and cold, as with the fierceness of his mental anguish.

The wave had scarcely receded an instant from the deck, carrying with it the steersman at the helm, than another seaman had supplied the place of his late companion; and was seen striving, with all the strength of tough and sinewy limbs, to move the wheel once more, and get the ship's head to the wind. But the extent of the mischief inflicted by that tremendous and over-

powering sea, had, as yet, been little perceived. Striking the vessel athwart the stern, at the same instant that, in an opposite direction, the wind had seized and broken away the main-topmast, it had wholly unshipped, in the shock, the rudder from its hooks; and there was now no helm for the tossing ship to answer! Human skill, and human strength, had become of no value to her fate! The sprit-sail, and foretop-gallant, the only exceptions to the general nudity of the ship, had hitherto assisted to keep the desired course, by enabling the vessel to leap, as it were, over the opposing billows. But, now, all was over. Those sails, torn into rags, fluttered idly in the wind; the ship, too, had taken in a large quantity of water at her cabin-windows; and, while yet the captain and crew were employed upon all that it remained even for the most hopeless efforts to attempt; namely, to cut away and throw overboard every splinter of her masts and yards, and every yarn of rigging, soon she was laid almost upon her beam-ends, and, with mountainous seas incessantly breaking over her; she drifted all the remainder of the night, continually in the direction of the shore, and of the rocks by which the shore was guarded from the too-impatient inroads of the ocean.

But these, for all on board—these were the

moments of human trial! The most immediate dangers, so long as the mind is able to employ itself upon efforts for escape, afflict that mind neither for grief nor fear. The mind can be vehemently engaged with but one idea at a time; and nature has been too provident of every sentient creature's safety, to allow the moment of danger, but yet of exertion for escape, to be wasted in useless grief, or in any useless terror. The terror which alone presents itself, is the only terror that urges to take arms against the invading "troubles,"—

" And, *by opposing*, end them ;"

for which ending, it makes all things

" To be frightened out of fear ;"

and gives, even to the least courageous under any ordinary circumstances, to feel

—— " each petty artery of this body,
As hardy as the Nemæan lion's nerve."

It is only before and after the occurrence of extreme danger, (and especially not while the means, real or imaginary, of escaping from it, continue,) that we suffer either from sorrow or from terror.

It is different when we can sustain ourselves with no hope from anything which either we or others have the power to perform. It

is then that comes upon us the collapse—the sinking—the despair—the weakness—and the fainting of the heart. All, now, is resignation;—is the hard-wrung agonised submission;—to the loss of all things in the world as respects ourselves, and, now, perhaps the generous, the tender tear, for others whom our fate involves! The Nautilus had, now, no human inmate, from whose strength or from whose skill, anything could be anticipated, for the relief, either of others or of himself! There remained, indeed, the hope in heaven, and the instinctive prayer! Every thing grew momentarily more afflicting. It was with difficulty that the survivors (for three sailors, in addition to the steersman, had now been washed away) could keep their stay upon the inclining deck, which, raised high above the water upon the weather side, dipped deeply into it to leeward; the entire wreck lying waterlogged upon the wave, and tossed and drifted at its pleasure. The wind, also, nearly blew them from their hold; its roaring, and that of the waves, deafened their ears; and even the joy of light departed from their eyes: for the moon, descending from the zenith, had, for more than an hour past, sunk into the sea; and though the stars still shone, all was comparative darkness; and while their vision was strained in the grow-

ing alarm, with hopes of making the land, half mixed with fears of too speedy a discovery of the shore and its rocks; the object most in view was a white and only fearful line, bordering the horizon, and which was still that of the spray of the *white squall*! Charles, in the meantime, was cheered by some return of spirits. He was told that the ship was drifting towards the shore, though still invisibly. The uniformity of the existing evils, which, for more than two hours, had now continued, and had been found bearable, and unbroken by any new and more severe commotion, had partly reconciled him to his situation. Of the dangers before him he had no adequate ideas; hunger and thirst beset him; but his speech was now recovered, and it was his father's employment to answer, more favourably than his judgment alone would have permitted, the frequent questions which he asked; and those answers, however ill-founded, inspired him with increased assurance. It was, alas! his father, who, at the same moment, was despairing, or all but despairing. His thoughts were upon Margaret and his children still at home, as well as upon the helpless infant between his knees; and, out of the fulness of his bosom, the involuntary ejaculation perpetually escaped him, "Oh! my wife, my children!"

But, now, as upon all similar occasions, those who were at once of the most cultivated minds, and of the most settled habits, were the least talkative. With these, (including particularly the captain,) as with Laleham, "the thoughts of home," and all the solicitude connected with it, occupied reflection too deeply to encourage speech; while the sailors, for the most part, were communicating to each other, in low voices, and at a short distance from the rest, all the anecdotes they could recollect of other frightful shipwrecks; of whole crews engulfed; of omens and sure tokens; of their own prognostications of misfortune to the Nautilus; of the cat which had died on board of her, before she was three days at sea; of the ghost, or something worse, which had stood for a whole watch at the capstan, and which had seemed, in the morning, to be nothing more than a man's hat and jacket, hung above it to dry; but not without the mixture of thoughts of objects beloved on shore, and especially of anxious doubts which had been expressed to these, that they would ever see land again; and recollections of brooches and tobacco-boxes, which, as they said, should now go with them to Old Davy!

Some of the passengers were naturally importunate with the captain, from time to time (for,

upon such a subject, what importunity could be unnatural!) to learn his opinion of the probable prospects of the ship: "My good friends," was all he could reply, "we are driving toward the shore; and, now, as the day breaks, I almost think that I discern it; but whether for our relief, or to put an end to our sufferings, is in other hands and knowledge than any that I possess! If the shore should prove a sand, and especially if it is inhabited, by possibility we may escape; but if, as I much fear, nothing is before us but rocks, we may strike and strike till the ship's hull be knocked to pieces! God bless us, and take care of us; I can say no more!"

The captain's sight had not been deceived. The land had been nigh; and by the time that the day-light became stronger, it was not a mile from the ship. The storm renewed its strength as the sun rose; the rocks, the waters, the whirling surge, the clouds of spray, were in full view; the motion landward of the ship was rapid; she rolled from billow to billow; all was powerless on board; all awaited the impending doom—there was a possible deliverance—there was a more probable destruction. But, now, the suspense was breathless; the land was neared; the form and colour of the rocks became distinct; even a farm-house or two, with their green enclosures,

upon the shore, became visible; and at that instant, with a violence that almost parted her plank from plank, the ship was thrown upon a reef of rocks, where for a few seconds, she vibrated backward and forward, and then continued striking and crumbling to pieces, as the winds and waves directed. While yet the repeated shocks, and the clouds of surf, flying over the vessel, obscured and confounded all things, and occupied every one with the immediate effort to keep himself from being swept or shaken into the sea; the captain, five of the crew, and four of the passengers, found no succour from the danger, but, unseen and unheard by their fellow sufferers, went overboard, and perished.

CHAPTER XII.

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And, when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
(And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness.

CAMPBELL.

THE part of the African coast upon which the ruined Nautilus now lay, was at no very great distance to the north-west of Cape Town; and the few and scattered farm-houses and signs of cultivation, which presented themselves to the view of the wreck, belonged to Dutch boors, or ancient settlers of the colony. These persons, who, for the most part, lead lives of greater ease than wealth, and greater wealth than show; and who uniformly make the afternoon a second season of sleep, rise very early in the morning, beginning their labours with the sun. Already, the slaves had lit the kitchen fires; and from the

two or three chimneys that arose, at wide intervals, among the tall giant-like euphorbias, and other trees peculiar to the Cape, the smoke, silvered by the light of the sun, was driving rapidly before the wind, into the clear and cerulean sky. So near, indeed, were the unfortunate and tantalized spectators upon the ship, to all these scenes of domestic comfort and tranquillity; that but for the dashing of the waves, and the roaring of the gale, they might have heard the very cackle of the poultry, as, stemming the violence of the morning, they left their roosts, and spread themselves abroad in search of food; and not less the merry cries of the children, some black, others white, and others yellow, after their respective parents, as they ran out successively from the doors of the farmhouses and huts, and speedily mingled at once in playfulness and quarrel. It was but a short distance from the beach to the farms, and still shorter from the wreck to the beach; but between the two latter was the raging element, lashing, with a fury past description, the broken rocks which paved its bed, and which, ascending irregularly along the shore, here elevated themselves into the foundations of mountains, and there permitted a prospect of the verdant valleys.

Short as was the distance to the shore, the

impracticability of reaching it by swimming, seemed but too evident to all. If, when the vessel, falling, for a moment to seaward, was forced back, the next, with violent concussion against the rocks, a plank or spar, separated, or was hurried into the waves by the shock, immediately it was either lost and buried amid the surf, or dashed, over and over, against the sharp edges of the reefs; whirled in impetuous eddies round about; or carried by the alternate motion of the waves, now against the rocks upon the shore, and now far out to sea. Amid the spectacle, however, of all this turbulence, a single seaman, confident in the strength of his arm, and in his practice as a swimmer, hastily resolved upon the attempt; uttered a sudden farewell to his companions; and, watching his moment, leaped into a wave which was then making for the shore: "Here goes it," he had exclaimed, "life or death; it's of no use staying here; wish you all well, and safe landed, my jollies!" and, in one instant, the brave man was thrown with violence against a tall rock upon the shore; and, in the next, his body, apparently lifeless, was swimming, first against a rock in the water, and then to the seaward of the wreck, from which it was never seen again. The less adventurous employed all their remaining strength, and the benumbed limbs

which they could still use, to keep fast, so long as it might be possible, to the shattered timbers which still sustained them above the water; indulging no hope but in the possible, and (as they flattered themselves) certain event, of their early discovery from the shore, and a consequent effort to assist them.

To those hopes, however, while faintly aiding the more sanguine, there were not wanting others to oppose the most decided discouragement: "No," said the desponding, though still surviving mate; "there is no chance from those Mynheers. If the fat Boors, and their gluttonous *Vrouws*¹, were to see us, at this moment, from their groaning breakfast-tables, and spy us, one after another, washed or sinking from the wreck, not a hog nor sow² of them would leave their great easy chairs, nor their toast swimming in thick butter, to help poor wretches like ourselves! If they did not fire upon us, as they do upon the Bushmen, they would at least leave us to sink or swim as we pleased."

So severe an estimate of a Dutch boor's compassion—unjust, because it was too universal

¹ *Vrouw*, Dutch; wife, woman, or lady.

² "You grow *spek-vet*—as fat as a hog"—is among the most acceptable compliments (as say most of our travellers) that can be paid to a Dutch female at the Cape.

and undistinguishing—had scarcely escaped the lips of the despairing mate, when there appeared, in the verandah, or as the Dutch call it, the *stoop*¹,—not of the nearest—but of the second nearest of the farm-houses, a tall and finely-formed young man, whose whole attention could be perceived to devote itself exclusively to the wreck. He had just risen from his bed, in an adjoining room, and was come into the verandah, to breathe the morning air, and to gaze upon the gilded landscape, and to see that the roofs of his substantial barns had weathered the inclemency of the night; when, his eye catching an imperfect view of the hapless ship upon the shore, his first movement was to lift to his mouth the capacious conch-shell that was in his hand, and alarm all his slaves and neighbours with the long-drawn sounds of the loudest blast that he could blow; his second, to step hastily into the room behind, and return with a spy-glass, which he immediately employed in endeavouring to discover more minutely the condition and situation of the wreck, and especially whether or not there was anything alive on board? The first notes of his shell had been speedily answered by two or three Negro slaves, who, tumbling over each other, sprung to the

¹ As in English, “the *pent*-house.”

foot of the verandah, assured of something unusual by the peculiar manner of the blast. To them, that angel of hope, provided (as it seemed to the suffering, and almost expiring creatures upon the wreck) with the trumpet of heavenly love, appeared to give instant orders; for they withdrew as hastily as they had approached; while the boor, now turning his shell toward the wreck, appeared to endeavour to convey from it some words, or at least sounds, of encouragement to those whose strained eyes and ears were watching and devouring all he did. The winds blew away the sounds, so that they could distinguish none of them; but while the shell was still at his lips, a Hottentot brought to the steps one of the sleekest and most powerful of horses, furnished, at the same time, with the rudest and most cumbersome of saddles and bridles; several Negroes and Hottentots, male and female, throwing open, at the same moment, the great gate of the farm-yard, and running and leaping forward, hastened, with shouts and cries, in the direction of the beach. The boor, at the moment that his horse was brought him, laid down his shell upon the bench of the verandah; and looking toward the wreck, and lifting his large straw hat from his head, waved it so heartily above it, that the signal thus given,

far more fortunate than the sounds of the shell, could by no means be mistaken. A moment after, the benevolent Dutch colonist had sprung into his saddle; but, while he was yet seating himself, and when the hopes of the miserable persons upon the wreck were most exalted, suddenly there rushed down the steps of the verandah a young woman, in a morning-dress hastily thrown on, who, first snatching at the bridle close to the bit, fell immediately upon her knees, as if supplicating, with vehemence and tears, that her husband should desist from leaving his house! A child of three years old followed her, crying; upon whom, at the same time, she impatiently called, and who, in its haste, fell down the steps; and, behind, there came a Hottentot girl, bringing one child in her hand, and another in her arms. The mother, screaming, and apparently distracted, now let go her hold upon the horse, to pick up the child which had fallen, and which she held up to its father's face; making the Hottentot girl, at the same time, bring close the two younger children also. But the boor, first passionately kissing the child which his wife held up to him, and kissing also the two hands which held it, gave, at the next instant, an inclination to his body, and pressed upon one side of the bridle of his horse; when the latter,

instantly obeying his will, carried him fleet out of his court-yard, and through the great gate which the slaves and servants had opened, and was fast advancing towards the wreck; almost before his wife, who had somewhat leaned against his knee, and had nearly fallen when without support, had quite resumed her feet.

Setting his horse upon a gallop, the boor soon passed the slaves and Hottentots, who were on foot, and was the first to arrive upon the beach; where it was soon seen to be his heroic purpose to find a practicable spot for entering the sea, and swimming his horse to the very wreck. In truth, this remarkable man was already the boast of his Dutch countrymen throughout the colony, for numerous acts, the united fruit of the warmest heart and the stoutest frame, which, both by land and water, he had already and most successfully performed. He was the expertest hunter, the strongest woodman, and the most adventurous seaman of all Southern Africa. Four times had he saved his companions in the chase; twice from the tusks of the tusked elephant; once from the terrible rage and powerful feet and trunk of the Coescop, or tuskless elephant; once from the jaws of the lion; and once from the horn of the rhinoceros, the most dauntless of the creatures of the forest! Twice had he

leaped the precipice, to rescue drowning strangers from the inundations upon the Orange river; three times had he pushed out a crazy bark, to save European mariners in Simon's Bay; and twice before had he performed the very task upon which he was now bent;—that of swimming his horse through the billows, and bringing ashore, in his right hand, one by one, the helpless from the wreck; while with his left he ruled his horse. This was, indeed, one of such men as those whom the ancient world depicted in its demigods or heroes; men of virtue equal to their strength, and of strength equal to their virtue;—glorious minds in glorious bodies;—powerful, but only to do good;—“Spirits of God!” as is still the salutation, among the Lazaroni and other Neapolitans, to persons whom they mean to call benefactors, and whom an Englishman would style only “Worthy ladies and gentlemen,” and an Irishman, “Your honours!”—So, that we greatly abuse the terms *hero* and *heroism*, when we apply them to any action or actor but such as are good and generous; for the true *hero* is not he that is simply bold or enterprising, nor he that is simply fool-hardy or ostentatious, nor even he that applies his powers, however great, only to his own advantage; but the true *hero* is he that imposes a debt of gratitude and admiration upon the world, by the exercise

of his powers virtuously; and who seeks the benefit of others not less than of himself; and who, in all cases, pursues just and generous purposes, and by just and generous means!

The boor examined, with a sharp and experienced eye, all the shore which lay near to the wreck, to find the fittest spot from which to urge his horse into the wave; and, having speedily made his choice, was as speedily seen encountering all the obstacles which could hinder his approach. Two things, however, were to be brought at once to bear. The noble adventurer was to reach the ship at the nearest point he could, and the persons whom it might be in his power to save, were to meet him at that point; and, by this means, the chance of relief from the boor's marvellous efforts leaned most to such us should either happen, beforehand, to be where he was able to reach at them, or could the most rapidly remove to such a point. The mate was the nimblest seaman in the ship; and, though he had been the first to deny the possible appearance of African-Dutch compassion, he was also the first to experience it. Discerning skilfully the particular quarter for which the boor was making, and at which, amid all the surf and agitation of the sea, and impediments of the rocks, it was to be expected he would arrive; this man, at a time when, certainly, there was no place for

ceremony, and when selfishness could not but be forgiven, threw himself, with extraordinary agility, into the favourable situation; and, pushing aside a less able or less fortunate competitor, caught hold of the extended hand of the boor, which, by the latter, was firmly grasped, and by which he hung at his horse's side; while, immediately turning toward the land, his deliverer, and the admirable creature upon which the latter rode, commenced their struggle for regaining it in safety: "Hold fast, mine man, and trust to me and mine horse!" had he said; and this was all.

The effort was successful; and the boor, being met, almost where the water was still breast deep, by the hardy willing slaves, who had first preceded, and then followed, him to the beach, and left to their further assistance the well-nigh exhausted mariner; the boor instantly turned again his horse, to bring away a second sufferer. He triumphed in this manner in six attempts, at each time rescuing his man. But, at the close of his sixth labour, the saving Hercules, feeling that his favourite horse began to lose a portion of his vigour, rode him on shore, and mounted a second, which, by his previous order, had been brought there. Upon the shore, however, besides his horse, awaited him his wife, and her children, and their nurse-maid. At every

return which he had made from the wreck, the former had raised her imploring cries, beseeching him to let that latest danger be the last! Little or nothing of what she said, nor even of her cries, had reached his ears, lost as had been all other sounds, and occupied as had been every faculty to its utmost stretch, amid the arduous task he was performing. He had dimly seen, it was true, at moments, through the flying spray, the group which was designed to arrest him by the force of his affections; but confiding still, as at the beginning, in his skill and in his strength, and zealous in the good work in hand, he could yield to no entreaty to desist, nor prefer, for an instant, the claim of those on shore and in safety, to that of those upon the wreck, and with whom death was struggling for a prey. But the act of changing his horse brought him once more within immediate reach of all that his wife could offer to dissuade him. She wept, she pleaded, she embraced him; and the resolute boor, in tearing himself a second time away, might be conceived as saying, with Coriolanus, and in the quainter language of tragedy,

—“ Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny!”

But the merry and warm-hearted Dutch colonist

conveyed his denial in another tone: "Make dine self quite easy, mine dearest Vrouw; and take dis kiss for dine self and dine children: and when I can save no more of dese poor people, den I will leave off; and den I shall have a good appetite for mine breakfast;" saying which, he had leaped upon his second horse, and, at the next minute, was again within the waves.

It will easily be believed, that in the situation which we are now describing, it was the maritime part of the shipwrecked sufferers, who, in a general way, were most likely to avail themselves with good fortune of the rough and hazardous means of escape that was thus offering itself; and also, that, whether seamen or landsmen, those who were at once, most active, most vigorous, and least scrupulous, and valued least the rights of others, had the greater advantage over the rest. As for Laleham, in the meantime, he had a difficulty to be added to all others; that of providing more for his child than for himself; that of moving without parting with him from his arms; that of sustaining both him and his wet clothing; and that of endeavouring to calm his terrors, and soothe his sufferings, from cold, and hunger, and despair. Two or three times, unable to place himself and his charge together, within reach of the benevolent Dutch-

man—ready to resign his own existence—and eager only to save him for whom he felt himself deeply answerable to its mother;—two or three times had he held out his boy, praying that some one, better situated, would put the child within reach of succour, and offering, upon that condition, to resign all pretensions for himself. But no one heeded the entreaty. Concern for self was all; and the agonized father, and fainting child, had little before them or around them, but the too certain prospect of a sure and speedy death. From the commencement of the heavy crisis, Laleham, from time to time, had poured into the ear of his child, words which were dictated by their mutual condition, and by the feelings of a good and tender heart; and, as the various changes, and hopes and fears, had severally arisen, had mingled with his soothing and caresses, such charges and admonitions as might impress even his infant mind in the manner to be wished by a fond and devoted husband and father, in a child which might survive, while himself should be torn from all he loved, and from all that he had desired to bless, and be buried untimely in the deep!

“Patience, my dear child,” said he, as Charles burst into fresh and bitter cryings, at the sight of so many others carried on shore, while them-

selves were left behind; “patience, my dear child, and presently that man—or rather that good angel,—will take you from the wreck. I am sure he will; and, see! there are good people, too, on shore, who will comfort you when you get there. He shall take you first, and I—shall follow you. O yes, you must go first, and I shall certainly come after;—but if I should not, my little Charles—if it should happen that I do not escape this peril!—comfort yourself, my dear child, with the assurance that some one will take care of you;—that a helpless orphan will not be deserted!—And be a good boy, my Charles; and do your duty wherever you are, and whatever befalls you;—and, often, the best comes out of the worst; and, perhaps, some charitable person will send you home again, to your poor mother; and, if you go, give her this kiss from me, and tell that I died praying for her, and for your brother, and your sister! And be a good boy to your mother, Charles; and love her for my sake; and wherever you are, Charley, remember her, and do all that you can to take care of her; and be always a good boy; and speak the truth, and be honest, and be industrious. And, soon, you will be a man; and, then, your poor mother”—

But, while he spoke, the Dutchman had once

more reached the ship; and now, Laleham having placed himself and his child in a better situation than hitherto, again held up the latter in his arms, and, this time, succeeded in attracting the boor's attention. A brother passenger had already seized his hand, and he was in the act of turning his horse's head, when his ear caught the voice of the father, and his eye, for the first time, caught a sight of the boy:—"O mine Gott!" he immediately exclaimed, "see that dear child, and I have left it here all dis time! Come, mine child! Dine moder shall bless me, whether she be in heaven or upon earth! Come, mine child!" and, making a vigorous effort with his bridle hand, he caught hold of Charles, from the arms of the transported father; pressed the child to his bosom; and, without letting go the passenger whom he held in his right hand, immediately swam his horse to the shore. The father saw, with still increased delight, that even this seventh effort of the boor was successful, and that the slaves and Hottentots appeared to feel a rapture rivalling his own, when their master yielded the infant to their charge. Charles, though screaming and struggling a moment before, not to be parted from his father, whose words, too, had just filled him with a paroxysm of grief; was

no sooner seized into the hands of the beneficent boor, and in the act of being hurried through the boiling sea, than by his extreme terror he was subdued into silence and unqualified submission.

An eighth, and even a ninth time, the unwearied Dutchman returned to his task, and carried on shore, at each, a man rescued from the wreck. The nature of the work forbade the least delay in its execution; and in both these instances, as in those preceding, a more fortunate hand than Laleham's caught hold upon the deliverer. The Dutchman, however, now had him in his eye; he knew him as the father of the boy; and, doubly anxious for his safety, he pushed into the sea for the tenth time, determined to achieve it, even if this should be the last whom he could befriend: for, after so severe a toil, both himself, and even his second horse, began to feel a decline of power. He struck his heels, then, against the sides of the panting beast, held up its head with the bridle, and hallooed and urged it through the surf, and once more reached the ship. Refusing that of another, he grasped the hand of Laleham; bade him leap and trust; and changed again his motion towards the beach. Alas! a wave more furious than the rest—the violence of an in-

creasing wind—or the slackened vigour of himself or horse—or one, or all of these together, became fatal. The boor, his horse, and the father of the desolate Charles, were overwhelmed together; and though each, for an instant or two, rose again, and struggled with the billows, were shortly seen alive no more!

CHAPTER XIII.

The wish that flies to misery's aid.

LANGHORNE.

THE shrieks and cries of the Vrouw Vanderhuy-
sen, and of her slaves and servants, at the sight of
that astounding issue, made themselves audi-
ble around, even amid the singing of the storm ;
and brought from the nearer houses even the
most inactive of those whom the shipwreck could
not move ! A moment, indeed, more frightful,
more big with human grief and horror, can with
difficulty be conceived. Here were the widow
and her three orphans ; and, encircling them,
first, the unaffected grief of the slaves and ser-
vants, and then, those of the neighbours, princi-
pally kindred, of the lost Vanderhuysen. Added to
this, there was the orphan Charles, for whose tears
and lamentations for his father, words, and ca-
resses also, were no remedy. Further, the group
of rescued Englishmen, in some, at least, of whose
bosoms there welled up the most piercing sorrow

for the misfortune of their benefactor, and of his wife and children! Besides all these, upon the wreck there still remained three living sufferers, worn down with the calamity, suddenly precluded from all hope from the deliverer of their companions; and who, presently after, either sunk under their situation, or were washed into the sea, or resolutely plunged into it as an only chance, and thus parted with their lives! But, could an indifferent spectator have beheld the scene, contemplating the whole, from first to last;—with what speechless and appalling emotion peculiar to himself, would he not have looked upon the hideous waves, so lately animated by the presence, and by the godlike activity, of the generous Vanderhuysen; and now a blank—and now without that movement of a stirring beneficence;—and thought that the deliverer of so many others was now sunk beneath them, and drifting, lifeless, hither and thither, as the raging waters willed! A feature, which added to the strong and torturing impression that the scene might make upon the mind, was the sailing backward and forward—the rising and descending—and sometimes the poisings and hoverings—of the seabirds, as they traversed, or fled, or returned into the hollows of the waves; and from whose motions the imagination (which, from motions infers

meanings) might have been persuaded, that they knew well the calamity that had occurred; and, for one purpose or another, were seeking out the bodies of the drowned!

It was mid-day before that of Vanderhuyzen could be recovered, and that of Laleham escaped all search. The Vrouw had been forced from the spot, and carried, with her children, to her now forlorn roof of Springbok-veldt. It belongs not to our history, what pertains further to the family of the Vanderhuysens, upon this disastrous occasion. We do not dwell upon the natural and real bursts of grief which were drawn forth by the melancholy arrival of the dead body of its late master, nor upon the natural tears which now descended upon the face that had so often smiled with pleasure upon the drying of the tears of others! Neither do we paint the more artificial and theatrical displays of customary mourning that attended the funeral of the deceased; the coarse profusion of the funeral feast; the sheep's heads and the vegetables swimming alike in sheep's-tail fat; the dishes of cucumbers, and the bustling engagement of all the domestic tribe in mingled tasks of cookery and woe; for, here, as among the Irish, the Scottish Highlanders, and other Celtic or half Celtic races¹,

¹ Some writers describe the Dutch, or Low Germans, as Teutons, and others, as Belges or Celts. But the Belges, or

female *howlings*, or choral songs of lamentation, are indispensable at funerals¹. Suffice it, that the ox-drawn waggons arrived upon the following day, bringing, from the wide-spread habitations, families, in troops, of neighbours and relations; that the feast was eaten; that the psalm was sung; that all the long procession attended the corpse to the distant churchyard; and that not a few sincere and warm expressions of regret were uttered, not only that Mynheer Vanderhuysen had met with so melancholy a fate; but met it, too, in the perverse employment of rescuing from the element the persons of so many "rascal English!" The pious and amiable Lutheran clergyman, however, (though a Dutchman, like his pious hearers,) held a different language; and, among topics of consolation, which he addressed to the sorrowing Vrouw, observed, "Mine dear daughter, be not comfortless! A

Flemings, or men of Gallia Belgica, are plainly distinguishable from the Dutchmen, or Low Germans; and upon the other hand, both Dutch and Belges appear to be mixtures (but different mixtures) of Celtic and Teutonic tribes.

¹ "The *choral dirge*, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strewed with *choicest herbs* his scented grave."

Collins's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.

It is an old custom, more or less retained over Europe, to strew the dead body with sprigs of *rosemary*, and to lay a *cross* of rosemary upon the breast.

blessing shall fall upon dineself, and upon dine children, for de goot deets of dine most worthy husband! He died serving Gott; dat is, he died saving Gott's goot creatures! Goot men will love dine children for de sake of de many goot deets which dere dear fader has doon; and Gott will be dere friend, (make dineself sure,) mine daughter¹!"

But the thread of our proper discourse concerns the little orphan Charles. The slaves and Hottentots had brought down, from the first, upon their heads, and in their arms, provision and clothing, by order of their generous and intrepid master; and with both of these, those whom he saved from the wreck were liberally supplied, so soon as they had reached the shore. After the catastrophe which deprived their common benefactor of his life, nothing remained but that the rescued survivors from the Nautilus should proceed to Cape Town with as little delay as possible; and for this purpose, a waggon and oxen were speedily procured, out of the yards of Springbok-veldt. The mate of the

¹ The facts, of the saving of *nine* persons from the consequences of shipwreck, in the manner above described, by a Dutch boor of remarkable strength of body, and excellence of heart, and

late vessel, as matter of course, now took charge of the small party; and the first consideration was to present the whole at the counting-house of the merchants who had been part owners, and were the consignees, of the once good ship Nautilus.

The pleasing aspect, the tender years, and the destitute and very unusual situation, however, of the English orphan-boy, with a mother so many thousand miles away, a father just buried in the ocean, and not a friend, nor even remote relation, in the whole world of Africa; made the shipwreck of the Nautilus a subject of more lively interest at Cape Town, though, from the dulness of the place, even the upsetting of a skiff might there be called an event of magnitude. While, therefore, the rest of the shipwrecked persons found the ordinary help, either from mercantile connection, or from mere private benevolence, the case of little Charles was soon the conversation of the day, at the Libraries, upon the Parade, and at the Race-course; and among almost the first to hear of it, was Her Excellency the lady of Viscount

of his perishing in the vain effort to save, in a similar manner, the *tenth*, are circumstances familiar to the local history of the Cape. But the scene was Simon's Bay, and the time night.

Pontefract, the Governor of the Colony; and Lady Pontefract was not long acquainted with the melancholy story, before, with the hearty concurrence of her lord, an Aide-de-Camp was requested to wait upon Messrs. M'Cormac and M'Alpine, and relieve them from all anxiety about the small and piteous stranger, by bringing him in his hand, tears and sobs and all, to the "King's House." The gallant and young soldier, to whom the execution of that work of mercy was committed, fulfilled it with an alacrity and grace which left nothing wanting to its beauty; and the child, though not a little confused by the splendour of his military dress, derived, upon the other hand, so much courage from the kindness and softness of his manner, that he readily trusted his hand into the white glove of the Viscountess's messenger, as he led him, alone, over the short space of ground which intervened between the merchants' counting-house and the Governor's steps. Upon being brought into Lady Pontefract's boudoir, his confidence was again put upon trial; and, from the strangeness of the scene, and of all and every thing around, and his own total insulation from every thing that hitherto he had ever loved or known, a fitful silence was about to be followed by a heavy flood of tears. But her ladyship, who

had already taken his hand, and, while she could not get a word from his lips, saw his eyes filling, and perceived that his heart was bursting; now caught him upon her knee, and gave him so maternal a kiss, that once more he felt himself neither solitary nor forsaken! Still keeping him upon her knee, she drew a plate of fruit within his reach, which it was long, however, before he would touch; but, while to all her ladyship's inquiries and endearments he returned only the most unconquerable silence, his eyes became gradually engaged by the movements, (sometimes antic, and sometimes the most sedate, and apparently inquisitive and thoughtful,) of a little green monkey which played about the room; and by a cage of camelions, young and old, and coloured of a grass and brilliant green. With that perfect confidence, and total want of ceremony, with which children, where they feel at ease and with license, are so apt to require an answer to any question which happens to occupy their own particular minds, amid the most obstinate silence as to the questions put to them by others; Charles, opening his mouth for the first time, (his head laid upon Lady Pontefract's bosom, and his eyes fixed, as it were listlessly, upon those of the little monkey,) began with, "What do you call

that?" But his kind and noble nurse gave him the most explanatory answer, as she also did upon a second question being put concerning the camelions; and, now, the whole difficulty of conversation vanished. Charles told her ladyship his name, and where his mother lived in England; that he had a brother John, and a sister Elizabeth; that he had had a sister Martha, who died; that Lady Willoughby, who lived at the great house, was his mother's godmother, and Martha Hoyland his own; and, what was more immediately important than all the rest, that his father and he had come to the Cape with the intention of proceeding to Tom Hoyland's farm: "But do you know Tom Hoyland?" added Charles, abruptly turning, and looking full in Lady Pontefract's face.

"No, my dear child," said Lady Pontefract; "I do not, at present; but I dare to say that we shall soon find him out, and that he will be very glad to see you."

"Oh yes!" returned Charles; "but it is Martha Hoyland, Tom's wife, that I want most to see; for Martha is my godmother, and she is to take care of me till mother comes!"

The Aide-de-Camp explained to Lady Pontefract, that he had already learned from the mate

of the vessel the original destination of Lalaham and his boy, which was to the settlements seven hundred miles to the eastward; and that he had little doubt of obtaining still closer information from the same source. Indeed, he had not failed to request the mate to call at the Government House, in order to his answering any questions Her Excellency might wish to put, concerning the boy and his friends in England or at the Cape. In the meantime, Lady Pontefract, easily judging that the child, after all that he had seen and suffered, needed rest, more than any other gift that could be bestowed, soon sent him to bed; where he was scarcely placed, before he fell into a sound sleep, which continued all the remainder of the day, and till late the following morning.

Lady Pontefract, more than once, had herself softly approached his bed, to see whether he was yet awake, and to be ready to soothe both the affliction and alarm with which she had no doubt he would be seized, as soon as he became sensible of the newness of the place in which he was, and of the loss which was so recent; and she had also commissioned her own maid to be attentive for a similar purpose. But, when, at length, the infant outcast really awoke, and had gazed a little

about him, and had looked in vain for his father, and had recollected the ship, and the storm, and the boor, and his horse, and the drowning of the horse, and the boor, and his father; then, one tremendous shout, and one unending burst of tears, proclaimed, the least equivocally, to every adjacent room and staircase, that the terrified and sorrowing guest no longer slept! The female, in whose charge he had passed the night, had witnessed, indeed, his broken slumbers;—had heard his repeated cries, and recomposed him from distressful dreams, in which he called out, incessantly, either that the ship would sink, or that his father and himself would be drowned, or that the horse could not carry them, or that his mother must come and help, or that he should never see that mother more! As morning, however, approached, the feverish dreams had departed; and he had now enjoyed, for several hours, a cool and silent and motionless repose.

But means were speedily found to comfort and reassure the poor little boy; and to set him up for the day, if not with relief to the deeper sorrows of his heart, at least with objects to divert his attention, and to give other movements to his thoughts. The monkey and the camelions were again his favourites; and he gazed with admira-

tion upon other rarities, inclusive of a beautiful pair of golden pigeons, which were also in his benefactress's collection, the natives of a more northern part of Africa. The prospect held out to him, at the same time, of an early departure toward Thomas Hoyland's farm, and of his ultimate restoration to his mother, kept down, from time to time, the rising tear, and gave him hopes to feed upon. In the cooler part of the evening, he was carried abroad, in the open carriage of the Governor and his lady; and now a variety of sights, each sufficient for at least the wonder of a day, passed so rapidly after one another before his eyes, that all was delight, amazement, and confusion in his mind, now, and, at intervals, a long time after. Here were the glories of the evening parade; the sounds of martial music; the equipages of Europeans from India, with native servants, each of which latter, from his figure, his costume, and his countenance, might have been mistaken for the foremost prince of all the earth; and, as far at least as appearances went, did actually throw his master miserably into the back ground. Here were Chinese and Malay artificers, labourers, and seamen. Here were African Negroes,—slaves, but often in the gayest attire. Here were Hottentot servants;

and, in the centre of the town, a circle of Caffres, stepping and grunting in their unvarying dances, and begging for the gift of buttons. Here were gay English officers, and flaunting ladies, in all the charms of London and Parisian dress. Here were English fashionable carriages; and here were Dutchmen and their waggons, and their *spans* of bullocks, and their long whips; without all of which together, the Africaner, or Cape Dutchman, rarely moves upon any one occasion. Lady Pontefract's drive, however, was shortened by the coming on of a severe thunder-storm. The Government House was regained, and Charles, soon afterward, was safely lodged in bed. But in the morning, he found to his astonishment and lamentation, that the camelions' cage was empty, through a singular effect of the thunder over evening. The cage had stood in an open window, and the smaller camelions had been in the practice of passing in and out between the wires. But, after the storm, the old ones had been found dead in the cage; and the younger so dispersed, or otherwise disposed of, that none of them were ever seen again!

Lady Pontefract had talked with the mate, and learned from him all that he could tell about

Charles's history, and the destination of the child, with his hapless father, to a new settlement at Algoa Bay, where, as he had heard the poor Derbyshireman say, they expected to find a former neighbour, of the name of Hoyland. The understanding of the mate upon the subject, leaned, perhaps, too decidedly to the view, that the child had been brought out expressly to be given in charge to the wife of Hoyland, by whom, as he believed, (or conveyed to the mind of Lady Pontefract,) he was to be in a manner adopted, as a relief to the family of Laleham; and, under these circumstances, the Governor and his lady, who, otherwise, would probably have thought of nothing but retaining Charles at Cape Town, till their own departure for England, which was approaching; now judged that the greatest kindness they could exert would be that of forwarding him to Graham's Town, or its neighbourhood, by the best and earliest opportunity. The Governor's secretary had not omitted to consult the latest reports and registers from that part of the colony, by which it sufficiently appeared that a settler, bearing the name of "Thomas Hoyland," was really known and alive in that quarter; and thus nothing remained but to determine upon the time and method of conveyance.

The shortest, as well as the cheapest course would have been, to send the little Englishman by the way of the coast, by one of the vessels which trade between Algoa Bay and the seat of government; but it happened that, at the very conjuncture, there was in town, a worthy and substantial Dutch boor, of middle age, and of the name of Van Hooff, the Land-drost of his district, and whose farm was one of the westernmost of the older Dutch Settlements, and bordering upon the new and English ones. Mynheer Van Hooff had the honour of dining at the Government House on the day following the thunderstorm; and, after dinner, the case and destination of the English orphan, as well as the noble action, and unfortunate death, of the valiant Vanderhaussen, did not fail to become subjects of conversation. Charles, indeed, was presently sent for, into the dining-room, where, as before, his good looks, as well as his unfortunate and singular situation, contributed to gain him the sympathies of all at table; and it was not long before the kind-hearted Africander, first letting fall a tear, petitioned to be allowed the satisfaction of carrying "der pretty boy" to the place desired. He said, that he had no children of his own; but that Charles was exactly like his sis-

ter's child, of the same age; and that once, when the Caffres had set fire to the house of his brother-in-law, Mynheer Veldt-cornet Vanswammerdam, an Englishman rushed through the flames, and saved the child. It was his duty, therefore, he said, to do all that he was able for so pretty a boy, the son of an English woman; and that even he believed it had pleased God to enable him, by this very means, to discharge, in part, a debt of gratitude to the whole English people, which it had long been his first anxiety to acknowledge. He added, that he had with him three waggons, with from twelve to sixteen oxen each, to pull up Hottentot-Holland's-Kloof, and all such parts of the road, besides cattle to kill as he went; that he should not be more than three months upon his journey; and that "der younker" might play, or hunt, or walk, or ride, or sing, or listen to Hottentot stories, all the way, as he pleased¹!

The Viscountess Pontefract, whose husband's English seat was in Yorkshire, enjoyed a degree

¹ At the Cape of Good Hope, a Land-drost is a justice of the peace, and general civil officer, for the *drosdy*, or district, in which he resides, and to which he is appointed. A Veldt-cornet, or Field-cornet, (spoken of above,) is a superior district officer of militia.

of acquaintance with the lady of Sir Richard Willoughby, the Derbyshire baronet, whose name, and patronage of his parents, had been spoken of by Charles, and all of which had been confirmed by the mate of the Nautilus, from what he had heard from Charles's father; and her ladyship's plan, with respect to getting the best and the worst, of all that had happened to the husband and child, communicated to Margaret Laleham, was that of writing to Lady Willoughby upon the occasion, by the first opportunity for England. The time which would be expended in conveying Charles to the English Settlements by the waggons and oxen of the worthy Land-drost was evidently much greater than what would be required if a passage were given him by a coaster for Algoa Bay; but Lady Pontefract considered that probably the time was of no importance; that whatever might be the wishes of Mrs. Laleham, under the new circumstances, many months must elapse before she could hear from Africa and reply; that Charles would reach Graham's Town within only a portion of that interval; that the Land-drost's offer was as alluring as it was kind; that the acceptance of it seemed even necessary to the good man's happiness; that the journey, and all its

probable incidents, would really be as delightful to the child in making it, as it had already proved in the description; and that at any rate, it promised to save him from the chance of a second misfortune by sea, and was even recommended by its freedom from those causes of dread of being immediately again on ship-board, which might well have much influence upon the comfort of the young adventurer. To crown all, in Mynheer Van Hooff, Charles seemed to have secured a zealous and tender-hearted friend and guardian for the route; whereas, by a coasting vessel, there did not present itself a chance of interesting any one to pay him more than ordinary and every-day attention.

All, therefore, carefully summed up, Lady Pontefract believed that she had fully discharged the duty that she had taken upon herself, by freely committing Charles's conveyance to Graham's Town to the good discretion of the Landdrost. The latter was to depart at day-break on the next day but one; and the arrangement being irrevocably agreed upon, it was only left, upon the part of her ladyship, to add some small acts of kindness toward the boy, during his short remaining stay, to those invaluable ones which the goodness of her heart and head had thus far prompted.

But such, then, was Charles's arrival,—such his misfortunes,—such his succour,—such his friends and benefactors,—to the present extent of our story,—in that distant country of the African Cape, to which he had been brought from the English shores !

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